Vol. I. NOVEMBER, 1916 No. 1

THE VILLANOVAN

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THE VILLANOVAN

A QUARTERLY PUBLISHED BY THE

STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VILLANOVA, PA.

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THE VILLANOVAN in greeting its readers desires to acknowledge with thanks its indebtedness to all those friends who by donations, subscriptions and advertisements have co-operated in its success

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ALMA MATER

By JOSEPH E. HYSON, '17

Vision is thine! thou teachest from Above
Ideals true of courage, faith, and love.
Loyal to thee, we sing peace, pleasure, joy;
Lovely thy halls and lawns, that us employ
Amid high tasks, gay sports. In all the round
No base alloy, we pray, shall e'er be found!
Our minds, our hearts, our wills, thus taught by thee,
Valiant for duty's call the world shall see;
And faithful stars shall guide our ships upon life's sea.

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING

By ALBERT C. O'LOUGHLIN, '17

TIME, the night before Thanksgiving; place, a large wagon factory in the suburbs of an important city. Under the glare of the arc-light can be read the sign—"No Admittance Except on Business."

After business hours no one is permitted to enter at all except the man on guard. For once we shall dispense with this rule and, in spirit at any rate, go within the building. Let us see what the night watchman does through the long hours of darkness. Let us follow him around in his journeyings—but, of course, unknown to him.

There's his lighted lantern, dispelling in some small degree the impenetrable gloom. He cannot be far away. Here he comes. Taking the light, he starts downstairs. He is just commencing one of his hourly tours of inspection. Let us follow him.

The stairs are rather straight. The railing seems feeble, yet it is worn smooth by countless hands; so it must be strong. Down, down, two flights of stairs into the very depths of this wagon-making monster, with so many turnings and twistings, as to remind one of the famous labyrinth of King Minos of Crete. Finally we reach the engine-room. Here stands the small but powerful engine, the heart and life of all the machinery. To us it seems but a conglomeration of cylinders, pistons, wheels, pipes and valves. So it is. But all so orderly that each one is a necessary part to the whole. There, not far away, is the boiler which feeds these cylinders, pistons, wheels, pipes and valves. The fires are low now, yet everything seems to be creaking and groaning. It appears as if all the machinery were dissatisfied while at rest, and desirous to be in motion.

The watchman, while we were inspecting the engine, a wonder to us, has investigated every nook and corner for any incipient fire which might be there. All is well. Now he is ready to pass on.

We leave the engine-room and pass through a long, tortuous passage, smelling of rusty iron and steel, so dark that the lantern seems only to add to its denseness. At last we again find ourselves amongst machinery, here a drill, there a gigantic trip-hammer, then a machine used for cutting steel. It is the blacksmith-shop. On the opposite side of the room we can see the dull red glow of the fires on the forges. Each fire is carefully seen to by the vigilant man.

Leaving this shop, still following our conductor, ignorant of our presence, we ascend those aged stairs to the second floor. This is the wood department. Piles of logs, ready to be sawed into boards, saws, planers, joiners and drills everywhere. For what we wonder could they ever use so many? Here a low pile of heavy planks, there a heap of rubbish make walking dangerous in the uncertain light.

The night watchman goes in and out amongst the various machines, carefully investigating. But, strange to relate, he seems to be a different man. Downstairs he had been very erect, walked steadily, swiftly, purposely. Now he walks unsteadily, slowly and aimlessly. His head and shoulders seem bent forward, as if age and not responsibility weighed him down, not that all fires were in a safe condition. He is, we find by observation, in deep thought. Moreover, it must be a pleasant thought, for see that countenance now. Downstairs it was hard and set. Now it is beaming and smiling. In his mind's eye he sees a pleasant picture. To-morrow his two daughters, his only children, will come home to spend the day with their parents. To-morrow his daughters' children will be climbing, with childish glee, all over their loving grandfather. He sees his two daughters, coming back to the home of their childhood. He sees his grandchildren running about the house. He sees himself fondling them. All would be in confusion, making ready the turkey, etc., for the dinner—all happy, telling the past experiences, recounting their baby days. No wonder he is smiling now. Downstairs he had been the guard, responsible for other men's property. Now he is the man.

Filled with such pleasant thoughts so soon to be realized in fact, he strolls about. Now he stops. He sets the lantern down on a pile of boards. He puts his elbows on another pile, and his head on his hands. He gives himself entirely up to the enjoyment. The spirit holds the material a captive bound.

For a long time he stayed in this posture. Suddenly he seemed to remember his duty as watchman, and moved quickly. In so doing he disturbed the loosely-piled boards. A cry, a crash, a stifled groan and all was quiet. The watchman, the father, the grandfather, lay buried, as far as his shoulders under the heavy boards. The lantern also fell from the jar, flickered a little, and happily went out.

It was some time before the stunned faculties of the stricken man came back even to semi-consciousness. The whole place seemed turned upside-down. The pain was intense, the darkness unbearable. In this state the mind and fancy bring up pictures of all horrible things. So with the watchman. Fire, the enemy he had so long fought off, now seemed about to gain the upper hand. Yes, his imagination made him believe the mill to be afire. Small at first, but swiftly gathering power and volume, a demon incarnate, devouring all in its ever widening path. Soon it would be upon him. He even felt the heat. A terrible death was near at hand. The agony of mind was too great. He again lost consciousness.

. . . . . .

When he regained the use of his faculties, he turned his horror-filled eyes in the direction where he supposed the flames to be. There was a fire, but strange to say it was in a stove. He felt a touch, not the hot, eager, grasping devouring flames, but a soft, gentle, loving, womanly hand upon his brow. He looked. What wonder is this—his wife, his daughters, his grandchildren! He looked again. Surely, this was his own room. The transition from a burning mill, a terrible death, to his own home, was too great to be comprehended all at once. Slowly the truth dawned on him. Then after the first loving greetings, came explanations. He had been found crushed under the board-pile. Both legs were broken, and he had received many severe bruises. But the doctor had said he was all right. He needed time to rest, and could do that while the bones knit. To his question about the fire, he was told with some wonder that the mill had not been on fire at all. With a sigh of relief he realized his deception by his own mind.

Suddenly the thought that it was Thanksgiving passed through his brain. His accident was spoiling the day for the others. But no! All could talk in his room just as well as in another, and dinner was going to be served there, so that all could be together. And served it was, after much bustle and confusion. All were loving attention to the injured man, and all enjoyed the occasion immensely.

But serious thoughts will come, and they came to the sick man during dinner. There he was injured and helpless, but surely it might have been worse. Death could have been the result. He was very fortunate. His two daughters, his wife, his three little grandchildren, were all well and happy. They were bestowing the best of care upon him. He had his own home; they, too, had theirs. What was his little accident compared to all this? Finally, he arrived at the conclusion, "I am the most fortunate man alive, and I have a whole lot for which I should be grateful, and I am!"

A TWO-FOLD TERCENTENARY

By THOMAS C. MacLEOD, '16

THREE hundred years ago there passed away, on the same day, two men who have left an immortal legacy to all ages and to all peoples. These two men are the highest proof that the pen is mightier than the sword. The nations are engaged to-day in a great world struggle—in a horrible massacre of death that each may exist. Yet every one of these nations has naturalized and enrolled among its most honored citizens today these two men who passed away three hundred years ago—SHAKESPEARE and CERVANTES! These two are immortal and universal. They have conquered all time and all space—Shakespeare, the ever-living creator of the world of poetic drama; Cervantes, the unrivaled master of prose fiction!

Cervantes, born in a Catholic country, drew in every breath, the vital inspiration of Catholicism. Shakespeare's heart and imagination fondly nourished themselves on Catholic ideas. It is fitting, then, that a Catholic college should, on this tercentenary occasion, pay its tribute of reverent admiration to these two supreme masters of Catholic education.

With regard to the language of Cervantes, we have indeed to be content with translation. But

other nations are in the same position with regard to Shakespeare. The French, the Spanish, the Italians, the Germans, the Danes, the Russians,—all have their classic translations of Shakespeare; but we have the matchless original. The magic diction of Shakespeare supplies our books and conversations with ten-thousand vivid phrases of proverbial currency.

But together with the miracles of magic phrase are the marvelous merits of invention of incident and creation of character. Cervantes excels all fictionists in the one; Shakespeare all dramatists in the other. Cervantes, indeed, has given to us two character creations which embrace the extremes of human nature—the idealist, in the mad knight, and the realist in the common-sense squire. And what a wealth of incident constitute the adventures of this strangely contrasted pair! With what pleasure the imagination loves to recall and to dwell upon the manifold scenes—the windmills mistaken for giants, the merchants of Toledo with their umbrellas, Mambrino's helmet where the barber's brass basin is transformed by magic fancy into a helmet of burnished gold, the voyage in the enchanted barque, the combat with the knight of the mirrors, the air-voyage to the sun on the wooden horse, the all-pervading humor of Sancho's governorship.

But of the characters of Shakespeare—of their amazing truth, vividness, and variety—who can adequately tell?

> "Each change of many-colored life he drew,
> Exhausted worlds and then imagined new."

Equally the master of the natural and the supernatural—the father of English drama has created the ghosts of Banquo and of Hamlet's father, the witches of Macbeth, the fairies and goblins of the Tempest and the Midsummer Night's Dream. He has exhibited the delicacy and depravity of woman—in Lady Macbeth, Portia, Juliet, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, Imogen, Hermione, Miranda, Ophelia, Desdemona, Rosalind,—each a woman, yet each representing a distinct type of womanhood.

At the same time, he has displayed the most extensive knowledge and most accurate observation of the actions, passions and habits of men—as Romeo the lover, Hamlet the doubter, Shylock the vengeful. In the dramatists of other nations, one may, as Racine, excel in drawing women, and only a particular kind of woman: another, like Corneille, may excel in portraying a particular kind of man. But Shakespeare has all life for his province, and all the realms of fancy, too.

> "To him the mighty Mother did unveil
> Her awful face . . .
> Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy.
> This can unlock the gates of Joy:
> Of Horror that and thrilling Fears
> Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

Finally, let us remember that all these varied excellences of Shakespeare and Cervantes arose not in the favorable environment of academic leisure, but the one in the sordid circumstances of a despised profession, the other amid all the difficulties and disadvantages of war, captivity, and imprisonment. Then must we wonder at the irony of fate that nourishes amaranthine roses and Elysian asphodels from seemingly the most adverse soils. Let us, who enjoy the advantages of academic retirement, count no labor too great to learn every possible lesson from these two supreme masters. And what wisdom, what science, what art may be extracted from their stores! Cervantes was the acknowledged master of all Mediaeval romance, Scholastic philosophy, and Renaissance learning. Shakespeare's knowledge is so exact and so multifarious that the lawyers claim him for their profession by reason of his minute acquaintance with legal technicalities; doctors, for his medical lore; botanists, for his flower passages; musicians, for his correct delineation of the performing on every musical instrument. John Hales of Eton, in the middle of the seventeenth century, challenged the world on the thesis of Shakespeare's superiority on every topic that all the rest of the poets of all countries and all times had ever treated. Dr. Johnson, the great eighteenth century critic, declared that from Shakespeare's plays could be collected a system of civil and economical prudence, of practical axioms and domestic wisdom. Let us, then, imitate the assiduity of Capell, the great eighteenth century commentator, who copied the entire text of Shakespeare ten times in his own hand. Let us by our renewed diligence on this Tercentenary occasion so make our imagination and memory abound in these two masters that we can constantly use their scenes and characters to illustrate and illuminate our everyday observation and thus get the true meaning out of our own experience. Thus will the art, science, and wisdom of these two Catholic masters become the very vital heart and soul of our Catholic education.

THANKSGIVING HYMN

By GERARD F. HART, '19

For favors past and present too,
For those Thou didst withhold,
For impacts of Thy chast'ning hand
Thy wilful child to mold.

'Cause Thou hast bent Thy watchful eye
On dear ones far away,
And let us see Thee in our hearts
Where they live night and day.

For strength'ning visits of Thy grace
Thy wondrous call to heed,
For pardonings of the wounds we made
By thought and word and deed.

'Cause Thou didst deign to take our flesh
In stable cold and crude,
And then to break our sin-link'd chains
Wast nailèd to the Rood.

For these and all Thy loving gifts
(Some unknown to us still),
We raise our grateful hearts to Thee
Then bend them to Thy will.

And may Thy last great kindness be
To call us to Thy home;
Let us, our hearts chained to Thy feet,
Thank Thee *"ad aeternum."*

RIVALS AND CHUMS

By JAMES R. McGEE, '11

I.

IT was the beginning of the scholastic year. Howard Ralston was entertaining two fellow collegians in his "den" in fashionable apartments of the University city. Magnificently arrayed in a gaily embroidered, violet velvet smoking-jacket and red Fez cap with gold tassel and silver crescent, a superb solitaire on his finger and a horseshoe of diamonds in his cravat, he formed a striking contrast to George Gorman, one of the other students, in his rusty brown business suit, whom their mutual friend, Fred Boyd, had brought to visit him. Ralston was a Sybarite in taste, a sport by aspiration, a student by courtesy.

On the walls, pictures of heroes of the gridiron, the prize-ring, and race-course, pen-sketches of prodigiously intricate flourishing and convolutions yet of astonishing accuracy, mingled with baseball bats, tennis rackets, boxing gloves, fencing foils, and canoe-paddles; while there glowed at frequent intervals the crimson pennant of Harvard, the blue of Yale, the royal tiger stripes of Princeton, the carnation and iris of Penn, with the tulip-like brilliancy and poppy-like diversity of other distinguished institutions.

The furniture of the room was in keeping with this Oriental epicureanism. Here the goddess Nicotia, unknown to antiquity but introduced from the mysterious Red Man, was worshiped with a special shrine. That curious cabinet was surely erected to her honor, adorned as it was with rare trophies of jeweled and engraved cigarette cases; ash-trays, gold, silver, brass, and porcelain, of fantastic diversity of shape and design; pipes of meerschaum, amber, and briar—rare hookahs, chibouques, and padillahs—Turkish, Persian, Egyptian and Hindoo. Opposite, was the shrine of the festive and enlivening god Bacchus—a sideboard, whose polished top supported, and whose mirror multiplied, a dazzling array of cut-glass decanters, filled with the most various of costly wines that the vine-blest regions of the earth could furnish—Champagne, Madeira, Moselle, Vindegrave, Sauterne, Xeres. On the wall between, an elegant little bookcase of rare inlaid woods—sandal, rosewood and ebony—with leaded and diamond panes, discovered the literary taste of the owner—the spiced *goût* of *un homme du monde*—*drames* of Ribot, *contes* of Pierre Dupont, *romans* of Montargis and Emile de Rabutin. If he condescended to introduce any English writers, they must be authors of the world worldly—the military tales of Kipling, the vagabond narratives of Jack London, the sporting novels of Whyte Melville. The highly polished floor reflected and repeated all this magnificence, except where, here and there, were spread soft, rich, deep rugs of Damazhan and Khorasan, into which the foot sank as into wildwood moss. At rhythmical intervals were strewn the most inviting divans, heaped with the laziest piles of satin cushions of varied pattern and subtle, Orient hues; the most comfortable easy chairs—Moorish, Turkish and Morris—of exquisite æsthetic structure.

"Have a Pall Mall?" asked Ralston of his two guests, passing round a gold and jeweled cigarette case.

Fred Boyd helped himself to one, but young Gorman declined with thanks.

"Oh, I see," said Ralston with reference to the latter, "you are trying for the football team, and want to keep your wind."

After enjoying the incense of the aromatic weed, with various comments on the prospects of the football season, the host brought several decanters from the buffet, and poured out some rare old wine for himself and his guests. Again Fred accepted and Gorman declined.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Ralston. "Still under the thumb of the coach! The imposition of the simple life has always kept me from trying for the team. I can't give up my habits for any coach."

To look, however, at his mean physique, narrow chest, attenuated arms and spindle shanks, one would infer that there were several other reasons that prohibited; while George Gorman's Herculean frame, magnificent muscular development and steady nerve marked the born football hero, who might some day command armies in the harder rigor of genuine warfare. The advantages of art were Ralston's; but Gorman was vastly superior in the endowments of nature.

It was, indeed, beyond Ralston's ken to comprehend that Gorman, of his own accord, neither drank nor smoked nor indulged in any other harmful custom. Gorman's life was constructive. He developed all natural gifts by healthful exercise, and eliminated all destructive habits. It remains to be seen through the stern logic of events which ideal constitutes the better system to follow—to cultivate all the artificialities of worldly manners with Ralston or to conserve and develop nature's best gifts with Gorman. Such is the object of this story of real life.

The books in the case now attracted young Gorman's attention.

"Ever read any of these?" asked Ralston. "Very choice! quite famous!"

"No," answered Gorman, "I have not even heard of them."

"I know you football players don't care for literature," commented Ralston. "Well, for my part, I like to be an all-round man, you know, and go in for everything."

"What!" exclaimed Fred Boyd, "Gorman not care for literature! Why, he knows more of Wordsworth and Keats than any one I ever met."

"Wordsworth and Keats!" ejaculated Ralston. "I did not think they had anything in them—that is," he added hastily, noting the look of surprise on young Gorman's face, "anything to interest a man of the world. Now, every fellow here 'in the know' reads Ribot, Dupont and Montargis."

Gorman did not like to air his opinions, and was too modest to tell how deeply his intellect had been affected by the profound truth of Wordsworth's philosophy and how grandly his sensibilities had thrilled to Keats' supreme revelations of beauty. He turned from the books, and his eye was next caught by the beautiful pen-sketches among the flashier pictures.

"Those are Ralston's own work," explained Fred Boyd. "He's certainly a wizard with the pen!"

"Yes," said Ralston, who was not at all averse to displaying his talents. "I've never seen anything yet that could get it over me there. I can imitate the most flowing or the most crabbed hand so that it will deceive the original writer."

"An accomplishment as dangerous as it is fascinating!" commented Fred.

"Oh, no danger!" laughed Ralston, "but loads of fun! This is my father's signature," he declared, dashing off an inscription. "The old governor would swear it was his own. Whose is this?" he asked, dashing off another.

"My father's!" cried Fred. "Why, this is witchcraft!"

Ralston only smiled in his sly, easy way and changed the subject.

"Suppose we have a little game to while away the time," he said, drawing forth a small side-table. "Dice or poker?"

"No, thank you!" said Gorman, "I never play."

"Come, now!" objected Ralston, "football training can't enter as an excuse here. You'll play, Boyd, won't you?"

"Sorry!" said Fred, withdrawing with Gorman, "but we must be going. Both of us have some heavy plugging at our studies to do to-night on account of lost time in team-work."

Hereupon the two visitors took their leave and departed.

II.

The next time Ralston met Fred Boyd, the latter was alone.

"What a queer prig you brought with you last time!" remarked Ralston.

"Whom do you mean?" asked Fred.

"Why, young Gorman, to be sure!"

"How do you make that out? I think him a fine, manly fellow."

"Oh, he's not at all a man of the world—don't you know?—far different from our set. It will never do to take him up. He has no social or genial qualities—doesn't smoke, drink or play cards. Besides, he's vastly seedy-looking. Not the gentleman at all! Why on earth did you ever bring him to see me, or how can a man of your position and tastes tolerate him?"

"Well, it's this way. We three fellows are all from the same town, and we ought to hang together with local pride and patriotism."

"I can't see that. I never knew him in our town, and I don't see why I should know him here. Our family never took up with such people."

What Ralston said was indeed a fact, but it was only partly true. If he had seen and told the whole truth, the facts would be thus. The three young men represented three different social circles in their native town of Ironton; and in no place are the lines of caste so rigidly drawn as in certain country towns. Despite appearances

at the university, where Ralston far outshone Boyd in dash, prestige and luxury, Fred's family was the oldest, wealthiest and most prominent and influential in Ironton. Gorman's people, on the other hand, were among the poorest, their only heritage being their unimpeachable honesty. Consequently George was working his way manfully through the university. Ralston belonged to that upper stratum of the middle class—or, rather, to the lowest of the upper class—the shoddy aristocracy, who are always aping those of superior fortune and will condescend to associate with no other. Fred Boyd's father was the largest iron manufacturer in Ironton, while Ralston's father was in his employ as a clerk. The mystery was how Ralston managed to live in such display at the university. Fred was too simple-hearted to make the comparison or draw the inference. If he thought of the matter at all, he imputed it to Ralston's acknowledged superior shrewdness.

"Gorman will do big things here," resumed Fred, "both in athletics and studies."

"He'd have done better in some dinky college," retorted Ralston, "where such as he belong, without thrusting himself into a big, aristocratic university, filled with the old traditions of gentlemen. Thank fortune, he's not in the same department with either of us. You're for medicine, I'm for law, and he's scientific. In so large a university, we shall see him seldom, especially as he's so poor he has to board at a good distance from our apartments. That's a consolation!"

"The coach and the faculty," objected Fred, "speak of him in the highest terms already."

"His standing with the coach and faculty proves him only a drudge and grind. He's not gentleman enough to succeed in the college world. Besides, I always suspect these goody-goody fellows who are too pious to have a good time. They're always the kind to play one some dirty trick or other. Better look out!"

"I don't know about that. He's the kind I like. It always does me good to meet a big, frank, manly fellow like him, who shakes hands with you as if he meant it."

"He certainly has an awful grip on him, like an iron vise."

Ralston here looked at his own dainty hand, which had been tortured in that *main de fer.*

"Yes!" rejoined Fred, "and better yet he has a grip in his brain, which gives him a vigor of purpose that is going to make him far outstrip us in the race for success in life. I've been far too idle these first two years of my college life, doing little but amusing myself. I'm going to cultivate this pious Hercules with his earnestness of purpose and strength of brain and brawn."

"Pooh! the world doesn't give its prizes to such uncouth clodhoppers. Besides, he's a Catholic; and their sanctimonious humility is notorious for being only a cloak to treachery."

"Gertrude Arden is a Catholic." Fred's tone became solemn and tender.

"The Ardens are the exception that proves the rule. They belong to the highest class of society. Such Catholics are entirely different from the low, ignorant ones. The latter are under the priest's thumb; the former rule the priest. Mark my words—square-toes will turn out nothing but a church sexton or a walking Testament, if not a sneak."

Uttering this fling, Ralston parted company with Boyd.

(*Continued in the next issue*)

A MODERN HAMLET

By JOHN F. BURNS, '17

To rise, or not to rise,—that is the question:
Whether 'tis pleasanter for a man t' obey
Th' unwelcome summons of outrageous bells,
Or to lie snugly in a sea of blankets,
And stay reposing in them.—To lie,—to sleep,
O man! and by that sleep to say we 'scape
The biscuits and a thousand other pains
The *chef* is *père* to. 'Tis a consummation
Most gladly to be missed.
To stay, to go,—
To slip the bounds at night. Ay, there's the rub!
For on our late return what schemes to make,
When we have shuffled off our boisterous shoes
Must give us pause. There's the pretext
That makes our parties of so long a life.
For who would leave (just to get back on time!)
The gladsome song, the good host's hospitality,
The sweet environment of cozy parlors
(For parlors *sans* environment are naught!)
Or care if dorms are locked on his return,
When he himself can his quietus take
On a bare doorstep. Who would dormers bear,
To grunt and sweat at adamantine beds,
To hear the muffled laugh of mischief in
That undiscovered corner from whose bourn
The errant pillow flies, reaches its victim,
Who straight prepares to lay a feathered siege.
But footsteps oft make cowards of us all;
And thus the rosy hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er by shadow pale of prefect;
And pillow-pitchings of pith and momentum,
With this regard, their courses turn awry,
And leave the field of action.

AN EPISODE OF RATTLESNAKE CAMP

By JAMES HAUGHEY, '18

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
HAMLET, Act I, Scene 5.

Students of the occult may furnish the Oedipus that shall solve this enigma. Experts in telepathy may bridge the abysmal chasm that yawns between the subjective and the objective phases of this most curious psychical problem. But to me the mystery remains a veritable puzzle. I shall relate, however, the plain facts of the case just as they happened. Witnesses can be adduced as to their verity. Let not grinning incredulity triumph in derision, but reflect, rather, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy!" Meanwhile, Prohibitionists and Anti-prohibitionists may argue *pro* and *con,* and *vice versâ,* whether this reptilian episode that I am about to narrate could, or could not, have taken place in the State of Maine.

Believing that theory, no matter how good, should be supplanted by practice, no matter how arduous, I turned immediately at the end of nine months' hard study at books to three months' hard work at tools. With this view, at the finish of my first collegiate year in the technical course of the scientific department of a leading Catholic university, I obtained a position as chainman on an engineering corps. My first assignment was with a gang sent out to survey a vast tract of wild, uncultivated country, said to be infested with rattlesnakes.

We had been notified to prepare for a stay of several weeks, which would necessitate our camping out in the open. As the weather was warm, everybody was pleased with the opportunity of sleeping out of doors. We had been warned by every one who heard of our expedition that the country in which we were to camp abounded in every species of snake, and particularly the rattlesnake. The boss advised us to procure high-top boots, leather trousers, and such accessories as would tend to our comfort and protection.

On arriving at the spot, our impressions were far from favorable, and confirmed all the disagreeable reports we had heard. Never had I beheld a more desolate prospect. Far as the eye could reach there extended in every direction a monotonous level, broken by no elevation. Tall swamp grass, dwarf trees, thick shrubbery and underbrush grew in rank luxuriance from the rich, marshy soil. The region was practically impassable, no path whatever being anywhere discernible. Brambles and briers, twining ivy and intertwisting convolvulus added to the obstacles to be encountered. Surely, these circumstances formed the ideal abode—the very paradise for snakes!

As I looked at the dismal prospect, a creepy feeling possessed me, caused by my great antipathy to the slimy serpent. The soughing and moaning of the wind in the stunted pines, dwarf birches, and low alders; the swish-swosh of the swamp grass as it tossed and fluctuated in the breeze; the dull suction of the gushing ooze that responded to each upward and downward movement of our footsteps,—these cheerless sounds, so much in keeping with the dreary sights, added an uncanny feeling to the overpowering creepiness. With each rustle of a twig, the sudden thought of a snake flashed through my mind and startled my already strained nerves. However, I braced myself bravely against the growing terror of the gruesome scene.

By means of our brush-hooks we cleared a path through the shrubbery, until we came to a spot where the underbrush was not so tall and the earth was dry. Here we decided to pitch our tent. *Locum castris idoneum deligimus,* we quoted, recalling Cæsar's Roman legion in similar circumstances. This gave the manual labor a scholarly flavor, as befitted college boys at work. The ground was thoroughly cleared of all the brush, and the tent erected. We surrounded the tent with a canvas fence, five feet high. We were extremely careful to have the bottom of the canvas touch the ground, for the purpose of excluding as many reptiles as possible. Egress and ingress were effected through a small oval opening in the canvas several feet from the ground. Our camp, thus completed, was named, from its dominant circumstance, RATTLESNAKE CAMP.

An increased feeling of security from the unwelcome intrusion of serpents now prevailed in the tent. But even with these precautions absolute safety from a venomous visitor was known to be impossible. Upon entering the tent each evening, everything was inspected to find traces of snakes. The beds were stripped and remade to make sure no slimy visitor slept with us. As a further precaution, we arranged a system of sentry duty, dividing the night from 10 P. M. to 4 A. M. into three watches. On retiring, one of our number was placed on guard as sentinel to keep vigilant watch against the subtle intrusion of any reptile into our tented Eden. After serving two hours, he awoke another camper, who took his place and relieved him of sentinel duty. In the same manner the third sentinel finished the guard for the night.

Such were the preventive measures within the tent, and equal precautions were taken for our outside expeditions. Orders were given that no man should enter a thicket until he was positive, through previous examination, that no guileful serpent lurked in insidious ambush therein. Each man was armed with a revolver to dispatch any snake that would dare rustle its sinuous course through the swamp grass or underwood near him.

But, though the general attitude was that of extreme caution, yet there were in our gang two exceptions. These for the sake of discriminating the different characters of their dissent, we shall call the Skeptic and the Ophiologist.

The Skeptic, the elder of the two, was a young man just past his majority, and took full enjoyment of his new dignity, not only for casting his vote at government elections, but also for asserting his individual opinion on every conceivable topic. Accordingly, he was vociferously incredulous on the subject of snakes. He objected that day after day had passed without producing the slightest evidence that there were any serpents in this so-called Snake Land.

"Every one of you," said he, "reports strange movements in the brush. Many fire in consequence. Nevertheless, no reptile has been shot—nothing but a few frogs and turtles. For all we ever see of serpents, we might as well be in Ireland or the island of Crete! Snakes! I don't believe there are any here."

As a test of the sincerity of his convictions, he offered a reward of all his cash, together with the privilege of collecting his season's wages, to any one that should produce a real snake—dead or alive!

The Ophiologist was a mere youth, still in his teens. He refused to carry arms against the serpents, but equally rejected the skepticism of his companion. He was, in fact, of too tender a disposition to kill even a loathsome reptile. This tenderness, however, was disguised under the pretext of an absorbing interest in the study of ophiology, the science that treats of the species and habits of serpents. The present occasion he regarded as a great opportunity for the scientific observation of snakes in their native habitat. Accordingly, his diligence in the search for snakes was unsurpassed by any of the rest of us, though his object was very different. The adage that the bravest are the tenderest was admirably exemplified in him. All his life he had never been afraid to handle snakes; and he affirmed that if, as the reward of his investigations, he should find a rattler, he intended to tame and train it. Its rattle would serve as an excellent alarm clock to wake us betimes in the morning. The sentry then could be dispensed with. Every man, after his day's hard labor, could sleep all night long under the safeguard of the vigilant rattler. To be protected from snakes by a snake, charmed the fancy of all with its quaint paradox. Still we doubted that the tender-hearted ophiologist was over-sanguine.

Nevertheless, the opinions of the two dissidents had some influence on the rest of us, together with the fact of the non-appearance of any serpents after a week's lookout. The result was that, after the first week, the guard was discontinued, and everybody went to bed at night.

Finally, the climax came. On the third night after the removal of the guard, every man went to bed without any thought of impending peril. But it seems that danger comes when least expected.

Early in the morning—just at the gray of dawn, a full hour before the red glow of sunrise would streak the horizon—I was roused suddenly from a deep slumber by a sharp, rattling sound. It had all the effect upon me of an alarm clock. In an instant I was fully awake. The light of dawn was sufficiently clear so that I could see each sleeper distinctly. Imagine my surprise, horror and consternation when I saw a huge rattlesnake coiled on the chest of our boss, who, buried in sound sleep, was totally unconscious of his dread-

ful peril. I durst not call out, for any movement of the boss's head or arms meant death from those venomed fangs. Yet something must be done. For a moment all I could do was to gaze in the stupefaction of amazement at the shining volutes of the great serpent coiled like the spirals of a huge steel spring, with head poised, a baleful glare in its beautiful, evil eyes, its fangs darted, ready to strike. All the while the boss breathed with the heavy regularity of a sound sleeper, his eyes closed tight in merciful slumber against the terror before him.

The next moment the boss unconsciously lifted his arm, and the snake's head shot up erect, ready to sink its poisonous fangs into the arm of the sleeping man. No time was to be lost now in the dilemma of indecision. In an instant, I seized my loaded revolver from under my pillow—took aim —pulled the trigger—and the snake's head fell several feet from where the boss lay.

The report of the shot awakened every sleeper in the camp. Soon all crowded round me, as they saw me standing with a smoking revolver, and inquired what was the matter. Although modesty is the most becoming adjunct of heroism, and although my dominant feeling was joy in the fact that the boss's life was saved, still I could not repress certain lower feelings of pride and vanity from rising. I felt I was the hero of the hour. I had been the first to find a snake in the locality. I could, therefore, claim the offered reward, although I intended of course magnanimously to refuse it. Glory was enough for me. Accordingly, I began explanations.

"There was a snake," said I, "coiled on——"

"My chest!" said the boss, in great excitement, interrupting me and finishing my statement. "He says true. There was a large rattler coiled in huge volumes on my chest."

I could not understand how the boss knew that; for during the incident he gave every evidence of being in the profoundest slumber. Nevertheless, any detail that I would start the boss could always finish it with the precision and exactness of an eye-witness. He knew as much about the affair as I did. It was now my turn to be mystified and to wonder. Before I could satisfy my curiosity, however, my inquiry was prevented by a fresh turn of events.

"Where is this snake that you two are talking so much about?" asked the Skeptic, who had been investigating everywhere while we were talking.

The question brought us to a realization of the scene before us. Where was the snake whose head I had just shot off? Where were the remains? The boss and all the rest of us searched everywhere throughout the tent. There was not the slightest vestige of a serpent.

The mystery seemed impenetrable. My seeing the snake; the boss's confirmation of this circumstance, although he was at the time in deep slumber; the mysterious disappearance of the dead snake itself,—all these circumstances were so perplexingly contradictory. The more we thought over the matter, the more mystified we became. Then all the facts arranged themselves in harmonious agreement in our minds. Suddenly on the countenance of all present there broke a ghastly smile, which spread by quick degrees into a horrible grin, and then swelled into a terrified guffaw, as the true solution dawned, flashed and kindled in the minds of all our campers:—

Great Snakes! I had shot the boss's dream!!!

REMINISCENCE

By THOMAS A. ROWAN, '17

Oft, in the stilly night,
With all my children round me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of football days around me:
The chills, the fears,
The twisted ears,
The baffling signals spoken,
The eyes so true,
Then black and blue,
The shapely noses broken!

When I remember all
The men of brawn and muscle
I've seen around me fall,
Like scrubs in practice tussle,
I feel like him
Who leads a team
That has been badly battered,
Whose stars are benched,
Their ankles wrenched,
The whole team sadly shattered!
Thus, in the chilly nights,
With blankets wrapt around me,
Sad memory brings the fights
Of younger days around me.

"INSIDE STUFF" IN TURKEY

By ARTHUR B. MAXWELL, '18

NO one will dispute the fact, that a good, old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, with its fifty-seven varieties of culinary devices to whet the appetite, occupies a place dear to the heart, or somewhere thereabout, of every American. Yet how many of us have sought the history of the turkey, the central figure of attraction on this day? Perhaps we take it as a matter of course, relying on the good taste and judgment of our forefathers. This is well enough in its way, but those of a more inquiring and philosophical turn of mind like to understand the causes of things.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas—
VIRGIL.

Several different origins are ascribed to the presence of the fowl in this country. Some, basing their argument analogously to the origin of the name chemistry, say that it was imported from Turkey. Early travelers in the Turkish Empire, it is said, were enraptured with the deliciousness of a fowl prepared on festive occasions for the Sultan Abdul Yo Edi. A thorough perusal of the folk-lore of these people discovers that they have confounded the turkey with a species of the *avis de squichibus,* or what is known as our common guinea-hen. Others claim that the turkey was first discovered in Greece. I could find no mention, allusion or reference to such a fowl in any Greek author, ancient or modern. It is probable that the authorities, ornithological and historical, have mistaken the foul invader of that unfortunate country for the evading fowl!

Thus having met with little encouragement in the research of these foreign claims, I resolved to investigate the circumstances of the first Thanksgiving dinner. It was impossible for our forefathers to be thoroughly acquainted with the resources of their new-found home. Hence we read that they sought the co-operation of the Indians in preparing their feast. Since they had not brought the turkey from the old country, it is logical to conclude that it was native here. In the ancient legends of the Indians, we read of a large bird they hunted for festive occasions. It was called the *Tur-kee-wa.* Above all, as the ethnologist Brinton points out, Indian is a Turanian language and, therefore, begins with the same syllable as turkey—*Tur.* The philological coincidence is as remarkable as it is convincing. From this circumstance and from the important rôle the turkey played on the first Thanksgiving, we can readily associate the former with the latter, both from the notation of its name and from its historical significance.

Of course, we can readily realize that the early conditions, both in procuring and preparing the fowl, were far different from those of the present day. Then, there were no turkey-farms or fire-arms. The huge bird was hunted in the wildest part of the woods with the crudest of weapons. To-day we have the domesticated bird and may hunt the wild one with the most modern type of fire-arms. It was taken over to England shortly after the discovery of this country and had been domesticated there early in the sixteenth century.

There are but two known species—the common wild turkey, *Meleagris gallipavo,* and the Yucatan, or *Meleagris acellatus.* They were once considered as two distinct families, but are now conceded as the only American representative of the family *Phasianidae.* In late years the output has reached an enormous number. At Christmas and Thanksgiving as many as 9,000,000 fowl are disposed of in this country alone, on an average of one to every nine.

Who of us, then, can look with indifference upon the approach of Thanksgiving? It is distinctly an American feast. The result of our researches places the origin of the chief ornament of our festive board where it belongs. Let us, therefore, enter upon its enjoyment with vim and gusto. Let us increase, if possible, the ratio from one turkey to every nine persons to nine turkeys to every person.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH

By JOHN F. BURNS, '17

(*From the French of Deschamps*)

One Sabbath morn, when youth was in its prime,
I reached a neighboring town at service-time.
Loud rang the bells, the church its front opposed,
The preacher's lips in prayerful song unclosed;
The open portals bade all welcome there,
Where kneeling children lisped their simple prayer,
And pious parents, reverently inclined,
Poured o'er the leaves with sweet devotion lined.
The sun, meanwhile, its daily course assumed,
The air with balmy fragrance was perfumed,
Above my head delightful sounds o'erflowed,
And Nature in her best regalia glowed.

THREE GREAT MUSICIANS

By HUGH O'NEILL, '17

THE careers of Haydn and Mozart represent the middle stage of eighteenth century musical development. Not only in point of time, lying midway between Bach and Beethoven, as they do, are the lives of Haydn and Mozart typical of a middle-stage development, but in other respects as well. Thus, as a general rule, their works, in point of character, may be said to lie equidistant from the fashionable Italian artificialities of the day and the heroic grandeur of Bach and Handel. Greatly indebted as the music of to-day is to Haydn and Mozart, still more does modern musical development date from Beethoven, and it is almost impossible to imagine modern musical art divested of his influence.

Haydn, living quietly and uneventfully, writes his music which reflects the nature of the man, simple, genial and unaffected; the sources of his inspiration were his own good qualities, his piety, his lovable nature.

In composition, Haydn is recognized as being the first to outline the possibilities of the "sonata-form." Apart from his other compositions, Haydn, in his fifty-three sonatas for piano, contributed to the progress of musical art a form which for flexibility and fertile resources, became a legacy of inestimable value to his great successors, Mozart and Beethoven. Without his fertile labors their work would have been almost impossible.

The development of Mozart the performer and Mozart the composer was on terms of equality. He was taught little pieces at the age of four, and began to compose at the age of five. When eight years old he could read difficult music at sight, improvise charmingly and solve perplexing problems in composition easily.

Very closely is Mozart's name associated with the opera; and his operas have been accorded their present seemingly disproportionate amount of space, because, as a composer of opera, Mozart stands alone among his fellow-giants of the eighteenth century.

Towards the close of his brief career, another field of his vast creative energy opened up, that of church music, in which he ranks as the father of the modern music of the Catholic Church.

With Beethoven the dynasty of genius, commencing with Bach early in the eighteenth century, comes to an end. He represents in himself at once the consolidation, as it were, of the knowledge of the preceding generations, and the opening of a new period in musical history.

His compositions betray the influence of Haydn and Mozart, and the smooth, facile workmanship of the eighteenth century. What first strikes one, viewing his work as a whole, is the vast preponderance of compositions of the sonata kind. There are many reasons for this preponderance of the sonata-form. For nearly two centuries harmonic, as opposed to contrapuntal form, had been developing steadily, and when Beethoven appeared, the sonata, which is the highest form of harmonic music, was already an established art-form. He was essentially a pianist and this was sufficient of itself to turn his mind towards the sonata. When his genius as a composer developed, it was to the sonata-form that he naturally turned for his most congenial vehicle of expression.

To sum up then, the influence of Bach was predominant alike in Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. If Haydn did not shine as a performer, he left his mark as a composer of sonatas and thus proved so important a link as to render his services indispensable. Mozart contributed technical facility, clearness, and above all grace and charm to the list of necessary qualities in good piano-playing. He developed to unheard-of perfection the art of improvisation; while Beethoven greatly increased the technical horizon by his inventive genius and his force as a virtuoso.

AESTHETICS AND ANAESTHETICS

(A CLASS ANECDOTE)

By THOMAS A. ROWAN, '17

THE professor was learnedly expounding a point in the æsthetics of fiction. He warned the class against the crudity of amateurs. He advised them not to throw the reader into the midst of an unpleasant idea and leave him there with that as the main point to be contemplated. Such work he declared hopelessly inartistic.

Several members of the class objected. "Hamlet," said they, "abounds in unpleasant ideas, yet the world's criticism praises it as the master-tragedy. Poe's tales are regarded as artistic, though having a most unpleasant basis."

The professor met this objection by showing how a great artist resolves the discords of his material into the harmonies of beautiful, dominant ideas. In order further to enlighten the minds of the class, he contrasted the mellow perfection of the artist with the following amateurish crudity. He told this story that had been submitted to a college journal when he attended the university.

A musical composer had devoted the work of a lifetime to the composition of a *chef d'œuvre.* Late one evening he was trying it on the grand organ in the church. At last it satisfied his taste; it had reached ultimate form. As he laid the manuscript on the table, the boy that worked the organ-pump came forward. Brushing against the table, the boy accidentally upset the light on the manuscript, and thus burnt the composition. Hereupon the musician became so enraged at seeing his lifework destroyed that he seized the boy by the throat and choked him to death.

"Now," asked the professor, "what do you think of such a point as that? Would you call it pleasant or unpleasant?"

"Un——" started the class.

The professor smiled in satisfaction to think that his explanation was understood. A succession of ideas thronged his mind, as he expected to hear excellent critical reasons of condemnation. First, the inherent improbability of the story. The boy could not destroy the lifework of a musician, which would be engraven on the composer's memory. Hence the boy had merely burnt paper. Secondly, no sufficient motive, in consequence, for the murder, which was too discordant to contemplate as coming into a hitherto innocent life devoted to the gentle pursuit of sweet sounds. Thirdly, the aggravating circumstance of the brutal offense by gratuitous sacrilege in a church.

But what was the professor's horror when the class finished thus in grand chorus:

"Unpleasant—for the pump-boy!"

THANKSGIVING FOOTBALL

By JOHN J. MAGUIRE, '20

THE 'Varsity football team of Stamford University were having their first scrimmage of the season. Burdick, the veteran 'Varsity half-back, went crashing through the scrubs' line for gain after gain; and after each plunge he would laugh derisively at the efforts of the scrubs to check the victorious onslaught of the 'Varsity. Burdick, as a player, was a marvel; but he had a mean disposition, his anger being very easily incurred.

"Look who's here, fresh from the farm!" shouted Burdick, as the coach put in a new man at half-back on the scrubs in place of Payne. The new man, Tom Harris by name, heard the uncalled-for remark; but, although it hurt, he gave no sign of having heard. Harris was a novice in football, but he possessed strength, speed, pluck, and a desire to learn the game. Accordingly, when, on the next play, Burdick came speeding around the end, he made a lunge at him and missed his tackle. Burdick laughed and continued down the field for a touchdown.

The scrubs were then put on the offensive and began to hammer at the regulars' line, using Bancroft and Schmidt, two experienced backfield men. Their efforts were in vain. Several forward passes were then tried, one of them being successfully executed. Harris was then called

upon to carry the ball, and fought his way through right tackle for a five-yard gain. Once more they lined up, the 'Varsity being a bit surprised; and once more Harris made a gain through right tackle. Burdick was quivering with anger and muttered something about a "farmer's luck." Harris overheard the remark. His cheeks flushed, but he made no reply.

Three or four more plays were tried without much success, and then Harris was sent speeding around the end with the ball. The interference cut down the defense until Burdick alone blocked his way. He saw Burdick's sneering countenance, and speedily sidestepped his terrific flying-tackle. Burdick, not taking into consideration Harris' sidestep, missed his tackle by a small margin and went sprawling on the dusty field. This time it was Harris that laughed.

Billy Devere, the head coach, upbraided Burdick for not making his tackle sure and declared that Harris was doing better than he. Burdick straightened up, removed his head-gear and snarled, "Is that so? Well, if you can get along without me, go ahead. Put that overgrown calf in my position. I don't care. I'm through with this team." He started to walk away, but stopped suddenly. Turning to Harris, he snapped, "But I'm not through with you. I'll get even with you yet! I'm going over to Crampton now to join their squad. I'll come back here with Crampton, and we'll give this measly team the beating of a lifetime." Then he turned away and continued towards the dressing-rooms.

The coach, thinking it was just another of Burdick's idle threats, did not attempt to stop him, but ordered his charges to continue their work, shifting Bancroft to Burdick's place and replacing Bancroft by Payne. Tom Harris felt that the team had lost its best man, because he had forgotten his proper position as subordinate and, while only a new recruit, had laughed at a veteran like Burdick. In order to make reparation for this mistake, he played the very best he knew how, and soon made a good impression upon the coach.

That evening Tom Harris talked over the events of the afternoon with his room-mate, Tim Harrigan. Tim had been a cripple from his birth; nevertheless, like many more of his kind, he knew football thoroughly from his own keen and constant observation of the game, and he gave Tom Harris many pointers about the science and art of the manoeuvres and tactics on the gridiron.

As practice went on, Harris improved greatly from day to day. Although he was still on the scrubs, his team-mates, especially his captain, Paul Armstrong, recognized his natural ability for the sport. They wondered why the coach did not appreciate his efforts; for, indeed, Billy Devere paid but little attention to Harris, and seemed determined upon developing Bancroft. But the coach had been given full power as to the selection of players, and Armstrong was powerless.

In the first game of the season, Stamford defeated Devonshire on Devonshire's own field, the score being 14 to 0. Harris was not given an opportunity to play, although Bancroft was slightly injured and gave place to Payne. Each succeeding game was the same story. Stamford won every game, most of them being hard fought. Harris, meanwhile, was kept on the bench, although several times the coach had him warm up on the side lines only to disappoint him and send Payne in to play.

This treatment Harris received without the slightest sign of discontent, although it seemed to everybody else nothing less than extreme cruelty on the part of the coach. Nevertheless, every one trusted in Billy Devere, who had made good in every instance in the past. Therefore, while they were at a loss to understand his reasons for so acting, nobody dared question his authority.

In practice, no one worked harder than Harris. In the scrimmage, it was always Harris that made big gains against the 'Varsity on the offense; and on the defense, not a man got by him. Harris had developed into a great football player, and he devoted his every effort to the game every time he played.

At night in his room, he would talk matters over with Tim, while Tim massaged his bruised muscles with soothing liniments. Tim was as much puzzled at the coach's actions as any one, although down in his heart he felt that Billy Devere had a special reason for slighting Harris. What that reason was he could not imagine. Yet he gave Harris every encouragement, and it was these little talks of theirs that kept up Tom's courage.

At last, the final practice of the season was over. The next day, Thanksgiving Day, was to be the close of a most successful season, no defeats having been chalked against them as yet.

The opposing team for the great Thanksgiving game was to be Crampton. Burdick, Stamford's former star, had bolstered up Crampton's already strong team, and they, too, claimed a clean slate —twelve victories and no defeats. Crampton's rooters boasted that Burdick would make good his threat and that Stamford's claim for the season's honors would be swept away in an inglorious defeat. Stamford's players went to bed early that night, each one with a prayer on his lips that Devere would relent and allow Harris to play on the morrow.

But the next day the game started with Harris on the side lines, fretting and fuming because he was not allowed to play against Burdick—the one man in all the world whom he detested—the man who had deserted the team that had made him the player he was—the man who had sworn to get even with him. Time after time Burdick was sent crashing through Stamford's line for big gains. Although Stamford's cheering squad gave yell after yell for the moral support of their team, the line seemed unable to check Crampton's advance.

After a series of line-bucking, forward passes and trick plays, Crampton had the ball on Stamford's ten-yard line. Amid the cries of Crampton's cohorts for a touchdown and the plea from the Stamford rooters to "Hold! hold! hold!" the red and blue warriors fought valiantly. Crampton could not gain so much as an inch, and the ball was in Stamford's possession. At the end of the first quarter, they had advanced just halfway to their opponents' goal line, and they still had the ball.

The second quarter started with a rush. Bancroft fumbled the ball. The ever-alert Burdick scooped it up and ran with the speed of an antelope in the direction of the goal-posts, never stopping until he had placed the ball down over the goal line for the first score of the game. Douglas, Crampton's big full-back, kicked the goal, making the score 7 to 0, with Stamford on the small end. But the wearers of the red and blue were not discouraged. Indeed, this served only to imbue into them the spirit of determination and to make them fight harder than ever. The half ended without further scoring by either side.

The second half began, with Harris still on the bench. Every time Burdick made a gain or a good tackle, Harris winced. Once when Bancroft was slow in getting up from the ground, Billy Devere turned and glanced at Tom. It seemed as if his long-awaited turn had come. But Bancroft rallied bravely and continued playing. A fresh man was sent in at end, and the team seemed to be strengthened by his freshness. They advanced the ball down the field until they were within striking distance of their opponents' goal. Then, in spite of all the efforts of Crampton, Armstrong kicked the ball between the uprights for a field goal, just as Bancroft crumpled and fell exhausted.

Tom Harris' chance had come. The coach whispered a few words of instruction in his ear and sent him out onto the field. But Harris seemed to have lost all the spirit he had shown in practice, as he trotted dejectedly across the field. Then through the momentary silence, Burdick's voice rang out. "You're just the man I've been waiting for!" he sneered. Burdick's words roused Harris' ire, and he went into the game determined to defeat Crampton and to show Burdick who was master. He worked with almost superhuman effort. Crampton had the ball. Harris broke up every play, forcing them to punt. For the second time, however, Stamford fumbled, and for the second time Burdick recovered the ball. The game developed into almost entirely a two-man game, with Burdick on one side and Harris on the other. Stamford soon had the ball in their possession again. Encouraged by the undaunted spirit displayed by Harris, they advanced steadily until they were in the shadow of Crampton's goal line once more. Here time was called for the end of the third period. Armstrong gathered his players about him and instructed them as to the next play.

The whistle blew for the final quarter. The teams lined up quickly. Without any signals, the ball was snapped back to Harris, who sped round the end for a touchdown before the surprised Cramptonites knew what had happened. The try for a goal was unsuccessful, the ball swerving a few inches to the right. Stamford was now in the lead, the score being 9 to 7. Stamford kicked off. The ball was advanced and retarded all over the field, neither team making any substantial gain. Harris and Burdick were still fighting with the ferocity of wild beasts. But the strain was beginning to tell upon Burdick. He had silenced his jeering tone.

Only one minute remained to play. Crampton tried a trick formation, which threw Stamford

off their guard for the moment. Burdick received the ball. He shot through the opening, shook off the opposing tackle, and started towards Stamford's goal line with no one in his way. A groan arose from the Stamford stands as he sped onward, for a touchdown seemed inevitable. Suddenly there shot out of the mix-up of players a form in a red and blue jersey. It was Harris! As he cut down the lead of the fast tiring Burdick, foot by foot, the groan that had been emitted from the throats of the Stamford rooters changed to a cry of hope. Then there was a tense silence. Then once again their voices were heard—this time in a cry of exultation. For Harris, putting every last ounce of strength behind his tackle, had left his feet in a beautifully flying tackle, which brought Burdick down, two yards from the goal line and a Crampton victory. Before the disheartened Crampton team could line up and resume their offense, the shrill whistle of the referee proclaimed that the game was over, and that Burdick had failed to make good his threat.

One of the first to reach Harris' side was Billy Devere, who gripped Tom's hand and said, "Good boy, Tom! I knew you would do it! I recognized your ability from the first. But I realized also that, in order to defeat Crampton to-day, you would have to be subjected to all sorts of cruelties and injustices until your very soul cried out against it—until deep in your heart was implanted a desire to show the world that you could play football and that you could beat Burdick at his own game. That time was not ripe until after the game had started to-day. I know you have suffered, Tom, and I want you to know that all Stamford honors you as a man of unfailing courage and of extraordinary ability." There were tears in the eyes of the coach as he finished his impressive speech, and he turned away to hide them.

Big-hearted Tom Harris smiled at the approving faces about him. There was a twinkle in his eyes as he said:

"Well, I'm thankful I didn't have to wait till Christmas for this game. But," he added, seriously, "It was worth it."

THE FADING YEAR

By JOHN HANS, '19

The change from summer's glow to winter's gloom
Foretokens each man's doom,
Anticipates the tomb.

When fairest flowers rejoice the sunny year
And song-birds charm the ear—
O sights and sounds of cheer!

Then rose-hued hopes in every bosom spring;
Our spirits dance and sing;
For joy rules everything.

But autumn frosts and bleak November days
Show nothing here that stays:
Fair Nature's work decays!

And now our souls sink sadly with the year:
Hope gives its rule to Fear;
Song sighs and drops the tear.

Emblem is here of man's uncertain state:
Trust not the brightest Fate;
All earthly joys abate.

Then look alone to Heaven's unfading prize;
Place thy home in the skies,
And view it with Faith's eyes.

For change from summer glow to winter gloom
Foreshadows all men's doom—
Anticipates the tomb.

PSEUDODOXIA

By YE STUDENT

THE examination of prevalent opinions in order to expose popular fallacies, has been a favorite theme with successive philosophic inquirers from Bacon's time down through Sir Thomas Browne, Favorgue, Dr. Primrose, Laurent Joubert, Scipio Mercurius, Barrington, Bentham and Charles Lamb. The student himself has often been puzzled by the manifest paradoxology of the current credulities of *Zeitgeist,* and here proposes some detached reflections on a few of the most striking.

Future generations will learn with astonishment how a great presidential contest in the fourth lustrum of the twentieth century was decided by a point of grammar. On the early returns in the recent election, announcement was made to President Woodrow Wilson in these words, "You'se is elected." Our most learned chief executive, from his pedagogic habits acquired in his experience as schoolmaster, immediately corrected the hideous solecism, bidding them tell him in good English, "You are elected." His knowledge of grammar thus saved him the day, and its national consequences give it an epic importance and significance. And yet there are skeptics who question the utility of a liberal education and ask with cynical sneer, "What's the Hughes?"

À propos of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, which has raged anew in this tercentenary celebration of the immortal dramas, we have come at least to this conclusion. That *Lard* Bacon should have put the ham in Hamlet (considering that bacon and ham form a favorite breakfast food of Shakespeare's nation) is a combination of ideas not incompatible—or even Hogg, the Scotch poet. But that Lamb (generally supposed to be a vegetarian) should find his favorite viand in roast pork is indeed *pig*-uliar!

The commentators of Shakespeare, with all their alertness, acuteness and industry in the textual emendation of that much garbled dramatist, have unaccountably overlooked an obvious reading. The passage in mind occurs in the grave-digging scene, the first of the fifth act. The first clown, discussing the mode of Ophelia's death, while digging her grave, concludes his third speech with these words in the text as it stands:

> Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

"Argal" is evidently a misreading for "our gal"; "are" being improperly used for "our" by a slovenly colloquialism common among the illiterate. The pronoun "she" should be omitted as a vulgar redundance of the nominative substantive "gal." The true reading then is:

> Our gal drowned herself wittingly.

This emendation, like Ophelia's watery grave, is too deep for general acceptance among commentators.

The last are a troublesome set anyway. This compels the student to think that the *critical* condition of Ireland (which rouses his concern as a loyal lover of the Emerald Isle) must be due to the fact that the island abounds in common 'taters.

The employment of the term potatoes in connection with Ireland and Shakespeare reminds the student that there is such a thing as Literary Botany. Lamb the Essayist probably did not wish to cultivate a *florid* appearance when he eschewed his namesake's vegetarian diet.

> For Vegetarians, one supposes,
> Have cabbage heads and turnip noses.

Hence Lamb displayed subtle discernment when he chose the neighboring field of Literary Zoology and preferred above all diets roast pork, which cultivates an important department of the understanding. For, contrary to what most people assert, the beast that possesses the greatest amount of judgment is, not the half-reasoning elephant, nor the intelligent horse, nor the sagacious dog, but the pig, as will be seen by a little reflection. The educated pig, on exhibition in raree-shows, exercising all the functions of rationality, has excited wonderment as a porcine paradox, but is really, after all, in the nature of things —as the pig is never in-Jew-dishes (injudicious)!

Another vulgar error is that of literary smatterers, who ascribe no literary value to the cat. From the proper point of view, however, Puss is the most poetical member of the brute kind—for it alone assiduously cultivates the *mews*.

According to the illustrators of college journals, the most common symbol of students is professedly the owl, the reputed bird of wisdom, sacred to Minerva, the patron goddess of all high-browed intellectuals. Yet most students really prefer a *lark;* though we hope few, or none, favor a *bat*.

The student has always been sadly troubled with Addison's broken metaphor in his poem on Marlborough's campaign:

> I bridle in my struggling Muse in vain,
> Which longs to launch into a nobler strain.

The laureate of Queen Anne's reign has here three badly mixed images. His Muse is first a horse, then a boat,—and the boat that is a horse wishes to sing! The student humbly submits the following amendment, which possesses at least the jewel merit of consistency of imagery:—

> I bridle in my hungry *mule* with pain,
> That longs to *lunch* on every load of grain!

The canons of textual emendation are here strictly observed. The author is scrupulously followed, and the corrections are suggested by the text itself. When the sagacious emendator of Plato's corrupt text changed, in a certain famous passage, "lura" into "aura," he bethought him that in Plato's time the small Greek letters had not yet been invented; therefore the capitals were then in use. Furthermore, on changing to the capitals, lambda (Λ) resembles an uncrossed alpha (A). Accordingly, putting the cross-piece into the first letter of lura, the critic changed the word into the altogether different one of aura, thus vastly improving the sense by the simple device of a mere stroke of the pen. So here we just take the under-loop of "s" in "muse" and make it the upper loop of "l" in "mule." Equally simple is it to cross out the "a" of the incongruous word "launch" and thereby transform it into the pertinent action of "lunch." We thus give consistent consequence to the opening circumstance of "bridling," the poet taking occasion to improve the opportunity for moral instruction by animadverting on the unbridled appetite of gluttony. Such are the fascinating pursuits of the literary detective, and such are some of the simple means that lead to the most extensive consequences!

Objectors to our method have insisted that we go too far, and urge that we read the second line of Addison's couplet thus:

> That longs to lunch on every *field* of grain.

They claim that a "field of grain" is far more poetical than a "load of grain."

Our reply to this objection is twofold. First, their reading destroys the alliteration of "l"s, beautifully found in "longs", "lunch" and "load". The last word "load" supplies that third "l" that the first two words have made the ear expect. Satisfaction, not disappointment, is a supreme law of the literary art.

In the second place, we insist that our opponents do not sufficiently take into consideration the character of the period to which our poet belongs. This is very necessary to all true criticism.

> You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
> Know well each author's proper character;
> His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page;
> Religion, country, *genius of his age*.
> Without all these at once before your eyes,
> Cavil you may, but never criticise.

Now the Age of Queen Anne was hopelessly artificial. It had neither eyes nor feeling for nature. It would not recognize grain growing in a field. How often have we not lamented our superiority and blessing in this respect! Has not every work on aesthetics been teaching us this for the last hundred years and more? When a Queen Anne poet once saw a tree by accident for the first time, he mistook it for a paradoxical sort of branched chandelier hanging up from the earth instead of depending from the ceiling. The Queen Anne poets, then, were town poets, knowing nothing of rural life. Hence the "field" would be lost to their apprehensions, while a "load of grain" packed in a wagon or piled in a stall would appeal strongly to their experience. The cries of the author, consequently, reining in his eager mule from the grain-loads, afford an exquisite tragi-comic picture of a Grub Street poet's *whoas*. An art-stroke should be double-edged, two-pointed, exercising force at either end. The word "load" fulfilling the two conditions of alliterative form and truth of picture in meaning proves conclusively that this is the right reading.

The observant reader will have, doubtless, remarked how the various ranks, or degrees, of the literary craft reveal themselves involuntarily by their prevalent turn of thought and imagery. The high-fliers sing of ecstatic flights on the wingèd horse, Pegasus,—that poetic aeroplane of the equine species, which mounts on the viewless wings of poesy through the interstellar spaces of the Empyrean. But the humble citizen of the Republic of Letters dare not lift his thoughts so high, and so speaks only of his "mule"—and that mule a hungry one. This circumstance shows that the fortunes of the Grub Street residents have not improved since the time of the Dunciad.



THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1916 No. 1

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PAUL A. O'BRIEN, '18.....Alumni
CHARLES M. MAGEE, Ph. D.....Literary Adviser
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WALTER L. CAIN, '18.....Asst. Advertising Manager
GEORGE McCANN, '20.....Staff Artist

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FOREWORD

THIS is the *début* of THE VILLANOVAN—the new magazine representing the various interests of the student body of our College of Villanova. The Prolog enters, bows and speaks—inviting favorable attention. We cannot address the world at large, but we hope an audience of the alumni and the undergraduates. While our journal is undergraduate in management, we look to the alumni for fostering aid and inspiring example. May the alumni, who cherish such fond recollections of the old Villanova magazine, find in the present venture a not unworthy successor! This object may be achieved, if the alumni will kindly co-operate with the undergraduates to make THE VILLANOVAN a permanent educational instrument of our beloved and honored institution. This co-operation on the part of both alumni and undergraduates—so necessary to assure success—consists of two complementary factors—first, literary co-operation; second, financial co-operation. On the side of literature, our purpose is mainly for the training of undergraduates in literary self-expression; hence we look to the alumni rather for interested patronage, for kindly advice, for helpful criticism. On the financial side, the alumni can help in several ways. They can assist in extending the territory of our magazine, they can increase the number of subscribers among themselves and their friends, they can advertise in our columns. As alumni news is a striking feature and an important department, the alumni can always find something of personal interest in regard to themselves and their old college friends, awakening dear recollections of their former good times. It is taken for granted that the undergraduates know their financial duty in the case before their very eyes.

Now, undergraduates and alumni, will you, as loyal sons of Villanova taking pride in Alma

Published at Villanova, Pa., in the months of November, February, April and June.
All communications to be addressed to the VILLANOVAN, Villanova, Pa.

Mater's achievements, respond to our earnest appeal? Will you by a little self-denial on the part of each one make possible a great success in the aggregate? Will you kindly assist in this good cause of sound education? We offer grateful acknowledgment to our alumni for their hearty support and to the student body for their zealous efforts to bring to completion hopes so long cherished by all Villanova men. If the co-operation continues in the future as hitherto, our permanent success is assured. With these three key-words in summary—literary contribution, helpful criticism, financial support—the Prolog bows and exits, as the curtain rises.

JOHN V. DOMMINEY, 1917.

COLLEGE SPIRIT

THERE are times in College life when loyalty is manifested by real and earnest efforts to place the name of Alma Mater upon some high pinnacle of honor through heroic achievement. These efforts are indeed praiseworthy, but they do not sound the genuine depth of the meaning of the word loyalty. It is rather in the everyday life that the calibre of true spirit is tested. When no valiant eleven is rushing to the objective goal, when no blue and white streamers of victory are rousing spontaneous utterances, when fortune seems to deny our college even a little smile,—then it is that we can judge the loyalty of a student-body.

Loyalty to your school means defense of that school. The crowd easily takes up a half-truth uttered by an unthinking boy. It circulates, and many who do not know all the facts of the case are deceived. The school is injured. Your Alma Mater, your fostering mother, has received a wound. Your loyalty should prompt you to speak the good word, the whole truth, and help your college on to victory. She wants praise where it is deserved. She wants work—hard, individual work, robbed of that individual selfishness, so characteristic of our age. She urges you to put forth your efforts for the common weal. Forget your little personal grievances, forget your own advancement, and Alma Mater will not lose sight of her loyal son.

Loyalty to Alma Mater means personal affection to your Alma Mater. Let the name "Villanova" arouse the best qualities of your soul. She has fostered you, cared for you as a mother cares for her little child. Every advantage compatible with religious education, she gives you. In return she wants your love. Love stops at no sacrifice. It strips itself of all for the object of its love. You are not asked to give up much. Just give her your affection, your unwavering allegiance. She will regard this as an inestimable treasure.

Loyalty to Villanova means your individuality. What does college spirit mean in your life? Villanova wants you to live up to the strict morals she has taught you. She wants you to take advantage of the intellectual opportunities she gives you and to show fruit worthy of her. The culture of a gentleman in dealing with others is loyalty to your school. People know you are a Villanova man. That should be worth more to you than the wealth of nations. In your hands you hold her reputation, her hope of advancement.

Loyalty means the motto of your school—Veritas, Unitas, Caritas. Loyalty means "Truth." Be true to yourself, be true to God, be true to the Church. Do not be afraid to defend and promulgate the truth. Keep it ever shining before you as your guiding star. Loyalty means "Unity." In unity there is strength. You must unite yourself, then, to the cause. You have joined yourself to Villanova, and there are consequent obligations to which you must not close your eyes. Her strength depends upon the strength of individuals. Be loyal to every Villanova man, to every Villanova enterprise. Forget not the last word of the motto—Charity. The Augustinians are characterized by their burning love of God. The great Augustine was especially noted for his charity. Your love must mean more than mere words. Your charity must mean loyalty, love of school, devotion to Villanova's aims, faithfulness to Villanova's sons.

Arouse your spirit, Sons of Villanova. Do not neglect your fostering mother. Her way is weary. Often it is hard for her to travel alone. You must be her supporters. Let your loyalty extend further than your college days. May it extend beyond your graduation days! May a loyal student-body be but the beginning of a loyal alumni!

JOHN V. DOMMINEY, 1917.



Opening of College

The College reopened with due formality on Monday, September 18, one week later than was originally scheduled. The delay was caused by an order of the Board of Health, due to the prevalence of infantile paralysis throughout the State. In this we fared better than many other colleges in the East, which were subject to a more extended quarantine.

Enrollment

The enrollment in the College shows a decided increase over that of last year, the largest Freshman Class in the history of the institution having registered on the opening days and all the other classes, with the exception of the Senior, showing slight gains. In the Preparatory School, however, there was a slight falling off.

Changes in Faculty

Among the faculty several changes were announced.

The Department of Chemistry is now in charge of Mr. John S. O'Leary, O.S.A., and Mr. Ruellan P. Fink, O.S.A., both of whom are Villanova graduates of the Class of 1916. They succeed Mr. John B. Mockaitis, B.S., who resigned last June to accept another position. Mr. Fink and Mr. O'Leary are fully capable of performing their new duties, having taken an extended course in Chemistry.

The Rev. Michael J. Murphy is another who has returned to our midst after an absence of several years, and has taken up his work in the Department of Classics. Father Murphy will be remembered by many of our alumni who will be glad to hear that he has returned to their Alma Mater.

Another newcomer in the same department is Rev. Luke M. Powers, O.S.A., who has succeeded our old friend and former vice-president, Rev. Matthew Corcoran, O.S.A., who has been transferred to St. Rita's parish in Philadelphia.

In the Department of Biology and Bacteriology, Mr. Hartzell has been succeeded by Mr. Hopkins, O.S.A., and Mr. Martin, O.S.A.

Other new teachers are Fathers Spirali, Mullins, Shea, Campbell, Salinas and Zabalzo, all of whom were raised to the priesthood last June.

Those of last year's faculty who have been transferred to other fields of labor are Fathers Corcoran, Fahey, Kelly, Yannis, Dwyer and Cotter.

Improvements

Among the many new improvements may be noted the new Biological Laboratory on the second floor of the Main Building. It is larger and presents much better facilities than its predecessor. The rapidly increasing size of these classes made the change necessary.

The new tennis courts, which were to have been ready in October, have been subject to several unavoidable delays in the course of construction, which will prevent their opening until the Spring.

Patron's Day.

On Friday, September 22, the feast of our patron saint, St. Thomas of Villanova, was duly celebrated in the church with a Solemn High Mass. The president of the College, Rev. Edward G. Dohan, O.S.A., acted as celebrant, assisted by

Rev. Francis A. Driscoll and Rev. George C. Egan, O.S.A., as deacon and sub-deacon, respectively. Besides the entire student-body, there were many others in attendance. This was the first of the holidays for the year and no classes were held.

Burning of Barn

On Monday evening, September 25, the monotony of the school life was broken by a disastrous fire, which destroyed the large barn attached to the College Farm. The fire was discovered shortly after seven o'clock by several of the farm hands but it gained headway so quickly that little could be done toward saving the main structure. However, several smaller adjoining buildings were saved by the valiant work of the students and the firemen from nearby towns, who responded to the call for help. The entire student body turned out and was of material aid in rescuing stock and farming implements, which were housed in the burning building. A large quantity of newly harvested crops and several horses were destroyed, the total damage approaching close to $15,000. Just how the fire started is a matter of conjecture, but it is generally believed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion. The severe loss to the College authorities is to be greatly regretted since it was only partially covered by insurance. The occasion created plenty of excitement and the fire was witnessed from points of vantage by many of our neighbors and residents of the Main Line district.

Columbus Day

Columbus Day was celebrated on Thursday, October 12, and according to custom, was a holiday for the entire College.

Cheering

It was with much pleasure that we noted the great increase in the cheering at the Catholic University football game as compared with that at the games preceding it. This shows that the student body is at last beginning to awaken and that the old school spirit is beginning to come to the fore. School spirit is one thing which is essential to the life of a college and this year bids fair to mark a new era in its development.

Visit of Bishop Jones

Among our recent distinguished guests was the Right Reverend W. A. Jones, O.S.A., Bishop of Porto Rico, who, during the month of October, made several visits to the College. On the first occasion, he was entertained by the students of Corr Memorial Hall, who presented an impromptu program which included several musical numbers, rendered by their newly organized band. On October 25, the eve of his departure for Havana, he was tendered an informal dinner by the faculty of the College.

Death of Father Moran

On Monday morning, September 25, the Rev. Joseph T. Moran passed away at our College after an illness which lasted for nearly a year. His genial disposition had made for him a host of friends, who grieved at his untimely though not unexpected death.

His life was a very active one. He was born in Washington, D. C., and was educated at St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md. In his early years he was engaged in newspaper work in many of our western cities. Later on, he entered the Order of St. Augustine at Villanova and was ordained in 1902. For many years he occupied the position of Professor of English Literature and served one term as Vice-president of the College. During his active life in the priesthood, he was connected with several of the Augustinian missions including Chestnut Hill, Pa., and St. Mary's, Lawrence, Mass. He was also connected with the Augustinian Academy at Staten Island and with St. Augustine's College at Havana, Cuba.

His interest in Villanova was always very great and worthy of imitation, many of Villanova's most worthy sons being brought here through his zealous efforts. He was an able teacher and many of his pupils, who to-day occupy the pulpit and positions of public trust, may trace much of their success to their early training under the care of Father Moran. May he rest in peace.

Publications

The recent publication of Rev. F. E. Tourscher, D.D., O.S.A., Professor of Church History at the College, "Diary and Visitation Record of the Right Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick" (translated and edited by permission and under the direction of His Grace, the Most Rev. Edmond F. Prendergast, Archbishop of Philadelphia), has been very favorably reviewed by Doctor Guilday in the October number of the *Catholic Historical Review*. After commenting upon its great im-

portance as a contribution to the sources of American Catholic History, the reviewer remarks: "It is no lessening of the credit due him to say that the translation could not have been done in a more favorable intellectual centre, for he had at his service the long and perhaps unique experience of one of the foremost historical scholars [Dr. Middleton] in the United States." He concludes with the statement that "this volume will undoubtedly become the model for this kind of historical work."

THE VILLANOVAN joins with his many friends in presenting to Doctor Tourscher its warmest congratulations.

PHI KAPPA PI

The Phi Kappa Pi Engineering Society held its first regular monthly meeting on October 13, at which the following officers, elected last June, were installed: President, Joseph Kirsch, '17; Vice-President, James L. Haughey, '18; Secretary, Paul A. O'Brien, '18; Treasurer, John J. Sweeney, B.S.; Sergeant-at-Arms, Cletus J. Brady, '19; Faculty Advisor, Charles A. McGeehan, E.E. A lengthy business session was first held after which topics of engineering interest were discussed. Several committees were appointed by President Kirsch to make plans for the annual reception and initiation of new members which will be held this month. The society intends to have several lectures during the year and many visits of inspection to plants in the vicinity are under consideration.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Dramatic Society has taken up its work for the year under the direction of Mr. Skelly. Several tryouts have been held thus far and there seems to be a wealth of new material among the incoming members which should prove of great benefit in the production of the yearly program. The first performance will be given early in December on a date which has not yet been decided upon but which will be announced soon. The committee in charge has several plays under consideration and it is likely that a farce-comedy will be chosen. Officers for the year will not be elected until the next meeting.

EPSILON PHI THETA

The annual initiation of candidates for membership into the Epsilon Phi Theta, was held on Tuesday evening, October 24. Nineteen new men were "put through the mill," and the affair was declared to be one of the most successful which the society has ever held, the degree team receiving many compliments on their good work.

A reception to the new members was held on the following evening, October 25, at a smoker given by the society in the club rooms. A very delicious repast was followed by songs and speech-making. Rev. Fathers Dohan, Hickey and Baker were among those present and they spoke of the promotion of good fellowship and the benefits of college spirit. Doctor Hickey seized the opportunity of boosting THE VILLANOVAN before the members.

The following are the officers for the year: John V. Domminey, '17, President; Donald C. McDonald, '18, Vice-President; James J. Egan, '19, Secretary-Treasurer.

HOLY NAME SOCIETY

The first meeting of the Holy Name Society took place in the Assembly Hall on Sunday evening, November 5. As all Catholic students belong to this society, there was quite a crowd on hand. Father Dohan, the Spiritual Director, was the speaker of the evening. In his address, he spoke to the new members of the purposes of the society and told some of its past history. In concluding, he asked the co-operation of all members, both new and old, in making this year the best which the society has ever had. The following officers were installed at the meeting: President, John V. Domminey; Vice-President, John F. Sheehan; Secretary-Treasurer, Thomas G. McGrath.

SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

The unofficial announcement of a Senior Debating Society, to be organized by Father Hickey, has been greeted with much enthusiasm. Its main object will be to give the members a thorough knowledge of the essentials of debating practice and to afford them an opportunity to acquire experience in public speaking.

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

The Junior Class elected the following officers at the first meeting for the year 1916-1917: Charles H. McGuckin, President; John F. Sheehan, Vice-President; Joseph O'Leary, Secretary; Collier J. Griswold, Treasurer.

JOSEPH O'LEARY, '18.



THIS department of THE VILLANOVAN is to be devoted to the interests of the alumni and former students of Villanova and will contain all items of news which may be of general interest to them. It will thus supply a long-felt want, for since the days of the old Monthly there has been no medium through which they might be kept informed of the successes of their former comrades and brothers in that ever growing family of Villanova's sons. To be successful in this endeavor the co-operation of all is necessary and is earnestly solicited. The editor of this department must depend upon the members themselves or their friends for information and news items. All communications therefore will be gratefully received and any assistance rendered him will be appreciated. And precisely *because* this section of THE VILLANOVAN is devoted to the interests of the alumni and former students any criticisms or suggestions from them concerning it will be welcomed and, if feasible, adopted.

Of the members of last year's class, some are pursuing further studies, while others have begun their professional careers—Charles Heiken is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. Sylvester Sabbatino is taking law at Fordham. Patrick O'Brien has joined the ranks of the pedagogues, Jerry Fogarty and Joseph Monahan are studying theology; the former at Niagara, the latter at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto. Thomas O'Malley is back at college taking a post-graduate course. J. Roy Gutwald is salesman for the Dupont Powder Company. James Koch is with the Cambria Steel Company at Johnstown. James Grady is with the Westinghouse Electric Company. Joseph Kumer is working on some contract work in Munising. John James is with the Bell Telephone Company. George Wilson is with the Otis Elevator Company, and Joseph Woods is field engineer for the Bethlehem Steel Company at Baltimore, Md. The other twelve members of the class are studying theology at Villanova.

In addition to the above, Joseph Murnane is studying medicine at Fordham; Owen McGovern and Carl Gilbert are at Jefferson Medical; James Flannery is taking the same course at the Medico-Chi; while Walter O'Connor and James Malone of Scranton are studing dentistry; Caleb Vaughn has entered Niagara Seminary, and John Taptich, St. Mary's, Baltimore.

Thomas Reap, former tackle on the 'Varsity, whose name will long endure in Villanova's football history, is now studying law at Dickinson, and in spare moments assists in coaching the Dickinson "line." Much of the present success of the Dickinson eleven is attributed to his instructions.

Robert O'Brien, '13, who last June graduated from the Law School at the University of Pennsylvania, is now working in the law offices of his father in Scranton.

Frank Monaghan, who studied law last year in a law office at South Amboy, is now continuing his studies at Columbia University.

Arthur Haberer, M.D., who last year graduated from Jefferson Medical, is now an interne in St. Joseph's Hospital in Philadelphia.

Raymond Larkin, '14, has recently been appointed assistant engineer in the Bureau of Public Health in Philadelphia.

John A. White, '09, is now chief inspector for the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, on a bridge which this company is constructing across the Susquehanna River at Sunbury.

Patrick Kelly, '11, has just been appointed inspector of dredging for the United States Gov-

ernment in Newark Bay. Pat visited the College recently enroute to Conshohocken. Those who know Pat will understand the reference.

John B. Mockaitis, '12, former Professor of Chemistry at Villanova, now holds a responsible position in the Chemical Laboratories of the Standard Oil Company at Bayonne, N. J.

James H. Lytle, '10, Clearfield, Pa., is now with the Penn Public Service Company. James has charge of all the engineering work connected with the Central Station such as testing, installation of machinery and care of transmission lines. He is a member of the second class graduated by the Engineering School and we are all pleased to hear of his success.

John P. Kiley, '15, is now in the Valuation Department of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad at Chicago.

Rev. Patrick Crowe, of the Albany Diocese, has recently been appointed rector of St. James' Church, North Creek, N. Y.

Rev. P. Riordan, Rev. M. McMahon and Rev. John McCann, of the same Diocese, have likewise been named rectors of important parishes.

"Capt" Pat Reagan, of last year's victorious 'Varsity, has returned to College to assist in coaching the "line."

The following who have received their training within the walls of old Villanova have been recently elevated to the Holy Priesthood of God: Rev. Howard Barry and Rev. Gerald Dunn at Rochester, June 16th; Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, Rev. John Byrne and Rev. Howard Miller at Altoona, June 16th; Rev. James O'Hagen at Philadelphia, May 16th; Rev. T. Cowell O'Neill at Atchison, Kansas, June 16th; Rev. John A. Hennessy at New York, July 16th; and the following at Villanova, May 27th, Revs. Philip Colgan, Lawrence Spirali, John Corr, Edward Shea, Patrick Campbell, Joseph Mullins and Louis Tierney.

During the last few months Cupid has been very busy with Villanova's alumni and many have fallen victims to his arrows. Among them we note the following: Charles McGeehan, '12, who was married to Miss Catherine McHugh, of Hazleton; John Sweeney, '12, to Miss Florence O'Rourke, of Philadelphia; Evan V. Quinn, '14, to Miss Gertrude Whitten, of Olean, N. Y. (this marriage took place at Villanova the day following Commencement); Frank (Capt) Prendergast to Miss Nora Reagan, of Steelton; Dr. James Sullivan to Miss Mary Maguire, of Fall River; Dominic A. Noonan, '04, to Miss Margaret Ryan, of Rosemont, and Martin M. Quinn, '10, to Miss Gertrude Stuart, of Bradford. Another name will soon be added to this list, for announcement has been made of the engagement of Timothy Spillane, '13, to Miss Mary Ryan, of Rosemont.

Among the recent visitors to the College we noted Edward Kirsch, '09, who holds a responsible position with the United States Steel Corporation at Gary, Ind.

James (Staten Island) Kelly, '15, who is now with the Baldwin Locomotive Company at Philadelphia.

Oscar Alveraz, who is engaged in the sugar business in Cuba.

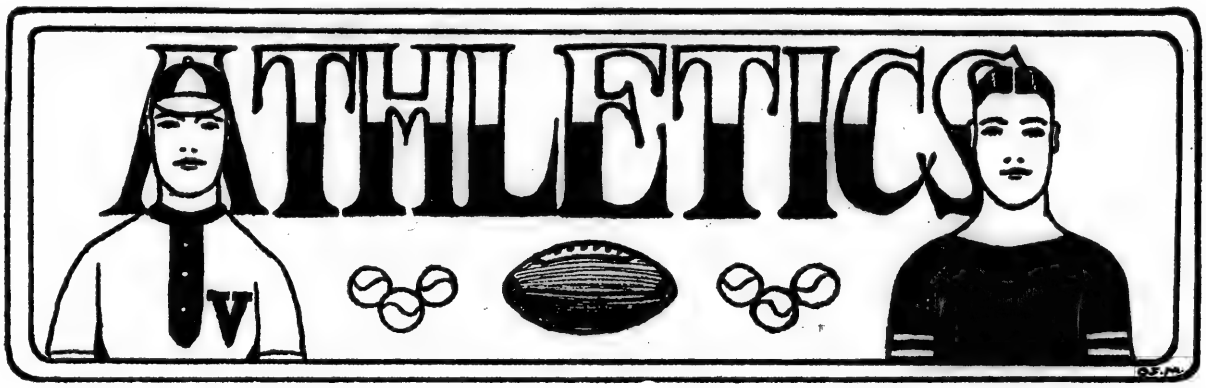
Among the many present at the Catholic University game the following were observed by the Editor: Pat O'Brien, William Powell, John Malone, the Flannery Brothers, Robert O'Connor and Joseph Scanlan.

Many will learn with regret of the death of Frank J. McCormick, which occurred at his home in Bridgeport, July 16th. Frank was one of the most popular students that ever attended Villanova, and was unquestionably one of the best football players that ever wore a Villanova jersey. In stature a giant, in strength a Samson, in fleetness an Achilles, his playing was a joy to behold. Under Fred Crolius, during the early days of the forward pass, McCormick developed into a wonderful player and contributed much to the fame which Villanova then achieved on the gridiron. The fact that he was the first Villanova man to be chosen as a member of an All-American eleven is an evidence of his great ability. *Requiescat in pace!*

In reply to many inquiries Manager McGeehan announces that headquarters for the Villanova football squad at the Fordham game will be the Hotel Martinique. The team will arrive in New York the evening before Thanksgiving Day. After the game they will return to the same hotel for dinner. Mr. McGeehan assures to all the "old boys" who come around a cordial greeting on the part of the entire team.

All our alumni will be sorry to learn that the President of the Alumni Society, J. Stanley Smith, has been very ill at his home in Overbrook for the past three weeks. We sincerely hope that he may have a speedy recovery.

PAUL O'BRIEN, '18.



Rutgers, 33; Villanova, 0

On September 30th Villanova's football team journeyed to New Brunswick and opened the 1916 campaign. Many new faces were seen in the Main Liners' lineup, as only four veterans of last year's team returned to school. Dutch Sommers, who coached last year's squad, did not return to Villanova this year, and Eddie Bennis, another Penn man, took up the coaching responsibilities.

The New Jersey team won the game, score 33-0. Villanova's followers hardly expected the team to win, for they realized that with only four of last year's regulars in the lineup Coach Bennis would have a difficult task upon his hands. No one anticipated, however, that the final count would be so big in favor of the New Jersey lads.

The New Brunswick team presented a whirlwind attack and Villanova's inexperienced eleven could do nothing against the varied offence shown by their opponents. Rutgers got the jump in the first quarter and never lost it. Villanova, while betraying evidences of nervousness which resulted in frequent fumbles, put up a game fighting battle, but it was of no avail against the veteran team which opposed them. They were unable to stop the onslaught, except in the third period, when Captain Lynch's team took a brace and Rutgers went scoreless.

Villanova was on the defensive most of the game and had little opportunity to score. In the closing few minutes, the 'Varsity played desperately for a score, and opened up a series of forward passes, all of which with the exception of one were grounded. This proved one of the feature plays of the engagement. McGucken hurled the ball twenty yards to Reap, who advanced it ten yards. Only Scarr was between him and the goal line, but the Rutgers captain was equal to the occasion and made a beautiful tackle which prevented what looked to be a sure score. The closing minutes of the battle were fought in Rutgers' territory, but Coach Bennis' proteges could not score and the game ended with the ball on the twenty-yard line.

Lineup:

Villanova.		Rutgers.
Reap	Left end	Ellicott
Coan	Left tackle	Rendall
Dougherty	Left guard	Waller
Lynch	Center	Mason
Fogarty	Right end	Garrett
Hartigan	Right tackle	Robeson
Domminey	Right guard	Feitner
Chambers	Quarterback	Scarr
McGucken	Halfback	Kelly
McGeehan	Halfback	Bracher
W. Brennan	Fullback	Hazel

Substitutions—Villanova—Murray for Coan; Rutgers—Wallace for Kelly, Houser for Feitner, Neuschafer for Ellicott.

Touchdowns—Hazel, 2; Kelly, Bracher, Wallace. Goals from touchdown—Scarr, 3. Time of quarters—10 minutes. Referee—Cochems, Wisconsin. Umpire—Farrier, Dartmouth. Linesman—Green, Syracuse.

Score by Periods.

Rutgers	6	14	0	13	—33
Villanova	0	0	0	0	— 0

Villanova, 3; Muhlenberg, 0

On October 7th, Villanova opened the home season with Muhlenberg in a game which was one of the hardest fought battles ever played on Villanova field and which was not decided until the last quarter when Charlie McGucken booted a field goal from the thirty-yard line.

A series of line plunges by McGeehan and Fleming, who substituted for W. Brennan, put

McGucken in position to make his kick, after Villanova had held Muhlenberg on the one-yard line for downs. Muhlenberg was in a position to score in the last quarter but Herron's drop kick was far too short and Villanova punted out of danger.

The Allentown Collegians had possession of the ball during the greater part of the second and third periods, but the Blue and White line held at critical moments and Muhlenberg was unable to score despite some clever use of the forward pass and good end running by Caskey and Stephens. The teams on the whole appeared evenly matched and the game was evenly contested.

The entire Villanova line played a good defensive game, especially Lynch and Hartigan. It was the latter's first appearance in a game on the home field and he made quite a hit with the student's section by the manner in which he smashed everything that came near his side of the line. McGeehan's line plunging was exceptionally good and was a big factor in the final result. It was Hughie's first experience in the backfield and he made good with a vengeance. Taken as a whole the team showed a decided improvement over the work in the opening game.

By a strange coincidence this makes the second straight year that McGucken has beaten the upstate team with his toe. Last year the score was 10-7, and it was again Charlie's boot that saved the day for Villanova.

Villanova.		Muhlenberg.
Domminey	Left end	Herron
Reap	Left tackle	Landis
Murray	Left guard	Farron
Lynch	Center	Schwenk
Dougherty	Right guard	Gaston
Hartigan	Right tackle	Dudick
Graney	Right end	Wilson
McGuckin	Quarterback	Fitzgerald
M. Brennan	Right halfback	Stephens
McGeehan	Left halfback	Taylor
W. Brennan	Fullback	Caskey

Substitutions—Chambers for Graney, Coan for Reap, Flemming for W. Brennan, Fallon for Herron, Deveraux for Fallon, Herron for Taylor, Daly for Herron.

Referee—Whetstone, U. of Pa. Umpire—Dr. O'Brien, C. H. S. Linesman—Eckles, W. and J. Time of periods—10 minutes.

Lebanon Valley, 13; Villanova, 3

On Ocober 14th Lebanon Valley squared accounts with Villanova for the trimming handed the Annville boys last year. On that occasion the Main Line team scored a 13-0 victory and this year they were confident of administering another licking to the Lebanon squad. In this hope, however, as the final result shows, the Blue and White team were doomed to disappointment, the score being 13-3 in favor of Lebanon.

In the first play of the game, Hartigan, Villanova's big tackle, had his ankle badly twisted and had to retire to the side lines. This greatly handicapped Villanova, as Hartigan had shown up excellently in the previous games and had proven himself to be a tower of strength both on the offence and defence.

Villanova got within striking distance of their opponent's goal line only once during the first half and on that occasion lacked the final "punch" and could not make the coveted distance, surrendering the ball on the one-yard line. Lebanon promptly kicked the ball out, and it was again Villanova's ball on the thirty-yard line. McGucken at once seized the opportunity to kick a field goal and dropped it over from the thirty-eight-yard line. This was Villanova's only score.

Lebanon Valley scored in the first period, Jaeger carrying the ball over on a twenty-yard dash after it had been brought up the field on successive first downs. Mackert kicked the goal. The second touchdown was made by Rupp in the second quarter after the ball had again been carried by steady gains to Villanova's three-yard line.

During the second half Villanova clearly outplayed Lebanon, but the final drive was not there and the game ended before Villanova could cross the line.

Villanova.		Lebanon Valley.
Graney	Left end	Morris
Coan	Left tackle	Loomis
Dougherty	Left guard	DeHuff
Lynch	Center	Wenrich
Murray	Right guard	Buckwater
Hartigan	Right tackle	Mackert
Reap	Right end	Adams
Diggles	Quarterback	Rupp
McGeehan	Halfback	Jaeger
M. Brennan	Halfback	Walter
McGucken	Fullback	Swartz

Substitutions—Lebanon Valley—Goff for Jaeger, Winishe for Wenrich, Wenrich for Mackert, Mackert for Swartz, Swartz for Walter; Villanova—Reap for Hartigan, Chambers for Reap.

Touchdowns—Jaeger, Rupp. Goal from touchdown—Mackert. Goal from field—McGucken. Referee—Ryan, Michigan. Umpire—Godcharles, Lafayette. Linesman—Houck, Ursinus. Time of quarters—12 and 10 minutes.

Catholic University, 20; Villanova, 7

On October 21st Catholic University met Villanova in their annual clash. The game was played at Villanova field and the Washingtonians were returned victors, score 20-7. The game was a very hard fought battle and the ball seesawed between the two twenty-yard lines for the whole first quarter and the greater part of the second. The Southerners, however, could not be denied and finally, toward the end of the second period, they succeeded in crossing Villanova's line after Butler had caught Reap's punt at midfield and run it back to the fifteen-yard line. From here a series of line smashes by Glascott and Butler placed the ball behind the posts.

The Washington team had wonderful interference and Villanova's defence could do nothing with the visitors' sweeping end runs from kick formation. Butler scored another touchdown in the third period on a thirty-yard plunge through Villanova's line. Most of the visitors' plays were from kick formation and toward the end of the third period they scored their last touchdown on a long forward pass, Butler to Rooney, from this formation.

Villanova did not score until the last period, when McGeehan carried the ball from midfield on a series of line plunges. Hughie finally planted the ball between the posts for Villanova's only score.

McGeehan, Lynch and McGucken played the best ball for Villanova and time after time some one of this trio spilled the man with the ball and prevented many long gains by their defensive tactics.

Catholic University.		Villanova.
Manning	Left end	Dominey
O'Hearn	Left tackle	W. Brennan
Greer	Left guard	Henry
Murphy	Center	Lynch
Straub	Right guard	Dougherty
Killion	Right tackle	Coan
McKinney	Right end	M. Brennan
Shortley	Quarterback	Diggles
Rogers	Halfback	McGucken
Glascott	Halfback	McGeehan
Butler	Fullback	Reap

Substitutions—Villanova—Benson for Murray, Chambers for M. Brennan, Ewing for W. Brennan, Graney for Ewing. Catholic University—Rooney for McKenney.

Touchdowns—Butler, Shortley, Rooney, McGeehan. Goals from touchdown—Butler, 2; McGucken. Referee—Price, Swarthmore. Umpire—Dr. O'Brien, C. H. S. Linesman—Toomey, U. of Pa. Time of periods—12 minutes.

Army, 69; Villanova, 7

The greenness and inexperience of Villanova's eleven explain in great measure the crushing defeat administered to them by the Army on October 28th. Thus did the Army atone for and wipe out their defeat of last year at the hands of Villanova. As on that occasion so too this year was McGucken the bright star of the game for Villanova. And it is to his playing and that of "Hughie" McGeehan that Villanova owes her only score. The boys feel that it was no great disgrace to be beaten by the Army team of the present year. Against Villanova they played at top form with Oliphant more spectacular and brilliant than ever—and if they can continue in the same form, there is no team in the East which will stop them. Villanova, undismayed, looks now to the remaining games on her schedule and hopes by future victories to atone for past defeats. The schedule for the remaining games is as follows:

November 11—Gettysburg, at Gettysburg, Pa.
November 18—Navy, at Annapolis, Md.
November 30—Fordham, at New York, N. Y.

John J. Dougherty, '18.



To Dad

Dear Dad: it's hard to write to you
For classes keep me busy.
Drop me a line, a check will do
And give my love to Lizzie.
Send all the "profs" cigars to smoke
As soon as you can do it
Then all exams will be a joke
For there'll be nothing to it.
I've Campistry at half-past one,
I'll have to drop my pen.
As ever your obedient son,
J. Montmorency Glen.

J. D., '17.

* * *

Who says they never come back? Ask Mr. Banks. Yes, sah! Comin' sah!

* * *

Solitaire is an absorbing game and one naturally resents interruptions—This is for the benefit of the fourth floor front.

* * *

Lester Henry (350 lbs.): "What's the matter with the laundry service? All my shirts have been sent back unwashed."

Edwin Logan (95 lbs.): "Well you can't expect them to laundry tents, can you?"

* * *

Wanted: the man who invented the demerit system.

Minnie is anxiously awaiting the return of the Ukalele Twins.

* * *

Q. Reus would like to know what became of Ewing's "Frat" brothers.

* * *

Friend: "Why weren't you over to recitations to-day?"

Big Bill: "There! I knew I'd forgotten something."

* * *

At the practice of the Mandolin and Ukalele Club it was suggested that Charlie McGuckin be present at the next meeting with a harp. At the next meeting he appeared with "Pat" Fogarty.

* * *

Prof. of Railroads: "Which curve would you rather walk over?"

Junior Civil: "That one" (pointing to the longer one).

Prof. of Railroads: "Of course I mean when you are alone."

* * *

Who's the girl with the sharp teeth, Hughie?

* * *

To Cletus a suggestion: Grow that hair upon your head instead of upon your lip.

* * *

New Student: "Do you have much variety in the dining-room?"

Old Student: "Well we have three different names for the meals."

The show case in the pie-shop broken again! New fields to conquer for Towhey.

* * *

The Goble-Gobles threaten another invasion—Freshman beware!

* * *

The latest popular refrain with the Junior Class—"It's a long time between meals."

* * *

For the benefit of some, the old proverb, "Neither a lender nor a borrower be" should be changed to read: "Never a lender, but always a borrower be." "Got a Camel?" Do you know him?

Student (answering a question): "Er—Er—Ah—."

Prof.: "Mr. H., if you can't swim—splash."

* * *

Who kidnapped the drum from the Senior Wing?

* * *

Coach: "Sylvester, when you catch a forward pass the point is to throw it back to the fellow who threw it."

Sylvester: "Really, Coach, I thought I was supposed to do that."

EDGAR DRACH, '18.

D. A. WACK

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1913	473,987.00	604,768.00	381,685.00	57,166	13,931,720.00
1914	502,037.00	720,869.00	501,777.00	59,878	14,848,234.00
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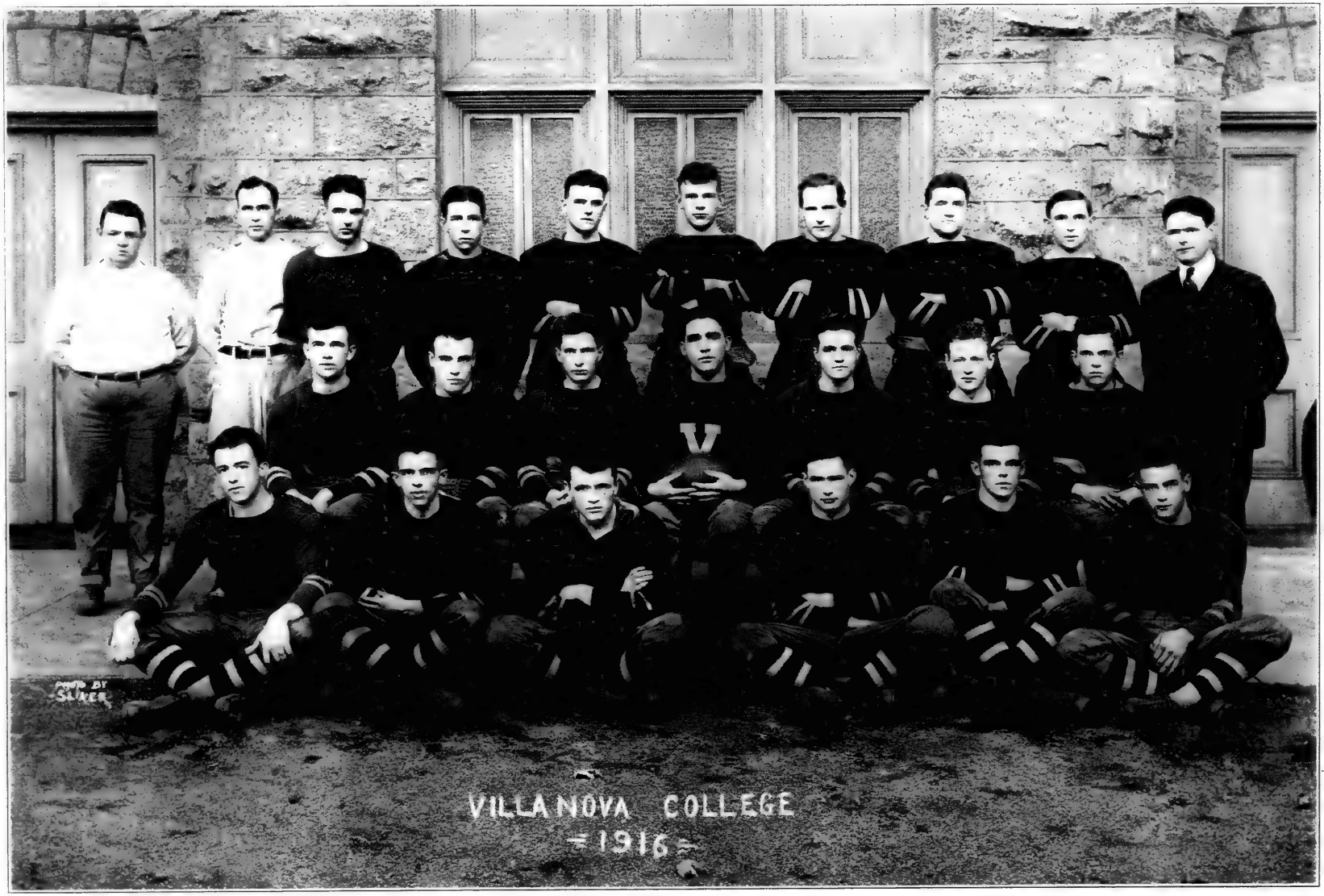
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Middle Row, left to right—Chambers, McGuckin, Troxell; Lynch, Captain; Ewing, Coan, Diggles.
Bottom Row, left to right—Benson, Domminey, Dougherty, H. McGeehan, W. Brennan, Graney.

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THE VILLANOVAN

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1917 No. 2

INVOCATION OF WASHINGTON

By JOHN V. DOMMINEY, '17

Rise up, O Washington, from out thy grave!
Would that we had another heart like thine,
With wisdom filled and fortitude divine
To guide our country and her honor save!
Thy sons and daughters restless 'neath the wave
Lie unavenged; yet from the sparkling brine
Their voices murmur in the cold star's shine
And seek in vain the solace that they crave.
Upon those fields where once thy echoing tread
Was heard, memorials great resound thy praise:
Thou needst no monuments thy fame to spread.
It lives forever in the stars that gaze
At evening on the land where thy heart bled.
Now once again we seek the flaming rays
Of thy bright sword to strike the tyrant dead.

LINCOLN: A Sonnet

By JOSEPH E. HENEY, '18

Lincoln! thou shouldst be living at this day;
The world hath need of thee. She is again
In bloody battle: children, youths, and men—
Loved ones, the heroic victims of dread fray,
Their lives have lost, and parted in dismay
By force to their last resting-place. Lo! then,
The sword once more has triumphed o'er the pen!
Kings' whims, not laws of God, men now obey.
Thou who didst govern at that awful hour
When North and South in civil strife arose,
Restore to us our calm and sweet repose;
Return to us and set the world at peace;
Renew thy fame, revivify thy power,
And by thy grace command this war to cease.

AMERICANISM

By VINCENT L. MOLYNEAUX, '18

WHAT is Americanism? Briefly answered, Americanism embraces the essential characteristics of the American people. But the questions follow: What are these essential characteristics? What does America stand for among the nations of the earth?

The answers to these questions are found in an understanding of the fundamental principles of our government. These are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These principles were implanted by our forefathers. When oppressed by the rule of George III., they threw off the yoke of the British government and declared themselves independent. They inserted in the Declaration of Independence these words, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

How much meaning there is in the principles of life, and liberty, and the pursuit of happiness! Life! What will not a man give for his life? Life is a possession supremely sweet and dear. A man will hold to his worldly possessions with a tenacious grasp; but these he will unhesitatingly yield when life is at stake. Americanism not only recognizes the right of a man to live, but it aims to make life worth living by giving him the boon of liberty.

Liberty means even more than life itself; for what is life without liberty? It is void of pleasure or happiness. Life is dear and living is sweet; but even life itself will be given—and willingly, too—for the maintenance of liberty. Americanism enunciates the principle that all men are created free and equal. The history of our country during the past century and more is but a development of that principle. More than a million lives have been given, more than a million noble careers have been stopped before fairly begun, more than a million homes have been saddened that liberty might be won and preserved to mankind.

The pursuit of happiness does not mean merely a search for pleasure, or a life with only pleasure for its object. But its meaning is the fundamental one that everybody may test from experience, that a man is happiest when following his own inclinations. Each man has the right of exercising his powers and of receiving a compensation for what he is capable of producing. Here is a man whose whole soul is wrapped up in art, another is absorbed in music, a third in books; some prefer a mercantile, others an agricultural life. But whether it be music or art or authorship or agriculture, each citizen of America may exercise the right of selecting his vocation. Our country is large, our resources are great. There is a wide field in which to work, with a just recognition of every man's industrial, social, political, and religious rights. America therefore, as Emerson says, is "another word for opportunity". Here every advantage for the pursuit of happiness is open.

America's attitude toward man's religious beliefs is the result of this principle of equality of opportunity in the pursuit of happiness. She believes most earnestly in religious freedom. She places no handicap in the way of the man who wants to worship God according to his conscience. Intolerance is foreign to the spirit of her institutions. She desires to encourage the full development of man's ambitions. She favors neither class nor creed. She is neither sectarian nor partisan. She is impartial. She exacts a full measure of obedience and loyalty in the civil order—but beyond that order she does not go—all else is left to the individual and his conscience; not, however, that she is hostile to religion. On the contrary she favors its development and is in sympathy with its aims. She seeks to be friendly to all—and partial to none. She appeals to the weak and oppressed in every land and assures them that on her shores they will find a haven and a refuge. Unhampered by caste or class distinctions, unimpeded by religious discrimination they will be able to possess life

more securely, enjoy a fuller measure of liberty, and thus pursue happiness more hopefully.

These then are the ideals of true Americanism. At times her citizens may fall short of attaining them. Many of them may in fact prove themselves false to them entirely, but under all and over all they will endure as the basis of civic righteousness and happiness and as the characteristic of American life and government. License is not synonymous with liberty. Bigotry is inconsistent with religious toleration. True Americanism has no sympathy with either and resents any attempt to introduce sectarian or partisan influences into her laws and institutions. She appreciates the sacrifices made in the purchase of liberty and prizes it too highly to permit it to be jeopardized.

America does not limit the principles of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to the people living within her borders. Without going back very far in our national history we can see gigantic strides in the direction of implanting the principles of a higher civilization in other lands than our own. America fosters tenderly her own sons and daughters, but she also extends a helping hand to the oppressed of every nation. She gives them her sympathy and promises them a haven and lends to their efforts all the weight of her moral support.

It is Americanism finally that stands ready to-day, not only to teach, but to practice every principle set forth in the glorious Declaration of Independence. With these truths so plainly evident, we are proud to say that we are Americans. There is no grander title than that of an American citizen. Ours is a country known over the whole earth as the land of the free and the home of the brave. Our nation, in the language of Abraham Lincoln, is "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal".

THE NOSEGAY

By FRANCIS A. RAFFERTY, '19

Rings, gauds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, *nosegays,* sweetmeats, messengers.
Midsummer Night's Dream.

Said the pupil to his teacher:
"Do you readily suppose
You could give the proper meaning
Of a drunkard's gaudy nose?"

" 'Tis a lighthouse," said the teacher,
"Red denotes the danger-sign;
Thus it warns us from the shipwreck
That is always found in wine.

"Good the rule is to remember:
Things should have their proper place:
Buttonholes are for the *nosegay,*
Not the middle of your face!"

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

By ARMANDO ALVAREZ, '18

MANY a time I have found that there is quite a big misunderstanding as to the *status quo* of the small and young Republic of Cuba in international affairs; the successive repetition of this case has proven to me that it would be worth while to explain the interference of the United States of America in Cuba's world and internal politics.

If, in the course of my writing, my opinions should hurt the feelings of any one into whose hands this article should happen to go, I humbly apologize, since that is far from being my intention.

I shall start by making a brief sketch of Cuban history before the Spanish-American war, so that the conditions under which Cuba entered her epoch of freedom may be known.

The war for independence from the tyranny of the English crown, fought by her American colonies, ought to have taught the Spanish government how to make proper legislation for her own colonies in America. The Spanish, however, continued with their old and worn-out laws, as well as sending the débris of their official employees, to impose them. Following the path set by the thirteen colonies of North America, some of the Spanish provinces in the Western hemisphere fought for their liberty, some of them getting it as far back as 1810, at the time of the Napoleonic invasion of Spain.

Early in the first half of the nineteenth century, the Cuban patriots started Cuba's independence war by means of public meetings, patriotic poetry, and the like. The instigators of this campaign had to emigrate, to escape imprisonment, or perhaps death, in the dungeons of Spanish prisons.

These emigrants, if not all, the majority of them, came to the United States, since this was the nearest and safest place to stay until strong enough to defy Spanish rule. The sufferings and disgraces that fell on these patriots, instead of extinguishing the flame of patriotism, intensified it more than ever; and so in 1868 the Cuban exiles, strong in number and well supplied with money, started a revolution, known as the war of the Ten Years, which, as its name denotes, lasted until 1878, when peace was signed without any practical benefit being obtained by Cuba.

In 1895, the second war of independence broke out, this time with the moral help of the American people. Two years later the Cubans were near being exhausted. The "insurrectos" hiding in the thickness of the woods and in the mosquito-infected swamps were naked and starving and ready to accept peace, when in the evening of the 15th of February of 1898 a tremendous explosion that shocked the inhabitants of Havana and its suburbs determined the end of Spanish dominion in America.

The laconic cablegrams received in the United States stated that the U. S. S. Maine had been blown up in Havana harbor. This news aroused the American people, who immediately pressed on the representatives of their will and forced them to take action. Thus President McKinley sent a message to Congress, stating the impossibility of arriving at any peace terms with Spain. On the 19th of April, Congress resolved in a Joint resolution of the Senate and House that "Cuba must be free and independent," and at the same session authority was given to the President to use even war power to carry out this resolution. As Spain did not accept this resolution, which, though it would have been of a practical benefit to her, yet hurt her pride as a nation, war was declared the 25th of the said month. After a few land and sea fights, in which the numerous and well-equipped Americans were victorious, a peace armistice was signed on August the 13th, and the autumn of that year 1898 saw together in Paris the American and Spanish commissioners arranging the treaty of peace, which was finally signed the 10th of December.

The Cuban people, both the civilians and the "insurrectos," watched with interest the Spanish-American war, since it was going to determine their future régime, and with happiness saw the

striking of the Spanish colors from the public buildings and the replacement of them by the American for a time, since the understood purpose of the United States was that "Cuba must be free and independent." In accordance with this rule, the American Governor of the Island, General Leonard Wood, some time later ceded his authority to the constitutionally elected President of the Republic of Cuba.

Under the tutelage of American doctors, engineers, teachers, etc., and from 1899 to the 20th of May, 1902, when the Republic was established, the conditions of the war-devastated island were greatly improved in the systems of transit, sewers, water-works, roads, etc.; the public schools were almost triplicated, and the sanitary state was completely changed under the directorship of Dr. Gorgas, U. S. A., with the help of Cuban physicians as Dr. Finlay, discoverer of the transmission of the yellow fever bacillus by the mosquito.

Till now we have seen that the American people spent their money and sacrificed many lives for the happiness and welfare of the Cubans,—happiness by bringing to them the long-looked-for liberty, welfare by preparing them for the enjoying of self-government. But now the American capitalists thought that here was a good chance of using the United States strength for their own benefit and started to prepare things for themselves in the following way.

The American Congress passed a bill in 1901, known as the Platt Amendment, presented by Congressman Platt and designed to be an appendix to the Cuban constitution. This law restricted Cuba from being a strictly free and independent country.

Some of the restrictions in the Platt Amendment are, doubtless, very convenient, because they reserve certain protective powers to the United States which do not deprive Cuba from her own government, from electing her officers, President, members of Congress, etc.; from keeping a standing army, from holding direct diplomatic relations with other countries, which only free countries are allowed to enjoy. In general ways the American Minister at Havana is not of any more authority than the Minister of Great Britain or Germany.

A few of the restrictions, however, are very harmful to the country, because they constrain the commerce of the island and so tend to increase the high cost of living. As no commercial treaties between Cuba and any other nation are tolerated, we thus do not get the benefit of having more customers for our products and greater competition between our sellers. This restriction hampers most the free development of Cuba's trade. It can easily be seen that this small trade would not hurt in any appreciable quantity the importance of American commerce in Cuba.

The mighty dollar has been also a great incentive to some American officials, who making use of the power of supervision granted to the United States by themselves in the Platt Amendment, always sided with the American trusts and capitalists, even if they were plainly false in their petitions, and forced the Cubans to submit to things which would not be tolerated by any nation of the size of the United States.

I think that the actual *status quo* of Cuba has been plainly shown, as well as the relation of the Great Antille to the greatest of all Republics in the past and present history of Cuba. I shall state, too, that the Cubans are very grateful to the "Yanquis" for what they have done for Cuba, but very distrustful towards the imperialistic politics of the United States in later years as shown in Nicaragua and very recently in the military occupation of our sister Republic of Santo Domingo.

A CANDLEMAS ELEGY

In Memory of Rev. Amédée J. Viger, O. S. A., Master of Novices for twelve years in the Villanova Monastery,

By CHARLES J. MELCHIOR, '15

Two years ago, the Virgin's Festal Day
As fitting time was fixed upon by God
From earthly scenes to call a monk away,
Who, working, waited for his Master's nod.

Lover of God, beloved of God wert thou—
Named Amédée by prophet instinct true!
So beautiful were kept thy life, thy vow—
No fault, no folly to regret and rue.

But, like the altar's candles, pure and bright,
With charity divine this Seraph burned—
Consumed his substance to give forth his light;
And, like the flame, to Heaven his soul returned.

'Twas when Earth donned her robe of purest white
And Candlemas the holy tapers blest,
An Angel summoned (from the Throne of Light)
This faithful servant to eternal rest.

To him who did all sacred toils accept
Heaven sent the swift reward of well-earned rest,
And closed the eyes that every vigil kept,
And eased the yearnings of that glowing breast.

Full fourteen bright and fruitful years ago
A Levite knelt he at the altar, where
He bowed his noble heart, with grace aglow,
And rose a priest, the "Alter Christus" there.

'Twas then: "Receive the Holy Ghost; whose sins
Ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them."
Peace to restore the power e'en here begins—
Peace of the Angels, sung at Bethlehem.

"This is My Body, This My Blood, this do
Commemorating Me": Now as His priest
His precious death he duly must renew—
The solemn Sacrifice that never ceased.

His lowly life knew not the broils of State,
The busy conflict or the bloody field.
He sought the Good and thus contemned the Great:—
Worldlings to such their honors never yield!

Endures the monument of him we mourn,
Outlasting brazen bust and marble vaunt,
In lives his influence reached, new-spirit-born,—
In monk, in novice, and in postulant.

While we remain his early loss to weep
And scan the skies with earthly vision dim,
Heaven kindly lends some partial gleams to keep
Our spirits still in constant view of him:—

Of Novice and Professed as Master given
By plan divine our minds and hearts to form—
A guide that taught and led the way to Heaven
Through earthly trial and through earthly storm.

O blissful thou amid the heavenly host,
Where Vision Beatific rapts thy gaze,
To view the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
While Virgin, Angel, Saint unite in praise!

Or if there should inhere some earthly stain
To keep thy soul from perfect joys above,
Thy faith shall make thee know the fire and pain
But purge and chasten by the Hand of Love.

Brothers of St. Augustine's rule, we share
In humble duty, holy prayer, and song.
Oh! may we still be all one family there,
Under our Saint, amid the Angel throng!

RIVALS AND CHUMS

(Concluded)

By JAMES R. McGEE, '11

CHAPTER III

THE IRONY OF LIFE

THE fall term had passed into the winter session. The interest of football yielded to the attractions of the theater. George Gorman had made a star reputation as a new "find" in football, and the readers of sporting news were familiar with his brilliant exploits and clean record as a player. In the winter season he appeared to be destined to be equally eminent on the 'Varsity swimming team in the aquatic feats of the natatorium. Yet this giant in athletics never neglected his studies, and stood high in intellectual pursuits.

Howard Ralston had increased his finances by shrewd betting during the football season, and his success in various games of chance further established his prestige as the most lucky of gamesters. Fred Boyd had been following in the steps of Gorman rather than in those of Ralston.

Meanwhile, the Grand Opera season had opened. Gertrude Arden, herself a sweet singer and accomplished pianist, was passionately fond of music—above all, when rendered by that most sympathetic of instruments, the human voice. Fred Boyd's acquaintance with the Arden family had enabled him, in the previous years, to enjoy her company at these musical events—occasions where he enlarged his views of art through her rare appreciation of the productions of genius.

When he first came to college, Fred had called on Mr. Arden at the suggestion of his father, between whom and Mr. Arden there was an old, standing friendship. Fred was immediately impressed by the sterling virtues of Mr. Arden. Later he met the lovely daughter Gertrude.

Her rich, abundant hair, soft and brown as the wing of a thrush; her large, mild eyes, heaven-hued and lustrous as violets fresh with dew; her pure, fair complexion, diaphanous as alabaster, with just a flush of roseate life; her Madonna-like cast and expression of feature and countenance; her sweet voice, modest look, and gentle manner,—all impressed him with such fervor of devotion that he longed to be worthy of her. Yet her pure soul seemed almost as far above him as the Virgin is incomparable to earthly women—the Virgin, the perfection of womanhood, to whom Gertrude entrusted the regulation of her conduct.

Gertrude Arden had greatly approved the solid qualities of George Gorman's character, when Fred had taken that young man to visit her. This delighted Fred so much that he took frequent occasion to bring them together.

The gay company that Howard Ralston affected grew distasteful to Fred, who now firmly resolved to model himself on George Gorman. Accordingly, although Ralston still visited his room, and although they must perforce meet at the same table, living as they did at the same hotel, Fred, beyond polite greeting, had practically given him up. A great purpose had entered Fred's life; he would endeavor to make himself, in some measure, worthy of Gertrude. Hence Fred lived a model life—gave up cafés, wine-suppers, and trashy theatres. He applied himself with the strictest assiduity to his studies, and was rewarded with a success that surprised no one so much as himself.

The only diversion he admitted was to accompany Miss Arden to the opera. He eagerly looked forward to the opening night. But his plans were checked. Gertrude's mother fell sick, and no one could attend her quite so well as Gertrude. This dutiful daughter would not leave her dear mother to the tender mercies of a hired nurse and find any enjoyment in worldly diversion. Fred's disappointment, however, was swallowed up in sympathy.

All through November and a good part of December, Mrs. Arden remained ill. Toward Christmas, however, she felt so much better that she insisted that Gertrude reward the patience of Fred by attending him to the opera that took place just before he went home for the Christmas holidays. The bill was a favorite of Gertrude's—Verdi's brilliant and tragic "Aida," with Mme. Eames in the title rôle.

Great was Fred's disappointment, then, when on the very day of the fondly anticipated opera party he received this note, written in the familiar, delicate, feminine hand, so dear to him, which dashed his hopes to the ground.

Dear Fred:—I cannot tell you how sorry I feel that, owing to a relapse in the illness of my mother, I must forego the pleasure of the musical treat you so kindly provided for me.

GERTRUDE ARDEN.

At dinner that evening, Ralston sympathetically remarked Boyd's dejection of spirits.

"Why, Fred, how is it you always look so glum any more? And you are looking more gloomy than ever this evening. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. You keep too close to your studies. Why don't you come with me to-night to hear the new *prima donna* that all the world is raving about—if you have no other engagement?"

"I was to go to hear Eames to-night," replied Fred, "but the engagement is broken off."

"Eames is out-of-date anyway!" exclaimed Ralston. "The Metropolitan has nothing new to offer. Come and hear the new Roman beauty sing at the Manhattan to-night. All the city is wild with admiration over the statuesque grace of Cavalieri in Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffmann.* Let me tell you this rivalry of the impresarios is bringing opera up to a pitch of excellence never before heard of in this country."

"I shall be pleased to hear her," assented Boyd.

Fred brightened up. For he thought that, if he had lost one pleasure—that of Gertrude's company at the opera, he should now be compensated by the pleasure of telling her of this new *cantatrice.*

Thus it happened—as so often it does in this perverse world—that Fred Boyd, with the best possible intentions, was in company the very reverse of what he had planned in his scheme of life!

CHAPTER IV

SLINGS AND ARROWS

As the fresh engagement for the evening entertainment had not been undertaken until the last moment, the two collegians were late in arriving. Accordingly, when Fred and Howard entered, the Opera House was darkened—the curtain had already risen.

Fred enjoyed immensely Offenbach's fantastic music—especially the marvelous musical doll, so charmingly sung and acted by the vivacious Trentini. He was already joyously full of the ideas and feelings he would pour into the eager ears of Gertrude Arden. Nevertheless, shadows of regret would course through his bosom, pursuing darkly the light of his anticipated joy—regret that Gertrude herself could not be present and heighten his enjoyment by her superior knowledge and more exquisite feeling for music.

The first act ceased, the curtain descended, the lights went up. What were Fred's surprise and consternation to see in full glare before him but Gertrude Arden herself, seated with George Gorman in one of the proscenium boxes,—both talking with mutual satisfaction and enjoyment! Fred and Gertrude stared at each other face to face, and then dropped their eyes without sign of recognition.

The remaining four acts were four long stretches of agony to poor Fred. In vain Cavalieri proceeded with swan-like grace in her Venetian gondola and poured out, like a full-throated nightingale, the low, thrilling, monotonous wail of the Barcarole. Fred was blind to her charms and deaf to her song. He felt like rushing from the theatre; but restrained himself, as he did not want to enter into any explanations with Ralston concerning his conduct. So he had to remain, and endure his agony, and hide his anguish under a face whose alternate pallor and flushings must, he feared, betray him.

"This," Fred reflected, "was the treachery of his two best friends! Why had he ever introduced Gorman to Gertrude? And yet, better thus to have found them out than to be their dupe! The ideal girl of his dreams—the paragon of all the maidenly virtues—had canceled her engagement with him at one opera in order to attend another with his rival! And that rival was the youth who was the model on whom for her dear sake he had been patterning himself! Such subterfuge, too, on her part—to use her mother's illness as a pretext! Such paltriness! Such indelicacy!

"The jolly good fellows whom he had forsaken for these, whatever their faults, would be incap-

able of such treachery and hypocrisy. The character paradoxes of Schiller, Sheridan, and Thackeray were but simple truth. The good boy was the bad one; and the bad boy, the good one. Yes, Ralston, wild as he was, was his best friend. Had not Ralston warned him to beware of the goody-goody youth? Had he not reminded him of the treachery of Catholics? Assuredly, all the dark prejudices that he himself had ever heard against the Catholics from his youth up were now verified and exemplified." With a shudder Fred thought how he had been on the point of joining that corrupt church. "What a fortunate escape! Yet what a dismal disillusion!"

As soon as the curtain had dropped, Fred left the Opera House with Ralston. On their way to their apartments, he talked mechanically about the opera and the magnificent new building of the enterprising manager. Not a word did he let fall about Gertrude and Gorman. He made the most heroic effort to conceal the fact that he had noticed their presence, though his nature had been shaken to its depths by the sight. He took refuge in a cigar, and joked boisterously as he tossed off a stein with which Ralston treated him before they parted for the night.

"Congratulations, Fred, on your being a jolly good fellow once more!" said Ralston, hilariously. "The outing must have done you good."

"Yes! the outing did me good!" repeated Boyd, mechanically.

Arrived in his room, Fred felt, when alone, that he could not sleep that night. He was pacing the floor in feverish anxiety, when his eye fell on a special delivery letter that the servant had placed on the table during his absence. His first thought was that it must be a communication from Gertrude Arden in explanation of her strange behavior this evening. "But then," he reflected, "why had she not sent a message by telephone?" He answered to himself this objection by the consideration that perhaps she desired to explain at too full length to be satisfactory in any form but an epistle. This series of ideas succeeded each other in his mind far more rapidly than it takes to describe.

On the instant he picked up the letter, and found his conjecture mistaken. It was not from Gertrude. At first, Fred had been irritated at thinking that Gertrude had attempted an explanation. What could she have the effrontery to say for herself after her unmaidenly conduct? What presumption to think she could deceive him further! Was he to be the mere dupe and plaything of designing duplicity? Now he was equally vexed to find that she had not sent him an explanation at all. For her to explain or not to explain—her condescension and her indifference were alike torture to him.

In spite, however, of his surging emotions and thronging ideas, the urgent message before him demanded his immediate attention. He scanned it eagerly. The letter bore the stamp of his native town, and was in his father's handwriting. What had his father to write him when he was returning home at so early a period? Was it a commission to attend to some business for his father in the city just before he returned home? On perusing it, however, his father's epistle proved utterly, dreadfully unlike every surmise that circumstances had occasioned him to form. Imagine Fred's feelings as the following terrible communication burst, like a bomb-shell, on his already overcharged heart.

IRONTON, PA., December 22, 19—.

My dear Son:

I wish still to call you dear, for you are dear to me, although your conduct this term at college has been gravely reprehensible. You must have been leading a very prodigal life. The liberal allowance I put for you in bank is overdrawn; and—horror of horrors!—you have drawn also on my account. And I had trusted so much to your honor, and had been so proud of my boy's stainless life! Alas! that your father must weep at your dereliction from the path of duty!

I do not regret the money squandered anything so much as the state of your conduct it represents. The world will look on it far less sorrowfully than I, but also far less leniently. Surely, you have the sense to see that it is a criminal offense of which you have been guilty. My heart bleeds for you, and calls for your instant reform. Retrace your steps on the downward path before it becomes too steep to return.

Your ever-loving but sorrowful father,

WILLIAM BOYD.

Here, then, was another surprise, another shock, to poor Fred. He who had been living like a hermit all term, with the most exemplary assiduity to his college studies, was accused of prodigality and worse. He had lost his friend, he had lost his love, and now his father was against him. A most unhappy complication of circumstances! His cup of bitterness was full.

CHAPTER V

THE CONFESSION

The Christmas holidays brought all three young men back into their native town of Ironton. Fred did not see the other two. He did not go out much. He was too busy examining his own and his father's accounts in order that he might ascertain the cause of the discrepancy. Besides, his recent experience made him very little desirous of mingling with the outside world. His heart re-echoed in anguish the sentiment of Virgil,—*Varium et mutabile semper femina.* Experience was teaching him in her severe manner that there was truth as well as beauty in the old master-classics.

One day Fred was unexpectedly summoned together with his father to the bedside of Howard Ralston. The gay and brilliant Howard was thought to be dying of pneumonia; and he requested particularly to see the Boyds—father and son.

Howard had been skating. In attempting to display a new trick he had learned at college, he had ventured too near an air-hole in the ice, and had gone under. All his companions were too much scared to do anything helpful, and simply pierced the air with cries of terror and alarm.

George Gorman happened to be on another part of the ice at the time—for, of course, he would not be admitted into the Ralston set at Ironton. And it was the stout-hearted George that came in answer to the terrified appeals. The instant he perceived the situation, he threw off his coat and dived down the air-hole under the ice.

For three minutes he disappeared. It seemed to the anxious crowd three centuries. They deemed two drowned instead of one, when up rose George with the unconscious Howard. George had had a long, round-about swim under water to try to find Ralston, and then the swim back under the ice with all the difficulty of locating the air-hole. Fortunately, his practice in diving for tin plates on the team at the college pool to see how many he could find before rising to the surface, and his not smoking (which kept his wind good), here served him most excellently.

All Ironton echoed with the grand heroism of the young athlete; and the large city papers copied the story. Talk arose of a Carnegie medal.

When Fred and his father reached the sick chamber of Howard Ralston, they found George Gorman already there, conversing with old Mr. Ralston. After greeting the latter, Fred hesitated about taking the outstretched hand of Gorman.

"Shake hands with George, Fred. Don't be afraid!" came the wheezy, short-breathed accents of Howard Ralston from the bed. "George is the noblest fellow alive—the best friend a man can have. And that's what I have brought you here to tell you. Stand near my bed, please, all of you. I have a confession to make. If I die, I wish to die in peace by righting the wrong I have done, and by allowing the innocent to enjoy the fruits of their desert. If I live, I vow to spend the rest of my life in making myself worthy of such friends as you, George and Fred, if you will let such a sinner as I."

"Don't call yourself that!" cried Fred. "Please, don't abase yourself before me!"

"Wait till you hear all," answered Howard. "Fred, the dreadful shock, the terrible disappointment, that you suffered at the Opera House, was not George's fault—was not Gertrude's fault. They were both true to you. Never did a man have more faithful hearts than theirs for you. I envied the position they occupied with you. I wanted to use you to rise higher in society, and hated to see you desert me for them. You know my fatal gift of penmanship. Well, the letter you received breaking Gertrude's engagement with you was not written by Gertrude. She never saw it or knew of it. It was written by me!"

Fred started at the strange revelation. Light was beginning to break through the dark mist in which he had been enshrouded.

"Fred," continued Howard, "my false ideal has been the curse of my life. I placed worldly prestige above every other consideration. I overvalued fortune and position, and was willing to

sacrifice every moral ideal to their attainment. But George's life, in direct contrast to mine, has taught me an entirely different lesson; and, thank God! his heroic act has brought it home to me. George's nobility has saved my soul as well as my life. But to proceed with my confession. In like manner, I imitated your hand and wrote to Gertrude and George to accompany each other to the Manhattan as you could not attend. To complete the stratagem, that everything might go as smoothly as I desired, without a hitch, I purchased the opera tickets and sent them to Gorman in your name."

What a wonderful relief to Fred to know that his love and his friend were true! Their supposed faithlessness had eaten into his heart, and corroded every spring of happiness.

"Now, Mr. Boyd," continued young Ralston, addressing Fred's father, "I have something to communicate to you. Your son has been blamed, I understand, for overdrawing his account and drawing on yours. It is too bad that he should be blamed at home for spending too much and at college for spending too little. Fred has been living the most sober, staid, and studious life all term. I am the guilty one. To live in the luxury I thought appropriate for a university man, I gambled and speculated. Whenever I lost, I forged to make good the deficit. Yes, I have been a criminal and a traitor. But I will make good. No reparation in my power shall be omitted. I want my father to sell my diamond ring and pin and all my luxuries at the university. They will do something toward re-imbursing those whom I have injured. I shall not need them at all, for I will never return to the university. If God grant that I leave this bed, I will take some honest employment, and pay back with interest all the money I have ever misused. O my friends! if I may call you so, give me your hands that I may feel my repentance has not been in vain."

Each of the men solemnly and heartily clasped those outstretched hands, and felt that they must accept thoroughly and deal most tenderly with such heartfelt repentance.

Fred Boyd now returned to Gertrude with greater love than ever for her noble character. He studied hard, made a great success of his course, and a still greater one of his medical career in after-life. Under the ennobling examples of Gertrude Arden and George Gorman, Fred became a Catholic; and no difference marred their perfect union when Gertrude became his bride.

The heroism of George Gorman was rewarded, not only by a Carnegie medal, but also by a gift of three thousand dollars, raised by the National Swimming Association in recognition of the peculiar difficulty of his brave feat. This enabled him to finish his education with ease. And his strong grip on the realities of life together with his noble character easily assured his success as one of his country's greatest engineers. What a shining example of the precept that bids us "overcome evil with good"!

Howard Ralston accepted a humble position at first, but steadily kept his word and paid back to the Boyds all their money he had misemployed. When the elder Mr. Boyd saw that his reformation was genuine, he insisted that Howard should return to college and finish his law course, as he had decided gifts that way. But Howard said:

"No! I have given up all vain ambitions, and have left but the one solid ambition to form my character."

Later, Mr. Boyd gave him an interest in his firm, and Ralston is to-day one of the most solid and sensible business men of Ironton.

THE POET-PRIEST OF THE SOUTH

By JOHN O'BRIEN, '19

SELDOM is it granted even a distinguished man to have achieved eminence in more than one avenue of fame, while the average person must often be content with obscurity. The Rev. Abram J. Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, enjoys the peculiar privilege of arresting and fixing interest by the threefold development of his character. He unites in himself three of the greatest characters in the world; for he is at once a priest, a poet, and a patriot.

In discussing the threefold character of Father Ryan, his poetry demands attention as the first topic to be treated. As a poet, his appeal is made to the world at large. As a poet, he is entitled to the consideration of future ages. Frankly, Father Ryan is a favorite poet of ours. We make it a rule, however, to over-rate as little as possible our favorite authors. The best way to avoid undue excess of praise or dispraise, is to locate the writer as precisely as possible. Once his exact position is known, in order to prevent losing one's way, we can then indulge in all the fond raptures of delight with which our poet fills us.

Literary works necessarily divide into the dichotomy of the Mortals and the Immortals. In an ascending scale of poetry, we can distinguish five degrees: (1) the poetasters, (2) the popular versifiers, (3) the minor poets, (4) the great artists, (5) the supreme creators. By comprehensive grouping, the first two species combine into the genus Mortals; the last three species form the glorious genus of the Immortals.

The Mortals we shall discuss in the briefest manner, for the sole purpose of excluding them as irrelevant to our theme. Of this group, the poetasters are those who fail to co-ordinate themselves in any way with the theme attempted. The popular versifiers, on the other hand, utter their meaning with considerable success; but their message, expressing only a temporary phase of society, perishes inevitably with the passing fashion of their age.

The ways by which genius may gain the golden crown of immortality comprehend, as we have seen, the remaining three species. In the highest class are the dwellers on Olympus—those gods who have attained the supreme mountan heights of creative power, and whose commanding view embraces all the kingdoms and nations of the earth. The middle class comprises the giant constructors of magnificent public highroads, over which others may travel with greater convenience and with more assured accomplishment. The lowest class constitutes the haunters of humble by-paths, abounding in the retiring beauties of unfound wild flowers and hidden domestic scenes—all the more endearing by the sacred privacy of their revelation.

These classes may be still better distinguished when exemplified by individual instances. The highest class contains the three world classics. Each of these has illustrated and illuminated every phase of the civilization it represents in a comprehensive period of the world's history:—Homer for Antiquity, Dante for the Middle Ages, Shakespeare for Modern Times. No fourth name is sufficiently comprehensive—in height, in breadth, in depth—to be placed beside theirs. To the class of great masters, though not supreme creators, belong Milton, by the unflagging sublimity of his imaginative flight; Pope, by the unfailing incisiveness of his art; Blake, by the vivid intensity of his vision; Wordsworth, by the germinal idea to which he gives a thousand striking applications and teaches his pupils to give ten thousand more; Francis Thompson, by his sustained spiritual elevation in the elaborate form of the ode. These are masters, great indeed, but not supreme. They are epochal. They create eras in literature. They form whole schools of imitators by the force and breadth of their art and genius; yet they lack the all-embracing humanity of the highest class and their omnipotence of endowment. Other names of equal powers with theirs could be culled from universal literature. The lowest class of the Immortals includes the good poets—not supreme, not great, but good nevertheless. Their gift of poetry—of feeling, image, and rhythm—is a genuine gift. They sing because they must sing. Of humble pretension yet honorable position, they are content just to

record their own simple emotions and experiences. They express themselves because they are endowed with a faculty of expression far beyond the average man. They have felicity of imagery and facility of phrase. But their art lacks the intense concentration of the great masters and the extensive comprehension of the supreme creators. This humble class of Immortals is the class of Longfellow, Whittier, and Bryant. And in this class Father Ryan's poetry holds a place by the side of theirs. It is evident, then, that we do not claim every merit for his poetry through blind partiality. But we do claim for him a definite position in American literature—high, secure, permanent. In a word, though Father Ryan's statue is enshrined in a minor niche in the Temple of Fame, nevertheless his statue is there, and his name is immortal.

Of the class of poets to which we have assigned him, it will surely not now be deemed presumptuous—after all our careful admissions—if we affirm that Father Ryan is our established favorite. There is in him a fixity of principle—due undoubtedly to his Holy Religion—that we miss in the others. While we admire much of Whittier; yet how many passages are marred by the rancor of the bigot! Bryant is sometimes of unsurpassed sublimity; yet page after page of his works presents nothing but wastes of vapidity. Longfellow, by far the most equal in quality of the three, still lacks the intensity of a central fire. But Father Ryan rests fixed on that Blissful Center of True Holiness, and thus possesses the most assured standard by which to measure the shifting scenes and dissolving views of this transitory life.

Father Ryan himself, in speaking of his own literary efforts, objects to the appellation "Poems." He modestly entitles them "Verses." He deplores their lack of art and finish. But he adds, "he thinks they are true in tone." Only in this last estimate—their truth of tone—can we agree. However fitting humility is to our poet-priest, it would be unbecoming and unfair in us to take any advantage of his sweet self-depreciation. Let us start, then, on the ground we hold in common—his truth of tone. How exquisitely just is this estimate! Our poet-priest has a fine grasp of the realities of both worlds—the world of human experience and the other world of heavenly hope. He was a man who had found himself. He had not lost his way, but was truly located with respect both to earthly and celestial affairs. His thoughts are in true perspective and right relation to each other. He possesses a just estimate of values.

Here he gives a lesson of duty drawn from an experience that has fathomed the depths and is reaching toward the heights:

> Life is a burden; bear it;
> Life is a duty; dare it;
> Life is a thorn-crown; wear it,
> Though it break your heart in twain;
> Though the burden crush you down;
> Close your lips, and hide your pain,
> First the cross, and then the crown.

This passage should be engraved on the hearts and in the memories of all lovers of truth and poetry. It is Wisdom herself that is here speaking in accents divine.

In spite of our author's disclaimer, the reader soon perceives that Father Ryan has all the gifts of the genuine poet—eye, ear, feeling, fancy, insight, vision.

His eye for picturesque imagery is evinced on almost every page. A true literary artist, he can by his vivid diction portray glowing hues, significant shapes, and expressive attitudes to the mind's eye; as the painter with pencil and canvas produces an illusion in color, form, and perspective on the physical eye. Of this power, the following passage is an instance:

> Between two pillared clouds of gold
> The beautiful gates of evening swung—
> And far and wide from flashing fold
> The half-furled banners of light, that hung,
> O'er green of wood and gray of wold
> And over the blue where the river rolled,
> The fading gleams of their glory flung.
>
> *At Riverside.*

His ear for metrical niceties is of the justest order and of unfaltering faculty. His versification is a copious stream of music. His rhythm possesses lilt and sway and swing; his rhymes are exact and sonorous; his melodies, exquisitely tuneful. While his meters are of every variety, we choose his anapests as showing his most subtle mastery. Among English measures, the anapest is notoriously difficult, being usually marred by heaviness of touch and awkwardness of movement. But in our poet's anapests, the pulse is

of metronomic precision. Their beat is the heart-beat of poetry. They dance and sing with the most lifelike grace and expression. Here is a specimen of his mellifluous verse:

Was I sleeping? I know not—or waking?
The body was resting I ween;
Meseems it was overmuch tired
With the toils of the day that had gone;
When sudden there came the bright breaking
Of light through a shadowy screen;
And with the brightness there blended
The voice of the Being descended
From a star ever pure of all sin,
In a music too sweet to be lyred.

Zeila.

We cannot quit this topic, however, without citing his beautiful employment of alliteration—forcible yet unobtrusive—at once accentuating the rhythm and heightening the melody:

And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown!
And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human,
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men.

Song of the Mystic.

Power to sway the emotions is the very essence of poetry. No heart can fail to be affected by Father Ryan's exquisite sensibility to the finer issues of the human soul. His vibrant touch plays on the varied strings of life, death, and immortality, and evokes a thrilling music. His topics are the illusion of the Ideal, the disillusion of the Real, the sorrows of life, the consolations of Religion, the inevitability of death, the glorious reward of immortality. Like Virgil, he is acutely sensitive to the "tears of things"—*Sunt lachrymae rerum.* He feels that—

It is with roses as with men
The sweetest hearts are those that bleed.

Here is a fine treatment of his favorite theme:

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art;
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
And their lives by the moans of their heart.

But, bead by bead, I tell
The rosary of my years;
From a cross to a cross they lead; 'tis well,
And they're blest with a blessing of tears.

Rosary of Tears.

The fertility of his fancy supplies him with an abundant store of appropriate and striking imagery. This faculty is constantly exercised in lively conception and happy combination. The following picturesque simile—of an enchanting, romantic wildness—is most ingeniously pursued:

His speech flowed like a stream—
A deep and dreamy stream through lonely dells
Of lofty mountain-thoughts, and o'er its waves
Hung mysteries of gloom; and in its flow
It rippled on lone shores fair-fringed with flowers,
And deepened as it flowed.

Fragments of an Epic.

His double faculty of penetrating insight into the affairs of this world and of vivid vision of the transcendent glories of the Heavenly Home is admirably revealed in the "Song of the Mystic." This wondrous poem discloses his fundamental attitude as thinker and actor in life. He represents himself as walking in the seclusion of the lonely Valley of Silence with none but God. He has foregone even the sight of worldly vanities. His reasons for sequestered retirement are clothed in language and imagery at once vivid, forcible, and convincing:

I walked in the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world each Ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave.
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human—and sin.

It is in this Mystic Valley, through solitary communion with God, that there come to him his songs, his musings, his inspirations. He ends by telling us its location in the following charming combination of image and sentiment:

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there:
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

Father Ryan possessed the true Mystic's intimate vision and ultimate ecstasy. This is abundantly proved by his greatest imaginative effort—"God in the Night." The poet-priest has realized what it means to live with an ever-present, intimate sense of the Divine Presence. Hence his strokes in this poem are of marvelous intensity of feeling and vital warmth of imagination.

Although the literary critic crown him with the glorious laurels of the world, still brighter will the memory of his priestly and patriotic labors shine as a star in the firmament of Eternity.

Among the citizens of the Catholic clergy there are many who have greatly assisted in the development of this American nation. Their names are associated with all the vital operations of the government. Their assiduous labors in the liberal arts, sciences, corporal and spiritual works of mercy, have placed them on the imperishable throne in the hearts of every lover of the Stars and Stripes.

The zealous American Catholic priest has an ennobling influence on the life of society. He is a living witness of the sacrifice and sufferings of Christ. He is the salt of the earth that savors the faith and devotion of a helpless people. He is a light that shines into the darkness of sinful hearts and brightens the soul by the rays of his good example and ardent charity. He is a man that feels the importance of his office and joyfully carries his cross of duty. He is a most prominent factor in the betterment of the intellectual, moral, and social welfare of the American people. His consecrated personality is like the holy sunshine of God that glides into the secret chambers of man's memory and thoughts, bringing with it the grace of rectitude and reform. Of society's agents, he is the most honored, beloved, and respected.

One of the brightest examples of these heroic self-sacrificing men was an humble, unheard-of, simple priest of Virginia, Father Abram Ryan by name, whose fostering care refreshed the heavily burdened hearts of many. He flourished when the house of America was divided against itself—when brother opposed brother, and when a serious disruption threatened the superstructure of this glorious nation. He stood as a microcosm of peace and love amid a universe of belligerent struggle. He was a priest whose life, with all its trials and efforts, has sounded a holy echo in the hearts of a Universal Catholic People.

As a boy, his mien expressed a peaceful and happy seriousness that foreshadowed the melancholy of his later days. From early childhood he had been convinced that "the surest way to God was up the lonely stream of tears." In conviction of this wisdom he scrupulously heeded the counsel of a devoted mother, whose love had nourished his holy vocation. He was the child of her hopes, the son of her prayers, the reward of her virtues; she, the shrine of his love, the core of his heart, the life of his soul.

His youth passed as smoothly as the brook by which he wandered. He was crowned with Sacerdotal Ordination on the threshold of manhood and from thence became a living model of a mortified God. His first appearance in the chamber of Prominence marked him a developed poet, a holy preacher, and an American hero.

Father Ryan possessed all these high and holy sentiments of the model priest. As confessor, preacher, pastor, and chaplain, he administered a soothing balm of comfort to the afflicted in spirit. His heart was a fountain of consolation and purity, whence many drank the sweet waters of relief. He was a true man of God in word and action—a religious philanthropist of the noblest type, who only sought the glory of God and the eternal salvation of His ungrateful children. He had a deep conviction of Virtue's beauty. A love for piety and penance hovers around his every action. He had a natural aversion for evil that enabled him to recognize the deceitfulness of its charms and promises.

His delight was to mingle with the penitent and the pure; his joy, to stand amid the lighted tapers of the altar praising and adoring God with the invisible angels that guarded his cleanliness of heart. He loved to spend hours in profound and unbroken meditation on the beauties of his "Queen and Patroness." He frequently spoke of her as the noblest embodiment of womanhood, and considered it a sublime act of Christian duty to pay her filial reverence and honor. His love for Our Heavenly Mother faintly asserts itself in the many charming selections which he has dedicated to her—among them the "Last of May," "A Crown for Our Queen," and others of equal merit.

The following is taken at random, but will serve as an example to manifest his unbounded affection for the Mother of Our Creator:

O Christ! of thy beautiful Mother
Must I hide her name down in my heart?
But, ah! even there you will see it.
With thy mother's name how can I part.

There are many such, that bespeak his simple, childlike subjection to Our Lady, the source of his love. It was his firm belief that she was the acme of womanly perfection—the most exalted of God's creatures and the brightest and purest sanctuary of His Virtues. Throughout his life, he was a devoted son, a loyal subject, and an earnest suppliant to Mary—his Mother, his Queen, and his Hope.

In modern times it has often been asserted that the Catholic Priest cannot be a loyal American citizen. These objurgatory expressions are frequently the issues of ignorance, imagination, or prejudicial instruction. However, facts overwhelm these false ideas so that their verity cannot be sustained. The present horrible slaughter in Europe will substantiate the contradictory view.

We have already said that the Voice of God was the guiding principle of Father Ryan's priestly endeavors. Now we must add that this same Holy Oracle was the instigator of his patriotism. It commanded him to "render to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's." To this law he meekly submitted. He understood perfectly well just what belongs to Cæsar and what to God. Therefore, he conscientiously made an impartial rendition of his heart, talents, and attentions to his country and to the celestial service.

He was a priestly patriot that loved America, the broken hearted Mother of warring North and South. He sang her honors and glories in words of deepest affection. But, although an American of the highest type, he was a pronounced Southerner. How he mourned in her "Lost Cause!" How he sympathized and comforted his defeated brothers of the Confederacy in their hour of misfortune! If it had been in his power to govern the laws of fate and success, then would the honored name of Robert Lee be ranked with the immortal Cæsar, Napoleon, and Washington.

Never were writings of a priest so eagerly received by a convalescent people as were "The Sword of Robert Lee," "The Prayer of the South," "The Conquered Banner," and "The Lost Cause." For each awakened in every Southern heart sentiments of patriotism, love, and forgiveness.

Not only did the supporters of the Southern cause crown his labors with appreciation and study, but the Victorious North joined in offering him their tribute of respect and preference. His "Reunited" has given birth to a mutually loyal and national adhesion, which the powers of darkness and death cannot sever. Never before, or since, was a clergyman so heartily loved by a reunited country. America, the home of the brave, smiled with approbation on his patriotic endeavors to cement a union that would beget power and strength. If it be true that "it takes a brave and courageous man to acknowledge a defeat," then "The Conquered Banner" marks its author as one of Old Glory's fondest children.

It is the unanimous opinion of able critics that the works of an author reflect his character and the secret wanderings of his soul. The extent of this "mental wandering" is determined by the individual's position in life. The priest is permitted to stray alone into fields that are suitable to his holy calling. He is left to himself to retire alone with God that he may prepare for the perfect accomplishment of his sacred mission. To the poet is assigned the obligation of pleasing the mind of man by beauty of expression and rare conceptions of esthetic charms. From the patriot a nation expects the staunchest support in the hour of visitation. She relies entirely on his courageous actions, his wise foresight, and his sound and solid fidelity. She demands from him a love for country more devoted and pure than that for his life.

If, then, the writings of a poet can be used as a mirror of his heart, the works of Father Ryan have earned for him the glorious crown of immortal remembrance. For of all the American Catholic Priests that have entered on the stage of memory, none have fulfilled their "dramatis personae" with more noble action and beauteous expression.

Sleep, holy child of action, song, and prayer!
Priest, poet, patriot—distinctions rare
Adorn, like starry gems, thy threefold fame.
Earth holds thy ashes, mold, and frame;
Thy radiant memory man, thy soul Great God doth claim.

AMERICA'S DUTY IN THE WORLD CRISIS

By THOMAS B. AUSTIN, '16

GERMANY has made overtures of peace; but the Allies have shown no readiness to accept them. Evidently the warring nations view each other with extreme distrust. Out of the midst of the world-struggle, a slogan has been raised in Stentorian tones of manifold intensity, and has been echoed and re-echoed on the ears of the entire human race with multiform reverberation. Nation after nation has re-iterated the cry. The Balkans shout the word to the Alps, the Alps send the report across the Atlantic to the Alleghenies, and the Alleghenies transmit the message across a continent to the Rockies of the Pacific Slope. These world-involving echoes have made this cry of suffering, yet courageous, humanity a proverb—the cry, "PREPAREDNESS!"

Manifestly, we have here a problem to be solved and a lesson to be learned. The problem of preparedness is still the pressing one in the actual business of life to-day. Not only does every newspaper, every magazine, every conversation, force the subject upon our attention, but the word "Preparedness" has become the catchword of the day. In like manner, "Efficiency" was the catchword a little earlier; and "Expansion," the favorite motto in the difficulty with Spain. All three words have been given the utmost variety and diversity of application. They have been employed in the most unexpected cases, and have been used in respect to subjects the most distant from the original idea. And so it happens in the present day that we can scarcely look at an advertisement without our eye being arrested by the emphatic expression, "PREPAREDNESS!"

There is no escape, then, from the urgency of the problem. Conditions, alas! show there is equally none from the exigency of the facts. What does the present state of the world reveal? Nation rises against nation, civilization against civilization. Science, that ought to be a blessing to mankind both in speculation and practice, is engaged in devising munitions of terrific destruction. Europe is one hideous panorama of carnage. Everywhere is the desolation of death. A nation yet at peace awaits only to be drawn into the horrible maelstrom. Hence the urgency of the question: Are we prepared to save our beloved country from being involved in the fate that has overtaken the best civilizations of Europe?

As there are opposing views on this subject, one is easily misled into the error of extremes. To avoid this mistake, let us obtain a distinct view of our own theme. Let us review carefully the succession of alternatives and locate our thought by the precision of definition. A sane preparedness is the golden mean between the extremes of Pacifism and Militarism. The Pacifist advocates peace at any price—the ultra-doctrine of non-resistance. "Better," cries he, "a flag stained with mud than with blood!" The Militarist, on the other hand, advocates soldier citizenship—for every citizen compulsory service in the army—munitions and armaments on every hand to sustain an aggressive dominance over the rest of the world.

But sane preparedness avoids both these errors. In opposition to the Pacifist, it allows no insult, injustice, or invasion from another country. In opposition to the Militarist, it assumes no offensive attitude. It reveres our country's sacred soil and sacred ideals, and regards as equally hallowed the patriotism of other peoples. It permits no aggression from others and attempts no aggression of itself.

With this understanding of the nature of true Preparedness, our next inquiry is into the means and sources of securing it. These are three-fold: Physical, Mental, and Spiritual Preparedness.

Physical preparedness can readily be supplied by adapting the universal military training system to our gymnasium work. Most boys have a love for outdoor exercises. This natural taste can surely be rendered available and be further developed in the military camp as part of their training. The essence of education is to adapt us to meet

the demands of life, to give us power over our environment, to make our circumstances, not hindrances, but helps. When a boy finds that the development of his natural physical tastes and activities is his education, when he finds that his education is adapting him to his country's needs—what an enjoyment will be his task!

Mental Preparedness, the next stage, belongs to a far higher plane. Woe unto the man or nation that puts faith in mere brute force! They acknowledge at once the low level on which they live. Many of the difficulties of the world arise from confusion of thought.

Let our education ever make its prime aim to teach all to think justly, distinctly, and dispassionately. To shun the warpings of prejudice as a breeder of danger to the nations at large. In prejudice and confusion of thought lie the germs of the pestilence of war that ever threatens the world. Let the just, unprejudiced thinker be rewarded, instead of punished as has been his lot.

But the fundamental preparedness must be moral and religious. No country can be thoroughly prepared where religion is banished from its institutions of learning. The youth of to-day is the man of to-morrow. He must put on the armor of God that he may exist in the evil day. When our citizens are taught that might does not make right, when they love justice and truth for their own sake, when the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount become second nature to them, a war of aggression will be impossible. When they know that all authority is from God, then they will hold their country's liberty as a sacred trust and will rise up when their nation calls to resist an invading foe. Uprightness of character and Faith in God make the chief bulwarks of a nation. These will overawe any foe.

The need of preparedness, then, has been shown by facts more striking and convincing than any demonstration. Only a few years ago self-complacent culture declared that war belonged to the barbarous past and was impossible to our enlightened age. Then came the mighty cataclysm involving the most advanced nations of Europe—a startling disproof of these self-gratulating statements. So-called culture, then, is not the remedy. Mutual understanding between nations, produced through travel and intercourse, was likewise claimed as a panacea against war. But our own Civil War was fought between men who lived together in the same country, spoke the same language, and had intermarried into each other's families. The enormous cost of war, the colossal devastation of modern munitions,—have all been urged as insuperable obstacles to modern warfare. But the stubborn fact remains that modern warfare exists. And war will ever exist while man remains in his present imperfect state. The true remedy is to reduce the causes of war to a minimum by the control of proper intellectual and religious education, and to be prepared to meet the irreducible residue by the requisite physical training.

Our hope, our wish, our prayer, then, is that we shall have a sound, noble, all-round preparedness. Our preparedness must be, not for aggression, but for necessary self-defense. Still better, may our preparedness be transformed into an international helpfulness and service! May we ever continue our tradition of guardianship, so beautifully exemplified in our relations with our sister Republic, Cuba! May the watchword of this coming year be for all nations—INTERNATIONAL SERVICE!

THACKERAY'S TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON

By ARTHUR B. MAXWELL, '18

Unus homo nobis restituit rem.—*Cicero.*

What bard sublime will sing in eternal strains the national leader of America? Ancient Greece and Rome have adorned the deeds of their heroes with all the heightening of poetic imagination and in the most exquisitely cultivated verse. Spain, France, and Germany, though lacking successful Art-Epics, have an abundant growth of Folk-Epics. In these shine, with immortal luster, the exploits of the Cid, of Roland, and of Siegfried. England, it is true, possesses in *Paradise Lost* an Art-Epic of classic distinction. But Milton has taken for his chief personage, not a national hero, but a world figure—Adam, the Father of Mankind. In spite of Milton's marvelous effort, then, England, with respect to our present theme, falls into the Folk-Epic class, with her Beowulf and King Arthur.

We have seen, then, that other nations possess an Iliad, an Aeneid, an Arthuriad. Even the despised disciples of the great Duns Scotus, through the unjust prejudices of the Renaissance, have been celebrated in the Dunciad. So the question naturally arises, where is our *Washingtoniad?* The fortune of the greatest of American presidents resembles the fortune of the greatest of Saxon monarchs. Each is held in the highest veneration; yet each remains unsung. Charlemagne and Alfred the Great flourished but a century apart. Yet the former is sung in the glowing raptures of poetry, the latter is consigned to the cold prose of history.

It may be that the American people do not take kindly to the epical species of composition. Our one Epic—Joel Barlow's Columbiad, written over a century ago—remains in oblivion. Nevertheless, the subject is altogether an admirable one. Columbus is the most epic character in modern history. The discovery of a new continent, with all its vital consequences to the very existence of new nations, is an event of unrivaled epic magnitude. It demands a colossal memorial. This want is being supplied by his devoted followers—the Noble Knights. Their *Columbiad* is issued in installments perpetually renewed, and promises to rival the huge proportions of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata.

That no epic poet has arisen in our land, however, is no reason why our historical novelists should have devoted so little space to the greatest American citizen. The first place in the hearts of his countrymen always was and always will be reserved for no other than Washington. Hence we should like to see the Father of our country celebrated in a manner worthy of his revered name in the pages of our national literature. Fenimore Cooper, indeed, introduces him into *The Spy.* But while in that book we get to know Harvey Birch with intimate sympathy, Washington is presented in the most distant manner.

It is a curious instance of the irony of circumstances, that an Englishman has written the most real, the most intimate, and most sympathetic account of Washington I have ever read. This author is one of the few English novelists of supreme rank—William Makepeace Thackeray. The novel in which he gives this masterly portrayal of Washington is *The Virginians*—the sequel of Henry Esmond. In this work, which is the author's sole American novel, the twin-brothers, known as the "Virginians," are the grandsons of Henry Esmond, who settled in Virginia after the fall of the Stuarts. A neighbor and intimate friend of this family is the young Washington.

Thackeray here enters upon a period whose manners he appreciates in the highest degree and whose customs he paints in the liveliest colors. During this time occurred the early difficulties of the colonists with the French and Indians and the subsequent estrangement from the mother country. Here our author discovers keen knowledge of our early history and familiarity with those noble traits of Washington's character that we have associated with his name from our earliest reading. The efforts of the young Major to check the inroads of the French; his struggles with the Indians; his long journey in behalf of the Government through perilous forests in the

midst of winter from the heart of Virginia to the shores of Lake Erie and back; his services as aid-de-camp to Braddock; and, finally, the many bitter battles of the war,—all these are conceived by a master at once of the illusion of the novelist and of the reality of the historian.

In no other writer have I met a truer and nobler character depicted. He sums up and gives us his regard for Washington when he says, "Every one who knows Mr. Washington knows that he will do his duty." What finer tribute could be given any man! Throughout the story every act of Washington's is one of self-sacrifice—of love for his fellow-citizens and for his country. Our hero thus beautifully exemplifies the principles laid down of old by Cicero as the characteristics of a true statesman.

Thackeray's portrayal of the almost insurmountable obstacles that beset the commander-in-chief of the continental army from those who should have been his staunchest supporters (as if he had not troubles enough to contend with otherwise!) moves us to wish that we could have been there to help the silent, sorrowful man. How true is it that only the great do not succumb to the uses of adversity! "To endure is greater than to dare; to tire out hostile fortune; to be daunted by no difficulty; to keep heart when all have lost it; to go through intrigue spotless; and to forego ambition when the end is gained—who can say this is not greatness?" Such is the perfect eulogy the great English novelist bestows on the great American patriot. It does equal honor to both.

The Virginians has never yet taken rank either as a standard classic or as a popular favorite alongside of our author's Big Four—*Vanity Fair, Pendennis, The Newcomes,* and *Henry Esmond.* Yet it is difficult to assign a reason why it should be so little read and so seldom mentioned by critics and novel-readers. It is probably because our author's besetting fault of a tendency to discursive rambling here runs away with him, as it does in *The Adventures of Philip.* It is a singular circumstance, well worthy of remark, that *Henry Esmond* should be the most compactly built of Thackeray's stories and its sequel, *The Virginians,* should be the loosest in structure. As for ourselves, however, we have no hesitation in making *The Virginians* one of our author's Big Five. Not a page is vacant or dull; its characters are alive; it is admirably adapted to desultory reading. It should, indeed, be a favorite of every American who loves and honors the Father of his country—George Washington.

ARNOLD'S FATE

(Sonnet)

By JOHN V. DOMMINEY, '17

Ambition fills the heart with high desires!
Blest be the man when that ambition's just,
And in the grace of Heaven doth place his trust,
Which, from above descending, more inspires,
Touches our hearts; for sounds from angel choirs
Our souls can hear, though humankind is dust.
Benedict Arnold! pity and disgust
Commingle with thy name—great midst our sires!
For false Ambition born in Envy's pale
At Treachery's dark pool his thirst would slake;
As Judas, who gave up his Lord for sale
And spurned his God for tainted silver's sake.
Thou diedst an exile! little we avail
When honor, justice, God we all forsake.

THE COUNTER-TRICK

By JOSEPH W. PAQUETTE, '20

ONE evening, early in November, I arrived home from the office a little later than usual and was told that our club president Eddie Williams had called me up on the telephone half an hour before. He wanted me to go down to his house after supper and told my mother, who answered the 'phone, that there was something special in connection with the club that he wished to discuss with the members and for that reason was trying to have us all meet in his house that night.

About a year before this a number of us boys who had been chums during our school days and had graduated from high school the same year formed a club calling ourselves the "Happy Five." Eddie Williams had been elected our first president and it was in his house that we were accustomed to hold our meetings, using his den for a club room.

After supper I hurried over to Eddie's and found the rest of the boys already there. Art Thompson, the picture of ease, was reclining his six feet of length on a morris-chair before the fireplace; Bill Ryan and Eddie were sitting at the table with an open paper before them reading it with unusual interest, while Jack Stanley was busily engaged making life miserable for the ease-loving Art. It took Eddie but a very short time to acquaint me with the purpose of the meeting. The Evening Standard had announced that evening a popularity contest to be held during the six weeks preceding New Year's, which they called the New Year's contest. Each issue of the paper was to contain a coupon with blanks for name and address, which, when turned in to the contest editor, counted one vote for the one whose name was on it. To the one receiving the greatest number of votes would be given at the end of the contest a valuable victrola which was already placed on exhibition in the show window of Walton's drug-store. Eddie saw the announcement early that evening and thought at once of having the club enter the contest. With characteristic promptness he called us together to get our consent to enter the club's name and to secure our help in the work of collecting votes.

At first, we felt rather doubtful about our prospects of winning and were, consequently, not so very enthusiastic about undertaking a thing that required so much hard work. After discussing the matter for a while, however, we grew more confident and finally agreed to Eddie's proposal. We realized that the club would have some formidable competitors to beat in order to win so valuable a prize, which meant that we should have to work very hard for the next six weeks. Even Art showed signs of energy and suggested that we see as many of our friends as possible that night and get them working for us. The meeting thereupon broke up and our vote-getting campaign was on.

During the first week everyone worked hard and when the week's results came out Saturday night we had the satisfaction of seeing our name the second on the list. Archie Wallace, a high school classmate of ours, held first place with a total of 3568 votes to our 3495.

Archie was the son of a wealthy manufacturer and had been a prominent figure in athletics during his high school career. It was his ambition to be captain of the football team and when Bill defeated him in the election for that office he felt as though he had been done an injury. The ill feeling between him and Bill that grew out of the election finally broke out into an open quarrel on the football field with the result that he was put off the team. He never forgave Bill for this; and, when he heard of our entering the contest, he also entered, not so much because he wanted to win the prize, but in order to be revenged on Bill by preventing us from winning it.

The second week we did better and piled up a total of 7386, but Archie still clung to the top of the list with 7509 votes to his credit. The other competitors were so far below us that they could have no hope at all of winning, and after the second week they began to drop out. As

these smaller contestants withdrew our totals became correspondingly larger, but neither of us was able to gain on the other by any considerable amount. First one was ahead and then the other, and the last week began with the vote 25,659 to 24,897 in the club's favor.

The last week had scarcely begun when it became known that Archie was buying up what votes he could not get otherwise, and we saw that the contest was likely to develop into an auction at which the one who could buy the most votes would win the victrola. In order to win under these conditions it would cost us more than the prize was worth and we had no money to spend so foolishly. Eddie refused to be discouraged and urged us to work harder than ever during the few days remaining although we felt more like giving up in disgust. We had up to this time been collecting the votes and sending them in each one as he received them, but this week Eddie asked us to bring them all to him that he might have the honor as president of the club of personally turning in our last lot of votes. He had worked so hard during the past five weeks that we gladly agreed to do this for him in return, and by Saturday had turned in to him between six and seven thousand votes.

The paper announced that they would place the name of the winner on the blackboard in their office-window as soon as the votes were all counted. The contest closed at five o'clock and before six the five of us had taken up a position before the window where a crowd soon gathered. About half past six there was a stir in the office and a clerk walked up to the window and took down the blackboard. He wrote rapidly on it for a few moments and placed it in the window again, where to my disgust I saw the name of our rival Archie Wallace. I turned to Eddie to see how he took our defeat. He had his heart and soul in the contest and I was sure that he would feel greatly disappointed over our failure to win; but, on the contrary, he seemed to be delighted.

"Come down to the house, fellows," he said, "I want to have a talk with you all."

We went with him a very gloomy looking bunch. When we were all seated around the fireplace he said:

"Well, boys, how do you feel about the contest?"

"I for one," said Bill, "feel that Wallace has played us a mean trick by buying up the contest. We could have won easily if it was not for that."

"You shouldn't feel that way towards him, especially since he was so kind as to make me a present of enough money to buy a victrola for the club even better than the one he has won."

"You're joking," said Jack, "or else he is suffering from an attack of insanity and ought to see a brain doctor. If he did as you say, he could not possibly have been in his right mind."

"I think he is perfectly sane, but he probably does not realize that he made us this present. This is how he came to do it. When I asked you at the first of the week to let me turn in the votes I had something else in mind besides satisfying my vanity. As soon as Archie started to buy up votes I realized that we didn't have a chance in the world to beat him. But I thought of this plan to punish him for the mean advantage he was taking of us and at the same time to get a victrola for the club. Friday night I made up a good-sized bundle of blank paper and labeled it in large letters 10,000 votes. I carried this bundle down to the newspaper office and turned it in, taking good care to let everyone I met see what was written on the label. I then took the votes that you had turned in to me and brought them to a friend of mine, asking him to offer them for sale to Archie Wallace. As I had calculated Archie heard that I had turned in 10,000 votes Friday night, which was much more than he could hope to collect. When my friend offered to sell him our votes, he was only too glad to buy and paid a hundred dollars for the lot. I think that with this sum in our possession we need not want for a victrola very long."

New Year's day we presented ourselves with our long-hoped-for victrola and installed it in our club room. Archie Wallace received his prize from the newspaper and everyone believes that he won the contest, but you can never make the Happy Five believe it.

THE RAVING

(Before Greek—After Poe)

By JOSEPH L. O'REILLY, '20

Once upon a midday dreary, while I wandered weak and weary,
Through the quaint and curious volumes of the ancient Grecian lore,
While in doubt I hesitated, hopelessly I would translate it—
All the tommyrot I hated, which I'd seen so oft before,
Seen and fought—and wished I hadn't!—many, many times before,
Silly trash and nothing more!

"What," I muttered, sadly sighing, "what, oh! what's the use of trying,
Trying to translate that 'lying'? Tell me, tell me, I implore!"
To the teacher turned I speaking, "Must I ever thus go seeking,
In things alien vainly peeking as to gods I don't adore,
In things wild and weird and alien as to gods I'll ne'er adore?"
Quoth the teacher, "Evermore!"

Would these gods might then defend us! would they had a "trot" to lend us!
Can I find in what they send us, as I look it o'er and o'er,
Something serving as translation, rend'ring it sans hesitation
With the gods' co-operation? Ne'er, oh, ne'er! I gently swore,
When I get it, I'll regret it—some poor meaning I'll deplore,
Wretched meaning I'll deplore!

Deep into the lesson plunging, in my desperation lunging
Right and left, with eyes and feelings, like a lunatic I tore;
Picked out this word, picked out that one, dodged a hard one, then went back one,
Tried to keep my thinking-cap on, though all maddened to the core!
Tried to shun examination, though so saddened to the core—
Maddened, saddened, sick and sore!

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the teacher whose words pressing burned into my bosom's core.
Presently my heart grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
Said I, "O thou Grecian monger! your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and I did not hear you rapping,
Rapping for me to continue with this truly ancient bore,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here at me distinct he swore—
Softly, but distinctly, swore!

All my heart within me aching at my miserable faking
Tells me next year I'll be breaking all my records as of yore.
Though I flunk examination, though I've almost lost my reason,
Yet I know again next season I'll pursue it all once more—
Do it over every session, just as I have done before—
Do it thus FOREVERMORE!

THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1917 No. 2

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IN GRATEFUL APPRECIATION

IN venturing into the field of college journalism—a novel experiment to us—we naturally felt considerable diffidence. THE VILLANOVAN, however, contrary to our fears yet in accordance with our hopes, has met a kindly reception from our own Alumni, from other college magazines, and from the general public. There has, indeed, been criticism; but, in the main, it has taken the form of helpful suggestion. Hence we feel greatly encouraged to proceed in the path we have marked out for ourselves. To reach the goal we have in view, we shall make every endeavor, not only to fulfil our own ideal, but also to remedy the errors and supply the deficiencies pointed out by our friendly censors. We wish, therefore, to express our most hearty gratitude for the favor and suggestion we have received from our readers and patrons.

JOHN V. DOMMINEY, '17.

PATRIOTISM

THERE are times in the life of a nation when love for it is manifested by daring and heroic ventures; when men seek the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth; when men risk everything for one little leaf of the laurel of Victory. These great exploits are in time of crisis required, and he would be but a poltroon who would refuse to place himself in whatever position demands the highest quality of courage and bravery. However, we cannot justly measure true citizenship at such moments. It is rather when the campfires have burned out, and the fathers with their wives and children gather around the hearth-stone; when the beat of the drum and the tread of the martial force are lost in the quiet, peaceful music of the home; when the roar and excitement of battle are over and the great calm ensues—that we can judge a man's worth. Then we may estimate his value as a citizen.

God Himself placed in our bosom the seeds of patriotism. It is part of our very nature to love

Published at Villanova, Pa., in the months of November, February, April and June.
All communications to be addressed to the VILLANOVAN, Villanova, Pa.

our Fatherland. In the patriarchal days God explicitly promised broad lands and the fullness thereof. "All the land which thou seest I will give to thee and to thy seed forever." Gen. XIII, 15. He encouraged the growth of that seed of patriotism which He had implanted in His children's hearts. He gave them vast lands for their own that their affections might be fixed upon them. He bade Moses lead his chosen people out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage, into the Land of Promise flowing with milk and honey. To tear ourselves away from devotion to our Fatherland, to smother within us the voice of patriotism, is to degrade the notion of family life and to eradicate all loyalty to that primary unit of human society.

What can life be, what can the history of our nation be without loyalty, without a brotherly support of one another? When that great virtue goes from our nation (and remember it starts with the individual!), we deliberately tear down the strongest citadel reared against foreign powers and open wide our ports with an alluring invitation for all to enter therein.

Patriotism is the life-blood that courses through the veins of our nation. It is this blood which brings forth love and devotion to one another and to the commonwealth. It is this blood which brings us the gifts we prize far above all others,—peace and tranquillity. It is this blood which comes throbbing through the national veins with a spirit of protection and security. It is this blood which cries to Heaven that the benediction of God may strengthen us.

In assuming this attitude we do not stand alone and without precedent. Many noble men have gone before us and have done their great and quiet work. They have forgotten themselves for others, and have given their every effort, yea, their very lives that our country might stand at the head of the great nations of the earth.

There is the noble figure coming up before us of one who guided the destiny of our nation when it was yet a toddling infant; he stood on guard as America crossed through the most dangerous fords of her career, and guided her safely past the swift torrents that threatened to engulf her. He stood at the helm when she was a new nation and needed the firm hand of the prudent pilot. O, what devotion and love he showed! What a disinterested statesman! And when peace had come, when the great storm clouds of British oppression cleared away, George Washington crowned his noble work by preferring his home to the leadership of the nation he loved. There is that plantation-owner of the South, Williams, who has shown us what true citizenship means. A messenger came to notify him of his nomination to the Governorship of South Carolina, and found him, not in the political arena campaigning for his success, but busy at the humble work of his fields. General Putnam, of Connecticut, was surprised by the view of the British redcoats as he was shaving in his house, and, without waiting to complete his toilet, buckled on his sword and galloped to his neighbors to arouse them against the approaching foe.

Grant, at the conclusion of the Civil War, in the face of formidable opposition, decreed that the beaten soldiers of the South should take with them their horses of war and turn them into their torn and devastated fields that the spring crops might be restored again. The life of that great-hearted statesman, Abraham Lincoln, should be a lesson to us. During his whole momentous career there are manifest no political manipulatings, no ambitious schemes. Humility, sympathy with the weakest and most despised of his fellow men, love for them and for his country, and a child-like confidence in Divine Providence made him the great man he was. What more need we say? Such illustrious examples speak volumes for themselves. True citizenship is stripped of that mean little longing after self-aggrandizement, and soars aloft to noble, God-like achievements.

Are we, who stand to-day in the ranks of a great nation, to look upon these wonderful men, these true citizens, merely as facts in history? No! they must be for us great and real influences in our lives. To-day our country needs true citizens even more than in those days. She is threatened to-day with a menace more formidable than a war with a foreign nation or even an internal rebellion. Socialism, with all its insidious methods, stands within our gates. Like the poisonous serpent, it crawls along and gradually sinks its deadly fangs into the breasts of the working people. It paints glaring pictures that attract the eye of the ignorant, but which cannot

deceive men of sound and unprejudiced reasoning. Religious indifference also is threatening our land. It is the offspring of socialism and must be present for the final success of that deadly error.

Education is our greatest hope in these difficulties. Our youth must be trained to see what is best for the progress of our Fatherland. The child of to-day is the man of to-morrow. If we, as Christian educators, fathers, mothers, and teachers, fail to show our children by both precept and example what true citizenship of this great United States means, we shall fail in our duty, we shall fail in the greatest human mission on earth, we shall lose the fight and inevitably betray our country into the enemy's hands.

O, what a great and glorious country this is and what opportunities we have of making it the greatest moral force among civil powers! The narrow banner of religious oppression lies torn and forsaken in the mire. Christ's Church is free to come forth from the catacombs and stand on mountain-tops and preach her mission. Christ's ministers are free to send forth the Savior's message into the utmost bounds of our great country. As the monks in the middle ages preserved the world's knowledge, so to-day they are free to increase and administer it unto the whole world.

May we, then, have a pride and love of country that means more than the blast of the trumpet, the roar of the cannon, or the manipulation of political schemes. May our men and women be filled with a pride and love for family and for country, that spurns the disgraceful usages so prevalent in domestic life. May we never, then, contribute towards these destructive vices, but rear our sons and daughters that they may be the blessed and myriad units of our republic, which shall call down upon it the complacency and the benediction of the God of Heaven and earth.

G. A. O'M.

FAILURE

THE weaver bends over his loom and watches the work come through. At every swing of the shuttles a thread more of cloth is woven. Now and then a thread breaks out in the warp. He carefully binds the ends together and goes on with the work. The next time he watches the weak places, slows up the loom and avoids a break. Experience has taught him that time is lost through such mistakes, that the pattern is not so beautiful when marred by corrected faults. He has learned from experience to work more carefully, to watch more assiduously, to remedy more quickly.

Down through the fabric of every man's life run threads that now and then break—threads that spell the heart-breaking word—failure. The cloth of life has been marred by inattention, carelessness, or perhaps just human weakness.

There are failures that are final and failures that can be made stepping-stones to success. The final failure means ultimate ruin. We have nothing to do with that here, for "Hope springs eternal in the human breast, Man never is, but always to be blest."

But how many threads in this loom of life have been snapped and never mended! They leave the cloth incomplete. Those failures can be made stepping-stones to higher, nobler things. We see the thread in our ambitions' warp snap when we least expect it. Let us trace the difficulty back to its source, and look forward for a remedy. We were careless and slothful. We put off a task of the present to a more opportune time; and, as "Procrastination is the thief of time," we lost our opportunity. Failure followed in the wake of our misstep. Our plan now must be so to order our manner of acting that, out of these failures, success may come. On the experience of our past negligence or ignorance, we may build assiduity and knowledge; on our past faint-heartedness and weakness we may build up a citadel of courage and moral stamina. From sad experience of our sins and faults, we may learn to appear before our God virtuous and undefiled, because of amendment and genuine repentance.

Will power is necessary. The strength of religious conviction is essential. Life is full of failures. On our every side we meet them, and most of them should not have been.

Have you failed or have you seen others fail? In either case you have a duty. Have you failed, your efforts to win must be noble and God-like.

You must rise above all feelings of depression and be up and doing. Courage! Build up genuine success from your most dismal failures. Are you a successful man, watching failures? O, watch them with the eyes of Christian love! Let your Christian love be proved by action. Stoop down from your elevation of success and help your fellow weaver. He finds the work so hard. It seems almost impossible to him to tie up the broken ends in that warp of the cloth of life. Give him a word of encouragement; a friendly, helping hand. Show him how you conquered. He finds the woof breaks out now and then; but these are only daily troubles and have not the bitter sting which comes from an almost habitual grief.

As you correct each failure in your fabric, the failures will become fewer and fewer. The beautiful pattern of your good-will and noble intention will stand out in glorious relief and cover up the defects. When you look down under your loom, you will find a beautiful cloth of gold all decked with the jewels of sacrifice, courage, perseverance, and final Christian success.

G. A. O'M.

EXCHANGES

We gratefully acknowledge the following interesting exchanges:

The Alvernia, St. Francis College, Loretto, Pa.

The Aquinas, St. Thomas College, Scranton, Pa.

College Rays, Rock Ridge College, Rock Ridge, Md.

Fordham Monthly, Fordham University, New York.

The Gettysburgian, Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pa.

The Index, Niagara University, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The Laurel, St. Bonaventure's College, Allegheny, N. Y.

The Mountaineer, Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.

The Petriculanian, Little Rock College, Little Rock, Ark.

Spice, Norristown High School, Norristown, Pa.

The Saint Francis, St. Francis College, Brooklyn.

St. Vincent College Journal, St. Vincent College, Beatty, Pa.

The Vincentian, St. Vincent's Academy, Newark, N. J.

Williams Literary Monthly, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.

Being new comers into the field of college journalism, we view our exchanges with an interest intensified beyond the ordinary. We observe with admiring eyes how the veterans play the game, and try to profit by their experience. Out of the many good points that attracted our attention, we have space to remark only a few.

The Alvernia, for January, contains a very witty satire on the neutral attitude of our country in the present world crisis. It reveals not only much wit, but a realistic grip of the situation, and ends with a finely pointed moral. The next article contrasts admirably in tone with the preceding. It treats, in a masterly fashion, the fundamental difference between the dominant ideas of Dante and Milton—the two poets who have painted most extensively their visions of the Other World.

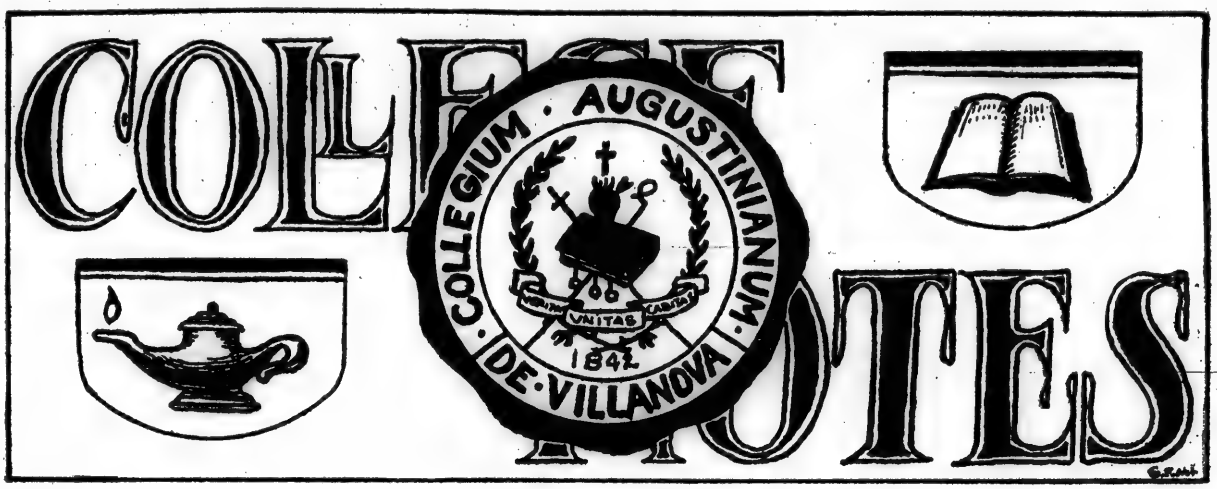
The Petriculanian regales its readers with an up-to-date playlet on the Mexican troubles. The dialogue is of the brightest and wittiest.

The December number of *The Niagara Index* contains an interesting article inveighing against fiction in college journals. It is written by a thinker and affords much food for thought. Whether we agree or not with all that he says, we must heartily admire any one who takes a definite stand, defends it with intelligent conviction, and carries it out in practice with the sincerity of consistency.

The Aquinas has interested us much by the vital way in which its editorials enter into the spirit of college life. The magazine thus at once receives and creates the most inspiriting influence. Its "Breezy Class News" section is ideal, and the cuts and cartoons are extraordinarily clever.

Our sanctum was brightened one dismal morning by the appearance of *College Rays*. The literary contributions are evidently the work of capable writers. Come again, with your cheery presence, *College Rays!*

JAMES J. EGAN, '19.



Beginning of Second Term

The second term of the scholastic year was inaugurated on February 1, the day following the closing of the Mid-Year Examinations. The new schedules had been distributed several days in advance, so there was little or no confusion, all of the classes getting under way promptly. The work of that day, however, was confined almost exclusively to registration and assignments.

Mid-Year Examinations

The Mid-Year Examinations were held during the week of January 25th to 31st, inclusive, and brought to an end the first term of the year. Many exemptions were granted to students in the various classes who had attained a suitable mark.

Changes in Faculty

Mr. John Burns, O. S. A., has taken up his duties as Assistant Prefect of Discipline, succeeding Mr. George O'Meara, O. S. A.

The Modern Language Department has received another teacher in the person of Mr. John Hudson, O. S. A., who will teach the first year classes in Spanish.

Reception of Initial Number

The reception given to the initial number of The Villanovan by the student body in general, was rather disappointing, especially when contrasted with the enthusiasm which was shown by the Alumni in the numerous letters which were received by the editor. The subscriptions did not come up to the expected mark and, while quite a number of individual copies were sold, we believe it could have been much better. With this issue a new system of selling copies will be tried, which we believe will be more successful. But now, since the students have seen for themselves the tenor of the magazine and have been able to judge its qualities, the staff sincerely hopes that this issue will be more favorably greeted than the preceding one and we take this opportunity of making one more appeal for the support which we feel we deserve.

Gymnasium Classes

Gymnasium classes were begun on January 8th under the direction of the regular instructor, Mr. Naulty. As this work is obligatory to all students up to Junior Year, there was a large number on hand. It was found necessary to make three divisions which were taken on for periods of a half hour each. A penalty of three demerits is imposed for each unexcused absence and this has served to keep the attendance at a maximum.

Lenten Services

The program of Lenten services for the students has been issued and is as follows: Sunday evening at 6.30, Rosary and Benediction; Tuesday evening at 6.30, Sermon and Benediction; Friday evening at 6.30, Stations of the Cross and Benediction.

Mass will be celebrated every morning at 6.45 for those desiring to attend.

Father Dohan has arranged an interesting list of sermons which will be given by the clerical members of the Faculty at the Tuesday night service.

The annual retreat will begin on Sunday, April 1st and will close at Mass on Holy Thursday, April 5th.

Football Banquets

The banquet, which is tendered annually to the members of the football team by the Athletic Association, was held on December 12th in the Club Rooms. Besides a delicious repast which was served by Mr. Banks, songs and speechmaking helped to fill up an enjoyable evening. Before sitting down the fourteen "V" met and elected Charles H. McGuckin as captain for the 1917 season. Manager McGeehan acted as toastmaster and speeches were made by Coach Bennis, Captain Lynch and Captain-elect McGuckin.

Blue sweaters with the varsity "V" were awarded to the following: Lynch, McGuckin, M. Brennan, Coan, Domminey, Dougherty, Ewing, Fleming, Fogarty, Hartigan, Henry, McGeehan, Reap and Thompson.

To The Villanovan the selection for captain looks like a good one and, in congratulating Mr. McGuckin, extends to him its best wishes for a successful season.

The Prep. football team was also tendered a reception shortly before the Christmas holidays, in appreciation of their successful season. Peter J. Dunne was elected captain for the season of 1917.

Tennis Courts

Work on the new tennis courts which was stopped last fall will be resumed as soon as weather conditions permit. Tennis is a game which has made rapid strides at Villanova during the past few years and, with the new courts in shape, its popularity this year should eclipse all others.

Skating

The cold weather of the past month brought some fine skating along with it and was the cause of bringing many pairs of steel runners out from their hiding places. Quite a number of small lakes and ponds in the vicinity were available, but the lake on the Walton estate at St. David's seemed to be the favorite gathering place for a majority of the Villanova boys.

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania State Association of Catholic Colleges, held at Altoona, December 28, 1916, our president, Rev. E. G. Dohan, O. S. A., read a paper entitled "The Standardization of Colleges."

The Villanovan, in its own name and that of the entire student body, extends its heartfelt sympathy to Mr. John Harris, O. S. A., in his recent bereavement at the death of his father.

Senior

Members of the Senior Engineering Classes are now turning their attention to the graduation theses which must be submitted before Commencement. As this is one of the most interesting features of the work in this department, careful attention is given to the selection of topics and in this they are aided by the faculty of the Engineering School.

The Senior Class rings were received several weeks ago after several unavoidable delays in manufacture.

Junior

Talk of inaugurating a Junior Prom has been taken up eagerly by the members of the class, but as no decision has been reached, the matter is still open to discussion.

The receipt of the Junior rings is being anxiously awaited. Besides the class numerals, the design also includes the degree for which each student is a candidate.

Sophomore

Plotting of maps, from data, taken while working in the field, has kept the Sophomore engineers very busy since the beginning of the year, as a result of which we have heard very little of them.

The Villanovan would suggest that the Sophomores get their class organized, as this seems to be the only practical way of accomplishing anything.

Freshman

The Freshmen are to be commended for the excellent record which they made in their class work during the past term. Figures were not available but it is believed to be one of the best ever made by a Freshman class at Villanova.

Epsilon Phi Theta

The Epsilon Phi Theta held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday evening, January 16th. Many committee reports were heard and business matters were transacted. Part of the evening was given over to the discussion of social events which the society intends to hold in the near future. No action was taken, however, on the question of the annual dance.

Several interesting papers on the subject of "Compulsory Military Training," were read by Matthew Domminey, Thomas Granahan and David O'Brien, in which arguments, pro and con, were advanced in a convincing manner. No decision was given as to the relative merits of the papers, but it was interesting to note that in the discussion which followed, the majority seemed inclined to take the affirmative side.

A number of applications for membership were made and were referred to the proper committees.

Holy Name Society

The annual reception of new members into the Holy Name Society was held in the Monastery Chapel on Friday evening, December 8th, the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Father Dohan, the spiritual director of the society, was in charge of the exercises. About sixty new members were admitted and, on making the required promises were given their badges and manuals. A brief address to the newcomers was made by Father Dohan, in which he asked their earnest co-operation in attaining the purposes for which the society was organized and the ideals for which it stands.

The regular monthly meeting was held on January 7th. With the exception of a brief address and the reading of the office, only routine matter was passed upon.

Dramatic Society

Owing to the nearness of examinations and the consequent pressure of studies, the Dramatic Society was forced to postpone its intended production until some time early in March. Practice was resumed immediately after the examinations and, as the entire cast has been chosen, there should be no more delay. The society also has another production in view which will be given later in the year if time permits.

Phi Kappa Pi

The regular monthly meeting of the Phi Kappa Pi was held on Friday evening, January 12th and a goodly number was in attendance. Routine business matters were disposed of and committee reports were heard. The question of holding the society's annual dance was also brought up but it was decided to postpone discussion until the following meeting. A committee to look after the interests of the society's employment bureau was also appointed. Mr. McGeehan, the faculty advisor, gave a short address to the members on the purposes of this bureau and predicted its success if given the hearty co-operation of the graduates of the Engineering School. A thesis, entitled "Refrigeration Methods Employed in Breweries," was read by Edgar W. Drach, '18, after which the meeting was adjourned.

Two visits of inspection were made by the society recently. The first was to the plant of the New York Shipbuilding Company, at Camden, N. J. Through the courtesy of the company, a guide was furnished to the party and many interesting phases in the construction of modern ships were seen. The other was to the Navy Yard at League Island and proved to be every bit as instructive as the first.

The annual initiation of new members was held on December 13th and twenty-six candidates were admitted. The "rookies" were compelled to do many novel "stunts," much to the amusement of the onlookers. After the initiation a reception was held in the Club Rooms. Refreshments were served and an enjoyable evening was had by everyone. Speeches were made by Father Dohan, Father O'Neill, the spiritual director, and by Professor McGeehan. President Kirsch also made an address of welcome to the new members.

Joseph O'Leary, '18.



The entire staff of THE VILLANOVAN joins with the Editor in extending to the members of the Alumni their appreciation of the interest and good-will with which they have greeted our initial number. The many enthusiastic letters we have received as well as the reports which have come to our ears assure us that we have more than fulfilled expectations. This assurance fills us with confidence, and if the co-operation which we have requested be not withheld we shall have no fears for the ultimate success of this department and the entire magazine. All former students will do us and their friends a great favor if when meeting old students they mention THE VILLANOVAN; for there are still some who have forgotten to send in their subscriptions and who will no doubt be pleased to learn that in the pages of THE VILLANOVAN they can renew old and pleasant memories.

CLASS OF 1915

From his home in Chicago the Secretary of the Class, John P. Kiley, has sent around to all the members a news letter in which he gives the present whereabouts of each member, an account of his successes and prospects together with personal comments and jottings. Written in a very informal and chatty style and containing a delightful vein of humor throughout, it has met with a cordial welcome from all who have been privileged to receive it. It promises to be an annual affair and we predict that it will succeed in its purpose to bind more closely together the members of a class which even while in College distinguished itself in this feature. We are grateful for the boost it gives THE VILLANOVAN and we hope that all the members of the class will act upon the suggestion of their Secretary.

The Secretary reports that all are doing well. Some are still pursuing professional studies. All the others are occupying responsible positions with excellent prospects. One of the surprises contained in the letter was the announcement that Mark Barry, who is teaching in a High School in New Jersey, was the first to join the ranks of the Benedicts.

It would be well if other Classes would emulate the example of 1915.

WEDDINGS

Cupid is still active among Villanova men. On January 6, 1917, Pat Kelly, '13, married at Conshohocken Miss Helen Nugent. This was the culmination of a romance which dates back to Pat's student days. Jim Kelly, '15, was best man and reports that Pat gave no signs of excessive nervousness.

During December Harold Cuneo, ex-'14, married Miss Mildred Miller, of Wayne, Pa.

The engagement was recently announced of Raymond E. Wetterer, ex-'18, to Miss Florence Ferguson. The wedding will take place in the early Spring at Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE VILLANOVAN extends to the happy couples its felicitations and best wishes.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

THE VILLANOVAN has received a copy of a recent work from the pen of Rt. Rev. Mons. Patrick F. O'Hare, LL.D., '01, entitled "The Facts About Luther." It is a very compact little volume, but it contains a veritable mine of information about the life and character of the leader of the Protestant Rebellion. The aim of the author is to bring within the reach of all, the conclusions of eminent historians—Protestant as well as Catholic—who have devoted themselves to the study of Luther and his times. Hence the book contains nothing which is not fully authenticated in the life of Luther and the new system he gave to the world. It is a compendium, so to speak, of the accepted conclusions of scholars

and presents in a handy form the results of the many critical studies on the subject, which otherwise could be found only in ponderous and exhaustive volumes.

Mons. O'Hare's work will do much to correct the many false impressions and exaggerated notions which the popular fancy has long cherished concerning Luther and his movement. It is a valuable contribution to popular Catholic literature. A mere cursory perusal will convince one that its preparation required, not only much time and labor, but a no mean order of scholarship as well. THE VILLANOVAN congratulates the distinguished author on his successful efforts in behalf of Religion.

The book, which is already in its second edition, is published by F. Pustet & Co., New York—contains 376 pages—is paper covered—and sells for the modest price of 25 cents.

DEATHS

THE VILLANOVAN extends its sincere sympathy to Dr. Peter F. Moylan, Ph.D., '98, on the death of his daughter, Helen, who died January 4, 1917, at her home in Philadelphia. Father Dohan and several members of the faculty were among the many priests and religious who attended the funeral.

THE VILLANOVAN likewise extends its sympathy to John J., Lawrence E., and Dr. F. M. Tierney, all former students of Villanova, upon the death of their father, who died at Shenandoah, Pa., January 6, 1917, at the age of eighty-nine. At the funeral Father Dohan gave the absolution and delivered the sermon.

THE VILLANOVAN also extends its sympathy to Paul H., Martin M., and Evan V. Quinn on the death of their brother, Sydney T., who died at Baltimore, Md., December 21, 1916. At the funeral, which was held at Olean, N. Y., the President of the College was the celebrant of the Mass.

"BUFFALO BILL"

According to the Denver *Catholic Register,* as quoted by the *Catholic Standard and Times,* Col. William F. Cody, more familiarly known to Americans as "Buffalo Bill," who died in Denver, January 10, 1917, was at his own request baptized in the Catholic Church the day previous to his death. We are pleased to note that the ceremony of baptism was administered by a Villanova man, Rev. Christopher V. Walsh, '03, assistant rector of the Denver Cathedral, who has long been a friend of the Cody family. Father Walsh is to be congratulated on the success which his zeal has achieved.

PERSONALS

Rev. Patrick W. Riordan, ex-'02, assistant rector of St. Mary's Church, Glen Falls, N. Y., has been promoted by Bishop Cusack to the pastorate of St. John's Church, Newport, N. Y.

Charles Staudenmeir, ex-'17, recently passed the State of Pennsylvania law examinations.

James Koch, '16, is now in the draughting department of the Cambria Steel Company at Johnstown. He has also joined the ranks of the pedagogues by teaching night school in one of the extension courses of State College. Jim's family has moved to Atlantic City so that his future home will be there.

Frank Brady, '13, is now assistant supervisor of the Washington Branch of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

Joseph Curley, '13, Baltimore, Md., is in the building contracting business. Both Joe and Frank attended the Navy game at Annapolis.

John Kiley, '15, Chicago, spent a week in the East recently and visited Villanova. John was the picture of health and had many stories to tell the boys of the wild and woolly West.

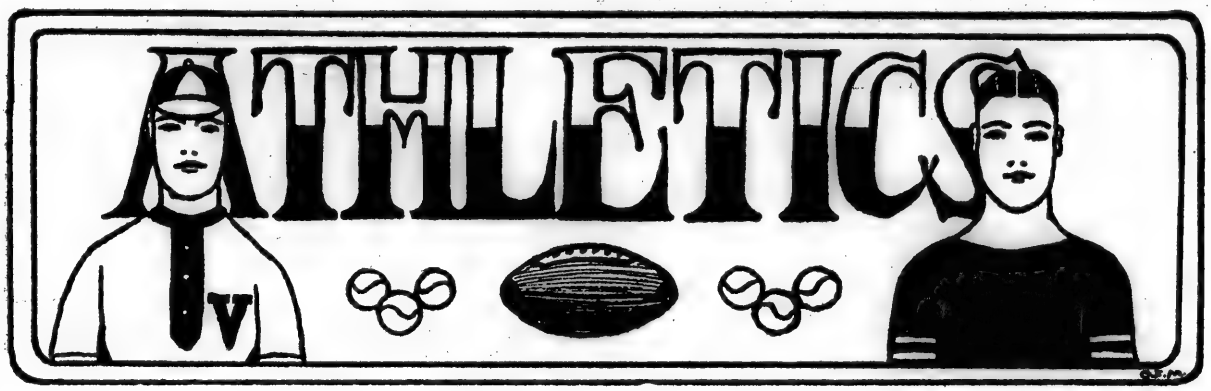
Anselm Marilley, '13, was with us for a few hours recently. Anselm is in the Valuation Department of the United States Government.

H. C. Durrshmidt, '13, is assistant mechanical engineer in a large velvet and satin mill in his home town, Derby, Conn. In addition he is conducting classes in mathematics and blue print reading for the employees of the plant.

John White, '09, dropped in to see us the other day. John looks fine and is still with the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company.

The following members of the Alumni renewed their acquaintances by a visit here recently: Father Corcoran, Rev. John V. Byrne, Dr. John Higgins, Dr. Joseph Harvey, William H. Eckenrode, Ralph Penrose, James R. Maynes, Joseph Scanlon, Martin McLoughlin, William Strauch, Dr. T. M. O'Rourke and George Wilson.

PAUL A. O'BRIEN, 18.



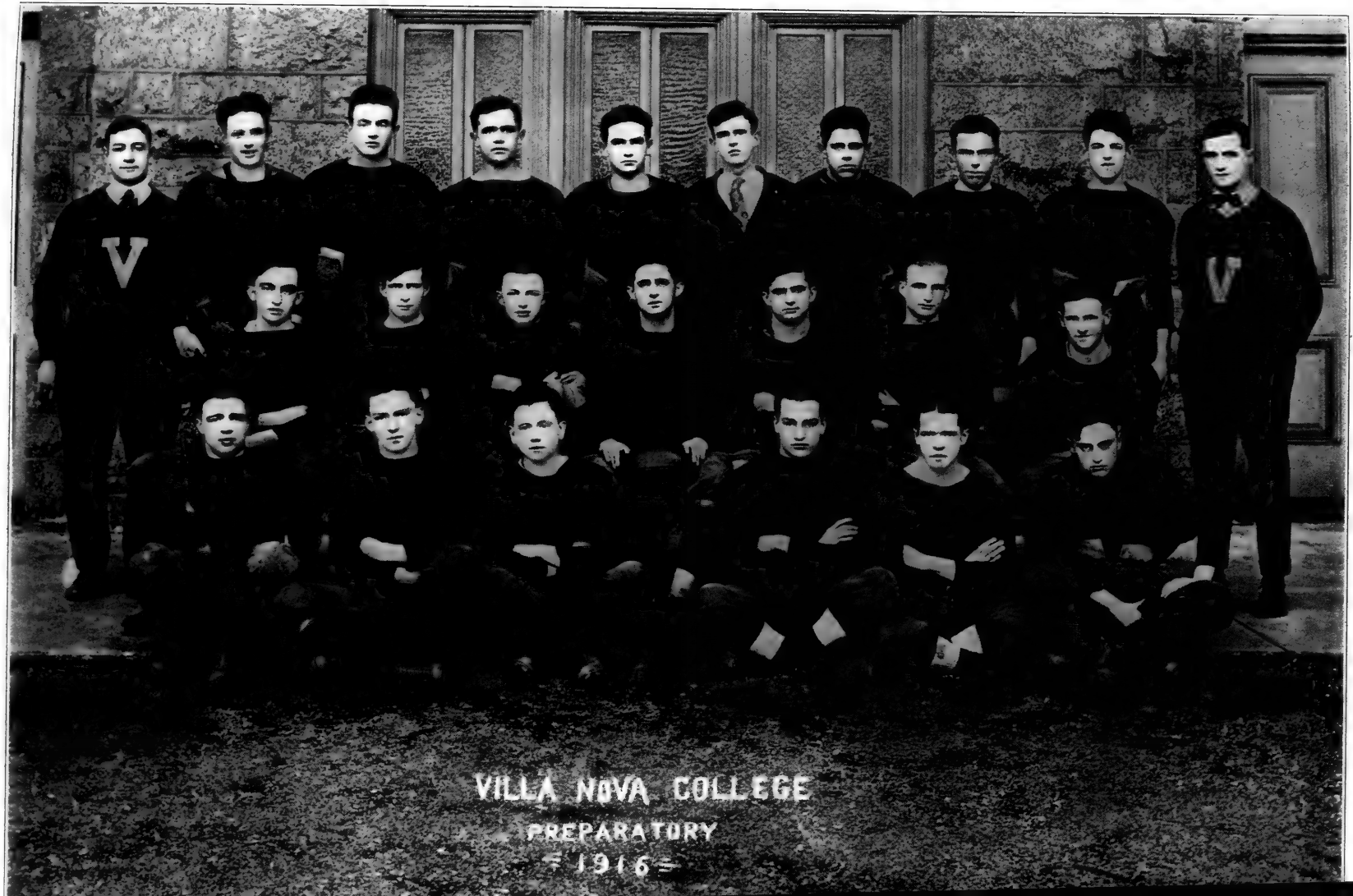
'Varsity Football

Now that the excitement and feeling incidental to the playing of the games is all over and a matter of history, we can afford to look back and consider the football season of 1916, not in a spirit of fault-finding but of stock-taking and calm appraisal. Right at the outset we must confess that it was one of the most disastrous seasons in the history of the college. It was likewise a great disappointment to all the friends of Villanova. To be sure there were few who expected a repetition of the successes of the championship team of the preceding year. Everyone realized that with the loss of Forst, Reap, Reagan, Thornton, Conway, Ward—all experienced players—the new coach would be greatly handicapped. But still despite this it was generally felt that the 'Varsity would win a majority of its games. Hence the great disappointment when only one victory was won, while a number of crushing defeats were chalked up against us.

There are not lacking explanations, however, to account for this poor showing. The team as a whole was very "green". The new men were very inexperienced and new to college football, besides being rather light. The coach, Mr. Bennis, was a new man and the veterans on the squad had to readjust themselves to different coaching methods, so that it required some time before one could look for smoothness in the team work.

These difficulties were to be expected, and if none others had intervened we would have made a more creditable showing. But luck was against us. Just as it appeared that things were beginning to go right, fate intervened in the form of injuries to the squad and our hopes were frustrated. The first game with Rutgers was a very hard one. It was played after only one week's practice, before the team had a chance to become hardened. While the only one to be injured in the game itself was Pat Fogarty, one of the men left over from last year and from whom much was expected, nevertheless the team as a whole received many bruises and hard knocks from which they never really recovered and which later on incapacitated them much. A week later they won their only game, that with Muhlenberg. Muhlenberg, as the records show this year, had one of the best teams in her existence, and the fact that Villanova succeeded in humbling them proves that the team had the inherent power, and indicates better than anything else what it would have done if other factors had not intervened. The succeeding game was with Lebanon Valley, another hard team; this year stronger than ever. Right at the start of the game Hartigan, one of the new men, who had already proven himself a tower on the defense, had the misfortune to have his ankle broken. The game was lost after a bitter struggle, but the team was badly shattered and never really recovered. Catholic University next met and defeated Villanova. The Washingtonians had a well-balanced, well-coached team, and when the smoke of the battle blew away they had scored twenty points to our seven.

By this time the team was in pretty bad shape both physically and mentally. Besides several of the men being hurt, the *morale* of the team was shattered and Mr. Bennis, realizing this, decided not to lay so much stress on the Army and Navy games, as had been the practice heretofore, but to nurse along the cripples and to present the strongest team possible for the Fordham game. To assist in the accomplishment of this purpose Pat Reagan, captain of the 1915 team, was summoned to return and take charge of the line. Pat's presence acted like a tonic and his instruc-


VILLA NOVA COLLEGE
PREPARATORY
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PREP. FOOTBALL TEAM, 1916

Top Row, left to right—Arthur Lucas, Coach; Mullan, Bonev, Kerns, C. McCarthy; Logan, Manager; L. McCarthy, O'Connell, McDermott, Dougherty, Assistant Coach.
Middle Row, left to right—Dunn, Murphy, Blanchfield; Vogt, Captain; Laptich, Maguire, Christie.
Bottom Row, left to right—Wasilko, O'Brien, Farrell, Norton, Burgoyne, MacEvatt.

tions were eagerly received, and the team began to find itself and show improvement. The wisdom of these moves was seen on Thanksgiving day. Fordham finally won the game, 14-7, but only after the hardest fought football game ever played on the Maroon's field. It was the first victory Fordham had gained over Villanova since 1908, and it was not a clean-cut victory at that. Villanova clearly outplayed their opponents, but again the fates decided otherwise and we had to be satisfied with the short end. Had we had the breaks of the game or the benefit of several doubtful decisions on the part of the officials the outcome might have been different.

Although the team as a whole did not make an enviable reputation several members of the squad played sterling football and deserved a better fate. Captain Lynch, who was mentioned last year as being of All-American calibre, played good football all year and deserves special mention. A few others who stood out prominently were Hughie McGeehan, Hartigan, Ewing, and last but not least Charlie McGuckin. Charlie was handicapped greatly by injuries this season. When he reported in September he was injured and it was only his pluck and undeniable spirit that kept him in the game. Nevertheless he played brilliant football all season and it was his field goal that won our only game. At the end of the season McGuckin was selected to lead the 1917 eleven. A better selection could not have been made, for if any eleven follows Captain McGuckin they stand an even chance to win.

It is, of course, rather early to speculate on the chances for next year of a victorious eleven. The coaching problem still remains to be solved and that, of course, is an all-important factor. Most of the new men will have gained by the year's experience, and that will be an advantage. Several will be lost from this year's squad, but the advantage of a larger number of seasoned men will more than offset their loss. Again, next year the mistake of scheduling a heavy eleven so early in the season will be avoided. Taking it all in all it would appear that next year on the gridiron Villanova will be able to give a better account of herself.

"Prep" Football

In direct contrast to the 'Varsity the Prep team of 1916 enjoyed one of the best seasons in the history of the institution. Seven games were played, four of which were victories for Villanova, while one resulted in a tie score. At first glance this record may not seem so brilliant, but when all factors are considered it will be seen that "Dutch" Forst's squad made an enviable showing. The four victories were over representative teams, teams of first-class calibre, three of which were much heavier than the Preps. The two defeats which were chalked up against the Preps were at the hands of teams which were greatly superior in weight, namely: Hill School and Wenonah Military Academy. The scores in both instances were very close, so that the defeats should not be considered disgraceful.

At the beginning of the season Arthur Forst, former captain of the 'Varsity, was selected to take charge of the squad. "Dutch" had played four years of sterling football in the back field at Villanova and was well qualified for the task before him. He really did wonderful work in developing the team, which at the beginning of the year appeared to be very green and light.

The squad, however, was fairly fast and "Dutch" immediately took advantage of this to develop an open style of play which was perfected to a high degree, special stress being laid on the forward pass. Again, the team was very aggressive, worked well together as one unit and under the spell of "Dutch" Forst's personality acquired his characteristic fighting spirit; and to these qualities is due its success.

The opening game with Northeast Manual Training School, of Philadelphia, resulted in a scoreless tie, but both teams were greatly handicapped by a heavy rain which fell all afternoon and made open work impossible. The next game was an easy victory for the Preps over their old rivals, Catholic High School, the final score being 31-0.

The most notable victories of the season were those over the strong Bethlehem Prep and Williamson Trade Schools. The former lost to Villanova by the score, 6-0. They far outweighed our boys and it required brilliant defensive play on the part of the Prep team to stop the upstaters from scoring. The winning streak was continued through the remainder of the season; the Preps defeating Williamson by the score of 16-9, and winding up the season at Chester by winning, 8-0.

The halfbacks, Pete Dunn and Blanchfield, are regarded as two of the best in this vicinity. Pete did most of the punting and is also a good man on the defence. He has been chosen to captain the 1917 team. Blanchfield is a splendid open field runner and is responsible for most of the scoring which the team has done this season. The little fellow is one of the best halfbacks that ever wore the Red and Black, and time after time he wriggled and squirmed away for a long run that ultimately spelled victory. His playing was always spectacular and furnished a treat to be long remembered by all who saw him. Captain Voigt proved himself a consistent line plunger.

The line also measured up to the standard. From end to end every man played hard, consistent football. The work of the ends, Murphy and Kerns, was largely responsible for the air-tight defence presented by the Preps.

The following men received the V. P.: Murphy, Kerns, McDermott, J. McCarthy, C. McCarthy, Wasilko, Taptich, Brennan, Boney, Christie, Ford, Dunn, Blanchfield, and Voigt.

Baseball

Immediately after the Mid-years Coach McGeehan issued a call for 'Varsity battery candidates to report in the Gym for indoor work. At the same time he announced the schedule for the season. It is somewhat longer than usual, twenty-two games having already been arranged, while seven others are pending. It appears to be one of the most attractive schedules ever arranged for the White and Blue and has met with enthusiastic approval on the part of all. Among the colleges listed several appear for the first time, such as Haverford and Lock Haven. Others appear after a long absence, as Rutgers, Lafayette, and Georgetown. While the last two games are still pending, Mr. McGeehan hopes, within a short time, to close them definitely. The games with Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Fordham, Catholic University, Mount St. Joseph, and Manhattan will be played as usual.

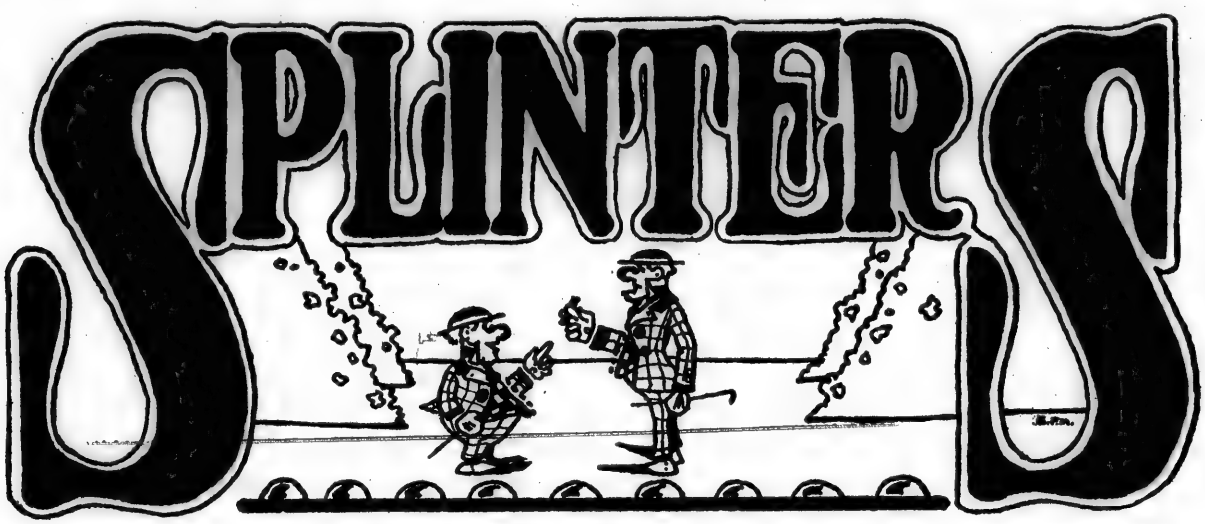
Though the schedule is a heavy one Coach McGeehan looks forward to a successful season; for he has the nucleus of a strong team in the veterans of last year's squad, and in addition hopes to find some promising material among the freshmen.

The members of the 1916 team who are eligible for this year's team are: Henry, catcher; Molyneaux, Sheehan, McInerney, pitchers; Murray, McCullian, McGuckin, McGeehan, infielders; Dougherty, outfielder, and Kirsch, Domminey, and Goodwin, utility men. Eddie McCullian will captain the team. The schedule follows:

March 31—Princeton at Princeton.
April 4—Haverford at Haverford.
" 11—Haverford at Home.
" 14—Ursinus at Collegeville.
" 21—Gettysburg at Home.
" 25—Rutgers at New Brunswick.
" 27—Mount St. Joseph at Baltimore.
" 28—Catholic University at Washington.
May 1—U. of P. at Philadelphia.
" 2—Alumni at Home.
" 5—Manhattan at Home.
" 12—Fordham at New York.
" 16—Lehigh at South Bethlehem.
" 17—Catholic University at Home.
" 19—Dickinson at Home.
" 23—Lock Haven Normal at Lock Haven.
" 24—Penn State at State College.
" 25—Dickinson at Carlisle.
" 26—Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
June 2—Ursinus at Home.
" 5—Lebanon Valley at Home.
" 6—Mount St. Joseph at Home.

Games are pending with Army, Georgetown, Lafayette, Seton Hall, and Pennsylvania Military College.

John J. Dougherty, '18.



FROM DAD

Dear Son: The time it takes your dad
To scribble off a check,
You'd save for him if you would keep
Your hands from Satan's deck.
The profs' cigars for which you wrote
Last night were on their way.
I hope the means attain the end
On examination day.
Be careful of that Campistry
The sun might set you mad;
And then you could not use the check
Enclosed by your dear Dad.

C. McG., '18.

* * *

Beware of the yellow perils!

* * *

Jack: "I'm going to join the Debating Society to learn how to talk upon my feet."

Tom: "Don't you think that's a rather *broad* subject."

* * *

Prof.: "What is H_2PO_3 the symbol of?"

Student: "Two hits and three put outs."

* * *

Charlie Jones may not be a poet, but he's a real Longfellow.

* * *

The Procurator of Villanova College like all Bakers (k)needs dough.

* * *

Sheerer has been taking *French* instructions for the last few months. He apparently knows the subject well, as he is able to carry on lengthy conversations.

Doctor Magee: "Mr. Ewing, what is the meaning of optimist?"

Ewing: "Why, a person who sells glasses."

* * *

Hartigan is still wondering what the ladies at the cabaret which he visited in New York, did with the backs of their gowns.

* * *

Owing to unforeseen difficulties, the tournament being held by the African Golf Club was called off before the semi-final round could be started. A committee had a conference with the President concerning the matter, but nothing has been done since. Dan McInerney a prominent participant in the tournament, who is known for his difficult shots, has returned from a post-Christmas vacation.

* * *

Professor (in History of Philosophy): "What was the name of Aristotle's mother?"

Student (stalling): "Why—er—, Mrs. Aristotle."

* * *

Professor: "Who wrote Gray's Elegy?"

George B.: "I did know; but I have forgotten."

* * *

The Seniors are living *high* this year. They are all on the fourth floor.

* * *

Editor: "Why is the basket-ball team like the Russian army?"

McCullian: "Because it's much bothered by the Poles."

(Wanted a new gymnasium!)

Charley Malone looks good as a White Hope. "Spook" says that he has a terrific jab.

* * *

Teacher: "Did God give grace to Adam in the garden of Eden?"

Student: "No. Eve was given to him."

* * *

Ralph: "How do you like the gold vegetable dish on our table?"

Harold: "What do you mean by 'gold'?"

Ralph: "Sure! Don't you see it has twenty-two carrots in it?"

* * *

O believe me if only this Ethics exam
Which I gaze on so sadly to-day
Were on some distant island and not where I am
Then my heart would be happy and gay.
Thou would'st not be abhorred as this moment thou art,
Nor my mind with perplexities fill
Had I cut out the skating so dear to my heart
And had bent to my work with a will.

J. D., '17.

* * *

The Freshmen called the degree team of the Engineering Society counterfeiters, because they gave them a bad (s)cent.

* * *

It is the duty of a captain to argue all points of dispute. Note the wisdom of our letter men in electing McGuckin captain of next year's 'Varsity. Charley is the best "kicker" in the East.

* * *

All the boys like to visit Sheehan, for he has a No. 1 room.

* * *

Who sent us in the following: "Since the Chicago courts have decided that Bacon wrote the plays generally attributed to Shakespeare, any one purloining a set of these works should be charged with 'Bringing Home the Bacon.'"

* * *

"I enjoy skating, John; but there is one difficulty, John. When I wish to turn around and go in the other direction, John, I have to take off my skates, John." You're right, Jim. Indeed you are Jim.

Visitor (entering Editor's room): "Why do you scratch your head so often?"

Editor: "I am searching for splinters."

* * *

Father Driscoll: "Stewart, were you out last night?"

Stewart: "No, Father, I was in 'Mac's' room."

Father Driscoll: "Now, don't try to fool me. We were looking for him, too."

* * *

The proprietor of the College Shop says that, owing to the high cost of living, some of his pies may be "raisin".

* * *

ADVENTURES OF FATIMA AND PRINCE ALBERT, BY TOBI ACCO.

It was *Between the Acts,* when *Fatima* and *Prince Albert* escaped from the *Duke's Mixture* at *Omar.* They caught the *Polar Bear, Cycle* bound for *Piedmont.* On the way *Prince Albert* lost his *Tuxedo* and was obliged to wear *Velvet, Day and Night.* Their escape was discovered by *Lord Salisbury,* who notified the *Little Recruits* under *Lord Chesterfield.* The *Union Leader* mustered *The Recruits* and in addition received help from *Five Brothers* and a *Red Man.* The fugitives stole a *Camel* and rode to the *Oasis* where they received the aid of the *Turkish Trophies* who first prayed to *Helmar,* god of the *Egyptian Deities,* that *Hassan* and his *Moguls* would soon arrive, so as to be in time for the *Stag* at *Bull Durham.*

Both armies met at *Twin Oaks,* the *Mecca* of the west. The battle waged fiercely for hours and the *Climax* was reached when *Zira* beheaded *Melachrino* with a *Battleax* by a *Long Cut.* The *Counselor* with *Romeo and Juliet* fled *Pall Mall* to *Cinco* where they appealed to *Philip Morris,* at the *Sweet Caporal,* for aid. *Robert Burns* with a fresh pack of *Nebo's* brought the battle to an end when he took a *44* from a *Greenback* and killed *Lord Chesterfield.*

The *Sensation* of the campaign was witnessed when *Fatima* and *Prince Albert* received their *Liberty* from *Henrietta* who presented the bride with an *Havana Ribbon,* one of the greatest of *Egyptian Luxuries.* Thus ended the reign of the *Royal Nestors.*

L. H., '18.
EDGAR DRACH, '18.

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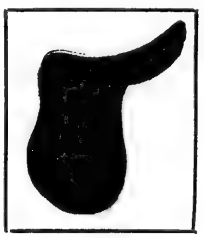
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1913	473,987.00	604,768.00	381,685.00	57,166	13,931,720.00
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THE VILLANOVAN

VOL. I. APRIL, 1917 No. 3

TO APRIL

(A Horatian Ode)

By SYLVESTER MARTIN

Sweet infant, blustery March's child!
Thou keep'st me marveling
How daughter gentle from a sire so wild
Could ever spring.

Stern conflict was thy sire's delight
Of wind and snow and hail—
To make the warring skies with loud affright
The earth assail.

Nature, thy graces to prefer,
Her daintiest hues bestows—
Green delicate, pale gold, wan lavender,
Couleur de rose.

Thy painted robes, that zephyrs toss,
Our wondering praise engage—
Blood roots, hepaticas, the pyxie moss,
And saxifrage.

Thy chaplet, necklace, girdle zone,
Are fair, mixt broidery—
Arbutus, trillium, primrose, and the lone
Anemone!

Fleet shower and sunshine, light and shade,
In turns thy hours arrange;
For task in play thy tender age was made—
Diverting change.

Age-hardened kin bear blast and blight,
When rage deforms the year;
Thy flitting joys and glooms chase swift and light
From smile to tear.

From tear to smile, from frown to gladness,
Varies anon thy mood.
O happy child! thou quite forgettest sadness
In finding good!

Others may reap reward of toil
In harvest ripe full scope;
The fairest flower of all blooms in thy soil:
Thou—thou hast Hope!

A VISION OF GETHSEMANE

By JOHN F. BURNS

And he said to them, "Hear my dream which I have dreamed."—GEN. xxxvii, 6.

In a little valley near Jerusalem, there stood the remains of an ancient garden. It was sunk in the gloom of twilight, while darkness and desolation crept around. Here, not far from a little brook, there sat an old man, buried deep in thought. "Some place such as this must have witnessed the commencement of that sacred tragedy which has embraced the whole world." And musing thus a gentle slumber came upon him, and sleeping, he dreamed a dream.

He fancied himself beside the very rock whose shadow now enveloped him. And as he sat there far into the night, meditating on the same sacred subject, the pale moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down. Her silvery beams shrouded the garden with a loveliness marvelously weird and sublime. The flickering shadows, the rippling brook dancing in the moon-light, lent a ghostly and shivery element to the night. The place became wrapped in ecstasy, as it were, before the beauteous serenity of nature. It seemed as though the stars were on the watch and the night breezes held their breath when "Soft through the stilly night, ere slumbers chains had bound him," the strains of heavenly music came floating all around him. Almost inaudibly they rose and fell in mournful and soul-stirring cadences. The sweet melody, singularly sad and plaintive, seemed to hover a little below him near the brook, and ere it died away, his old eyes were glistening with tears.

Suddenly, he started, and gazed trembling in the direction of the brook. A moment later he had fallen, almost lifeless; for there where the music had ceased stood the Saviour Himself, with Peter and James and John. When after a long time he recovered, all was again deserted and still. The uneasy silence now so preyed upon him that he was about to retrace his steps, when again emerging all alone from the shadows across the brook, appeared the white-robed figure of the Saviour. But what a transformation! Indeed, He appeared sorrowful, even unto death, as He paused, and looked wistfully backward with suffering and disappointed longing in His gaze. "Consolantem me quaesivi, et non inveni eum." The words, so plaintively spoken, aroused the old man from his stupor. "The Garden of Olives!" he whispered and trembled. There, a little beyond the Saviour, indistinct in the shadows across the brook, were the forms of the three Apostles stretched out in sleep. And Jesus, standing now by the side of the brook, seemed like one "seized with the horror of a vision by night, when sleep is wont to hold men, and fear came upon Him, and trembling." Covering His face with His hands, He falls upon His knees. There, all alone in the gloom and silence, He becomes afraid and lonesome. Yearning for some little mark of friendship, some token of sympathy, He stretches His arms imploringly to the Apostles. But they sleep on. Stifling the sobs of bitterness, He turned weakly away, and "weeping He wept long in the darkness, and tears ran down his cheeks for that none of those that were dear to Him, were there to console Him." His whole body, crushed with the suffering and bitter disappointment, became weak and limp. "My people, what have I done to thee, or in what have I grieved thee?" He cries.

His suffering was now so terrible that he could not endure it longer. And He rose and started toward the Apostles, to beg them only to come and watch with Him, but stopped. He could not stand another refusal. He fell upon His knees before a rock. There He knelt with His arms weakly outstretched, staring piteously to Heaven for sympathy and aid. Even there He was denied, and with a sob His head sank between His arms. No dear one to pity Him! No one even to see him suffer! Nobody cared. Why, then, should He suffer so. Oh, the agony of that temptation! And He struggled with it, all alone in the darkness, with only the poor, dumb moonbeams to caress His bowed head, as they played in His golden hair, and His agony became indescribable.

A mysterious signal had gone up from the fateful garden, as it were a trumpet call to the nations. Driven on the four winds of wrath, a

mighty tempest of crimes arose. Thunders of blasphemy reverberated, lightnings of impurity hissed and darted. Every odious, sordid, obscene thing that flesh exhales or hell vomits forth, was coming. And yonder, under the terrific downpour, the lowly and defenceless Saviour quivered. For one hour, in all the ages, malediction howled in fiendish glee around His soul. And with terror, He lifted His head and looked round about Him for some protection. The trees stood out black and solemn against the whiteness of the dust and stones. And through the shadows, dark, execrable shapes were stealing. Right past the bodies of the Apostles, the goblin forms advanced, a horrible spectacle, with their leering, grinning faces made hideous by the moonlight. And the Saviour, seeing even us among His tormentors, moaned again, "My people, what have I done to thee, or in what have I grieved thee?" But only the mocking jibes of the demons replied, shrieking derisive hymns of praise. "Arise, O God and let Thy hand be exalted. O God, who shall be like to thee?" And the Saviour was silent. "Hold not the peace. O God. For lo! Thy enemies have triumphed, and they that hate Thee, will devour Thee." A deadly fear came upon Him, wringing His soul. Then the earth was silent, and the heavens astonished, and "His sweat became as drops of blood, trickling down upon the ground. Then, the Saviour spoke, "Father, all things are possible to thee. Let this chalice pass. And yet, not my will, but thine, be done." And the dream was over.

THE EASTER WALK IN "FAUST"

(*From the German of Goethe.*)

By JOHN V. DOMMINEY

The sparkling brooks and streamlets dance
Beneath fair Spring's enlivening glance;
The vales are dotted o'er with green.
Old Winter shrinks with frightened mien
Back to the rugged mountain's pale
And sends a dying shower of hail,
That clothes the glebe in striped design,
Soon melting in the warm sunshine.
On hills and meadows, stirring life
Makes all things gay with colors rife.

Along the river's bank parade
Gay groups in silken dress arrayed.
Turn round! and from this lofty height
Observe the throng, in colors bright,
That presses from the city gate
With spirits light to celebrate
Th' ascension of the Lord sublime
Within the joyous Easter-time.

They, too, arise from narrow lanes,
From cheerless rooms with darkened panes,
From labor and from burdening care,
From gables close and attics bare,
From tawdry shops—cheap goods displayed,
From sacred night of church's shade.
Lo! all come forth to genial light,
Where streams run free and glades invite.
See how adroit the scattering thorn
Disperse the woods and fields among!
Upon the river's surface floats
A fleet of gaily tossing boats;
Each one o'erladen setting out,
While merry voices sing and shout.
Upon the mountain's winding trail,
Bright garments flutter in the gale;
Tumultuous the laughter rings—
Ah! this is heaven that Easter brings!
Happy, both great and small rejoice
Who answer Nature's luring voice.

MEMOIR OF THE VERY REV. NICHOLAS J. MURPHY, O.S.A.

LATE AUGUSTINIAN PROVINCIAL

By CHARLES MOORE

A LONG, religious life, of unfailing activity and unquenchable ardor, has just been crowned by the triumph of a Christian death. To enter into the delicate beauties of this pious soul is as grateful to the biographer as to transmit results worthily to the reader is difficult. The servant of God, whose memoir is here attempted, did duty in such a variety of honored posts in his Master's kingdom, that the contemplation of his life is rewarded by a multitude of lessons equally salutary and inspiring.

The Very Rev. Nicholas J. Murphy, O. S. A., the revered Provincial of the Augustinian Fathers, whose sudden summons by death on the nineteenth of the month before last was a severe shock to all who knew him, was born June 15, 1855. Thus his life extended over three score years, though lacking the remnant of the half-score added by the Psalmist as the full complement of man's years. While all too short to the host of friends who mourn his loss, his life possessed an amplitude granted to few of the sons of men to enjoy. It is, therefore, especially rich in that plenitude of development and diversity of application which could engage a mind so energetic and a heart so eager for opportunity of religious usefulness. Hence the abundance of Christian inspiration that can be drawn, as from a full-flowing fountain, from the contemplation of his pious activities, now enforced, illuminated, and peculiarly brought home to us on this occasion of his recent decease.

His separation from the world to the special consecration of a religious career extends for the space of almost half a century. Had he been spared to this earthly scene but one year longer, he could have celebrated his Jubilee. There is a most agreeable satisfaction in surveying his progress through the various stages of his life as a religious. As novice, professed, priest, missionary, rector, provincial, he eminently distinguished himself by his keen intellect, zealous spirit, and untiring diligence. That his vocation was a true one is evinced by every step of his career. Like Samuel, the Hebrew prophet, he early answered God's call to the religious life. In response to the holy summons, his God-fearing parents sent him at the beginning of his teens to pursue his education for the priesthood at our College of Villanova. Step by step he advanced in due gradation; post after post he filled with exemplary fidelity and ability, until he was duly honored with the highest position of his order—the Provincialship. Though he occupied this pre-eminent place scarcely three years, yet the sense of justice in the human breast is gratified to find that he who best merited had been suitably rewarded.

In the pursuance of his pastoral duties, Father Murphy exhibited, as parish priest, all the qualities of the spiritual father, the true guide of his flock, the heavenly intercessor. St. Mary's, Lawrence, Mass., St. John's, Schaghticoke, N. Y. St. Augustine's, Philadelphia, the Augustinian Academy at Staten Island, which he founded, and the Church of St. Nicholas of Tolentine in the Bronx, New York City—all bear testimony to his unwearied labors both of spiritual counsel and practical industry. The thorough renovation and refurbishing of the famous, old, historical church of St. Augustine's, Philadelphia, in its union of sensible alteration and beautiful adornment, is a monument of his sagacious diligence. The erection of a shrine at this place, in order to establish the great devotion to Our Lady of Good Counsel, is a perfect mark of his ardent zeal in the cause of true religion. His devoted attachment to the Mother of God was also shown in his founding the monthly magazine, *"Our Lady of Good Counsel."* This excellent periodical was especially interested in spreading the beautiful devotion to Our Lady, so signalized by the miraculous picture solemnly entrusted to the sons of St. Augustine.

But no portrait of Father Murphy would be at all complete, that did not portray the complementary image of his character. In addition to his priestly side, there was his human side, like the obverse and reverse of a medal. As a man among men, Father Murphy endeared himself

to his friends with the sunshine of his genial personality. This feeling was not confined to any exclusive set, but was shared alike by the members of his Order, by his parishioners, and by his acquaintances in the world at large. No stiffness marred his address, no stiltedness his manner, no exclusiveness his attitude. His affability, accessibility, and adaptability were remarked by all, and met everywhere with appreciative response. He abounded in human sympathy, and ever felt the unlimited brotherhood of man, because he realized intimately in his own holy life the Fatherhood of God.

OUR NATION'S VOICE

By JONATHAN JUNIOR

The war will soon be with us! Late and soon
Prepare we all to devastate the powers
Arrayed against us. Let us spend our hours
In giving to our Nation's need the boon
Of hand and heart. Thus some their rede attune;
Whilst others, peaceful, tell how they abhor
The ghastly horrors of this Modern war—
The trench, the submarine, machine balloon,
The murderous gas. Yet this divided view
Will give a voice united, that will rise
With loyal answer in necessity:
"Great God! a stock, a stone I'd rather be
Than not respond unto my country's cries
And yield life to preserve her honor due."

THE KNIGHT AND THE PRINCESS

(An Irish Folk-Romance)

Re-told by JOSEPH CURLEY

In Ireland, far, far o'er the sea,
There dwells a bonny kynge;
And with him a young and comely knight—
Men call him Syr Culléne.

—Old Ballad.

CHAPTER I.

Le Gage d'Amour.

Many, many hundred years ago there lived at the court of the king of Ireland the valiant knight, Syr Cullene. Endued with every attraction of person and every accomplishment of chivalry, he yet lacked the requisite position of high birth that should enable him to win the hand of the fair Crystabelle, Princess of Ireland. For Syr Cullene but served the wine at the king's table; yet whenever his eyes fell on the beautiful daughter of his sovereign, seated at her father's right hand, his blood flowed with a redder blush to his cheek than was the ruddy wine he carried.

One day after Mass, as the king was about to dine, he missed the familiar face of his favorite cup-bearer.

"Where is Syr Cullene," asked he, "who is wont to serve the wine?"

"Syr Cullene is sorely sick," answered a courtier, wringing his hands, "and is likely to die, without good leeching."

"Daughter dear," said her father to Crystabelle, "thou art a skilled leech. Go to Syr Cullene. Take him white bread and red wine and healing herbs; for I am loth to lose him."

The princess, indeed, was a most learned and accomplished lady. Beautiful was she in countenance beyond the fairest maidens of the realm; most graceful in person withal; wise, gentle, and courteous in manner and disposition. As was fitting, the most cunning masters had been summoned from the ends of the earth to perfect the native acuteness and comprehensiveness of her genius. Already was she mistress of the seven sciences of that day. She could maintain a dispute, in any learned language assigned, with the greatest scholars from the mediaeval universities, whether the subject were chronology, or topography, or philosophy, or *belles lettres,* or botany, or geometry, or astronomy. In music, the brilliancy and perfection of her voice outrivaled that of the most famous professional singers; while her touch on lute, dulcimer, and psaltery drew forth the sweetest and most expressive tones. In good sooth, Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Wellesley,—nay! the Radcliffe Annex, or the Barnard Annex, or Girton, or the Newnham Foundation—could not furnish her equal in these boasted days. In accordance with the manners of the period, the princess was, like all ladies of rank in her time, highly skilled in the medical art.

To woo such a paragon of womanhood for wife, royal and noble suitors—kings and princes, dukes and barons—came from all regions of the world. But not one had yet touched her heart. She rejected all proffers.

Now, the Princess Crystabelle was as discreet as she was beautiful and accomplished. It was the common gossip of the castle (her maidens informed her) among those who had observed Syr Cullene's glances and actions that he lay sick for love of her. Consequently, the princess was in a quandary whether to ignore the knight for his presumption or to fulfil her duty to the call of suffering. Finally, she solved the difficulty of her situation by purposing at once to obey her father's behest and to cure the love-lorn swain by rebuking his folly.

Attended by her maidens, she entered the sick chamber. There they found the knight prostrate on the bed moaning his last sigh.

"Sir Knight, what aileth thee?" asked the princess.

"Fair lady," answered Cullene, "it is for love of thee that I suffer such anguish."

"Arise, man, for shame! Wottest thou not that 'tis treason for a base carl to aspire to the hand of a princess—her father's only heir?"

Now, Cullene, though only the cup-bearer to the king and son of a squire of low degree, was so fond of knightly exercises that he had attracted the attention of the famous knight, Syr Traherne of Aberfraw, who trained him

thoroughly in all the modes of chivalry. So apt was Cullene that not one of his own age could vie with him in hunting or tourney. He had already been dubbed knight by reason of his skill, and proved himself worthy of the honor at many a joust. Nathless, never had he performed in earnest an exploit that would bring him world-wide renown. A knight was he in name only, not yet in act. Could he but win fame by some feat of signal prowess—if his name were on all men's lips—then might he justly aspire to the hand of the princess.

In view of these considerations, Syr Cullene ventured this reply:

"Alas, lady! thou art a king's daughter, and I am not thy peer. But bid me do some deed of arms that I may be thy bachelor. If I cannot give thee my life, let me sacrifice it in thy service."

On hearing this wonderful devotion of the knight, a sudden thought struck the princess. What had seemed at first a great evil to herself could be turned into a great good for her country.

"Sir Knight," said she, "watch till midnight by the lone thorn on the down. There meet the foul paynim giant, the Eldridge knight, who harasses, plunders, and murders the good travelers of the king's highway. Overcome him in single combat. Thou must essay it alone, for all others are in mortal fear of the dread ogre. Then shalt thou win marvelous praise from all men, and thy deed will be spoken of for all time."

"For thy sake, fair lady," replied Syr Cullene, "this night will I watch on the Eldridge down. And I will either fetch thee a sure token or never see thee more."

Hereupon the princess and her maidens withdrew. Syr Cullene forthwith sprang from his bed, arrayed himself in knightly armor, and departed to Eldridge down—there to wake all night by the spectral thorn.

CHAPTER II.

The Adventure by the Spectral Thorn.

Syr Cullene paced steadily up and down his lone watch on the wild moor. The night was involved in darkness, with only an occasional ray of light to break the thick gloom. Great piles of black clouds scudded over the heavens, by turns concealing and revealing the beams of the stars. The frequent gusts of wind portended a tempest. Several hours must elapse before the unrisen moon could reach the eastern hill-tops. Unwholesome vapors steamed upward from the fens and increased the darkness and confusion of the wild night.

Suddenly Syr Cullene was aware of a glimmer on the heath, by which objects were indistinctly visible. This he could not attribute wholly to the intermittent intervals of star-shine. As he looked round to ascertain the cause, his eyes fixed with the amazement of superstition on the spectral thorn, that stood solitary on the down, in remote isolation from the neighboring forest. What ailed the thorn-bush? A weird, romantic, picturesque object it ever was. Even the ill-boding crow, which chooses the most blasted, withered, and desolate tree for its perch, refused to alight on its writhen boughs. Stunted and warped, its distorted branches were wrenched, like the wild wringing of agonized hands of one who had been unwilling witness of frightful tragedies. But now, as Syr Cullene gazed on it, the bush appeared weirder than ever. Strange, eery globules of light danced and played, quivered and flickered, at the end of every twisted twig and pointed thorn, giving it a ghostly appearance.

As he surveyed these curious circumstances, still stranger phenomena presented themselves. The mists assumed all sorts of forms weird, direful, threatening. Unearthly monsters and uncanny demons were momently evolved out of the fantastic writhings of the vapors—supernatural beings, that perpetually changed their shapes and shifted their postures. Chimeras, dragons, and griffins—creatures consisting of the bearded heads of lions, the scaly bodies of crocodiles, the leathern wings of vampires, the crooked talons of eagles, the coiling tails of serpents—flew over his head, emitting lurid sparks from their nostrils and a noisome, venomous breath. Ghosts, ghouls, and goblins frowned in wrath, grinned in derision, or pointed long, skinny fingers of scorn at his quest. One mocked, another threatened, a third challenged.

To increase his terror and alarm, there was added the din of discordant noises. Confused sounds compassed him about on all sides. They would change the direction whence they came

with such suddenness that it was impossible for him to locate them with exactness. He would turn round in answer to a call in one direction, only to be assaulted with an explosion in the opposite direction. Sounds were before him, behind him, on either side. They descended from the air above, they rose from the ground beneath his feet. Sometimes they would take the form of inarticulate noises—dull detonations benumbing his brain or sharp reports stunning his ears. At other times, they would be articulate voices that uttered distinct words, mocking his foolhardy enterprise or warning him to desist from his purpose.

Meanwhile, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the tempest threatened. It seemed as if the natural and the supernatural were both in league against the doughty young knight. At every flash, the lurid lightning lit up some livid countenance, hideous against the dark background of the night. But the intrepid cavalier kept his heart undaunted. He yielded to no obstacle, he was deterred by no danger. His high commission involved a threefold attraction of irresistible appeal. It enabled him at once to serve his country, to win personal renown, and to gain the favor of the princess. Supported by the great idea that filled his soul, he determined, with stout resolution and with unswerving firmness, to submit to no enemy but Death. Had his heart wavered, he would have fallen before the forces of evil arrayed against him. For the impending storm and the supernatural menaces were but the effects of a mighty enchanter, the friend of the Eldridge giant, who held sway over the blasted heath. But the wicked arts of the sorcerer were powerless to harm a sincere and loyal heart.

CHAPTER III.

The Midnight Combat.

However much the tempest threatened it never broke. At midnight the rack dispersed, the wind died down, and the moon, waning though still bright, rose on the eastern horizon, bathing the fields in a flood of silver.

Suddenly the shrill blast of a bugle broke the silence of the night, awakening the thousand echoes of forest and hillside. Then a huge, dark shadow, as of a moving tower, fearfully lengthened by the horizontal rays of the moon, fell athwart the silvered plain. Fixed attentive by the strange sight and sound, Syr Cullene soon descried the fell Eldridge giant riding toward him on a charger of Brobdingnagian proportions —truly the tower-endorsed elephant of the Epic rhymer. Beside the giant, on a milk-white palfrey with golden harness rode his attendant damsel—a lady wondrous fair and gay and bright, clad in a rich kirtle of white samite, all sparkling with gorgeous embroidery of rubies and emeralds, of sapphires and topazes.

When the giant perceived that Syr Cullene was on foot, he dismounted and tied his horse to a great sycamore on the edge of the wood that bordered the open moor. This did he rather in disdain of his puny opponent than through chivalrous love of fair play.

"Fly, dog of a Christian!" cried the monster, approaching with thundering pace, "or this spear shall drink thy life's blood."

"By my faith, miscreant! I will not," replied our knight, unflinchingly. "Since thou challengest not in Christ's name, I dread thee not."

They rushed in fierce onset against each other, each trying with his lance to find out the weak spot in the other's armor. So furiously clashed the onslaught that their spears were soon shivered to pieces against the opposing shields.

Their good swords they then drew. Blows rained so fast that helm, hauberk, and shield were well nigh hewn to shreds. In spite of his adversary's vastly superior size and strength, Syr Cullene's prowess was so great that the contest so far was an even match. The giant was astonished that he had at last found a foe who could withstand him so long.

The paynim then forced the fight with impetuous ferocity. But the undaunted Syr Cullene, sustained by his great love for the fair princess whose bachelor he was, with a backward stroke smote off his foe's right hand. Uttering a horrible yell, the Eldridge ogre, through pain and loss of blood, tumbled like a felled oak on the green sward.

"By the holy rood, caitiff, now shalt thou die!" cried our knight, raising his brand aloft.

He was about to bring his blade down on the exposed neck of the fallen giant. At this juncture the Eldridge lady came forward and fell on her knees at our champion's feet. There she knelt

on the wild moor, clad as she was in robes of snowy samite, all glowing with rainbow gems. Stretching forth her lily-white hands, she besought Syr Cullene in words and tones of the most agonized entreaty:

"For the sake of the maiden you love most, withhold that deadly stroke. Impose, my lord, whatever conditions thou wilt, the defeated Eldridge giant shall obey thy commands."

Syr Cullene was the soul of chivalrous gallantry, consequently, he could refuse nothing when a fair lady implored.

"Swear, thou Eldridge knight," said Syr Cullene to his prostrate foe, "that thou wilt believe in Christ's law, pledging thy hand thereto; and that thou wilt never come to sport and fight more on this down, but wilt give up thy arms until thy dying day."

"I swear to obey all thy behests even till my death," replied the defeated giant, sorrowfully sighing and yielding up to Syr Cullene his conquered arms.

Hereupon Syr Cullene raised the prostrate giant, and helped him seat himself in his saddle. Anon the Eldridge knight and his bright lady rode away to their castle, and Syr Cullene saw them no more.

Then Syr Cullene picked up the huge, bloody hand of the giant from the green sward. On it he found five gold rings of knights that had been slain by the ogre. Also he took up the famed Eldridge sword from where it had been left lying on the field. This sword was made of adamant, incomparably harder than iron or flint, and flashed in the light like the radiance of a diamond. Its bright, hard blade could cleave a rock as easily as steel can penetrate wood or flesh.

Having removed the five rings, he spurred forward to the king's palace, with the dawning day, as fast as he could, in order to lay these true tokens at the feet of the fair princess whom he served so faithfully.

CHAPTER IV.

A Stern Decree.

Next morning Princess Crystabelle was surprised to learn that a knight begged audience with her alone. Admission having been granted, she was vexed to find Syr Cullene. She was about to reprove him for his importunity, when he knelt at her feet and presented the trophies.

"Princess," said he, "I have waked on the down, I have fought the giant, I bring thee these tokens."

Instantly her feelings towards the brave, faithful knight changed from disdainful annoyance to the liveliest gratitude at these proofs of his fealty and prowess.

"Now welcome, thrice welcome, Syr Cullene, art thou unto me!" exclaimed the princess, in tones of mingled gratefulness and admiration. "For I now perceive that thou art a true knight, of fearless disposition and approved valor. Thou hast done a deed of valiance such as the bravest lords of my father's court durst not essay. I will consult the king how thou shouldst be rewarded."

"Fair lady," he replied, "I am thy own true knight. I ask no other guerdon than to obey thy behests, that I may hope to win thy love."

His tongue could say no more. He was as much confounded at the boldness of his declaration as was Crystabelle. The princess blushed a bright scarlet and heaved a gentle sigh.

She held forth her fair hand. He kissed it tenderly. His soul was no longer sorrowful. Tears of joy started from his eyes. His heart was so filled with happiness that he could have stayed thus forever. The princess gently reminded him that it was their duty to part.

"Keep this secret, Syr Cullene," she solemnly admonished him as he was departing. "Let no man know it. For if ever this come to my father's ears, he assuredly will slay us both."

From that day forth the knight and the princess rejoiced only in the sight of each other. They met in rapture, they parted in agony.

Their trysting-place was a beauteous arbor, situated in a sequestered spot of the garden of the palace. Embosomed in an encircling grove of embowering trees, it was cut off, in ideal retirement, from the rest of the royal park. Flora's bower was not more lovely. The grass and shrubbery wore here their greenest liveries. Lilies, violets, and asphodels enameled the lawn with their skyey tints, and exhaled their sweetest fragrance; while a multitude of divers singing birds charmed the ear with a most melodious concert.

For three months they enjoyed the endearing companionship of each other without disturbance or intrusion. One day, however, as they sat in their favorite bower engaged in sweet converse, their sunlight was suddenly intercepted. A shadow fell across the verdurous floor, and a footstep rustled in the grass. They started in alarm and looked with apprehension.

"The King!" cried Syr Cullene, drawing his sword in dismay.

"My father!" exclaimed Crystabelle, wringing her hands in agitation.

Yes, there at the entrance of the arbor, stood the angry monarch. He had been out taking the evening air, and was entering the bower to rest, when he unexpectedly interrupted the two lovers. Instantly they felt that all was lost.

"Traitor knight!" thundered the king, "thou shalt hang for this. And thou, daughter, shalt rue this day with bitter repentance."

Herewith the king clapped his hands four times. Immediately four guards of the palace, who always accompany the king in his walks, rushed in with drawn swords.

"To the dungeon with the treacherous knight!" ordered the offended monarch. "To the tower with my false daughter!"

In vain did Syr Cullene and Lady Crystabelle throw themselves on their knees at the feet of their enraged sovereign. In vain did they plead their utter innocence in all save loving each other, and humbly implore pardon. The stern ruler was deaf to their prayers, and urged the guards to their duty. Accordingly, these unfortunate lovers were conducted away, each between two guards to their respective prisons. But their separation, perhaps forever, was the occasion of the deepest woe to these true and tender hearts.

The king soon after revealed their treason to the queen, and unfolded the appropriate punishments. Syr Cullene was to be hanged as a traitor, and Lady Crystabelle was to spend the rest of her days as a penitent in a convent, in order to do penance by acts of contrition.

Now, the queen was Syr Cullene's friend. She strongly favored him by reason of his handsome person and winsome manners. So she set about to save his life, if in any way she could find extenuating circumstances to justify her act. She first visited the two imprisoned lovers, and inquired of them separately their story. Their narratives agreed with the unity and simplicity of truth.

"These two," thought the queen, "deserve, not punishment, but pity. Their love hath been blameless."

Accordingly, she went and told the king the case as she had found it.

"I beg," recommended the queen, "that Syr Cullene be banished from the country, and that our daughter be restored to honor and be allowed to go free about the court as formerly."

"It shall be as you say, queen," replied the king, secretly gratified; for he loved his daughter dearly. "That traitor knight shall be sent into exile far across the sea. And here I take a solemn oath that, if ever he come within this land, he shall be doomed to a foul death."

All woe-begone was Syr Cullene, as he departed from the land that held his fair lady. Never more was he to see her face. Ever and anon would he turn and cast a wistful eye toward her tower and sigh sore.

"Farewell, dear Lady Crystabelle!" he murmured, sorrowfully. "Far rather would I die than thus part from thee."

CHAPTER V.

Le Triste Inconnu.

Once more was Princess Crystabelle allowed to range free. But liberty without love brought her no consolation. A settled melancholy had taken possession of her soul. She drooped daily by sure degrees, like a fair lily nipped by a rude blast. Seldom did she open her lips, save to utter the sigh of a broken heart.

Alarmed for their daughter's health, the king and the queen devised every amusement to divert her melancholy. But the princess found no pleasure in the entertainments afforded by the world. Court balls of unrivaled splendor, where assembled all the noblesse of the kingdom; sumptuous banquets, crowning scenes of gayest revelry; pageants of the utmost magnificence and variety; minstrelsy, in which poet and musician vied and co-operated in displaying all their skill; jesters, jongleurs, actors, *raconteurs,* prestidigitateurs,—all were brought into requisition for the diversion of the princess. But Crystabelle had neither eye nor ear nor heart

for spectacle, performance, or festivity. Her every thought was with him who roamed abroad in doleful banishment. While he supped sorrow, how could she taste happiness?

Meantime, numerous suitors of high lineage and lofty rank, of fabulous wealth and eminent position,—emperors, kings, princes, dukes, and barons—were eagerly seeking her hand in marriage. These had the approbation of her parents; but to Crystabelle's wounded spirit, faithfully lamenting her absent lover, all such proffers were exceedingly distasteful.

As a last resort, to cheer her mind, the king, her father, proclaimed a grand tournament, to which all the chivalry of Christendom were invited. Heralds were deputed through all lands to summon every gallant knight thither to the lists, where he might in tilt and tourney have opportunity before the whole world to prove himself the bravest of the brave and his lady the fairest of the fair.

At length all preparations were completed. The long-awaited tournament opened. More brilliant-hued than the painted butterflies of summer were the divers bannered pavilions that surrounded the plain of contest. A host of knights from all countries, even the most distant, were assembled, with their heralds, squires, pages, pursuivants, and henchmen, to try with one another the fortunes of the field.

Many a lady gay from her bright pavilion viewed the conflict; but Princess Crystabelle, so woful of countenance, shone the cynosure of all. So glow the heavenly bodies all the fairer by contrast with the overcasting clouds.

Many a knight promised surpassing puissance by his dazzling array, emblazoned devices, and defiant mottos. But a stranger knight, all clad in sombre black, whom no one knew, and who preserved a strict silence, won the prize each day.

In vain burst forth the rapturous applause of the spectators, as the Knight of the Sun, in gold armor with a radiant sun in his shield, flashed into the field of combat. His light was soon eclipsed by the Knight of Darkness. The Knight of the Moon, all in silver armor, on an elegant, white Arabian steed, with a broad, round silver moon for buckler, next went down to defeat before the sombre-hued champion. A like fate awaited the Green Knight, so enlivening to the eye in a livery of emerald; the Knight of Gules, ensanguined in flaming rubies; the Celestial Knight, azure-bedight in sapphires.

Accordingly, the sombre cavalier's unvarying success, heightened by the mystery surrounding him, became the constant topic of every tongue. Universal curiosity was roused to the highest pitch. Every detail of his equipment was discussed over and over. What was known and what was unknown about him were equally fertile themes of discourse. For from the one the spectator vainly hoped to infer the other.

His appearance, indeed, was as striking as his origin was mysterious. From head to heel his armor was of the deepest black. His mount was an inky charger, caparisoned in jetty velvet housings and sooty leathern harness. From the crest of his Plutonian helmet rose and waved three raven plumes. The only touch of bright color in his outfit was the cognizance of his otherwise black shield. Here from a sable field glowed the device of a bleeding heart in gules, which a vulture, dark as night, was rending with cruel beak and talons for its prey. Around this, in gold letters, ran the motto, "Le Triste." His visor was always completely down. No one ever saw his face. He never spoke.

From these adjuncts and circumstances, various spectators gave him divers appellations, such as, "The Unknown Knight," "The Black Knight," "The Silent Knight," "The Sorrowful Knight," "The Knight of the Bleeding Heart." But, however much their epithets differed, all agreed that he was the undisputed champion of the tourney.

CHAPTER VI.

The Fight with Fieroggio, and the Issue Thereof.

Thus passed three days of the tourney in feats of chivalry to the vantage of the Sad Unknown. On the morning of the fourth day, however, a flourish of trumpets announced a fresh arrival, that gave a new and appalling turn to events. As they gazed in the direction whence the sound came, a terrific sight greeted the eyes of the spectators and spread panic among the knights.

A huge ogre, hideous to behold, stepped into the lists and shouted defiance to all comers. His beaver was up, and exhibited all the horrors of his visage. His great, goggle eyes glared fiery

and blood-shot from beneath his bushy brows, that frowned like thunder-clouds. His teeth protruded like long tusks from a mouth that stretched from ear to ear. His stiff, thick, grisly beard consisted of iron wires rather than of hair. The skin on his body was tougher than an alligator's hide or the rind of a hippopotamus, so that he boasted he needed no armor as did the puny, feeble, dainty knights-errant, since Nature herself had armed him with an integument more impenetrable than a coat of mail.

An ugly dwarf served him as squire, whose squint eyes were as small as a mole's, and whose bottle nose seemed as large as his body. This pigmy squire carried five bloody heads of kings slain by the monster, as examples of his master's prowess.

The dwarf introduced his master as the emperor of the paynims—the mighty Soldan Fieroggio. He further explained that this giant was the cousin of the Eldridge Heath-stalker, slain by a knight of the king's court. The soldan was come, therefore, to avenge the death of his Eldridge cousin, and accordingly threw down his challenge to mortal combat.

Hereupon the Soldan Fieroggio stepped arrogantly up to the king's pavilion, where Princess Crystabelle sat on the richly carved dais at her father's right hand under a silken canopy all shot with purple and gold.

"The hand of your daughter, the incomparable princess, bestowed on me in marriage!" demanded the hideous ogre. "Only such a favor can appease my just wrath for a kinsman slain. Grant me this, and not only shall your fair land be spared from ruin but also your kingdom shall be aggrandized by so illustrious an alliance."

The king was too much appalled at the horrid proposal to be able to answer; while Princess Crystabelle fainted as much at the sight as at the words of the odious monster, and was restored to life with difficulty.

"You hesitate? You refuse? You brave my ire?" thundered the soldan, the lightnings of resentment flashing from under his cloudy brows. "Your head, Sir King, shall be added as a sixth trophy to the five my dwarf carries. Every hall and tower throughout your broad realms shall be razed to the ground, every grain-field and orchard shall be laid waste."

To make good his bravado, the giant roared a challenge of defiance to any knight present at the tournament to meet him in the lists as champion of the king's cause.

But no knight had the hardihood to engage with so dire an adversary. In vain the king looked to his round table to set the example of irreproachable chivalry in the most desperate emprise. His own retainers shrank in dismay from the encounter, and the visiting cavaliers imitated their cowardice.

Thereupon the king, in order to rouse a defender for his daughter and dominions, issued a proclamation to the effect that the victor in his cause against the grim soldan should wed the princess, succeed to his throne, and inherit the royal domains.

At every fresh failure of the king to procure a champion, the giant would strut insolently up and down the field. Mocking at the king and his knights with a grim glee that expressed every shade of scorn, contempt, derision, and provocation, he renewed his defiance and reiterated his menaces.

Princess Crystabelle was all woe-begone when she perceived no deliverer at hand. She sighed deeply, and tears bedewed her great, violet eyes as she communed thus with herself:

"Oh, that my own true knight were here to free me from this thrall—my true love, now pining in untimely banishment! Ah! without demur would he accept this challenge of the proud paynim. Of a surety, would he humble the vaunting Fieroggio as he had overthrown the Eldridge ogre, whom all others feared."

People looked over toward the Black Champion to supply the needed relief. But in vain! So far he had refused to appear in the lists in answer to the giant's challenge. His squire pleaded that his master suffered from wounds and weariness contracted in the preceding conflicts. The burst of rhodomontade, insolence, and mockery from the paynim soldan that followed this admission of their ablest warrior would have been unbearable to the assemblage, had not fear urged the prudence of restraint. Fickle as folk are wont to be, the crowd agreed that *"Le Triste"* was not such a prodigy as he had been reputed—his courage was just sufficient

to try conclusions under ordinary circumstances but durst not hazard an exceptional venture.

Whether goaded by the taunts of the soldan, stung by the increasing contempt of the multitude, roused by the appealing looks of the distressed princess, animated by the alluring promise of the king, or incited by the concurrence of all these circumstances, at last forth came Le Triste from his tent and stepped up resolutely to the king's pavilion.

"A champion! A champion!" shouted the thousand voices of the throng.

His squire blew a blast on his clarion to beget silence. For, indeed, a champion had come. The unknown Paladin in black accoutrement knelt in homage to the king and made his obeisance to the princess. For the first time, he raised his visor, slightly indeed, but sufficiently to uncover his lips and enable him to speak. For the first time during the tournament, he broke silence. With equal courage and courtesy, he offered himself as protector of the realm and as vindicator of the princess and His Majesty.

"Prithee, lend me the Eldridge sword," requested Le Triste, "that lieth in thy treasury. I trust in Christ to slay this foul fiend, though he be mighty of stature and fierce in fray."

"Fetch him the Eldridge sword with all speed," directed the king to his attendants.

Anon they fetched from the royal treasury the mystic blade, made of adamant, harder than steel or flint, and flashing in the sun like a diamond.

"Heaven assist thee, courteous knight!" was the monarch's blessing, as the famed weapon was handed to Le Triste. "My daughter is the fair meed of thy valor."

Just here we cannot but pause and reflect on the vastly superior sense of both ancient and mediaeval military customs to those of twentieth century warfare. When one feudal lord wished to make another submit, they joined issue, not to the mutual destruction, but to the mutual preservation, of their respective nations. They well knew that

> Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
> A breath can make them as a breath has made;
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

Hence, instead of involving the many in the folly of destructive war, they chose champions from each of the contending tribes—one, two, or three from each to represent all—single combat for universal conflict.

In ancient Rome, a similar custom is recorded by their historians. The three Roman brothers, Horatii, were matched against the three Alban brothers, Curiatii, to avert national calamity by a combat of champions chosen from the rival armies. On the issue of the contest depended the future of their respective countries. How fitting if our modern fire-eaters were to follow the same, sensible course! The spectacle would be highly diverting, and the contestants would be encouraged by an applauding world. But, alas! the Age of Chivalry is gone, and that of munition speculators and food speculators is now with us! Thus does the lamp of history shed light on the path of present experience!

To return from digression to the anxious situation in which were left the king and his subjects, the princess and her unknown defender, when oppressed by the impending menaces of the gigantic monster.

Lo! now began the most terrific battle of the tournament. The giant and the knight were met in the lists. But something ailed the Black Champion. At the signal of the field marshal, Le Triste did not discover his wonted agility and vigor. His onset was a keen disappointment to those whose hopes rested in him. The fact was that the strain of his continual battles of the last several days had told on him. He entered his most important engagement in most unfit condition. The soldan rained stroke on stroke. These were but feebly met, and soon the knight reeled aside. The princess heaved a deep sigh, and the hearts of the expectant people sank within them. Their gigantic foe laughed in the arrogance of victory and ostentatiously uttered fresh threats and mockeries.

Le Triste returned none the less to the second attack. He still had hopes that all soreness would pass away in the heat of exercise and all fatigue be forgotten in the animation of affray. Again the antagonists closed in the clash of conflict. Again the soldan struck a scoring blow. This time the knight's mail-coat was cleft asunder, and his blood flowed abundantly from a wide wound. The spectators sat with bated breath, motionless as stone, the multiple image of despair at the fate that awaited all concerned.

The princess turned deathly pale and wept in anguish at her undoing and the peril of her magnanimous champion.

In the third encounter the soldan's stroke fell so heavy that it brought the knight on his knee. Instantly king and people felt that all was lost. They apprehended the immediate ruin of their fair country. The princess shrieked in a transport of agony as she anticipated her dire captivity.

On hearing the lady's woful cry of deep distress, the stranger champion rallied all his energy and took fresh courage from the extremity of the situation. He forgot his pain, he leaped to his feet, he renewed the combat with ardor.

Infuriated at the unexpected recovery of his well nigh vanquished opponent, the soldan, with body inly bent, raised his brand more aloft than ever to deal a weightier stroke. The knight adroitly stepped aside to avoid the descending crash. In so doing he perceived that the skin under the giant's arm was smoother and softer than the warty integument that covered his chest like a coat of mail. Grasping his adamantine sword, with might and main he aimed at the weak spot on his adversary's left side. With sure thrust he drove his good blade into the soldan's side, and pierced his heart with a mortal wound.

When they saw their giant enemy fall, a universal acclamation of joy rose from the vast concourse of people, so that hill, forest, and sky redoubled the shouting with their echoes. The princess shed tears of gratitude to him who had rescued her from so dire a thraldom.

CHAPTER VII.

Le Denouement.

Exulting in the marvelous victory they had just witnessed, the king and his barons rose with one accord and descended with all speed into the lists. One sole purpose animated their dispatch—to greet with every acknowledgment of profound obligation the stranger hero, who had won that day such imperishable laurels and to whom they were beholden for life, liberty, and possessions.

In passing, they scarce deigned a glance of scorn and horror for the fell ogre, who lay prostrate in death, like a huge, hewn pine that once towered in pride the loftiest of the forest. The king signaled his equerry to fetch three hundred of the strongest horses from his stables to haul away the giant's corpse to dishonored isolation.

When monarch and barons arrived at the spot where the hero had fought, that knight seemed likely to die from the severity of his wounds and loss of blood. Victory had cost him dear. There he lay almost lifeless on the ground, weltering in his gore.

With pressing appeal, the king called his daughter to exercise straightway all her skill in leechdom and chirurgery.

"Sore grieved should I be," said the monarch, anxiously, "to behold so great and good a champion as the stranger victor die without the fruition of fair meed. Save his life, dear daughter, at all costs."

Princess Crystabelle hastened with all the dispatch of the liveliest gratitude and concern to the side of the prostrate champion. She brought with her a store of healing balsams, efficacious simples, and soft, lint bandages for the wounded warrior. Raising his beaver to apply the remedy of a reviving cordial to his lips, she shrieked and swooned on the instant.

"My life! My love! My lord!" she cried, as she fainted away.

"For thy dear sake!" murmured the dying knight, opening his eyes at the sound of her voice and recognizing his fair nurse, with swimming gaze.

Yes! in the features of the supposed stranger, the princess viewed again the ever-remembered countenance of her banished lover. It was, indeed, Syr Cullene returned in disguise from exile, taking occasion from the general invitation to the world tournament.

In his sovereign's eyes, Syr Cullene had now made full atonement for his former treasonable presumption. That monarch could not do enough to make amends for his previous harsh treatment of one who had proved himself so pre-eminent a patriot—a benefactor of the highest service to his country. To whom should the realm be entrusted with such justice of assignment as to him who had delivered it from imminent destruction? By royal mandate, all the skill, knowledge, and attention that the medical art of the times supplied, were brought into requisition to heal the wounds of one who was now fondly regarded as the heir of the crown—the rightful successor to the regal power.

Under such assiduous care, Syr Cullene in

three months' time had recovered from his injuries. On the restoration of his health, a still greater felicity awaited him. The king had issued royal banns for the wedding of the champion to his daughter. The day of their nuptials was the occasion of universal celebration. Everywhere prevailed pomp, splendor, and festivity. For the people delighted to show their affection for a princess who had ever been as amiable of heart as she was beautiful of countenance, and to honor a bridegroom whom they regarded a national hero.

In course of time, the king and the queen, having lived their remaining days in great tranquility, passed away. Cullene and Crystabelle succeeded to the throne as joint sovereigns of Ireland. Never were king and queen more beloved by their subjects, for never did king and queen make their subjects happier or more prosperous by wise legislation and self-sacrificing kindness.

After a long and happy reign, King Cullene and Queen Crystabelle were succeeded in their posterity by a line of wise and good monarchs. Many of their descendants—the Irish family of Cullen—have attended our College of Villanova. It is noted that in this family all the youths have inherited the bravery of their ancestral knight and all the maidens the beauty of their ancestral princess.

THE FLOWERS OF ERIN

By GREGORY CURWEN

In nature there are treasures rare, fair flowers of ev'ry soil,
That far surpass in beauty's class the efforts wrought by toil;
In ev'ry land are flowers grand, which yield their perfume sweet,
But Erin's blest with nature's best, when Spring they rise to greet.

Yes, fair indeed is Erin's meed, when gone is Winter drear.
How passing true the violet blue, that trembles not in fear,
But bids the Spring her welcoming again in Nature's bowers!
Lo! Spring's sweet smile on Erin's Isle's reflected in her flowers.

Of beauty's mould's the primrose gold, as neath the hedge it sways;
Its petals rare, beyond compare, scarce hold the sun's bright rays;
As stained glass lets sunshine pass in rosy, radiant beams,
This flower bright is all bedight with glorious, golden gleams.

The climbing vine of thy woodbine weaves spirals on the trees,
Responsive mute unto the suit of incense-bearing breeze;
And as it thrives, it ever strives to reach the tree-tops high,
Like flaming fire, it doth aspire to meet God in the sky.

The symbol be, with thy leaves three, of Faith, Hope, Charity,
O Shamrock, sign of Him divine, at once both One and Three.
Aye flourish wide on mountain-side of our loved Emerald Isle,
Soon be thou seen to flourish green beneath fair Freedom's smile.

Thus Erin's shield upon thy field, green as the Shamrock sod,
An emblem bold of primrose gold gleams like a harp of God,
While hearts as true as violets blue uprear its glories high,
Like clamb'ring vine of thy woodbine, that longs to reach the sky.

A NEGLECTED IRISH NOVELIST

By GEORGE A. O'MEARA

(*First Paper*)

THE Emerald Isle has ever been known as the isle of saints and scholars. To no department of learning has she ever contributed more abundantly, more richly than to literature. Ever filled with a burning faith, an undaunted loyalty to country, a loving sympathy with human nature, Erin's sons have stood foremost in the ranks of great authors.

That the spirit of Ireland and her literature has been too often misunderstood and more often misrepresented is only too evident. There are causes for this and there are, likewise, powerful remedies to counteract the evil influence. Many men, claiming to be authors, and, unfortunately, recognized as such by those who sacrifice all sound, individual thinking to prejudice and religious hatred, place the Irish character, the Irish life on a plane that admits of only mirth or contempt. The Irishman is made to appear as the proverbial fool and buffoon; the Irish life as the essence of squalor and carelessness. It is for us to look into the gems of Irish literature, to study men who give us the genuine Irish life, the real Irish character and the true solution of life.

John Banim stands among the noblest of Ireland's sons. If it is true, and we are firmly convinced that it is, that the children of Erin have a special mission in this world in their life and literature—that of spreading throughout the world as its purifying element—then, John Banim has not failed in his mission. Sad to say, many have failed, many have forgotten their part of Erin's mission and are allowing the name of Banim and his work to die in their midst. Though we love and exalt England's authors, though we must give credit there when it is due, Ireland's sons must not be forgotten, their dauntless, sacrificing spirit must not die out.

To know and appreciate the work of any author, we must know his life. To read with sympathy and understanding the literature of Banim, we must have read his honest, sacrificing heart. So it has been, so it ever will be. "Jane Eyre" will bring up many doubts and difficulties in our minds, and we turn in strange alarm from Wuthering Heights; we fear they may be too unconventional, a little bigoted, weird, and excessively wild and unrefined. But when Mrs. Gaskell has taken us up to that bleak, north country of England; when we have lived with the Brontës; when we have seen the little, energetic family laboring, loving, suffering and dying, we cannot but love and understand the spirit of Charlotte's "Jane Eyre" and see beauty of soul in the wildness of Emily's "Wuthering Heights." A few hours with Charles Dickens' hard, trying boyhood and harder, lonelier manhood teaches us to see the great soul of the man: his undoubted democracy, his kind and loving sympathy, and, as far as the times would allow, his broad and noble mind. So we might go through the list of all truly great authors. John Banim was no exception.

On the third of April, 1798, in the city of Kilkenny, John Banim was born. His father was Michael Banim and his mother Joannah Carroll. Though not the only child, he was the great favorite of the family because of his kind and loving disposition.

At the age of four, John was sent to a school conducted by Mrs. Alice Moore, for the rudiments of reading. His time here was short. He stayed one hour and then rushed home, declaring that he could not stay in a school where "there wasn't a bit of paper on the walls, or a step of stairs in the house." The school was on the ground floor.

John's parents thought it best not to force their boy, so he was next sent to a school conducted by Miss Lamb. Here the merest elements of learning were taught—in fact, Miss Lamb proved to be rather a nurse than a teacher. For one year John remained under her direction.

Those who have read "Father Connell," of the "O'Hara Series," will remember the description of the English academy and its master. This is a picture of Mr. George Charles Buchanan and "The English Academy, Kilkenny," where John next attended. Buchanan's rule was an absolute monarchy. His academy was hardly suited to a disposition like Banim's. He professed to teach

all subjects, starting with "oratorical reading" and ending with the modern languages. He taught nearly everything himself, for he desired only one assistant and could not keep the same one many weeks. For five years John remained here. He was then sent to a seminary kept by the Rev. Mr. Magrath and considered the best Roman Catholic school in Ireland. He studied here one year and then entered the academy of Terence Doyle, where he spent another year.

John now entered Kilkenny College. This college is described in his novel, "The Fitches." While making his course here, he showed remarkable talent for painting and drawing.

In 1813, Banim became a pupil of the Royal Dublin Society's drawing academy. His course covered two years. He lived with a friend of his father's, and the impressions made by this friend and his household are described in "The Nowlans."

Having completed the course, John returned to Kilkenny. He was just eighteen and an attractive, intelligent young man. Without much delay, he started to teach painting in many of the surrounding schools. Here a great sorrow came into his life, and, though youth and energy flung it off for a time, it returned with its terrible consequences later on, smothered all his hopes and carried him to an early grave.

In one of his schools, he met Anne D——, with whom he fell violently in love. His suit was rejected by her parents and every means of breaking off all communication between the two was used. Anne finally died of consumption in a town some distance away, to which she had been sent. Banim, in his efforts to see her in her last moments and to be near her remains, exposed himself for three nights to the inclemency of the weather. His brother found him lying helpless at Anne's grave. His body was broken down and his mind bewildered. The mental strain and the imprudent exposure left him the victim of a spinal disease, which was never to be cured. For twelve months he was helpless.

However, he was still young. Youth finally seemed to triumph over physical and mental strains. We find him at twenty-one a man who had suffered—a man who had seen something of life in a metropolis and who remained uncorrupted, and filled with energy and desire to accomplish great things.

His old love of literature now revived and gained strength and he longed to stand as an Irish author in the ranks of the great authors of the world.

In 1820, Banim left his father's house for Dublin. His literary career began here. Several magazines of this city received his contributions and in this way he was enabled to pay debts that he had contracted in Kilkenny. But he had a great share of sorrow and disappointment in his efforts and, like many a man of genius, often suffered from a lack of the common necessities of life. Though most of his publications were successful from a literary standpoint, the remunerations were meagre. He resolved, in spite of much remonstrance on the part of his brother Michael and his many friends to seek his fortune in London.

Before his departure he returned to his home in Kilkenny, February, 1822. On the 22d of this month, in his twenty-fourth year, he married Ellen Ruth, who was nineteen. Her tender love and courageous sufferings with him form some of the most beautiful touches in his history.

The pair set out for London on the 22d of March, 1822. They went to seek their fortune. John had no friends and only a little money; but he had courage, genius, and indomitable energy. His life here was one long series of labors, cheatings by publishers, spells of the old spinal disease returning, doctors' bills for himself and his wife. It was his custom to spend fourteen hours a day at his desk. At times his work was not in keeping with his ability, for he was racing with starvation. During all this time he kept up a correspondence with the dear ones at home. His letters, concealing his sufferings, show the beauty and grandeur of his soul. At one time he was obliged to send his wife to France for her health and this added expense caused him to apply himself more severely to his work.

Amidst all this, we marvel to find him encouraging and giving financial aid to one who was to be his life-long friend, one who gave credit to Irish literature—Gerald Griffin.

In 1823, the terrible pains he had endured after the death of Anne D—— returned and he became helpless. He told his father in a letter that he felt he would have to bring his wife back to the old home. However, after a few months of careful medical treatment, he was able to take

up his work again. The old grind started once more. Debts must be paid, and he and his wife must have at least the ordinary necessities of life.

His work now took him back to Ireland. He made the trip to get a thorough knowledge of the scenery. This he used in future novels. Dear old Kilkenny could not be passed by without a short visit, so the dear ones were united again for a little while. Michael Banim helped John to outline future novels, plays, and poems. After about two months, our author returned to London and continued his work.

On the 24th of August, he made a trip to France and brought his wife, who had now fully recovered, back to London. "Boyne Water" now kept him busy at his desk.

To follow the closing years of this man's life is indeed a painful task. It is filled with sufferings, sorrows, triumphs, and failures. In July, 1827, Banim's daughter was born. His letters at this time have in them a note of joy and a new vigor. However, his brother, who paid him a visit at this time, tells us that John looked twenty-years older than when he saw him two years before.

In August, 1829, he broke down completely and was sent to France. While he was in Boulogne, June, 1830, his mother died. It was a terrible blow to him and increased his sufferings. His legs were paralyzed and he could hardly walk. Still he supported his family by writing novels and articles for magazines. He made hardly enough to live on. In 1831, a son was born. Literary friends now came to his aid and put him in comfortable circumstances. In 1833, he went to Paris for treatment, but his case was pronounced incurable. Sorrow had not done with him yet. The boy, whom he seemed to love more than any other, was taken from him in 1835. Broken in spirit and helpless in body, he returned to his boyhood home in Kilkenny. For the rest of his life, he endured the most terrible sufferings every day. He was unable to walk or move without assistance. Even now he made a few contributions to magazines, his daughter writing as he dictated. In July, 1842, at the age of forty-four he died.

John Banim has passed away, but his spirit still lives in the great work he left behind. As Walter Scott is in his country's regard, so is Banim to Ireland. He knew the characters of the people about whom he wrote. In fact, he used his friends and acquaintances for his novels. His scenes and plots were furnished by the every-day Irish. His one great idea was to give a correct picture of the Irish life and character and to raise Irish literature to the high standard it deserves. Michael Banim assisted John in his work. Much of the detail of Irish life and manners is due to his assiduous labors in Ireland while John was working in London. Some of the O'Hara series were written by him. John tells us in one of his letters that he wrote more than twenty volumes and treble their quantity of matter in periodicals. His principal works are "Damon and Pythias," a tragedy; "Boyne Water," "Father Connell," "The Nowlans," and "The Fetches." The discussion of his works will be taken up in a later paper. Now, we shall look at the individual author that later we may readily trace his great soul in his works.

Loyalty and love for Ireland are found in all John Banim's work. He had a deep love for literature and made every sacrifice to advance his country in that sphere. What trusting daring he manifested in his task; what self-reliant independence! Though starvation often stared him and his dear ones in the face; though sickness and death visited him; though publishers and enemies threw every obstacle in his way, he smiled and redoubled his efforts and knew that he must win. A great intellect he was, a true genius. His novels are not thrown together in any way. In one of his letters to his brother Michael, he tells how a novel should be written. His methods show earnestness, deep study, and indefatigable labor.

Love of home and those he left behind when he went to London to seek his fortune shows the beauty of his soul. His mother was ever his heroine, his guiding star. Such love belongs only to a noble, upright heart. In his failures, he was ever resigned to the will of Heaven. He prayed the more for strength and courage. Few lives have been more laborious. He is one of Ireland's noblest sons, one who has earned the right to a place among her scholars and literary artists.

THE SILENCER SILENCED

(A Tale of the Mexican Border)

By J. HOWARD TYRRELL

IN the days of the concentration camps down on the Mexican border, when the people were fleeing before Villa, many peculiar incidents happened. The following was one of the most singular.

The camp was a barb-wire enclosure, in form of an oval, covering about a square mile, and situated on the top of a low hill. Escape from its precincts was impossible. The fence was seven feet high. The guard was complete in every particular. For sentries were on duty day and night, and each sentry had only thirty feet to cover.

About a week after concentration, mysterious accidents began to happen with stupefying regularity. At precisely 11 A. M. and 5 P. M., a guard would drop dead with a bullet in his side, just as he was passing the main gate.

Hoping to find the cause of this for himself, Lieutenant Decker, the official who first had cognizance of the mysterious affair, did not report the matter to his superior, Major Powers, second in command of the Sixth U. S. Infantry. The increasing number of fatalities, however, and the necessity of immediate action compelled him to consult with the Major.

On the fourth morning, Lieutenant Decker entered the Major's tent, made the necessary salute, and set forth the facts of the case.

"Have you searched the houses in the town, Lieutenant?" asked the Major.

"I have, sir," answered Decker. "I find no traces of Mexicans. The nearest house is five hundred yards away. That distance is too far for a bullet of this size to carry. We can learn nothing from the shells extracted from their bodies. They are new even to the oldest men in the company."

"Did it occur to you, then, that the bullet may have been fired from inside the camp?"

"It did, Major. But every one is thoroughly searched before entering."

"We have too few men to let them go that way. But, seeing we are at a loss for facts, we can only wait. Keep a strict lookout, Lieutenant, for any discoveries. But, tell me, could you not judge by the posture in which the body was found on the ground whether the bullet was fired from within or from the outside?"

"I could not, because just at that point the ground takes an abrupt slope. Hence the body rolls down so that it is impossible to determine."

"Well, Lieutenant, keep this matter to yourself. Do your best. But let me know from time to time how you are succeeding."

"That I will certainly do, Major. But I fear for my men. They are, as you know, among the bravest on the border. They would never shrink from duty, whatever exigency would urge. But this case contains a different element. They know their foe is around, but they cannot see him. If they could only catch a glimpse of him and get a chance to fire, they would instantly recognize their call of duty and obey its dictates unhesitatingly. But they cannot. Each man that goes on guard at the main gate at 11 and 5, is filled with fear of an unseen, unheard, and unknown foe. Of one thing only is he certain—it means death! Every time I pass them, I can read that shuddering look in their eyes. I say nothing. I dread everything."

"A strange case, Lieutenant! A strange case! Immediate action must be taken to find out the cause, or our regiment is doomed. Do your utmost. Work according to your best judgment."

The next two days showed the same ominous, mysterious destruction of the guard. Still no clues presented themselves. Lieutenant Decker did his best to encourage the guard in the face of the discouraging prospects.

On the third day, Decker reported his inability to discover anything and that two desertions from the ranks were reported. In the course of his reports, there was one of such a nature that it might pertain to the State Department. It concerned a man who, Colonel Devlin reported, had steadfastly asserted that he was a Jap and demanded his liberty. When pressed for further information about the Mexican clothes he was wearing and how he had come to be in camp he

refused to talk. Accordingly, Colonel Devlin paid no attention to his protests.

On the fourth day, however, matters came to a head. Occupying his usual position on a little knoll outside the fence, Decker watched the rambling horde move carelessly over the soggy field along the fence and peer out over the little Texas town. It was just five minutes to the fatal morning hour. At two minutes of eleven, Decker's eyes were attracted by the supposed Jap, whom Colonel Devlin had pointed out to him walking down the field with a Mexican. A hundred yards from the gate they stopped. For an instant Decker looked at his watch. It wanted but one minute! Looking up he saw the Mexican's hand creep stealthily into his right pocket. Another instant it was thirty seconds! Decker looked at the new guard. His eyes jumped feverishly back to the Mexican, who had just raised his coat a little. By instinct he kept his eyes on the Mexican and by instinct he knew it was eleven. For some unknown reason, the Mexican pulled his hand up quickly but a little too far; for a glimpse of a shining piece of metal could be seen clutched in his hand. Decker grasped nervously for his field-glasses that he might distinguish this man from the rest. Again his eyes turned to the guard. The sight that he beheld is one that will ever remain indelible on his mind. There was the guard gazing dumbly, holding a watch in his hand. At his side lay the gun. His eyes were raised to heaven, and he had a prayer on his lips. It was just one minute past eleven.

Decker began to see things a little more clearly now, but refused to go to Major Powers until his reports could be made conclusive. He knew the men were awe-stricken and bewildered. By staying in his tent he hoped to avoid them for the rest of the day.

At five minutes to five, he spied the two coming down the field. With his field-glasses he could make out the ugly look on the Mexican, while the Jap was telling him something. He moved his position a little that he might watch them better. What more could be Decker's consternation, when on looking toward the gate, he beheld Colonel Devlin about to relieve the sentry! He had a faint suspicion that the spirit of the men was a little broken after the morning and he figured that the Colonel was sacrificing his own life that this spirit might be restored and that there might be order and quiet again in camp. He wished to make Devlin relinquish his post, but there was no time for such action now. Yet Devlin's life was too valuable a one to lose. So Decker was hoping with all his might that by some strange intervention it might be saved.

His eyes turned to the Mexican, who nervously fingered the article he had in his hand, while as if by magic, a stream of smoke came from the inside of his coat. Decker jumped to his feet to see if Devlin was alive, for he had heard no noise. He was very much so. But two men were at his side. He was shot through the wrist and was bleeding profusely.

In just one minute, Decker had figured everything out. But so intent was he on watching proceedings that he had not noticed the man who had just come up and tapped him on the shoulder.

Decker wheeled around quickly with a "Well, sir." The man had an honest, business look on his face, so his fears were relieved somewhat.

"You seem to have been watching the same person as I, officer, and I should like to speak to you a minute."

"Hurry, please. I have important business to attend to."

"I have, too; and maybe we can help each other. There is a man in there, dressed in Mexican clothes. His features are strongly Mexican, but he is really a Jap. I am a detective," he said, showing his badge, "detailed to track him."

"Yes, yes! Go on. Your story interests me," interposed the Lieutenant, who by this time was listening eagerly.

"He is wanted for the theft of a Maxim Silencer and several boxes of bullets from Hudson Maxim's house, as well as important government specifications concerning a new field gun that is to be put out. I had followed him to the border. But because of martial law, I could not cross. While waiting for identification papers, I saw him come back with these Mexicans. I was not firmly convinced at first. I decided to wait and watch. I heard of the sudden deaths of the men from the guards. I knew then that the gun was at work, for none of the men heard any shots. You jumped just now when you saw the smoke come from the Mexican's coat. But the rain last night dampened the bullets so that the combustion of the gases was not complete. This morning they were too wet to go off. Now, I

think we have a good case against these two men. So it would be well to arrest them immediately and keep them in safety."

"My man!" cried Decker, "I don't know your name, but your story fills in the missing links of my conclusion. I'll see that these men are taken care of. You will do the Sixth Infantry the greatest good by coming around to Major Powers' tent to-morrow at nine."

Shaking hands with each other the men parted: Decker, to have the men arrested and to look after Devlin; the detective to the hotel, elated over his success on his first big case.

You can picture the military court that was held the next morning to try the defendants. Seated on either side of Major Powers at his little field table were Lieutenant Decker and Colonel Devlin, arm in a sling, while Mr. Egan, the detective, sat back between Decker and the Major. Not five feet away stood the accused. At their backs stood three guards, and at the door were two more; for every precaution was taken against escape.

The Major began in his short commanding manner, "Tell us your story as relates to this gun and your presence here."

In surprisingly good English the Jap began: "I was commissioned by the Secret Service Department of his Majesty's government to obtain possession from Hudson Maxim of certain data and specifications which would materially strengthen the army and navy. I obtained a position as a servant rather easily. Seizing an opportune moment when the family was out, I obtained possession of this gun and several boxes of bullets, as well as those papers which you now have. Knowing that, when the discovery was made, every Jap in the country would be under suspicion as a spy, my only course was through Mexico. I had only crossed into Mexico about twenty miles when I met a fleeing bunch of them. Fearing for the safety of the papers, I deemed it best not to go on. Being of a gambling nature, I played cards that night in a corner café. When I finished, I owed this man a considerable sum of money. He wanted it immediately. As I could not get it for him, he threatened my life. I took him aside and showed him the gun. His eyes sparkled and jumped when he saw it. He wanted it the worst way. I refused to give it to him unless he called the debt paid. So great was his desire for the gun that he agreed. That night I found some Mexican clothes and changed mine for them. The next day Villa pursued us so fast and so great was the rush to get to safety that we slipped by without being searched. This Mexican was intent on trying the gun and he hated the gringoes, as he called them. Every morning and afternoon at the same time he would go down toward the main gate and try it. So great an effect did its marvelous working have upon him that he considered it some magic piece of work. Yesterday morning, however, which happened to be the first I had walked with him, the gun did not go off because the bullets were wet. He could not understand, however, and thought that I had broken the spell. I dried the bullets cautiously but not completely, so that when fired they smoked a little. I think that is how we were discovered and are here now."

He finished, holding his head up as though something just happened in a matter of course way, common to all clever men of his type.

"That will do for this man. Now what have you to say?" said the Major, pointing to the Mexican.

The Mexican was in a dejected mood. His head drooped, but continually he shot sneaking glances at the gun on the table.

"H—m!" he grunted and shrugged his shoulders. "My grandfather say, 'Kill el gringo!' My father say, 'Kill el gringo!'" Then throwing his head back suddenly and gritting his teeth he growled, "I say kill el gringo!" and with that he made a lurch for the gun. But the guards were on him in a minute.

The Major immediately ordered the inquiry over. The Jap was turned over to the Federal officers while the Mexican was put back under guard.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Major, turning around, "I want to thank you for the service you have rendered in solving this mysterious case, especially in that it brought out something that would be detrimental to your country's welfare, if this man had escaped, and clearly shows that we cannot be too zealous in our patriotism and willingness to fight for the Stars and Stripes. For enemies such as these beset us at every hand even though we may not see them.

"By your work, Mr. Egan, you will have not only won the respect of your superior officers,

but also this company is indebted to you for helping clear up what would probably have broken the spirit of the men for some time. As their representative I take this occasion to thank you.

"As for you, Colonel Devlin, I can hardly express my feelings. Lieutenant Decker has reported to me your brave act of yesterday, which you did purely out of love for your company, even though you were sacrificing your life. In my next report I certainly shall make a statement of your bravery as well as of Lieutenant Decker's clever work.

"Now, Colonel, as a special favor to the company I give you leave to find out from the men what they want done with this Mexican."

In just ten minutes Devlin returned, "Major, they wish that he be shot with the gun he shot them with and that his body be thrown into the Rio Grande before sunrise to-morrow; for they will not give him the honor of a decent burial. When I asked who they wanted to do the shooting, every man jumped to his feet and begged for the honor. However, they finally agreed to let Jerry Ryan, the little stubby Irishman, who was the only one who dared to do sentry duty yesterday morning."

The next morning, before the little Texas town was hardly awake, the body of a poor, unfortunate victim of the barbarous customs of his uncivilized country could be seen floating to the Gulf. In deep contrast to this watery burial was the military burial, attended by the most solemn ceremonies, of the men who had died doing their country's duty. Thus the silencer was silenced by the silencer.

THE ECLIPSE OF IRELAND'S GLORY

By JOHN O'BRIEN

NATIONS, like men, have their "entrances and exits." They flourish and fade, and with them dies the memory of their cherished triumphs. As we cast our eyes over the pages of history, however, attention fixes on the ruins of a once happy land, whose glories and sufferings shall be immemorial. Although the peace, comfort, and happiness of this Catholic people have been ravaged and devastated by the guilty hand of Tyranny, yet its name, honor, and existence shall be immortalized in imperishable monuments.

Ireland—a little isle that saw the proudest sons of man spring from her bosom, that nourished the rarest and purest flowers of the cloister, that heard the sweetest note of bard and minstrel—now gazes with tearful eye amid these ruined relics of long ago.

But you may ask, What was the cause of so remarkable a change? What replaced Ireland's happiness with sorrow and nature's beauty with destruction's waste? Was it the invasion of a foreign enemy? Was it internal rebellion? Was it religious or political strife? Or was it nature's yawning eruptions? No! It was none of these. It was the adulterous and murderous hand of an apostate tyrant. For two and a half centuries, the Catholics of Ireland spilt their blood in the holy cause of religion. For two and a half centuries, they clung to their cross of persecution in imitation of the tragedy on Calvary's heights. For two and a half centuries the world witnessed the greatest spectacle of butchery and slaughter that history offers.

From the reception of Christianity into Ireland to the dawn of the sixteenth century, Ireland was a peaceful and happy nation. During this period of over a thousand years, she had given innumerable examples of courage and fidelity. She had cultivated a deep love for scientific and religious endeavor that begot her an issue of developed civilization. In 1509, when Henry married Catherine, Ireland was one of his most loyal and contented domains. Accounts of his generosity and regard for her, argue his appreciation of the Irishman's noble qualities.

For sixteen years, this concord and harmony remained unbroken between a merciful and kind sovereign and an obedient and honorable nation. But now Henry had tired of his loyal wife and, urged by a court of religious hypocrites, appealed to Clement VII for a bill of divorce. What a sad disappointment this confident monarch encountered!

When refused his request, Henry turned to his loyal friends of court—Wolsey, Cranmer, Parker and men of similar character—for encouragement and consolation. These unworthy churchmen promised to propound the matter to its full. This they did; and, after due and serious consideration, they urged the wavering tyrant to declare his independence of Rome and to place himself as head of the English church that would be established by law.

At first, their decision alarmed Henry. But it did not require many sound arguments to convince him they were guiding him according to a well-ordered conscience and an intimate knowledge of right.

At once he attempted to justify his intentions before a Catholic people under the many-colored robe of deceit. He complained of Catherine's advanced age and inability to cope with the duties of her position. He mentioned his unwillingness to marry her and the unhappy state that this nonconcession produced. But, worst of all, he even dared to question her purity and faithfulness. What a crying injustice to the unblemished character of this virtuous woman!

For six years, the question was disputed and redisputed in church, court and state. Finally, in spite of Rome's refusal and efforts to reconcile him to justice, in spite of the earnest entreaties of the heart-broken Catherine, in spite of the wise and fatherly admonitions of the brilliant denunciations of Fisher and Foster, in spite of the strong opposition of the English people, Henry deposed his lawful queen and took in her stead Anne Boleyn, a treacherous and ambitious woman of degraded qualities.

Meantime, England had divided against itself. Some through fear or hope of advantage, joined with the king. Others, who loved justice and truth more than court-favor, sided with Rome and Catherine. Many Englishmen opposed

Henry's action with fiery expressions of shame and disgust. But Ireland opposed it with all the vigor and strength of her eloquence and learning. Irishmen refused to listen to any words of justification in defense of Henry's act. For this refusal, they purchased for themselves the deepest hatred of this newly selected queen, who exercised all her charms and influences on the fallen tyrant for the extermination of the Irish Catholic.

Of course, Henry and his court of loyal friends were excommunicated for this act of insubordination. In revenge, this apostate prince aimed a death-blow at Catholic Ireland. Within a short time, the infamous Act of Supremacy was framed by a cowardly and ambitious parliament of hypocrites, which confiscated all property of Ireland to His Majesty. This act sounded the death-knell of peace and happiness of the Irishman's fireside. Their refusal to use the common prayer-book was the signal for their destruction. Their rejection of Anne Boleyn as their lawful queen and Henry as the visible head of Christ's Spiritual Kingdom brought the wrath of England's guilty sovereignty upon their heads.

Henry, the one-time defender of the Catholic faith, had now drawn his naked dagger against the breast of his Mother Church. He turned those sweet-smelling dells and smiling valleys—those vales of beauty where angels loved to droop and rest—into scenes of smouldering ashes. He replaced the innocent and joyful note of the lark and robin with the hissing of dying cinders quenched in noble Irish blood. He leveled to the ground monasteries that contained the priceless relics of Constantinople's learning and wisdom. He desecrated churches, convents, schools and asylums. He outrageously profaned the defenseless chastity of nuns and virgins. He destroyed towns and villages and slaughtered the suffering inhabitants, regardless of age or sex, amid the burning rafters of their dwelling. He forbade the reconstruction of Catholic institutions and barred all Catholic worship and instruction. He taxed the struggling remnants of a one-time happy people so heavily that many died from privation and exposure. He refused mercy, justice, or even legal trial, to Ireland. He valued the anointed head of God's ministers as equal to the wolf's—his life but equal to the dog's. He called it treason to disobey these inhuman precepts, and the offender suffered a traitor's death. Unbounded was the brutality that Henry pressed on suffering Ireland. Mercy had not been blessed. The voice of charity was hushed in the dark halls of despotism, and patience turned to Ireland for its sustenance.

In the face of this imperfect and incomplete enumeration of Ireland's pains, can it be wondered why Ireland did not produce one great scholar during the period of England's literary success? Can it be wondered why the harp that once brightened Tara's hall with its celestial and golden waves of measured sound lay prostrate and mute under the cold and heavy chains of silence? Can it be wondered why Ireland ranks so far behind the nations of the world in developed institutions and extended trade?

Yet all these sufferings did not weaken the strength and devotion of Ireland. The Irish Catholic mother that loved the offspring of her breast would rather sacrifice that child to barbarism than see it bend its knee in sinful adoration.

But God knew the strength and devotion of Ireland. As a mark of His affection, He turned the holy blood-drenched soil of Ireland to hardness where He planted His banner of love and preference. He knew the reverence and faith of Irishmen in His Sacred Heart. He knew that every drop of Irish blood shed in His behalf would be a ruby to adorn the crown of Irish martyrs. He wished to try the purity of the steel and prove to mankind that Ireland was worthy of that crown which only He, in His loving justice, could bestow. This is why He did not intervene to defend His helpless and loyal children against the hell-prompted land of tyranny.

If any other nation had been bowed down with such a cross, it would have fled to barbarism in despair or have been the slave of its oppressor for security. If any other nation had been offered the bribes that treacherous England placed before Ireland, that nation would have seized the sinful booty and plunged the weapon in the breast that gave it life. If any other nation had been forced to oppose an antagonist so far superior in wealth and position, that nation would have been crushed and would have kissed the lash that was raised to bruise it.

In spite of England's former brutality, in spite of her alluring, sinful offers, in spite of her immense armies and navies, directed by skilful,

experienced officers (the willing agents of her cruelty), Ireland did not crouch—did not yield—did not submit.

What a record of victories and laurels cluster round the holy name of Ireland! What a glorious crown of virtue and faithfulness adorns the fair brow of the Irish Catholic! What a rent in the beauty and strength of Irish peace and tranquillity was made by the envious dagger of Henry! Who would have thought that proud and mighty England would bend a suppliant knee to revengeful anger and passionate hate?

But, even as a garment, times and people change. Customs and habits alter with age and location. But the virtues of a nation cry for existence in the halls of eternity.

What a consolation to know that heaven will demand the recording of a nation! What a satisfaction to realize that justice will sway with powerful sceptre when the memory of man has faded! What a happiness to hope that time may soften the stony heart of England with the balm of sorrow! Then she may place her penitent tears as diamonds in the rubied crown of Irish martyrs, and learn from sorrow mercy's tenderest lesson—the love of brother man.

Ireland's history is an eloquent sermon, wherein can be heard the teaching and doctrine of the Divine favor that reflects His life with its joys and its sorrows.

NOVA ET VETERA

By A. J. PLUNKETT, '96

What's that you say
About the boys
Of Villanova's long ago?
Simple, dull, behind the times.
You say those things?
I say, not so.

You say you're bright,
And you are, my boy,
As bright as any lad I vow.
But not so bright and full of joy,
As the lads of twenty years ago.

You say you're strong,
And you are, my boy,
As big and strong as lads go now.
But sapling green you can't destroy
The strength of the lads of long ago.

A book you'll write,
Write a book, my boy!
And light its page with thought aglow,
Bind it with life, in its writing show,
What a laughing lad with a heart can say
Of the wondrous deeds of your youthful day!
But as I read I'll smile "just so",
You'll never strive, nor think, nor write
Like the lads of twenty years ago.

You say you love,
You say true, my boy,
Shall you your love on me bestow!
In love you'll match the love I know
Of the lads of twenty years ago.

THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. I. APRIL, 1917 No. 3

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LOYALTY TO COUNTRY

OUR country has reached a crisis. The dark clouds of trouble have overcast her glorious, liberty-loving skies. Who knows what dangers may yet lurk below the horizon? Intricate problems, which call for delicate and prudent handling have come up for our solution. On the solution depends the destinies of nations, the lives of thousands of our fellow-men. Since the task is of such great moment, and the consequences of a step so weighty, how careful a plan should be adopted and carried cut. What skill and far-seeing wisdom this will require!

Were we to behold a great institution conducted by a society of men banded together under a leader, overshadowed by impending dangers, what attitude should we expect to find among those men? They are working for a common end; with all confidence they have placed a leader in a position of responsibility; they have left the furthering of their interests to him. Should we not consider such men foolhardy, if in the midst of the crisis each one insisted that his solution was the best, each one ignored his chosen leader, his chief? Should we not think those men childish if each one went about plans of his own to cure the ills of the institution? Chaos and disaster would surely result. We should expect to find the subjects show loyalty, unity, obedience and encouragement to their leader. We can see the absolute necessity for a mutual trust.

In our present troubles—more momentous than our country has ever had to face before—there are serious questions to be settled. We have given the leadership to those who are capable of their great task. They have studied the workings of the great machine of our nation; they have watched the workings of the world machine. On the surface perhaps we see the difficulties, but there are intricacies involved that we cannot understand.

A house divided against itself must fall. Since our leaders have such burdensome tasks; since these are times that try men's souls, they deserve and have a right to expect our co-operation. We,

Published at Villanova, Pa., in the months of November, February, April and June.
All communications to be addressed to the VILLANOVAN, Villanova, Pa.

on our part, have serious obligations. We should understand in what our co-operation consists, what it excludes.

We do our part in the common cause through greater obedience to authority, through a more careful observance of the law. Thus shall we promote peace and tranquility and avoid whatever savors of rebellion and anarchy. It is in these trying times that the advocates of radical social changes see possibilities for furthering their schemes. We must beware. By our obedience we must prove our loyalty to rightly constituted authority.

Loyalty to our country implies a confidence in those with whom we have placed her destiny. It is always hard to face a crisis. It is hard to see the cause we love and labor for attacked, even though we may be in no way worthy of blame. How much harder it is, when those for whom we are spending ourselves look on with an eye of suspicion, a spirit of distrust? Let us help those who are solving the problems of our Nation, by our firm and loving trust. Enemies from without, we can withstand; but traitors within tear at the heart of a nation.

Unity, obedience, mutual trust—these must be our watchwords. Let us give evidence of this spirit in our publications, our conversations, our every-day life. Let us give our undivided support to the policies of our President in his difficulties. Yesterday we were Republicans and Democrats; to-day we must be only Americans. We are one great family united to protect our home at any cost. Now, the test of our loyalty is our steadfastness and confidence in our leaders. In a short time we may be asked to prove our loyalty by greater efforts. If in the quiet, every-day life we have shown genuine loyalty, we shall not be found wanting when greater sacrifices will be asked of us. The strong, courageous trusting word dropped now and then will have its influence for good over a whole community. Bad effects will follow the faint-hearted, cowardly, distrustful word. We must forget our individual interests and think of one great nation in need. The glory of the Stars and Stripes has rushed men into certain death, and they have met it with a smile. The thirteen little colonies, while they disagreed and clung to their local interest, accomplished nothing. When joined as one great United States in love of country, in trust in their leaders, and in obedience to laws, they astonished the world and threw off the yoke of oppression. May the qualities of our ancestors not be lacking in us in this dark hour of need!

G. A. O'M.

SPRING

SPRING! What sanguine hopes, new courage, and calm, sweet joy it rouses in our hearts, grown cold from winter's ceaseless blasts! The South has sent her winged messengers back to our sprouting groves. Our robin red-breast chirps on the almost naked trees and will not hearken to the sage who warns him that the North may yet send cold winds and blasting storms. The sun, charmed with Nature's beauties, throws faint gleams over the Eastern skies long before man thinks to rise. He forgets to sink to rest and lingers till dim, twinkling stars warn him that his reign for the day is over. Tender buds burst forth from every tree, and cast aside the shells and chaff of last year's growth. Soft, gentle rains fall on mother earth and coax the tender buds to blossom out. The farmer turns the sod, rakes out last year's stubble, and plants new seed.

Spring is a time for action, a time of hope and trust, a time for building castles, for new efforts, a time for planting seeds. Dark, bleak winter has gone,—gone with all its memories, with all its causes for congratulations and regrets. Now it matters not, save as these consequences influence us for better lives. The ground, ill-kept last year, is ready for new seeds. The field of life is waiting for our tillage. The field of life is ready to receive the seed of hope, the seed of ambition, the seed of earnest striving. Time is ever flying, and we must not let the spring-time pass until our planting has been finished.

Spring is a time of planning. We shall come to the winter of life all too soon, and then it is time to enjoy a harvest long since gathered. The time for planting will be over. Now is the time to lay out the garden of life, to place our natural abilities and accomplishments in earth suited to their growth. In other ground they cannot thrive; perhaps they will not even live. Time waits for

no man. It is slipping away. The summer will be almost too late to plant and surely infinitely less profitable. Some of the seeds of our character will never have the chance to mature. Let us find the proper soil, and plant only worthy seeds,—seeds that will spring up into strong, glorious trees of manhood.

Spring is a time of growth. It is a time to send forth buds of new and mightier endeavor. The buds must give evidence of moral and intellectual development. Good efforts on good efforts will soon become a habit with us. What though the past is dark and tries to cling to us and drag us down? New, healthy buds will break through the old shells and scatter the remains of last year's failures. The blossoms will be beautiful in their variety and hues, and the fruit a happiness and joy in life and a treasure of inestimable value in the granaries of eternity.

Spring is a time of sweet song-birds, gentle rains, and bright, warm sun. The great field of life needs these so much! Nature sends so many clouds. We ourselves often pile them high, and would obscure the sun, turn the gentle rains to wintry torrents, and shut out the joyful twitter of the birds. Our own buds,—our hopes, our efforts, our failures and our sorrows need the sun,—the smiles of encouragement, co-operation, and condolence. Our companions and friends,—all men need help, bright words, and loving sympathy. Let us not change this beautiful season to a chilling, sour winter. Let us be brave, courageous, trusting men, filled with untiring efforts for the good. Let us praise the worth in others, though not indiscriminately, but hide the bad and let it not be remembered but with compassion. Spring is a time of development. Let us fight the disposition to be critical and unkind. Let us shed rays of real, genuine spring about us. Then the summer of life will be beautiful in its fruit; autumn will be a glorious, rich harvest-time and winter a well-earned and honorable reward and rest.

G. A. O'M.

EXCHANGES

We gratefully acknowledge the following interesting exchanges: *The Alvernia, The Aquinas, The Belmont Review, De Paul Minerval, The Fordham Monthly, The Georgetown College Journal, The Gettysburgian, The Index, The Laurel, The Mountaineer, The Petriculanian, The St. Francis, The Viatorian, The Vincentian, Williams Literary Monthly, St. Peter's College Journal.*

The February number of *The Petriculanian* contains an interesting article on the "Development of Education." The author traces the evolution of education throughout the ages in a very precise manner. The method observed by the Exchange editor is ideal. The short story, "Isle of Gold," narrates an interesting adventure in a creditable manner.

The latest number of *The Viatorian* treats admirably of the social question "strikes", from several viewpoints. The article, "Poland," vividly depicts the pitiable condition of the people and land, under which that nation is striving for existence at the present time.

Our interest is naturally directed towards the progress of *The Saint Francis,* which, like ourselves, is a novice in journalism. The poem, "The Golden Link," is highly commendable. The editorial on patriotism is replete with well-selected and appropriate quotations regarding that timely subject. A short story or two would obviously furnish a variety in the contents, and thus tend to increase the merit of the paper.

The Vincentian contains an excellent contrast between L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. We are anxiously awaiting the next issue of *The Vincentian,* as we know that there will be one thing of interest, the continuance of the serial story, "The Strains of His Violin", which, unlike many serials, is exceedingly interesting.

The Laurel furnishes a rare treat in its poems and essays, but not a single short story intersperses these works in the March number. The poems are in general of high calibre, and the masterly fashion in which the several essays pertinent to Irish affairs are handled is praiseworthy.

The *De Paul Minerval* possesses the distinction of having the best short stories of any of our exchanges. The essay, "American Equality", is replete with an elegance of diction too rarely found in college journals. We echo with double intensity the sentiments of *The Aquinas* in regard to the humor of "The Bachelor Maid".



Easter Vacation

The annual Easter vacation began after Mass on Holy Thursday morning, April 5, and came to an end the following Monday at 9 P. M. Many of the students, living in the vicinity, took advantage of the opportunity to spend a few days at home.

Retreat

The student's retreat was held, according to custom, during the first part of Holy Week, beginning on the evening of Palm Sunday and ending with General Communion and Papal Benediction on Holy Thursday morning. The retreat was conducted by the Rev. Father O'Mahoney, of Lawrence, Mass. Father O'Mahoney's sermons were very instructive and the retreat proved very successful.

Death of Father Murphy

The entire College was cast into gloom on February 19, when the death was announced of the Rev. Father Nicholas J. Murphy, provincial of the Augustinian Order in the United States. Funeral services were held over the body of Father Murphy in his home parish in New York, after which it was brought here for burial. Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by Bishop McCort at Villanova, February 23. The sanctuary and choir were crowded with visiting clergy, who had come to honor their late friend and confrère. It was one of the largest gatherings of priests ever witnessed here, and indicated the high regard in which the late provincial was held. Burial was made with appropriate ceremonies in the cemetery at Villanova. In the death of Father Murphy, The Villanovan loses an esteemed friend and benefactor.

Faculty

The only change recorded in the personnel of the faculty since the last issue, was the addition of Mr. Cornelius J. Dennehy, B.Sc., as instructor in the Department of Chemistry. Mr. Dennehy is a graduate of the College of Science in the University of Dublin and will act as assistant to Mr. Fink in the work of his department.

Baseball Prospects

The baseball game with Princeton on March 31 was the formal opening of Villanova's season and if the result of that game and pre-season prospects counts for much, we can depend upon having one of the best teams which has ever represented Villanova on the diamond. But it takes more than good wishes to run a baseball team, so it is up to the student body to lend their support, financial and otherwise. The management is sure that if given the earnest co-operation of everyone, they will take a long step forward in putting Villanova on the baseball map.

Prize Contests

Being desirous of increasing the number of literary contributions, the staff of The Villanovan has offered two prizes, each of five dollars in gold, one for the best story and the other for the best essay submitted during the year. In each case the originality of the theme will be considered as a big factor. The winners will be announced in the June issue.

Condolences

The Villanovan in its own name and that of the entire student body wishes to express its heartfelt sympathy to Alexander Malone and Michael Dougherty in their recent bereavement upon the death of their respective fathers.

Phi Kappa Pi

At the regular monthly meeting, held on Friday evening, March 9, a very interesting thesis was read by Mr. Raymond Maloney. Mr. Maloney chose as his topic, "The Manufacture of Asbestos," and he gave a clear description of the different methods employed, laying special emphasis on its modern usage. Specimens of the asbestos in its different stages of manufacture were submitted for inspection. Routine business was transacted and plans for the annual banquet to be held in May were discussed. The replies of several of the graduates to the Employment Bureau's appeal were read by the secretary.

Only one trip of inspection was made during the month, that being to the plant of the Ivy Rock Steel Company, at Ivy Rock, Pa. A guide was furnished through the courtesy of the company and the party was taken through the entire mill, following the process of manufacture from the melting down in the furnace to the rolling of the finished sections.

A theatre party was given by the society on the evening of February 20 in Philadelphia and an enjoyable time was had by all who attended.

Holy Name Society

The Rev. Fathers Dohan and Hickey were the speakers at the last meeting of the Holy Name Society, held on Sunday evening, March 11. Father Dohan's address was as impressive as it was timely, his subject being "Loyalty", and in it he urged each individual to do his utmost in standing behind the President in the international crisis. Father Hickey's talk was also very instructive and proved every bit as interesting.

Epsilon Phi Theta

The passing of the Lenten season found the members of the Epsilon Phi Theta prepared to take up their activities again with renewed vigor. At the last meeting a committee was appointed to make arrangements for a theatre party which will be held in the near future and at which the society will have as their guests, members of the faculty. The advisability of holding a banquet this year was also discussed but no action was taken, the committee appointed not having their report completed.

Several interesting papers on current topics were read at the meeting and quite lengthy discussions were held on these subjects before adjourning.

Election of officers for the next year will be held at the May meeting.

Dramatic Society

Members of the Dramatic Society are hard at work, learning their parts for the two performances which will be given before the College closes in June. The first one is a minstrel and is to be presented April 26. The second will be a drama entitled "The Man of the Hour," and it will be given some time in May. Both performances will be held in the college auditorium, and a capacity crowd is anticipated on each occasion.

Appointed to West Point

Word was received here a few weeks ago that John V. Domminey, '17, was the recipient of an appointment from the State of New York to the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., having already passed successfully all the necessary examinations. Mr. Domminey will enter West Point next June, after his graduation from Villanova. The Villanovan extends to its editor-in-chief heartiest congratulations.

Joseph O'Leary, '18.

ALUMNI NOTES

VERITAS UNITAS CARITAS

Weddings

Dr. Timothy M. O'Rourke, '04, was married February 24, 1917, in the Cathedral, Philadelphia, to Mabel J. Landes. Dr. O'Rourke, who for a number of years was chief resident physician at Medico-Chi Hospital, Philadelphia, has succeeded in building up during the last two years a very large private practise.

"Eddie" Murphy, one of the best all-around athletes as well as one of the most popular students that has ever attended Villanova, was married February 28, to Mary A. Richardson, of Hawley, Pa. Immediately after the ceremony "Eddie" and his bride departed for the training camp of the White Sox, to which team he was traded by Connie Mack after having achieved much fame as a member of the World Champion Athletics. To the happy couples The Villanovan extends its felicitations and best wishes.

New Play

Howard M. Sheeley, '00, to his many other laurels has recently added that of successful dramatist. A farce-comedy entitled "The Family Tree" has just ended a run of three weeks at the Little Theatre, Philadelphia. The play is a clever satire on social ambition and the desperate efforts of certain "climbers" to wedge their way into "exclusive society." The critics have praised Mr. Sheeley's effort very highly and predict a brilliant future for him as a dramatist. The Villanovan joins his many friends in extending hearty congratulations.

Testimonial Banquet

Mr. James E. Dougherty, '80, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., was recently tendered a testimonial banquet by the Columbus Council, No. 992, K. of C., Philadelphia, of which he is a Past Grand Knight. A number of addresses were made by distinguished knights and guests during the course of the banquet, at the conclusion of which Mr. Dougherty was presented with a valuable gift.

Condolences

The Villanovan extends its condolences to John A. and Joseph Murphy upon the recent death of their beloved father, Michael Murphy, which occurred at his home in Overbrook, Pa.; likewise to Charles A. McAvoy, '98, upon the death of his mother at her home in Norristown, Pa. Many Villanova men were in attendance at both funerals.

Deaths

During the last few months, death, the grim reaper, has exacted a heavy toll among Villanova men:

Rev. James J. Keegan, '72, rector of St. Charles Church, Woburn, Mass., whose death occurred March 14, was one of the most widely known priests throughout the Boston Diocese. Upon his graduation at Villanova in the Class of '72 he entered the seminary, being ordained priest in 1875. After his ordination he served in many cities of the Diocese, notably in Lynn, South Boston and Randolph. He was appointed to St. Charles Church in 1897 and had won his way into the hearts of his parishioners by his great sympathy and kindliness.

Hon. Michael Conry, whose death took place last month, was a member of Congress from New York City in the House of Representatives in which he had been a member for a number of years. His death came suddenly in the midst of his legislative labors. He was reputed to be one of the most popular as well as eloquent members in the House. He was a Democrat and during the last four years had been actively identified with most of the legislation proposed by President Wilson. After his departure from

Villanova in 1886, he entered the University of Michigan, taking up the study of law. Mr. Conry had consented to take part in the Commencement exercises of 1917, and his untimely death was a great shock to the officials of the College.

News comes from Lynn, Mass., of the death of Dr. Joseph F. O'Shea, '82, who for the past seven years had been city physician of that city. Dr. O'Shea, as a young man, was an athlete of prominence in college and professional circles. Upon leaving Villanova he studied medicine at the New York Medical School, from which he graduated. He subsequently did considerable research work at Columbia University, followed by expert work at Bellevue Medical College and studies in Berlin, Germany, and the Mayo Institute at Rochester, Minn. He was a member of the Lynn Board of Health and was a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, the Oxford Club of Lynn and the Essex County Medical Society.

Very Rev. D. D. Regan, O.S.A., for more than fifteen years prior and rector of St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia, died Holy Thursday morning, April 5, 1917, after a long illness. Father Regan studied at Villanova in the early seventies. He was ordained priest March 15, 1874. During his long career as a priest he was called upon to occupy many important positions in the Augustinian Order. He was successively rector of St. Mary's Church, Lawrence, Mass.; St. Mary's Church, Waterford; St. Paul's Church, Mechanicville, and the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Hoosick Falls, N. Y. Father Regan was always very popular and beloved by all for his openheartedness and genial ways. The attendance at the funeral, which was held in Philadelphia, April 9, was an evidence of the high esteem in which he was held.

Augustinian Changes

The death of Father Murphy necessitated a number of changes among the Augustinians. Very Rev. C. M. Driscoll, who became Rector Provincial of the Province, shortly after the funeral announced the following transfers and promotions: Rev. B. J. Zeiser, Prior and Rector of the Church of St. Nicholas of Tolentine, in the Bronx; Rev. George A. Dermody, Rector of St. James' Church, Carthage, N. Y., and Rev. D. A. Herron, Rector of St. Denis' Church, Ardmore, Pa. Recently Rev. Charles A. Baker was sent to succeed Father Zeiser at Chestnut Hill, Rev. L. M. Powers becoming sub-prior and Rev. D. W. Driscoll, procurator at Villanova.

Jottings

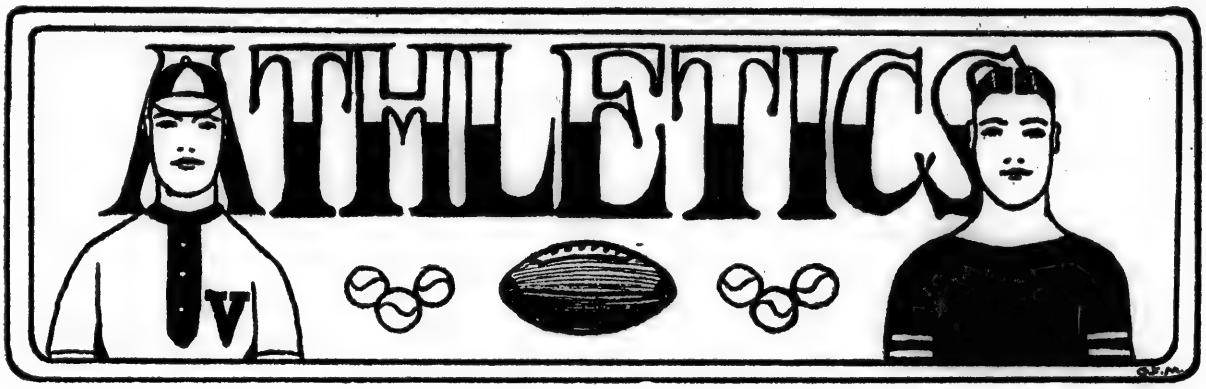
Admiral Wm. S. Benson, who received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Villanova in 1915, has been designated by Notre Dame University as the recipient of this year's Laetare Medal. The honor is a worthy one and has met with universal approval.

Rev. E. A. Walsh, Assistant Rector of St. Mary's Church, Troy, N. Y., has been appointed rector at West Winfield, N. Y.

John O'Leary, '15, is now in the Engineering Department of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York City.

The following were recent visitors at the college: Charles Heiken, Sylvester Sabbatino, George Wilson, Carl Gilbert, James Malone, William Miller, Charles McLaughlin and Harold Applegarth.

Paul A. O'Brien, '18.



Basketball

The Inter-class League was brought to a close after a very successful season, on Wednesday, March 28, when the Freshman team rather easily defeated the Junior, thereby winning the championship.

These inter-class games have gotten to be an annual event at Villanova and are much looked forward to by the student body. It is the only sport indulged in at Villanova during the winter months and the favor with which it was received this year was more than gratifying to the organizers of the project. The games were very spirited and unusually well attended. The race was close too, that is, in the matter of games won and lost, although there was never much doubt as to the final outcome.

The Freshman presented a well-balanced, well-drilled team and finished the season with a clean slate. It was easily the best class team seen around here in a number of years. The Sporting Editor extends to the victors the congratulations and best wishes of The Villanovan.

Another factor which insured the success of the league was the assistance rendered by Mr. McGuire, our genial prefect, who was the eleventh man on the floor. The man with the whistle is an important part of any game and this department during the entire series was certainly well handled.

The following games were the most important and really decided the final positions of the first three teams.

Sophomores vs. Seniors

The most exciting game of the year was probably the battle between the Sophs and Seniors. The second year men won by a margin of one point. Score 17-16.

In the first half the Sophomores had everything their own way and at half time the score stood 16-1 in their favor. In the second half, however, the Seniors took a decided brace and opened up a little spurt. Four field goals by McCullian and two by Hammond placed the Seniors within striking distance, but the lead obtained by the underclassmen in the first half was too big and their rally fell just two points shy of victory.

Egan played the best ball for the Sophs, while McCullian showed up best for the Seniors. Lineup:

Seniors.		Sophomores.
Kirsh	Forward	Benson
Hammond	Forward	McEnerney
McCullian	Center	Egan
M. Domminey	Guard	Walsh
Goodwin	Guard	Ewing

Field goals—McCullian, 4; Hammond, 2; Egan, 2; McEnerney, 3; Walsh, 1. Foul goals—Hammond, 4; Egan, 5. Referee—McGuire.

Sophomores vs. Fourth Prep.

The surprise of the season was the ease with which the Prep. team defeated the Sophomore team, Score 33-9.

The youngsters showed a great brand of ball and rained in fourteen field goals, Reap leading the procession with six two-pointers to his credit. Wasilko was next in line with four. This unexpected defeat tumbled the Sophs into third place and enabled the Juniors to clinch the second rung.

Egan was the best man for the Sophs and scored seven of his team's nine points. Jim Reap was the star of the other team. Lineup:

Fourth Prep.		Sophomores.
Marlowe	Forward	Benson
Blanchfield	Forward	McEnerney
Reap	Center	Egan
Wasilko	Guard	Walsh
Craemer	Guard	Ewing

Field goals—Reap, 6; Wasilko, 4; Blanchfield, 2; Marlowe, 1; Craemer, 1; McEnerney, Egan. Foul goals—Reap, 5; Egan, 5.

Freshmen vs. Juniors

This game was the final game of the season and decided the championship in favor of the Freshmen. The 1920 team scored in the first minute and was never headed, the final score being 28-8. Despite the big difference in the score the game was well played and proved to be an interesting match.

The Freshmen showed surprising team play and their passing and shooting were at times bewildering. Diggles played a wonderful game for the first year men, scoring six times from the floor, while the defensive work of Bill and Leo Brennan was also noteworthy. The Juniors scored but two field goals, both being long shots from the middle of the floor. McGucken played the best ball for the upperclassmen and scored six of his team's eight points. Lineup:

Freshmen.		Juniors.
McCauley (McDermott)	Forward	Sheehan
Diggles	Forward	McCormick
Voight	Center	Dougherty
W. Brennan	Guard	McGucken
L. Brennan	Guard	O'Brien (Griswold)

Field goals—McCauley, W. Brennan, Voight, 3; Diggles, 6; McDermott, McGucken, Dougherty. Foul goals—McGucken, 4; Diggles, 2.

Baseball

On March 31 our Varsity baseball team opened the 1917 campaign at Princeton. The first game resulted in an overwhelming victory for Villanova, score 11-0.

Villanova's batters had their hitting clothes on and battered three of the Orange and Blue boxmen for ten hits. McGuckin started the slaughter in the first session by slamming out a two-base hit. Sheehan, Dougherty and Murray were also successful in getting on in this inning. They all scored and the outcome was never in boubt.

Sheehan successfully checked Princeton's only rally when in the sixth, with the bases full, he made a beautiful running catch of Bauhan's drive to deep center. The team as a whole fielded very well and did not have one error chalked up against them.

Molyneaux, who has now faced Princeton for the third consecutive season, was very effective, striking out six men, and allowing only six hits, which were widely scattered.

Villanova.

	A.B.	H.	O.	A.	E.
McGuckin, ss	5	2	2	3	0
Sheehan, rf	6	2	1	0	0
Dougherty, lf	5	2	0	0	0
Murray, 1b	2	0	12	0	0
McGeehan, 3b	5	1	2	3	0
McCullan, 2b	5	1	2	2	0
Robinson, cf	4	0	2	0	0
Loan, c	4	1	6	1	0
Molyneaux, p	4	1	0	3	0
Totals	40	10	27	12	0

Princeton.

	A.B.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Howett, 3b	2	0	1	0	0
Lee, rf	4	2	0	0	1
Rankin, lf	4	1	3	0	1
Tibbott, p	0	0	0	0	0
Savage, p	4	1	0	2	0
Matlock, p	0	0	0	0	0
Driggs, c	4	1	10	0	2
Bauhan, ss	4	0	1	2	0
Foster, cf	1	0	1	0	1
Hammond, cf	3	0	1	0	0
Scully, 1b	4	0	10	0	0
Madden, 2b	3	1	0	5	0
Total	33	6	27	9	4

Villanova	5	0	1	0	0	2	0	3	0	—11
Princeton	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 0

Runs scored—McGuckin, McGeehan, McCullan, Loan, Molyneaux, Sheehan, 2; Dougherty, 2; Murray, 2. Stolen bases—McGuckin, Dougherty, Robinson. Two base hits—McGuckin. Innings pitched—Tibbott, 1-3; Savage, 7 2-3; Matlock, 1. Struck out—By Savage, 7; by Matlock, 2; by Molyneaux, 6. Bases on balls—Off Savage, 6; off Molyneaux, 2. Left on bases—Villanova, 8; Princeton, 8. Hit by pitcher—Molyneaux (by Matlock). Umpires—Freeman and Conahan.

Since the last edition of The Villanovan the baseball schedule has been somewhat revised.

The proposed contests with Army, Georgetown and Seton Hall have all fallen through and other games have been arranged in their places. The revised schedule follows:

April 11—Haverford at Villanova.
" 14—Ursinus at Collegeville.
" 20—Albright at Villanova.
" 21—Gettysburg at Villanova.
" 24—Drexel at Philadelphia.
" 25—Haverford at Haverford.
" 27—Mt. St. Joseph's at Baltimore.
" 28—Catholic University at Washington.
May 1—U. of P. at Philadelphia.
May 2—Alumni at Villanova.
" 5—Manhattan at Villanova.
" 9—Albright at Myerstown.
" 12—Fordham at New York.
" 16—Lehigh at South Bethlehem.
" 17—Catholic University at Villanova.
" 19—Dickinson at Villanova.
" 24—Penn State at State.
" 25—Dickinson at Carlisle.
" 26—Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
June 2—Ursinus at Villanova.
" 4—Mt. St. Joseph's at Villanova.
" 5—Lebanon Valley at Villanova.

JOHN J. DOUGHERTY, '18.





DON'T WORRY

If war should be declared
And you are feeling scared,
Don't worry.
You'll either have to fight,
Or stay at home all right,
And if you stay at home
You needn't worry.

If called upon to serve,
Just buckle up your nerve,
Don't worry.
You might be at the head,
Or safe behind instead,
And if you're safe in camp
You shouldn't worry.

If battle rages 'round
And comrades strew the ground,
Don't worry.
A shell or two you'll get,
Or else your time's not yet.
And if your skin is whole
You needn't worry.

If carried from the fray,
Just grit your teeth and say,
Don't worry.
Your heart is pierced by steel,
Or else your wound will heal.
And if you're going to live,
You shouldn't worry.

Now if you've passed away,
The facts are plain as day.
A man that's dead and buried
Cannot worry.

J. V. D.

Villanova students showed a lack of patriotic spirit in beginning a retreat the night before the President announced his intention of declaring war.

* * *

We find the following passage in Fabiola: "Fulvius betook himself to the country home of Agnes for the purpose of pressing his suit." How about this, ye borrowers of electric flat-irons?

* * *

Because of the severing of diplomatic relations between China and Germany, Sing Lung, the premier laundryman of Bryn Mawr, has refused to do the German professors' collars.

* * *

Lieutenant O'Malley has left us in order to take charge of the recruits in Avoca. Address all mail to the United Cigar Store, Avoca, Pa.

* * *

Archie: "Why were the Northern soldiers so much affected by the cold during the Civil War."

Bertie: "Because they were caught in the draft?"

Archie: "No, because they fought in their Union suits."

* * *

Villanova offered Princeton a loan on last Saturday, but they tried to steal and were caught. (Baseball note.)

* * *

As Sylvester was passing Sing Sing on his way up the Hudson River, towards Cohoes, he was almost moved to tears, as the band on the boat began to play "Memories of Home."

HIT 'ER OUT

When three men are on base,
Just limber up your mace,
"Hit 'er out."
For the boy that slugs the ball,
Is the one that gets them all.
When he's up you'll hear the bleachers.
"Hit 'er out."

If one run means the game,
Our cry is just the same,
"Hit 'er out."
We fans go mad with joy,
Hear us shouting "'atta boy."
For we like to see those sluggers
"Hit 'er out."

No matter what the score,
We give that loud encore,
"Hit 'er out."
The grandest way to play,
Is swat 'em far away.
For baseball's battle cry is
"Hit 'er out."

He may be a fielding crack,
But the bushes get him back,
If he cannot swing his club and
"Hit 'er out."

J. V. D.

* * *

The Senior Philosophy class requested Father Hickey to show them tricks, and he handed them a little bull. Here, Tricks! Stand up for the gentlemen!

* * *

Harry (to Tom, who is passing him soup): "Say! Look out! Don't you know your thumb is in the soup?"

Tom: "I don't mind. It's not very hot."

A miss is good for a smile.

* * *

The fact that Messrs. Washington and Greene continue to preside over the destinies of the college kitchen has evoked the following from Eddie McCullian: "Villanova students, like the British soldiers of Revolutionary times, having things made hot for them by Washington and Greene."

* * *

Since Cupid started his capers there is not a *single* professor left in the Engineering School.

* * *

The Senior and Junior classes have Cains. The Sophomores not to be outdone got a Butler.

* * *

Sylvester to driver of a stalled Ford: "What's the matter? Can't you discover? Perhaps there isn't any water in the carburetor." He *auto* know all about machines, too.

* * *

First Civil (in concrete): "The soft soap method is called the Silvester System."

Second Civil: "Yes. That just sounds like Benson."

* * *

Professor Rowland: "Well, boys, have you put the steam engine together again?"

Electrical Trio: "Yep. She is all together now, but we have two nuts and a bolt left over."

* * *

The Camden police force wants to know what Walsh did with that cop's revolver.

* * *

President Wilson may have his Pacifists, but judging from the monthly marks, the Sophs and Freshies have their "Hump."

EDGAR DRACH, '18.

D. A. WACK

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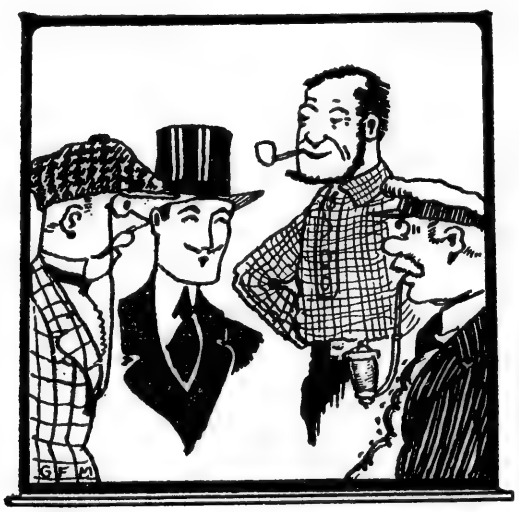
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A group of men were arguing
One afternoon, at length
Upon the navies of the world,
And their respective strength.

One said that England was the queen
Of all upon the sea;
Some favored France, and others gave
The palm to Germany.

An Irishman was standing by
Of patriotic mind.
Said he, "The Irish navy is
The greatest of its kind."

A laugh arose from all the rest,
They swore you could not beat
A man who calmly stated that
The Irish had a fleet.

"Well, tell me now," said one of them,
"Where the Irish navy lies."
"Sure, how do I know," answered he,
"But what you're German spies."

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VILLANOVA COLLEGE FACULTY, 1916—1917.

THE VILLANOVAN

VOL. 1 JUNE, 1917 No. 4

VILLANOVA HYMN

By JOHN I. WHELAN, '93

The old boys, the new boys,
Are marching thousands strong
To praise you, to raise you
With all our shouts of song.
For song is where love is,
And old is ever new,—
With old love that's new love
To Villanova true.

CHORUS.

So we sing, sing, sing,
And our voices ring
Of the love that is old, that is new:
Villanova! Villanova! Villanova!
The love that is love that is you.

The time-beat is heart-beat
When music makes its lay;
And loyal is royal—
Villanova for aye!
So the old boys, the new boys,
The boys that love makes young,
Will praise you and raise you
To heights by music sung.—Cho.



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OLD GLORY

By CHARLES MOORE

In triple splendor shine once more
Old Glory's beams from shore to shore,
Enkindling hearts now as of yore
Beneath Heaven's *benedicite.*

The public hall, the private home,
The school, the factory, the dome,
The tented field, the ocean foam,—
All, all confess her majesty.

To downward glance, to upward view,
The ground, the skies, repeat anew
The patriot's lore in Nature's hue—
Our standard in her scenery.

For ruddy dawn and fleecy cloud
And azure vault proclaim it loud;
The starry skies at night are proud
With dear Old Glory's pageantry.

Lo! earth with Glory's colors glows
In violet, lily, and in rose—
Truth, honor, courage to disclose
By tokens of her harmony.

See Valley Forge the flag repeat,
When *snows* were streaked with *bleeding* feet,
Heaven blessing that sublime retreat—
The universe in sympathy!

'Gainst tyrant's force, 'gainst trenching foes,
The Fathers of our Nation rose;
Thee, thee, Old Glory! then they chose
The symbol of our liberty!

When rebels would the Union sunder,
Old Glory's gleam mid cannons' thunder
Inspired the loyal soldier under—
The foe of dark-dyed Slavery.

Now Man to free from war's alarms,
A world opprest with despot arms
Summons Old Glory's magic charms—
The emblem of Humanity.

A U-BOAT INCIDENT

By FRANCIS X. ROBINSON, '20

NOT long ago I was speaking to a lieutenant on one of the interned German raiders stationed at League Island, Philadelphia's big Navy Yard. As he had previously been in command of a U-boat, I inquired concerning some of his experiences. Thereupon he related the following adventure, which he had encountered off the coast of England, while lying in wait for merchant vessels. The incident is narrated from his own point of view and as nearly as possible in his own words.

"It was late in the afternoon that we came upon the peaceful fleet, like a wolf upon a flock of sheep. To be sure that there were no guns on any of the ships, we remained submerged and examined each ship separately through our periscope.

The weather was glorious. The sun smiled from a clear blue sky. A gentle, northerly swell rocked the fishing-boats back and forth. The horizon stood out distinctly. Not a speck of a cloud was visible. Nothing could be seen but the fishermen.

Silently and suddenly as a ghost, I arose behind one of the fishing steamers, pushed the conning-tower hatch up, and jumped out on the tower. The fishermen stared at us, open-mouthed, rooted to the decks as if paralyzed with terror. I ordered them to leave their respective vessels and board one steamer that I had selected to convey them to the shore.

As soon as the fishermen were safely aboard the steamer, we commenced sinking the other boats. We went from one ship to the next in immediate succession. Stopping at a distance of about a hundred yards, we sent solid, well-aimed shots at the water-lines of each until it began to sink.

As soon as we perceived that all the vessels were sinking, we withdrew a short distance to watch them take the final plunge. Suddenly an object fell into the water at such proximity that I was drenched with spray. Looking skyward, I beheld an aeroplane, manoeuvring to get into a position to drop another bomb. The aviator must have been at a high altitude, and then have pounced down upon us unawares.

I jumped down the tower on the instant, closing the hatch after me, and shouted down the tube for full speed. We dived into the side of a wave. Down, down, down we went, until the gauge registered fifty feet. I should have liked to go deeper; but I durst not, as the ocean at this point is very shallow. We remained submerged for an hour. When we came up, there was not an object to be seen.

After the narrow escape I had just had, I swore that I never more would be caught on the shallow coast of England. As my nerves were still shaky, I headed my faithful U-boat for the open sea, where we peacefully spent the night."

DEMONS OF THE DEEP

By THOMAS B. AUSTIN, '16

Down the bay on her way
Sailed the ship at break of day.
O'er the deep, see her sweep
While the waves around her leap.
But the demons down below
Have now taken her in tow;
And they whisper, "Nevermore
Shall she see the other shore!"

Proud she sails while the gales
Speed her on her watery trails.
See her ride, o'er the tide,
Onward to the other side.
But the demons of the deep
From their lairs now upward creep;
And they whisper to the waves,
"Open up your watery graves—
We are bringing home our slaves!"

Hark! A cry rends the sky
Submarines are hovering nigh!
Ah, too late! See the speed
Of its fiendish, deadly steed,
And the demons of the deep
From the depths now upward leap;
And they sing in ecstasy
Up and down the boundless sea.

Hear the crash! See the gash!
All in motion in the ocean
Boats are filled, fears are stilled.
Death is nigh, men must die.
For the demons down below
Have now taken her in tow;
And they whisper to the waves,
"Here we give to thee our slaves!"

Now 'tis day on the bay
O'er the deep, the sun doth peep;
And it sees the empty waves
Rolling o'er its countless graves.
But the demons of the deep
Hold the keys o'er those who sleep;
And they sing and shout for glee
Up and down the boundless sea.

THE WHITE FEATHER

By PATRICK J. O'BRIEN, '16

THE gigantic struggle of the European nations in the present world war, while exacting so great a toll of human lives, has given rise to many customs as novel as they are picturesque. While enthusiasts carry some of these customs to censurable extremes, others might well be practised by any nation even in times of peace.

In England arose the term "slacker." This signified one afraid to do his bit in the trenches. The appellation, however, was short-lived. It gave way to the custom of pinning a white feather on the coat of the "slacker." The white feather has always been symbolic of cowardice. When one is really deserving, however, of such mark of degradation, such decoration does little good. A man convinced of pacifist ideas solely for the safety of his own skin, would not be moved to steadfast patriotism by epithets or insignia of any kind.

In one instance, however, a white feather purchased at an exclusive shop in London, to be worn by a pretty girl, changed the lives of three persons.

John Holland, lately promoted to the rank of captain in the Royal Engineer Corps, was sent back to England, in order to restore the health broken by the fierce demands of strife. Eagerly he was awaiting the return of his strength that he might once more take up his command on the Western front.

His record was a series of services to his King, which might be a source of pride to any man. He had enlisted when the war began. His courage had won for him his first commission; and just before his return to England, he had been placed at the head of a company of engineers.

It was a bright, sunshiny afternoon in midsummer. Holland, feeling some of his old-time vigor returning, left the narrow confines of the hospital yard for a short stroll. The streets of the little town of West End were crowded with people. As he walked along it hardly seemed to be any different from times of peace. There were plenty of men and boys in excellent physical condition, yet they apparently would not bear arms in behalf of the land to which they were indebted for everything. It wasn't fair, he reflected, that these men should escape their share of the burden. Out in the trenches, the men called these cravens, "men without a country;" and such they really were. If they only knew, he thought, they would not flaunt their pacifism so openly.

It was only a few squares from the Marine Hospital to the small park, which was Holland's objective point; yet he was almost exhausted when he reached its entrance. Eagerly he sought a well-shaded bench that he might rest his tired limbs and feast his eyes on the ever-shifting, gaily-colored crowd.

As he sat there, idly watching the people drifting past, his mind contrasted the peaceful scene with the terrifying sights at the front. At that moment he could hardly realize that he had ever been there. It was more like a frightful dream—the daring raids by night and day; the spirited and ofttimes foolhardy charges from the trenches; the firing of heavy guns; and the appalling shriek of bursting shrapnel. Yet it was real, he assured himself, and he had been a vital part of it all.

His eyes rested for a moment on the sombre, ill-fitting suit of brown which he had on. The grey uniform should be there instead. But it was a relief to wear "civvies" again, and wearing the uniform when one was not engaged in doing his bit seemed to him to be only another way of boasting. However, he would put it on on the following day, when the most cherished of England's honors—the Victoria Cross—was to be given him.

The sight of a grey-clad officer, jauntily swinging his baton and accompanied by a young girl, caused Holland idly to contemplate who he might be. The sight of the uniform was not such an uncommon one as to arouse more than a passing interest. But generally those who wore it in the town of West End were young and broken not young and active—soldiers, mostly, sent back in order that they might fan into a flame the

almost extinguished spark of life, aided by the peace and skill at the big military hospital.

As they drew near, Captain Holland noticed that the man was a Major of the Lancers and that an ugly-looking scar, perhaps caused by the bursting of a shrapnel, disfigured his face. The scar told of recent service, for it was but freshly healed—a slight injury, as injuries go in this present war, and not sufficient to excuse a man from active service, though it did not enhance his otherwise too good-looking appearance.

The fact that there were no training camps near West End caused Holland to speculate as to why the man was in England and not where he belonged. England needed all her men, and especially all her officers, at the front, and not parading around the streets.

The girl next attracted his attention. Small in stature and dressed simply but richly in white from her dainty boots to the tip of a single rakish feather in an absurd little hat, she made an agreeable contrast to the man at her side. The glow of perfect health brought out the lustreless ivory of her skin and accentuated the blueness of her sparkling eyes. Underneath her hat, a few golden curls seemed to be trying to escape and flaunt themselves in the glorious sunshine of the summer day. She was such a girl as Holland had often visualized during the days and nights in the trenches—one for whom a man could face any terror or attempt the impossible.

Almost abreast of the bench on which he was seated, they stopped and for a single instant glanced in his direction. It was not a glance of recognition, for a rather superior smile flashed across the face of the officer.

As to its meaning he was not long left in doubt, for the girl suddenly stepped forward, saying at the same time, "I am going to decorate him."

With an upward and outward motion of her hand, she ripped the feather in her hat from its fastenings and with cool insolence fixed it through the lapel of Holland's coat.

A flush of anger colored his face as he slowly rose from the bench. At the sight of the service bars on his superior's jacket he unconsciously clicked his heels together at "attention" and started his hand upward in salute. Remembering his "civvies," Holland arrested the motion by clutching the offensive badge on his coat. A score of explanations rushed to his lips only to remain unsaid upon seeing that sneering smile.

"You have made a mistake," he managed to mumble. But it was useless, for without further word the two had continued their stroll down the shady walk.

Holland thrust the feather in his pocket and started back toward the hospital. This was his reward—insulted by a girl, who was not doing anything as her share of the burden, in the presence of a superior officer who should have been doing active service on the front. It would matter little in a few weeks when he would be back with real men—men who cared little for life when their country called. Then this little tragedy would be swallowed up by the affairs at hand.

The next day a small crowd of people gathered in the hospital courtyard, for the day had been set apart as the time for decorating the men with honors worn in battle. It was a proud day for some as they stood eagerly awaiting the beginning of the ceremonies. To John Holland, the only one who was to receive the Victoria Cross, the affair tasted of gall and vinegar; for the incident in the park was still fresh in his mind.

The awarding of the honors was over in a short space of time. The crowd, mostly those unfit for service, gathered round the men whose names would be written in England's history. Their adulation was not to Holland's liking, and he resolved to seek the quiet of his quarters within the hospital.

. . . . . .

A few months later found Holland, restored in health, back on the western frontier with his division. The fates had been kind to him since that memorable afternoon in the park. Still he was not satisfied.

The girl in white still lived in his memory. Though he should have disliked her for the part she had played in his little drama, his spare moments found him wondering whether they should meet again. The picture of what she could have been to him, had they met under different circumstances, recurred to him often. It helped him to forget the great war which had not yet really started.

Then came that night when Captain Holland was directing the erection of an elaborate *camo-*

flage, or screen, for the heavy guns. A flare bomb from the enemy's battery lighted up the spot for yards around. Then followed the dark, which was almost impenetrable. With a terrifying swish a shell struck the ground almost on top of the sweating soldiers. The explosion which followed scattered earth, rocks, and pieces of flying shell in all directions. Holland dropped to the ground with an ugly wound in his head.

In a short time a detachment from the hospital corps bravely made their way among the dying and dead. The injured were looked to first, and then those who had given their all for their country were taken. Holland to all appearances, was dead; but the brave men who make up the corps of the Red Cross know almost instinctively those who still retain a spark of life.

At the hospital, some few miles back of the firing, he lay for several days in a state of coma. Then one morning his eyes opened. His gaze wandered slowly around the room and weakly he called out, "Where am I? How did I get here?"

A nurse who was passing heard his call and came quietly to his bedside.

"You are in one of the base hospitals back of the trenches. A shell burst near you and for three days you have been here. Is there anything I can do?"

"Nothing except to drive away this racking pain in my head," replied the injured man, turning toward the nurse,—"but, yes, there is too. Tell me, didn't we meet one afternoon in a small park in West End, or is my head gone wrong entirely?"

The girl looked fully at him for a brief instant, and glancing away, said, "I don't think so."

"I might have known," he muttered as though talking to himself, "for she couldn't be here."

The nurse, for she was the same girl who had tried to humiliate Holland months before, turned away from the bedside. Should she tell him or let him think that memory had played him false. Here was her chance to atone for that miserable mistake. Somehow, she could not humble herself before this man. Pride and honor battled, and in the combat pride won.

But it did not triumph for long. After a sleepless night Marian Fields thrust aside that which before had moulded her whole life. Environment, "society" if you will, had fashioned her into a worshiper of human respect; patriotism had re-moulded her into the real woman.

That morning in passing Holland's bedside she stopped as though merely on some errand of mercy. Without a word she placed a chair so that he could see her without effort, and in low tones calculated to carry only to Holland's ears began: "Captain Holland, I am the girl you met in the park that day. I wanted to apologize the next afternoon at the hospital, but courage failed and I couldn't. Can you forgive that wretched mistake? I resolved when I saw you standing in the hospital courtyard with the Victoria Cross on your tunic that I too must make some sacrifice for England. I volunteered in the Red Cross for service in the field, but I never hoped or thought to meet the one who was responsible for my going."

"That's all right now and we sha'n't say anything further about it," replied Holland very much confused and looking more like the accused than the accuser.

The following days sped quickly by. The friendship between the battle-scarred captain and the golden-haired nurse grew apace. They had in that short space of time reached that delightful stage of intimacy which is acquired between friends only after years of acquaintance. But through his mind often ran the thought of the tall officer who had on that memorable day been her companion. Marian never mentioned the Major and this fact gave Holland no little concern.

He was destined soon to learn. One day as he sat in an invalid chair facing one of the great windows in the hospital, Marian came to him with a letter in her hand. A smile whose meaning he could not quite fathom, played around the corners of her mouth.

"Guess whom this letter is from?" she demanded; "I'll give you one guess."

"I don't know, unless it be from the Kaiser inviting you to tea," returned Holland jocularly; for in the quiet of the hospital the whole world seemed to be at peace.

"It's from the Major, who was with me that afternoon—"

In speaking, they always referred to their first meeting as "that afternoon." Somehow to them their very existence seemed to date from "that afternoon."

"And what do you suppose? He is in America. Detailed there to inspect munitions. He commands me flatly to resign from the service and go back to England."

Holland's good spirits slowly vanished as Marian continued. In an instant he saw his fondest hopes lying in ruins.

"When are you going?" he asked in the tone of one expecting a death sentence.

"I do not know. I suppose I should start at once."

"Yes, you should! This is no place for a girl like you. If you must do something there is much to be done at home; and I—I wish you every happiness," finished Holland.

"No place for me! Perhaps you are right. There are others better fitted than I, but none more willing—and I consider it the greatest honor to have been permitted to come here. I have learned much during my brief stay. It has taught me that the greatest good comes from helping others. You, too, would ask me to give it up. You wish me happiness and deprive me of it in the same breath. Can't you see my greatest happiness is here?"

"No. You are wrong. Never so much as by a single thought have I wished to deprive you of one bit of happiness. I only want you to be happy and I know you will be with the Major."

A light laugh was her only response. Holland looked at her as though he did not quite comprehend its meaning.

"I am going to answer his letter at once, Captain, and I need your help. Give me that little packet I saw you hastily crush into your pocket at my approach. That will be his answer and then—" Her gaze turned toward the window.

Without a word Holland took from his shirt pocket a silken handkerchief folded carefully in a small square and handed it to her.

The folds fell away and there resting in its center lay the same white feather that had once decorated her hat.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

By JOHN J. MAGUIRE, '20

THE scene was a military hospital on the outskirts of a little village somewhere in France. It was a quiet September afternoon, about a year after the great European war had begun. Jimmy Madden, a young hospital steward, sat in front of the door, quietly watching the white-coated surgeon on the bench opposite him as he dexterously rolled a cigarette and lighted it. They were alone, save for the solitary guard who paced up and down the courtyard at regular intervals. They were Americans, Jimmy and this broad-shouldered surgeon; and Fate had thrown them together in this little hospital.

Jimmy had been a secretary for a wealthy American, the owner of this villa, which had been turned into a relief hospital shortly after the outbreak of the war. The millionaire had offered his services to the French Government as an aviator, and Jimmy decided to join the hospital corps.

The other, no one knew much about. He was, perhaps, slightly under thirty, with an athletic build, and not unpleasant to look at. He had staggered into the hospital one morning at daybreak, a ragged and dejected-looking creature, tired, weak, hungry, and extremely taciturn.

Jimmy, perceiving that he was an American, had taken him in charge, and in a few days he appeared a totally different man. But he had little to say about himself, except that he was a surgeon. He offered his services to the superintendent of the hospital and was accepted. Although he spoke French fluently, he did not pay much attention to the attendants about the place. But he and Jimmy, being Americans, spent most of their spare time together. He did not, however, offer to tell his name to Jimmy; and Jimmy, not being of a curious turn of mind, called him "Doc," and let it go at that.

But now, as they sat in silence in the tranquil autumn air, "Doc" appeared to be meditating deeply. A question presented itself to the young steward's mind, "I wonder what is troubling him?" Jimmy asked himself.

Then, as if he had read Jimmy's thoughts, the surgeon turned quietly and said, "Jimmy, do I look like a coward?"

Taken unawares by the strange question, Jimmy did not answer at once; but the surgeon continued in a low voice. "Jimmy," he said, "as you know, I am an American, a graduate of one of America's greatest medical schools. My father died when I was still in my 'teens, leaving the family fairly well off. My mother died while I was at college. Her last request was that I should take care of my younger brother, whom I dearly loved. He is constantly in my thoughts. In the last letter I received from him, he had just graduated with high honors from an engineering college. Well, to make a long story short, I came to Germany, shortly after graduating—about two years ago—and began to specialize in my science. After studying for a year, I became restless. I was considering returning to America to see my brother, when war was declared. Being of an adventurous nature, I enlisted in the German army as a private, and I was with one of the first companies to invade French soil. We met with little resistance at first, until one day the scouts brought news that a large French army was advancing to meet us. Then we began to prepare for our first real battle. The day came. We had a hasty breakfast at daybreak, and the order was given to advance. The Frenchmen were only a few miles away and had entrenched themselves during the night. We were all more or less nervout, of course, but I hardly think anyone was in fear.

In a short time we were within firing range of the enemy's guns. Soon the shells began bursting all around us. I was frightened, but I marched right on. When we reached a stone wall, a scant two hundred yards from the French trenches, we halted, and the battle began in earnest. Both sides opened fire with their rifles, and men began to drop all around me.

Gradually, the feeling of fear began to wear off. We began to vie with each other to see how many of the enemy we could render "hors du combat."

I was on the extreme left and had just raised my gun and was about to take aim, when suddenly a face bobbed up from behind the wall directly in front of me. It was a face that filled me with terror. I thought it was my own brother. Obeying my first impulse, I dropped my weapon and fled. I realize now that it could not have been my brother for various reasons, but, in my excitement, I was sure I was facing my own brother in a French uniform.

As I ran, I heard in hoarse, German accents, the cry, "Shoot the coward!" Several bullets whizzed by me, but I was not hit; and, for some reason, no one followed me.

I ran along aimlessly, my sole object being to put more distance between myself and the place whence the sound of gunfire could still be heard.

But, I could not run forever. When I was almost exhausted, I sat down to rest in a large cornfield.

I was in a very precarious position; for here I was roaming in unknown territory in France with a German uniform on. If I fell into the hands of the Germans, my life would be absolutely worthless. The outcome looked dubious, to say the least.

As I sat there meditating, I looked around for the first time and experienced a new thrill. Hope took the place of the anxiety that was in my heart, for, directly in front of me stood—a scarecrow! The black suit and straw hat, which composed it, had seen better days. But to me it seemed like an Easter bonnet to a woman.

In a few moments, I was transformed from a war-like German soldier, into a peace-loving rustic, and I was once more ready to resume my journey.

About dusk, I emerged from a thick wood, and saw a little railroad station before my eyes. Since breakfast, I had had no nourishment except some water from a cool spring I had passed in my flight. Being weary, I crept into an empty freight car and fell asleep.

I was awakened with an unpleasant, jolting sensation, and I knew I was once more on my way to somewhere. Night had fallen, and it was quite dark in the car. After countless, sleepless hours of bumping around in the stuffy car, I noticed, with relief, that the car was beginning to slow down.

It soon came to an abrupt stop. Weak and hungry as I was, I crawled out and looked around. Day was beginning to break, and I could see this little place in the dim distance. I made my way here with great difficulty, and—but you know the rest." He paused and looked at Jimmy, as if expecting some comment.

Jimmy had listened to the strange recital in silence, and now he seemed to be at a loss for

words to express his thoughts.

Th sudden clanging of a gong brought both men to their feet. It was the motor ambulance bringing in its daily quota of sick and wounded.

As the ambulance drew up in front of the door, an attendant stepped out from the rear and spoke to the surgeon, in French. "There is one patient here who needs immediate attention," he said. "His skull has been shattered by a German bullet."

The surgeon examined the man and decided to operate at once. The operating room was made ready, and "Doc" was soon at work. The operating room was on the second floor. The room adjoining was used as a chemical laboratory.

Jimmy went about his duties below, thinking all the while of the story "Doc" had told him.

The operation was almost completed, when, suddenly, an explosion shook the building and the cry of "Fire!" was heard. The explosion had occurred in the chemical laboratory, and it was soon a mass of flames.

Jimmy turned out with the rest of the staff to help fight the fire. The little force fought valiantly to check the flames, but their efforts were of little avail. The blaze began to spread to the other parts of the building.

They then turned their attention to bringing the patients to safety. In their excitement, no one thought of the surgeon and his patient in the operating room.

Jimmy was the first to realize that the surgeon was missing, and he started for the operating room. On the staircase, he met the attendant who had been with "Doc." The frightened man told Jimmy that the surgeon refused to leave until he had finished the operation.

Upon reaching the head of the stairs, Jimmy found that it was now impossible to leave or enter the operating room by the door, the way being blocked by a solid wall of flame, which had already eaten its way into the room. Racing frantically down the stairs, he procured a ladder, which he raised to the window of the little room, which was now filled with smoke.

With two others, Jimmy ascended the ladder and smashed the window. "Doc" was coming toward them, gently carrying the patient in his strong arms. As the three men relieved him of his burden, the heroic surgeon managed to say a few words. "I think he'll pull through," he gasped. Then he fell back into the room which was now a fiery furnace.

The operation was successful and the patient recovered in a few weeks.

One day, as he and Jimmy knelt over the grave of the martyr-surgeon, Jimmy showed the young French soldier a photograph of the dead man, and told him the surgeon's story. To his astonishment, the young soldier cried, "He was right! I am his brother. No wonder he would not leave me!"

ONLY YOU

By G. A. BUCKLEY

As I wander on enraptured at the grandeur
  That the bounteous hand of Nature holds to view,
While my reverie on fleet wings hastens homeward,
  In the spotlight of my fancy I see you.

All that earth holds dear to some may be possessions,
  And still others charmed ambition's path pursue;
But the one whose pen inscribes this brief memento
  Considers all as naught compared to you.

So when life hath passed the shades of earthly portals,
  And rewards that hope has promised have come true,
There will be no cloud to mar a bright forever,
  If the paradise of promise be with you.

PINOCHLE AND BASEBALL

By JOSEPH E. HYSON, '17

First Spasm.

HE was not strikingly handsome.
He was not wonderfully intelligent.

He was not a descendant of the "oldest families," nor was he embarrassed by a huge fortune.

But—he certainly was a ballplayer.

When the shekels of fortune were distributed, he was away on sick leave. All that was left when he returned was a ball and bat.

Instead of good looks, in the common acceptance of the term, he had a handful of features that would have caused Thersites to cut his throat. (For those who have never permitted themselves the luxury of reading the ancient annals of "Sporting life," this Thersites was the homeliest and most God-forsaken looking bird that ever careened around a diamond. Old Man Homer, the editor, is our authority; and, if what he says be true, our young hero could give Thersites cards and spades, and win out.

Unlike Byron, he did not have "a head that statuaries loved to copy." But he had one that stone-statue makers loved to examine for new material.

When it came his turn to get brains, some sleepy clerk got them mixed up with a package of shin-bones and—but, draw your own conclusions! However, he did not have to manage a bank; a lucky thing for the depositors.

His nationality was a conundrum. He was the prettiest combination of creeds and races that ever combined. It would put one in mind of all those distressing systems of ancient philosophy boiled down and made into Chili sauce. The only nation towards which he was not drawn by home ties is the Ethiopian Empire. Ever since the Kaiser Wilhelm's shindig started across the water, he has had acute indigestion, rheumatism, cramps and various diseases. The presumption, also the diagnosis is, that perhaps his vital mechanism has abandoned teamwork due to conflicting viewpoints on the war question.

As to his financial status—one must invoke the powers of imagination. It is too hard to describe, being an almost negligible quantity. Anyway, one would get tired of looking at the color of copper all the time.

But as we said before, he could, nevertheless and notwithstanding, play ball. Why, the first ball he hit off "Vinc" Molyneaux never touched terra firma again until he had finished his second tour of the bases. But more of this anon. We must constrain ourselves to the task of chronicling a few more of his characteristics; of throwing the searchlight on the secrets of his past, of detailing episodes of his present; of guessing about his future life.

To proceed to his name. His father and mother were known and recognized as Mr. and Mrs. ! ? ! ? !** !@ respectively, and Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Roseblossom respectfully. This may be a flowery translation, since Archibald, Jr., has said his Dad was arrested for using improper language when the Judge asked him for his proper name. Wherefore the Paterfamilias translated his cognomen from the Pro Fane to the United States tongue. It was exceedingly difficult since he had so many different languages to contend with. Even "Doc" Magee, who is World Champion Philologist, got a severe headache in the attempt to trace that name to its root. He got back as far as the time when certain contractors were putting up a skyscraper called the Tower of Babel without any satisfactory solution and stopped there. When the Senior Class in Foolology asked "Doc" the result, he indignantly replied, that "he never used that kind of language." When "Prof" McGeehan, baseball manager and coach, saw Archibald, Jr., lean on that ball the other day, he promptly christened him "Hans Cobb." This name stuck like tapioca to a dessert-dish. For purposes of convenience we shall hereafter designate our hero under that appropriate title.

Speaking about strength, one might illustrate with Hans Cobb. He was a specimen of Hercules, Samson, and H_2S rolled into one composite human being. Strong? Indeed! Every way you

considered him. Mr. Banks put in a complaint to the Procurator about being lifted up bodily and coddled around every day. Enough said! For one look at those pedal extremities of the "Steward," and you would wonder how he could ever be induced to leave the ground. Whenever Hans passed the Chemical Lab., the H_2S would turn green from envy. He even had something on "Ban" Johnson. Need we add more!

He used to have his locks trimmed so close, he never knew where to stop washing his face. His brow was seldom creased in thought—a decided bulge was oft apparent on his right cheek. But what else could be expected when nearly half a chew of Polar Bear was trying to shove itself through. It certainly was a shame his mind was so vacuous, because he had one swell figure. Tall and rangy, and no sharp corners to injure one's eyesight, he was the embodiment of a youthful Apollo. Working on these facts, dear reader, you may use your imagination on fixing up what you don't like. It is hard to please everybody. So, suit yourself, remembering that Hans was first and foremost a ballplayer.

To proceed. The first day he came out for practice, "Prof" McGeehan asked him what layout he had worked with last. Hans, beaming with pride, answered that Buffalo Bill had tolerated him on his pay-roll for allowing ambitious youngsters to break nickel baseballs on his cranium without dodging them.

"Prof." regarding him with that look of passionate affection, one might have seen in the eyes of a lion about to chew up a lamb, patiently explained. Hans said he used to break fences and signboards in a little one-horse town called Camden. "Prof." asked him if he had his naturalization papers out, but Hans failed to see the force of the remark. From Camden he had entered the United States on a ferryboat, and thus happened to get on the Wild West's payroll. Some time later he was dropped. After drifting around aimlessly, he got employment in the coal mines. Having saved a little coin, he decided his brains needed cultivating. Being told that Villanova was the only place that could develop him, he promptly signed up and, consequently, here he was.

After deriving this meager bit of personal history at the cost of a plug of "Piper" and seventeen ohms of patience, "Prof." gave him a bat and sent him in against "Vinc" Molyneaux. He knew if he could stand up to "Vinc" and get away with it, this youngster would be pretty good.

It was then, after that wallop, the truth of which you have already doubted, that "Prof." decided Archibald was no name for such a prodigy of the bat—hence, the appellation, "Hans Cobb." After that, all that the other members of the team did was pray, dodge and heave sighs of relief. Not that they were frightened, because they know not the word. But, even that husky and fearless little squad hesitated at stopping bullets with nothing but a glove on. Hans smashed one past "Hughie" McGeehan, on third, and "Mike" Doherty, in left. Both of them, after swallowing curiously, covertly refilled an aching cavity. "Mike" said, later, that he had just put the other one in too. First Baseman "Jim" Murray, expressed a fervent wish that he might be with the "Pirate Chief" should Hans pole one out near him. Robinson, in right, seconded the motion for himself. "Jake" Sheehan, in centre, said he would soon have something on "Ted" Meredith and John Jones, from chasing baseballs to the pump. He said he hoped some day to make the return trip in fifteen seconds flat. "Captain Eddie" McCullian, on second, passed the remark that "Jake" would be flat in fourteen and one-half seconds less, if he ever relaxed his vigilance. "Charley" McGucken, shortstop, lost his fine tenor voice from swallowing hard. Our triumvirate of Hurlers, who bow to none—Molyneaux, McEnerney, and Thomson—have all got "Jim" Kelly to pray for them. Loan said that though he was feeling fairly safe, if anything should happen he would prefer to wear his baseball suit and have his last resting place lined with asparagus. "Prof." McGeehan moved the batting-cage over in front of the bench. Safety First! When all the balls on hand gave out or were lost in the wilds of Garrett Hill, "Prof." signaled a cessation from labor. He asked Hans then, what he played. This laconic answer gurgled forth, "Pinochle." "Prof." relieved his injured feelings with a few quotations that sounded strangely like excerpts from Dante's "Inferno," or else it may be that he was calling off the stations to Norristown. Hans complimented him on being so much better a linguist than his own father, and again that look of passionate affection.

But "Prof." forgot his grievance when Hans

pitched. He promptly confirmed him Alexander. Of all the curves that bird could maneuver! Loan looked like a far-off Hawaiian toe-dancer, the way he was wiggling to get behind those balls. Hans had more steam than ever escaped the locomotive works, and as many bends and twists as "Jim" Reap in his running pants. He had them all appropriately named after the modern dances —the tango, dip, trot, lope, glide, squat, spiral, squirm, slip and slide, fore and aft, here and there, sidewheel wiggly twist, lame-back stoop, and so on ad infinitum et ad nauseam. Loan is taking lessons in dancing them all so as to be able to recognize what Hans pitches. From the day of this exhibition Hans' berth on the squad was assured. And from that time onward, all the fellows began to look forward with longing to the day when our rivals would be handed one grand old beating. Of course, they invited all the girls to the big game weeks ahead. Cheer leaders held mass-meetings daily. Athletic affairs took a decided spurt. Military drill assumed the aspect of a West Point dress parade, because we wanted to march over the dead bodies of our defeated rivals, becomingly. And in this manner things went careening onward excitedly to the day of days when our rivals would beg for mercy.

SECOND SPASM.

Were Oliver Goldsmith, James Russell Lowell and Alexander Pope to join hands (we are, perhaps, presuming too much on Oliver's and Alexander's well-mannered politeness) and, after imbibing freely of the "grape"-juice, were to describe the scene on that memorable day we trimmed our rivals, they would, perhaps, collaborate in this manner.

Oliver—"Fast by the scenic and eloquently-priced Pennsylvania Railroad, where the classic spirts of beauteous Villanova tower in all their majesty and sculptured elegance, rising superbly through the deliciously fragrant, cool, white haze until they fade away in shimmering beauty into the tremulous, loving arms of the clouds."

James Russell (interrupting)—"What is so rare as a day in June?"

Oliver, looking askance at J. Russell and tipping Alexander a wide wink, would proceed with a gentle sigh—"Was fought and won by her loyal boys so true."

Alexander—"The rarest strife e'er given man to view."

Loud snore from Ambassador J. Russell.

Oliver looks depreciatingly at "Aleck" and proceeds—"Happy sounds rose caressingly on the cool, clear air. Spontaneous joys unmolested, unconfined. All were engulfed in the thrilling sea of pleasure."

Here Oliver would perforce stop, being at a loss to describe the dress of the fair damsels. Alexander would try and have to give up. J. Russell, being asleep, could not be relied on, so we must take up the burden of our narrative alone.

The big grandstand, decorated with streamers of Blue and White, filled up at least a half-hour before scheduled time. There were all sorts of characters and characteresses. Talk about gorgeous corners, brilliant colors, beauteous tints and luxurious blends, soft, harmonious shades with smiling beams of a benignant sun twinkling back from gleaming jewels, with here and there a sweet, delicious gurgle and French idioms, and expressive slang splashing around! Ye Gods! it was like a Wanamaker advertisement, a picture a la Gustav Doré; a society clipping of a lawn fête, and the inside of Childs' restaurant combined.

Words fail us when we try to describe that illustrious Senior Class. Of course, Captain "Eddie" McCullian, "Joe" Kirch, and even "Goodie" had the good old Villanova baseball uniforms draped around their graceful anatomy. "Jack" Domminey, first sergeant, and Cyril Burke, were easily the Beau Brummels of the assembly. "Bill" Hammond shone resplendent. Matt Domminey looked strange and uncomfortable in a stiff collar and flowing blue cravat, but held his own, i. e., when no one was looking, and she didn't mind. Tom Kane's close shave was puny in comparison to his neighborly proximity to—we could not find out her name. "Gene" Dowd looked positively awake that day and proved highly entertaining. The remaining members of the class amicably discussed the war and farming with telling emphasis and in that logical form with which the training in Senior Ethics had endowed them. On the whole, the class of '17 showed that they were—true, loyal sons of a kind Alma Mater. It is to be hoped that their brilliant example may be

emulated by future graduating classes.

But if we stopped to tell you about everything that combined to make that game epoch-making, it would consume valuable time, patience, and paper. It will not affect the narrative appreciably, because our main point is to tell you what Hans could do with a baseball when he got started. Suffice it to say, that the stage-setting of this game was a combination of a Boardwalk parade on Easter, an old art gallery, and a celestial picnic, with the choicest views of the Tropical Zone thrown in for a background.

Everything had been going nicely. But just before the game there crept over the crowd slowly and surely, an indefinable state of tension. Smiling eyes looked anxiously around as if waiting to see the Angel Gabriel toot his bugle. Hearts began skipping beats like an over-excited Ford. It looked as if pandemonium would cut loose if some one sneezed. Something had to give soon, The crisis came when the "ump" announced the batteries. After giving us the name of the opposition and their family history in brief, he croaked, "Villanova—Cobb and Loan!" But horror of horrors! No familiar figure called Cobb walked out to the mound. Then was explained the nervous excitement. The drawing-card was not there drawing. It was unaccountably absent. It had surreptitiously disappeared. When this fact sank through the thinking-pans of that mass of humanity, such a jabbering, hissing, screaming, croaking, and sobbing you never heard before. If you ever do, it will be your own fault that Satan gets a strangle-hold on you; because he runs the only high-class establishment capable of reproducing sounds of like character. You could even detect the queer sound of buttons tearing loose off shoes and many an ominous snapping of strings that should not snap, ordinarily. It looked like a primitive Egyptian and Chaldean chorus of Priests and Priestesses "getting religion."

After a hurried consultation with a whispering and excited youngster, "Prof." McGeehan made a frenzied dash for the gate. Presently he came whooping back like a Wild Indian, dragging by the scalp a protesting Hans, who was frantically clutching a deck of Pinochle and a score card, and muttering incoherently about a 100 aces and 150 trump, 80 kings, and 60 queens that must have fallen into a hole 520 feet deep, and so on. He was trying to explain to "Prof." that he was just finishing a rubber with "Feb" Ewing. But he gradually subsided, when the Riot Act, Chapter (suppressed for General Public), and the eighth section of that chapter that "Prof." had learned by heart for these occasions, was eloquently hissed into one of those "Volutes of the human capital," his "side intelligencers."

Well, folks, that crowd felt as relieved as you have felt when you have risen hurriedly from off a mischievous tack or an impolite pin. More buttons came off out of sheer joy, and the baby ribbon strings were gasping indignantly. But all our anticipations of joy were doomed to disappointment. The awful exhibition of pitching which that elongated piece of cheese—Hans Cobb—was putting forth, simply stunned every one on account of its utter impossibility. The only thing that saved us was sensational fielding, and even after the boys had blistered their bare hands stopping everything, the opposition had polled seven votes to their credit. It was absolutely unbelievable. Things crawled along in this way until two men were out in the last of the sixth, with the score still 7—0. "Jim" Murray was at bat; and if Jim had hit it—well, judging from the expressions of his face, that ball would have gone down the Kaiser's throat.

As I said before, things were at this stage, when the gods peeking over the edge of their reserved seats and almost losing their balance, in surprise, decided a happy incident. "Prof." was about to send "Dan" McEnerney in, when the third baseman of the opposition, a belligerent and bellicose Dutchman, uttered a remark, addressed to Hans, that undoubtedly won the game for us.

He squeaked out, "I'll bet he can't play pinochle as well as he can play baseball."

Hans heard it. He stood up swayingly and bewildered-looking, then regained his poise and balance, and made a wild dash for Mr. Dutchman. "Jim" Murray collared him when he was streaking it past the plate. But "Jim" found himself holding a piece of flannel rather foolishly in his hand, while its erstwhile owner was hopping up and down in front of "Dutch," shaking a ham-like fist under his nose.

"Can't play pinochle, eh! Why you—," (deleted by Censor).

After he tired out quoting Brann's *"Icono-*

clast," he bet "Dutchie" his suspenders that he could beat him the best out of five, and put himself 5000 in the hole to start off each game. "Dutchie," to avoid annihilation, capitulated and took him up.

"All right, you big boob! After the game; But, it's a shame to deprive you of your only means of support."

In view of that, the game could not finish any too soon for Hans. Then, believe us, folks, he started in. "Jim" Murray was thrown out, when he tried to stretch a triple to a homer. Then Hans began the prettiest little exhibition of the throwing art ever witnessed. Gosh! when you think of it, it makes those little thrills trickle up and down your back.

The visitors never even thought of getting to first after that. Their lead-off man happened to start he seventh. He came up with a smile. After the first ball he saw hurtle over, the smile changed to a sickly grin. When the second came over acting like a mad snake, he looked like a nigger dodger. When he finally heard the third sink lovingly into Loan's mitt, he heaved a sigh of relief, and walked back to the bench happy at getting away from the firing-line uninjured. The second batter up had a look of ecstatic joy on his face; but but he finally walked away without even offering. He looked as if he were seeing St. Peter's New World and he was Prime Minister. The third man is in the Hospital with pneumonia from the breeze created by the three fast ones Hans served at him.

Then we started to overcome that seven-run lead. McGeehan singled, McCullian sacrificed, Robinson bunted and was thrown out, and Loan smashed out one that enabled Hughie to walk home and left Loan holding down the Keystone sock. Charlie McGucken got up to murder the ball, when Loan was caught off second. Well, we were happy, anyway, because we knew it wouldn't be but a matter of a few balls pitched before "Charlie" would be up again. End of seventh score, 7—1

"Dutchie" was up for the visitors. After he did get his bat in front of one, he was so surprised that he was an easy out. The next two just stood there and prayed for a walk, and got it—back to the bench.

"Charlie" led off for us and got a walk. "Jake" Sheehan singled, and "Charlie" speeded up and slid into third so neatly that he was safe by a foot. "Jake" went down on the next and Mike Doherty bunted and got safe, because the catcher, after grabbing the ball, stood there to tag "Charlie," who had passed him on the fly and was standing there giggling all over with joy. Hans was our fourth batter, even if he was a pitcher. The first one served to him is still being sought by the "kids" down in the ruins of the barnyard. We got another run that inning, and then the board looked a whole lot better to us. Score, 7—6.

Without going into details and rubbing it in, the final score stood 9—7. The only thing we regretted was the long time it took Hans to start. Also, we felt a little bit hurt away down deep to think that he would forget his good old Alma Mater that we all love so dearly. But, when he was obsessed by an idea, his brain could not switch to another without grave possibility of total disarrangement. So maybe we can excuse him.

When baseball and pinochle clashed with him, baseball invariably gave way.

The team got a 'peach" of a "hand." "Villanova" was sung with four different arrangements and two voices, soprano and bass. Amidst our mighty paeans of praise, we stopped long enough to laugh at Hans racing across the field with Dutchie over his shoulder, heading for the Study Hall.

The breaking up of that gathering was even prettier than its assembling. The confusion added to the spectacle. It was like discord resolving itself into perpetual harmony. Laughing groups detached themselves and wandered happily around the wonderful grounds, enjoying themselves immensely.

Some of us went into the Study-Hall. There we beheld Hans and "Dutchie" deep in a game of Pinochle, gesticulating wildly at intervals and bidding as high as seven hundred in their excitement. Both were several thousand in the hole. When "Dutchie" was cooled off a little and got thinking better, he drew out and won easily from his frantic opponent. Hans, the picture of despair, handed over his beloved purple suspenders. But we took up a collection on the spot and he was only a widower till evening.

Here endeth the chronicles of Archibald Roseblossoms, Jr. He left the next day, unable to bear the stigma of defeat, and went South. Last heard of, he had abandoned baseball and also his favorite form of amusement, and was removing the warts off pickles, and sweeping the sun off the sidewalk in front of a nice little delicatessen shop in Rio de Janeiro. Dame Rumor hath it that Hans is making eyes at a buxom young belle and soon hopes to learn the art of dodging saucers. The best wishes of all attend you, congratulations and sympathies, old boy! Just give us time to get there for the christening.

He is coming through safely, Doctor, from that second spasm.

Moral—Don't let your hobby ride you or take the place of a "talent."

IMMORTALITY

(From the German of Schiller.)

By BERNARD M. ALBERS

Lips speak, souls dream, of fairer days
  Than mortal eyes can see;
Toward a golden goal through a wildered maze
  We hasten in gloom and glee.
Though the world wax old and then young again,
Ever "Good! Better!! Best!!!" is the heart's refrain.

The babe, Hope ushers through life's gay portal;
The boy, Hope flatters with joy immortal,
Inspires the youth with her magic sheen ,
And crowns gray locks with garlands green.
The silent grave proclaims her power,
And tombstones bloom with Hope's fair flower.

Nor does delusive Fancy's art
  With this a foolish brain adorn;
But voices whisper to the heart:—
  "To something better are we born!"
And what the inner voices speak
Immortal souls may rightly seek.

VALEDICTION

By JOSEPH E. HYSON, '17

F orth to the world we go from Learning's halls,
A rdently duteous to our Country's calls;
R emembrance still reverts with lingering eye,
E xpanding hearts still prompt the filial sigh.
W orthy of thee, O Foster Parent dear!
E ach son would prove his honored title clear;
L essons of thine forever shall abide
L amps on life's path our venturing feet to guide.

O bedient to thy hests, 'twill be our joy.

A ims lofty to achieve, and e'er employ—
L oyal to Land, to fellowman, to thee—
M anhood in high emprise. Oh! may we see
A merica sustained, as in the past,

M other of men of true heroic cast—
A rousing the nobility of earth,
T oiling to succor all subjected worth,
E xulting in the true, the base still scorning,
R edeeming all mankind, the future age adorning!

TWENTY YEARS AGO

(Suggested by Nova et Vetera)

By WILLIAM E. HAMMOND, '17

The boys of Villanova, in the good old days of yore,
Possessed a happy mixture that you can't find any more.
One soul full of endeavor and a heart that's full of fun
Was the necessary measure that was found in every one.
So Uncle says, and he should know;
He went there twenty years ago.

When Uncle held the honored chair of editor-in-chief,
The haunting pathos of his lines brought many tears of grief;
But when he wished to bring a smile or cause a hearty laugh,
The fellows never could resist his wit, his puns, his chaff—
At least, my Uncle tells me so;
He went there twenty years ago.

When Uncle pitched, the baseball team lost not a single game;
With equal ease he beat them all—Penn, Yale, or Notre Dame.
With blinding speed, he shot the ball across the rubber plate,
And made the best in college ranks swing like a rusty gate.
Now, Uncle's never known to blow—
He went there twenty years ago.

And when the marks each month were read, my Uncle led the class;
There was no subject too abstruse for that old boy to pass.
In Ethics, Math, and History, he almost always starred,
And thought those studies easy that his classmates found so hard.
So Uncle says, for he can show
He went there twenty years ago.

The other night I met a "grad" who well my Uncle knew;
I asked him if the fluent tales he used to tell were true.
"Your Uncle was my classmate in the good old days gone by;
He never gave that line to us, and here's the reason why."
I think this old "grad" ought to know—
He went there twenty years ago.

"He used to be the editor, with that I must comply;
His haunting pathos used to make us laugh instead of cry.
He carried pitchers to and fro—when on the water corps;
He led his class when we were through—in rushing for the door
Ah, no more shall my fancy glow
With tales of twenty years ago!

A NEGLECTED IRISH NOVELIST

(Second Paper)

By GEORGE A. O'MEARA

GENIUS is the thorough co-ordination of a writer with his theme. When John Banim produced "The Boyne Water," he undoubtedly made an important contribution to works of genius.

In July, 1825, "The Boyne Water" was commenced; by Christmas, it was in the hands of the printer; early in 1826, it was before the critics. The work was published under the name of "The O'Hara Family." Michael Banim did some important work in a few of the novels of this series. In "The Boyne Water" he had no direct concern. We have his own testimony for this statement—"With the exceptions of examining the locality of the Siege of Limerick (the siege of the violated treaty, as it is called), and the tracing of Sarsfield's route from the beleaguered city to the spot where he surprised and destroyed the reinforcement of cannon on its way from Kilkenny, I had no direct concern in this tale. It passed through my hands during its progress, and I pruned, and added, and corrected *ad libitum.*"

"The Boyne Water" is a historical novel. Banim's object in writing it was to put before the world, in its proper light, the most misunderstood period of Irish History. It was his great desire that the world might know Ireland in her people. He wished to raise the national character in the estimation of other lands by a picture of Ireland's people as they really were. At the same time he wished to vindicate them from the charge of violence and blood-thirstiness.

The story opens in 1685. Banim's theme is, the "War of the Revolution." It might be well for us to recall a few important historical events. In 1685, James II, a Roman Catholic, succeeded his brother, Charles, giving joy to the Catholics of Ireland, and filling the Protestants with alarm. Colonel Richard Talbot, a strict Catholic, was sent to Ireland as commander of the forces. He was made Earl of Tirconnell. His action in dismissing thousands of Protestant soldiers and officers and replacing them with Catholics, caused panic among the Protestants. Catholics and Protestants eyed each other with fear and suspicion, for they recalled the mutual cruelties of '41. In 1687, Tirconell became Lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

In the midst of all this disturbance, King James' son-in-law, William, of Orange, landed in England and had little difficulty in claiming the throne. James, deserted by many of his officers, fled to France. Now, the people of England, nearly all Protestants, determined to have a Protestant king. The people of Ireland, nearly all Catholics wanted a Catholic king. Thus began the war of the two kings, known as the War of the Revolution.

John Banim studied this period of Ireland's history, thoroughly. He saw that here, as in most cases, there was a great deal of exaggeration on each side. One side regards William of Orange as a persecutor. Banim shows us that he was not. The same party would picture William to us as a Church of England champion, a religious bigot. Banim takes a stand quite the opposite. King James II appears before us a monarch misunderstood, and not the coward, nor the tyrant, nor the butcher, that he has so often been called. We might point out many passages in "The Boyne Water" to bear out this statement. Let us look at a few. On one occasion, while William was in London, the Bishop of Salisbury was very energetic in urging the King to take active measures against the Catholics. The Queen presented his case.

"The Bishop hopes your Majesty has come to a conclusion on the good measure we last discoursed on, this morning?"

"The conclusion and the answer have before been rendered, Madam," said William, coldly: "I am no persecutor. In the name of God, let the matter end."

When Patrick Sarsfield, through his bravery and skill, succeeded in repulsing William's forces at Limerick, William prepared to leave Ireland. He tells his officers to finish the war upon any terms and to grant full protection in property and

civil privileges with religious freedom. The Bishop of Meath remonstrated, and begged William to remember the creed of "the rebels." His answer explains itself, "Bishop of Meath, attend. While holding up my right hand in the face of heaven and of men, to repeat and swear my coronation oath, a clause was proposed to me that I should 'root out heretics.' At these words, I stopped my Lord of Argyle, who administered the oath, and declared that I did not mean to oblige myself to become a persecutor." It will be well to recall that Banim does not write these scenes from his imagination. They are facts of history.

It is scarcely necessary to say that, at the Battle of the Boyne, William was the backbone of the Protestant forces. Had he been disabled, the results would have been very different. Yet James, himself, missed the opportunity of bringing about William's downfall. One of his soldiers' named Burke, had sighted James, and stood with leveled cannon and lighted match, ready for the word to fire. "I have him covered as dead as Julius Cæsar, your Majesty, and now a shot for the three crowns!" "Hold!" cried James, irresolute in the very act he had planned, as he struck down the fieldpiece. "Knave! harm not my daughter's husband." This irresolution was a characteristic of James. Through it he lost many a victory.

The charming characteristic of Banim's historical treatment is his open, fair exposition of the great revolution. There was much fault on both sides, and Banim shows no prejudice, either way. He represents in vivid language the unfair, self-interested scheming of Catholic ecclesiastics and officials just as he paints the Protestant meddlers. You will recall that while there is a prominent Protestant minister causing much of the Irish trouble, there is also a ranting Catholic Friar urging the unlearned on to insurrection.

When a novelist takes hold of his readers, makes them live with him, makes them think with him, makes them laugh and cry with him, he has accomplished a great work. Once we become acquainted with the characters of "The Boyne Water," there is never a lag in the interest of the plot. Yet, the plot is not forced on us. It seems as though Banim cared nothing for it. He had a great message to deliver to the world, and that was more important than plot. It is this easiness of action, this naturalness of combining circumstances that carries on the interest.

Just before Banim and during his time, there were some good Irish novels published. While they were good in the portrayal of Irish life and character, they lacked one thing that Banim has —dramatic power. What a wonderful scene the double marriage is! Eva McDonnell and Robert Evelyn have just stepped down from the altar—man and wife. Esther Evelyn and Edmund McDonnell ascend the steps. Suddenly, the Rev. Mr. Walker rushes in and holds up the ceremony with the cry, "William, the Deliverer, has landed!" There is a quarrel with Friar O'Haggerty. The gentle Fr. O'Donnell vainly tries to settle the disturbance. At the very altar rails, the pairs are separated in angry misunderstanding about their parts in the coming conflict. But it is like sacrilege to describe the scene. Banim has done it in masterly style, and we must not profane his creation.

What power there is in the scene at the ruined home of the McDonnells! Their old father's body lies dead at their feet; their domestics are hanged or mutilated beyond recognition, and all this by the infamous and hated Kirke. Brother and sister kneel over their father's lifeless form and swear a terrible oath of vengeance.

The second attempt at marriage outside the walls of Derry, gives Banim opportunity for another employment of his dramatic power. Eva McDonnell has traveled miles on horseback to join her husband and her brother, and his promised bride. The palsied old priest accompanied her. Esther and Evelyn had managed, at great hazards, to get outside. Just as the ceremony is to take place, Governor Walker galloped upon them, placed Evelyn and McDonnell under arrest, and forced Eva and the old priest to depart from the city.

"The Boyne Water," filled as it is with great dramatic scenes, with battles, bloodshed, and starvation, has some scenes filled with pathos. Here and there throughout the whole story we meet the blind harper, Carolan. On every side there is a new misfortune for him. His silent, unrequited love of Eva is most touching. His loyal devotion and untiring efforts for her and her dear ones are at once heroic and ennobling. The human heart must be very hard that is not touched at the grave of Esther Evelyn, outside the Derry

Walls. McDonnell, Robert Evelyn, and Eva are about to leave the city. Behind them, resting peacefully beneath the sod, they leave the body of their dear one. Each of them steals secretly to the little mound to bid the last adieu; each one thinks himself unobserved, yet all three have observed the others.

While Banim is very careful to make his work historically exact, he does not exclude a very interesting plot. He always taught that plot, though an inferior consideration, is a main consideration. The plot in "The Boyne Water" is founded on a misunderstanding between Robert Evelyn and the McDonnell family. The former belongs to the Protestant party, while the latter belongs to the Catholic side. Hence, all the difficulties between the two parties involve these individuals. The misunderstanding is based on the supposed death of James McDonnell, and the striking resemblance between Eva and James. On the occasion of the second attempt at marriage outside the Derry wall, to which we have referred, Eva has found it necessary to disguise herself. Her costume was that of a young soldier. When Robert meets James McDonnell in the Court of William, he at once takes him for Eva in disguise. Many misunderstandings result.

In character-drawing, each character must have its specific difference and must be thoroughly differentiated. Banim understood this and succeeded admirably. He believed that a story should not be told simply for the story or for the landscapes and scenery, but for the sake of the study of the differences among human beings. He pictured human nature in the humor, pathos, tenderness, or in the wild, fierce passions of the Irish peasant. He made his characters distinct and individual. Characters may be dramatic or analytic. In the dramatic, the characters become known to us by what they do and say; in the analytic, the author comments upon the characters and tells us of their motives. Banim's method is the dramatic. We form our ideas of what the characters are by our own experience of them.

Robert Evelyn is the representative of the Protestant party. He has realized the true position of Ireland. It is not his object to put down the Catholics. Freedom for his own creed is what he desires. Manliness and honesty are always main considerations with him. The Rev. Mr. Walker is a representative of the self-seeking section of the Protestant party. Bigotry, tyranny, and a grasping desire for power are his watchwords.

Edmund McDonnell is the defender of the Catholic party. He stands for the same principles that actuate Evelyn. When the two come into conflict, it is because of dishonesty and meddling on the part of ambitious self-seekers.

Esther Evelyn represents for her sex the Protestant party. She is a gentle, beautiful character with no shade of bigotry or narrowness in her. She is the one who is inclining Edmund to understand both sides of the question just as Eva draws Robert to see the misunderstandings between Catholics and Protestants.

Eva is the woman of the Catholic party. She is far more militant than Esther. Indeed, she is almost a little too fierce and warlike at times. But we must remember that these were trying times, that the Irish were fighting for what is dearer than life itself—their religion and their fireside.

One of Banim's most beautiful characters is Carolan, the blind harper. His part in the history is apparently small, and at all times he seems to be obscured. Yet, on closer study, we find that he is the main character of the whole story. Were it not for the fact that Banim tells us elsewhere that Carolan really existed in history, we should think he was used just to solve difficulties. Carolan, in the final analysis, is the most important instrument in the tying of the knot. The untying can be ascribed to no other character. The price of all his sufferings is the breaking of his own tender heart.

But someone may object that our author surely is too serious, too exacting toward our understanding. Here old Jerry comes to the rescue. His insistence on merriment even amidst the greatest privations, is touching and amusing at once. At the Siege of Derry, with a song on his lips and starvation gnawing at his heart, he proved that hunger will not spare even a merry man; with good humor and simple-hearted trust he passed away.

The supernatural is usually very hard to manage, especially in a historical novel. With the old Irish love of something weird and a little superstitions, Banim has painted Onagh, the woman of the cavern. Though in the beginning of the story she appears to us as nothing but a depraved and

wretched woman, posing as a witch, she plays rather an important part in the story. Her malediction on the head of Esther, "Starve!" is fulfilled in the Siege of Derry. The character has been managed very cleverly. We see her at the close of the story as a woman wronged in her girlhood by a McDonnell—a woman whose life has been ruined through the infidelity of young Donald McDonnell, yet, who rises above her love of revenge to befriend the family of the man she once loved.

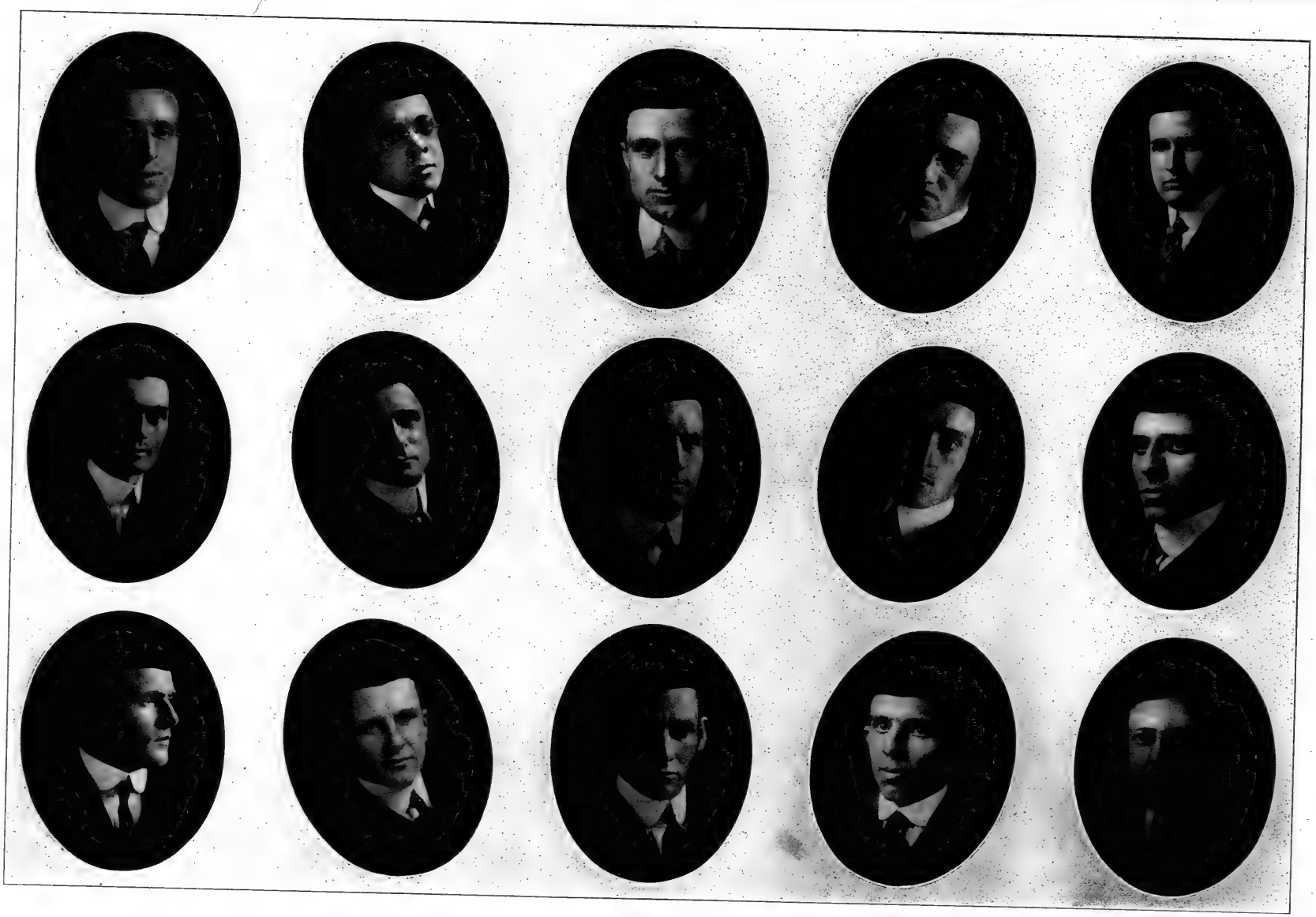
Characters may be stationary or developing. If stationary, the nature of the character remains the same, though there may be great changes in fortune. If developing, the experience of the character changes the nature. Banim, for the most, has stationary characters. Thus far we have mentioned only such types. While two or three of the minor characters in "The Boyne Water" belong to the developing class, there is one important figure, whose development is so wonderful, that we cannot omit mentioning it. Moya, the Rapparee girl, is one of the finest and most careful studies in human nature, with its passions and weakness, that we have ever met. Her devotion to Robert, while disordered, is most touching and loyal. Her heroic sacrifice of self for the one she loves is nobility of the highest grade. We love her for her virtues just as we feel almost hatred for her conniving against the one who has just claim to Robert's love. Yet, that other one is Moya's rival. When we think it over, we can only pity her weakness. Her wild childhood spent with men who have forgotten Christian principles explains her weakness. Rather than despise her for her failings, we marvel at her virtues amid such surroundings. In the end she sees her mistakes and humbly corrects them. She goes through fire and torture before her development is complete. Banim is striking that great note of penance and genuine repentance, which Hawthorne has since struck so successfully.

The descriptions in "The Boyne Water" demand greater space than we can give them here. Their vividness is due to the actual experience of the author and his brother. We are taken back in spirit to the beautiful scenes of the "Isle of Saints." We almost imagine we are present bodily among those hills and dales. Whoever will recall Victor Hugo's description of Waterloo, made vivid by the use of the letter A, will find descriptions in Banim made after the same plan. The physical image, so well adapted to bring a scene forcibly to the reader's mind, is employed again and again with tremendous success.

Banim has a style which it would be well for us to cultivate. In his choice of words, he excludes neither big nor little words. He uses both, but has a real necessity in their use. The young writer often thinks it a sign of erudition to throw one big word after another into a sentence. For clearness and force this is a great mistake. Neither big nor little words should be disregarded, but discretion should be employed in the use of both.

Banim has a style that takes hold of the reader and carries him along with him. There are force and character behind it. In every paragraph, we see the great soul of the man. There is a vividness and brightness about it that forbids a lagging in the interest.

We have written much, yet said little, compared with the merit of "The Boyne Water." It is our hope that we have aroused interest in this great author by outlining his principal merits. Much more might be told about the Siege of Derry; Sarsfield and the violated treaty of Limerick would demand a treatise for a just treatment; the beautiful descriptions of old Erin's scenery might well be carefully analyzed, but we shall leave this pleasure to Banim's future readers. May he become a popular friend among us. From him may we learn more of the heart of the Irish people; through him may our knowledge of Irish history become true and genuine. He has built on fundamental ideas. Democracy runs throughout his work; external nature is handled delicately and exquisitely; his work is strongly, though not obtrusively, Catholic. Justice is his standard. Therefore, we are dealing with an educated man, for just thinking is true education.



CLASS OF 1917.

John Burns
Albert O'Loughlin
Hugh O'Neill

Joseph Hyson
Chris. McGrath
William Hammond

Frank Goodwin
Wm. Donovan
Thomas Rowan

Eugene Dowd
Ignatius Kirsch
John Domminey

Cyril Burke
Matt. Domminey
Thos. Kane

CLASS HISTORY

FRANCIS J. GOODWIN
"Goody"

"Survey mankind from China to Peru."—*Johnson.*

Frank Goodwin, more commonly known as the "Old Kid," is a product of Hoosick Falls, a town which hangs desperately on the outskirts of Bennington. He stoutly maintains that Hoosick Falls is a good place to come from, and in this sentiment we all agree with him. In search of a better place of residence he has selected China. The Chinese language, however, will prove no obstacle to Frank. He is a hustler. Far into the wee small hours of the morning one will find him diligently studying laundry checks. Frank is the "John McGraw" of the class. In fact, some claim that McGraw was his protegé in years gone by. His familiar figure may often be seen and his barroom voice often heard hurling words of encouragement at his light of love, the Villanova Prep. baseball team. Although Frank is short of stature, he is by no means short of words. His favorite expression is, "that is a relative term." With this stumbling-block always at hand, he coyly invites argumentation, regardless of the time, place, or subject.

Every night when the moon is shining clearly, Frank sits before his window and yodels a fond good-night to some nymph in the far-off grottoes of Hoosick Falls. He swears that she can hear him, and we are almost inclined to believe this. We have no desire to delve into Frank's numerous affaires du coeur. It is sufficient to say that Chinese society is highly excited over his expected arrival. His student days have been filled with hard work and earnest endeavor, and we feel that in the future he will earn a well-deserved success as an engineer. Friendship in him is all that the word implied. May his happy disposition, candid manner, and lively conversation, which have given us so many hours of pleasure, win for him numerous friends wherever he may be.

EUGENE DOWD
"Gene"

"And more to lull him in his slumbers soft."—*Spenser.*

The soporific atmosphere that envelops Philadelphia and its environs seems to have had a lasting and permanent effect upon our genial friend "Gene." He is endowed with a slow and deliberate manner of speech that gives a portent of unusual solemnity to all his utterances.

He is one of our day students. Let there be no misunderstanding, for Gene invariably applies himself for a few minutes every night.

His memory is a source of wonderment. One morning he left his house in Germantown, forgetting to take his watch along with him. When he arrived at Broad Street Station, he realized that he had forgotten his watch and put his hand in his vest pocket to see if he had time to go back and get it. Some say that Gene forgets to attend the class in Religion at eight o'clock, but when one considers the distance between Villanova and Germantown, and his meditative manner while walking, it would be unjust to accuse him of "lapsus mentis" in this particular case.

We have been informed on reliable authority that he is about to enlist in the Navy. Although Gene himself, with a baffling smile, continues to deny it, we can clearly see his purpose in taking such a step. What circumstances are more conducive to pleasant slumber than the gentle rocking of a ship at sea. He is writing a book, "Somnambulism and How to Acquire It." We are eagerly awaiting its publication.

Despite his idiosyncrasies, he has always found time to make himself agreeable to his classmates, and can count each one of them a sincere friend. Among the varying personalities which may be found among the members of our class, Gene's is one that will be long remembered.



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JOSEPH E. HYSON

"Thee, chanter, oft the woods among
We paused to hear thy evening song."
— *Milton.*

This ambitious member of our class hails from that metropolis of the North, Mechanicsville. This is sufficient excuse for all his defects of whatsoever nature they may be. One would not think from his chosen vocation that the moon would have any effect upon the life of this young man, but he is often seen at night looking for the lady in the moon. We advise him to strike up an acquaintance with the Lady of the Lake.

Joe is of a poetical turn of mind and wrote an "Ode to His Creditors." As a singer, he is a howling success, and if given the key he could sing a song in any flat.

After the mid-year in History of Philosophy, he sang to himself for consolation, but the professor said that his notes were not clear enough.

He led the class in several subjects, but then, his success was due to the fact that he could take notes with both hands.

One morning, Joe came into class with his finger swathed in bandages. He explained his accident by a plausible story. While engaging in a quiet game of poker with another enthusiast, he attempted to cut the cards and a queen bit his finger because she did not wish to be divorced from the king.

He was good company under all circumstances, always quick to see the point in a joke and always read to render assistance to those who sought it of him. It is with regret that we shall see him pass from our midst.

THOMAS G. KANE

"Tommy"

"Of meerschaum pipe so justly vain
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

When Tommy first appeared in Villanova, we all thought he was a travelling salesman of some kind. That was before we heard his line. Now we are convinced of our mistakes for every time he opens his mouth he gives himself away. He comes to us from Holy Cross, leaving behind him in South Worcester a trail of broken hearts. He is continuing in Philadelphia the work he left unfinished there.

He is a man of mystery. Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon he disappears from our midst. Where he goes, what he does, whom he sees, in all probability will never be disclosed to the outside world.

Although Tommy has not been with us during his entire course, we have learned that he considers the City of Collars and Cuffs the best in New York State—north of Albany.

Tommy might be called a second Achilles, but we must admit that his weak spot is not in his heel. His irrepressible good humor might lead us to suspect—but, we have seen no announcement in the Troy papers.

Thomas is the Lord Chesterfield of the class. Let him know the disposition of the girl to whom you are writing and he'll tell you on what shade of paper to write the billet-doux.

Upon being interviewed, he shyly admitted that, in regard to wines and tobacco, all brands were his favorites.

His rare good humor, spontaneity of wit, and affability of manner, are a source of pleasure to all who meet him, and his hearty laugh will ring in our ears long after graduation has passed and the Class of '17 has departed forever.

C. M.

JOHN FRANCIS BURNS

"Jawn"

"As when through ripened corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne."
—*Iliad.*

This effervescent and e(bull)ient young politician boasts of starting one of the most famous conflagrations his home town ever witnessed—the State Capitol at Albany. Also of starting the old St. Rita's Hall going just to live up to his blazing cognomen, John Burns. Ever since Villanova first welcomed him, he has been burning things up, such as class records, traditions, medals he did not have room for, etc. He was seen prowling around the barn when it burned down, with matches in his pocket, but "Jawn" states that his pockets were full of Kumquats, his own brand of chewing tobacco.

Among his amusements are the following—to facetiously drop his ham-like hand on your

shoulder, thereby jarring loose your hold on your profanity, at which he blushes indignantly. To get his number tens all tangled up and then fall on his—dignity. To divert himself at table by cruelly and fiendishly recounting some recent menu he conquered at the Bellevue-Stratford with his engaging cousin.

"Jawn" plays one tune on the piano. He uses it to accompany himself when rendering those touching little ballads, "Tiddle-dee-dee;" "She's my daisy." (His own make.) Fortunately his time is too much occupied to recreate himself often in this gentle pastime.

Since Jawn's first entry on the scene many changes have been wrought. "Jawn" has still retained those unwieldly feet and ponderous intellectual attainment; the brilliant showing he has made as a student, poet and linguist, has culminated in his final success, the delivery of the class oration.

The Class of '17 wishes him every bit of deserving success in his future career. We will certainly miss his benignant and friendly smile.

JOHN VICTOR DOMMINEY

"Jack"

Busiest Man in Villanova

"Not one, but all mankind's epitome."—*Dryden.*

Born and bred within sight of the Statue of Liberty, Jack found it very difficult in his extreme youth to stay within the narrow confines of the Brooklyn public schools. This determination to taste the wild, wide-open places was checked by his entrance into our fair college.

Some one has cruelly said that he would be very tall if his legs were straight. We should like to inform that jealous person that these delicately-shaped bows are the result of many lone, weary walks from Sixty-ninth Street Terminal. Of late, his visits to the teeming metropolis have become so numerous that he has acquired the status of a day scholar.

The large number of letters that are deposited at his door every day, causes one to wonder whether they are from his creditors or a large circle of admirers. Personally, we are in doubt, as we hadn't the temerity to inquire and our modesty prevents us from peeping over his shoulders.

As editor-in-chief of the VILLANOVAN, he has won well-merited praise, which nearly eclipses his fame on the gridiron during the past two seasons. From his remarkable skill in the intricacies of verse formation, we shall look for something real big from his facile pen.

The possessor of a happy disposition, he has found time, despite his continual hurry, to win a host of friends. He is himself a true friend, in whose intimacy one implicitly feels that the friendship is worth while. We shall see him soon as a member of the West Point Cadets, and with him will be the best wishes of those who knew him best.

EDWARD V. MCCULLIAN

"Eddie," "Mac"

"Urge the flying ball."—*Gray.*

By a voice as deep as his native coal mines, and a quiet sort of manner that conceals his otherwise noisy disposition, Eddie is well known to all of us. He hails from Summit Hill and freely admits it. More power to him! Entering the Class of '17 with a determination to acquire the degree of Master of Pinochle, he was sadly disappointed in his ambition, but was afforded some small consolation by receiving a B. S. in Electrical Engineering.

As captain of our baseball team during the past season, he was a firm believer that a hairpin carried in the hip pocket was good for a two-bagger. This may explain lots of things—but it doesn't. Some ascribe this peculiarity to superstition, but anyone who has seen him dispose of his thirteenth successive potato, cannot conscientiously concur in this opinion. As guardian of the keystone sack, he has made an enviable record during the past three years and his absence will be keenly felt when he leaves.

Eddie will never enter into an argument in the dining-room. He says there is a time and a place for everything. In matters gastronomical he is distinctly an epicurean. He refuses to eat anything but food.

Shakespeare is a tyro when compared to the Editor of the *Sporting Life,* and Milton hasn't a look in when Grantland Rice is around. His favorite expression is "horse," and by injecting it into an argument at the proper moment, he has settled many a dispute.

An earnest student, of exceptional technical ability, he has always held a high place in his class. Although slow to make friends, there is no one more popular among those who know him intimately. As a true friend, a loyal classmate, and an all-around good-fellow, he will always be remembered by the graduates of '17.

C. M.

MATTHEW THOMAS DOMMINEY

"Matt"

"Patients on a monument—"
Patients under a monument."
—*Shakespeare Up-to-Date.*

An introduction in the case of this young man would be entirely superfluous. The very mention of his natal locality is sufficient to bring a smile of welcome to all who read this momentous eulogy. What fair scenes must that euphonious name of Flatbush conjure in the fancies of those who have never seen it.

Matt is an extremely modest chap, and has never acquired the reputation of an assiduous courtier of the gentler sex, although he is a winning southpaw. Should we wish to contradict this, we might relate without violating any confidence, a certain thrilling adventure in which he was the dashing hero. The incident took place on Goat Island, which, everyone knows, is a romantic spot situated in the wilds of New Hampshire.

Like all Brooklynites, he has that alert expression due, no doubt, to an environment which necessitates a continual dodging of trolley cars.

When Matt announced his intention of taking up the study of medicine, great consternation reigned in medical circles. We can fully comprehend this; for during five years of close companionship he has never been known to lose his patience. This augurs well for the magnitude of his future clientele. Possessed of a retiring disposition, he may be found in bed at all hours—of the day.

He gained fame as a first-sacker at Tolentine, but his natural ability was handicapped to such an extent by his diminutive stature that he was never given the opportunity to shine in college ranks. A man of few words, but those few well chosen, it requires the intimacy of close companionship to discover the sterling worth of his character and the equability of his disposition.

Although our varying paths of life will lead us in different directions, the memory of his pleasant ways and genial personality will linger with us till we meet aagin.

C. M.

CYRIL J. BURKE

"He wears the rose of youth upon his cheek."
—*Shakespeare.*

With cheeks like a blushing rose, this dashing cotillion leader arrived in our midst from Baltimore. At least he claimed the aforementioned city as his residence, but a perusal of the directory failed to prove his contention.

He may be found any morning bringing the *Sun* to our corridor, long before we have arisen from our downy couches. Of course, this means any morning that he has not been delayed to settle some momentous question of state. He is always willing to take part in any argument and we must admit that *sometimes* he is right.

A large gallery of winsome maidens decorate the immediate vicinity of his desk. If they are all relatives, as he says, we take our hat off to them, collectively and individually. Were he more of a Communist he might favor some of the less fortunate members of the class.

Cyril is a firm disciple of Mr. Henry Ford, and he can tell the age of one of these infernal machines just by listening to it bump along the smooth surface of Lancaster Pike.

In a public speaking contest, he once delivered the famous Gettysburg Address in a more masterly fashion than its author did on the site of the National Cemetery.

In spite of his retiring nature, Cyril is well known and liked by all. Loyal through and through, he is a big-framed, big-hearted friend who will be well liked wherever he goes.

CHRISTOPHER C. MCGRATH

"Chris"

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."—*Keats*

It is our pleasing task to relate the history of Christopher McGrath, pleasing because his has been a wide and varied life. "Chris" has at once the distinction of being the Methusala and the Adonis of the class, a strange and usually incompatible mixture, and clearly subversive of that old adage concerning the precedence of age over beauty.

Chris is dignified in proportion to his years. Some say he celebrates every four years, but he is even now exulting in his exemption from conscription. The cares and worries of his eventful life—for he has traveled from coast to coast—have made their impression upon the noblest part of Mac's anatomy. He has broken innumerable hearts by his fascinating physiognomy, so they say, and has served in every capacity except that of husband, from lumber-jack to foundry instructor. The silver is beginning to show in his raven black hair, since he began to read Bryan's "Prince of Peace."

His past was until recently the subject of much comment. Some said he had been a minister, others, an actor, but here is the whole truth. He has been a globe trotter all his life, and many are the romances he could tell of the dim memories of forgotten escapades in far-off places. But let us draw a veil over the past, and out of respect to his gray hairs refrain from details.

Chris is a student of Addison. It is but just, then, to conclude his history in the style of his favorite. He is dignified, yet approachable, endowed with a sense of humor, yet never indulging it to excess, in all things judicious, and to all who know him, a friend. Like a monarch of the woods, he bears the weight of years with the appearances of youthful grace.

Hugh O'Neill

"He sings the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh!"
—*Campbell.*

Hugh vehemently asserts that he is the smallest man in the class, and rather than incur his wrath we are forced to agree with him. In addition to this mark of distinction, his voice is tinged with a brogue so characteristic of Ireland's sons.

He was born in Lishum, County Antrim, Ireland. The noise and bustle of this thriving little village was too much for Hugh and he crossed the seas to continue his education, amid the classic groves of Villanova. During the years he has spent here, he has succeeded in acquiring no little fame.

Like true love, his course in Greek did not always run smoothly. The remainder of the class gave up the chase at the end of their Sophomore year with Hugh far in the front. He is so earnest in the study of the dead languages, that he may be found in the cemetery almost every night. His free and easy translation of Hippolytus, was so well liked by his professors that he was encored three times. Hugh is well versed in Irish folk-lore, but refuses to allow it to take the place of his favorite Greek.

In addition to these accomplishments he is a finished musician. At no time is he more at home than when tickling the keys for an Irish jig. In spite of all these most notable attainments, "Herr Schwarz," as he is more commonly known, is very affable and cheerful, possessing a fund of that wit which is the birth-right of his race.

William V. Donovan

"Ay, every inch a king."—*Shakespeare.*

William Vincent Donovan (according to Dr. Magee, Professor of English, "Done Nuffin") unblushingly and without hesitation, claims for his birthplace, Lawrence, Massachusetts. This is his greatest disadvantage, but he courageously surmounts it like all other difficulties.

Vincent reckons his age from New Year's Day, 1896. Being a full-blooded Irishman, he also reckons "Dan" O'Connell as an ancestor—but "Dan" does not mind little things like that, we hope.

Although a very comfortable height, five feet eleven and one-half inches, he yearns to become two yards of bone and muscle. His number nines give a wide foundation, and the attic doesn't leak; so things look propitious for him.

His favorite pose is—standing on left leg, left hip resting comfortable; right hip elevated two inches, permitting right leg to swing idly; withal to assume an air of easy nonchalance. This pose has given him, when walking, the motion of rusty strap-hinge, well-oiled, but dreadfully protesting.

His different amusements are: first, to assume a comfortable posture, let eyes rove wildly around once or twice, fix them on some invisible object, and fall asleep. This he does so naturally, from long and untiring practice, that one could not say whether Bill is asleep or only in a state of catalepsy; second, to just get there at the last minute or five minutes after, whether to fool us, or cause a sensation, we know not.

The only times we ever heard Bill howl, were after mid-year's in Junior Latin and taking notes in History of Philosophy.

His greatest talent is in mathematics, and in gaining knowledge without extra work, which he successfully manages.

We are sorry to lose Bill, because he has ever proved himself a good friend, companion, and fellow-classmate. Few are possessed of such good-nature and unvarying pleasantness of character mixed with a gentlemanly forbearance at all times. It is the hearty wish of his fellow-classmates that his future career be a deserving success.

IGNATIUS J. KIRSCH
"Joe"

"The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo."—*Shakespeare.*

No one would take Joe to be a man of science, but soon he will be a full-fledged engineer and we expect him to electrify the world with his novel ideas, obtained from reading such works of fiction as "Pender's Electrical Engineering, and Lawrence's Alternating Currents." Even though Joe is a resident of Garrett Hill, that charming little suburb of Villanova, this will prove no handicap to the fulfillment of those expectations which we entertain for him.

He played in the outfield for the 'Varsity last season and sometimes pitched to the batters in practice. Although he never acquired a reputation as a pitcher, they say there are some in Garret Hill who did not get their letters because of his puzzling delivery.

In a class where all are song-birds of the highest excellence, his voice is far above the rest in depth, quality, and technique. His touching rendition of "The Long, Long Trail" brings to some of the minds the road to Sixty-ninth Street Terminal on a drizzly evening about 1.15.

As a diplomat, he ranks with Girard, John Hays Hammond and Brant Whitlock. It is a current opinion in Garrett Hill that if Joe had been in Berlin when the war began he would have talked the Kaiser into abdication. No one can ever say that he was bested in an argument. He enters into very few.

Withal, his is a character that leaves not much to be asked for and his popularity among his classmates is well deserved. The best way to attain popularity is not to strive after it, and Joe has fully confirmed this truism. Quiet in manner, even in disposition, and always ready to help a friend, he carries with him the best wishes of the Class of '17.

ALBERT O'LOUGHLIN

"Prithee, why so pale, young student?"—*Cavalier Lyrics.*

This young man, by his birth, honored a place that is not generally known. It was in Brookville that he first saw the light of day, on September 23d, 1894. After some few years, he inflicted his presence on Villanova, where his arrival caused great consternation. He was admired prodigiously by all who saw him.

His college life was not what could be called an eventful one, for he was always a demure and studious boy, more studious than any one else in his class, and that's saying a good deal. His talents and accomplishments are of a high order, and he does credit to the educational system pursued at Villanova. His favorite study was German Philology. At this occupation he spent many hours daily. But this study was surpassed by his wonderful capacity for acquiring the rudiments of the Greek language; and, whether at Homer or mending shoes (for this was his recreation), he was honest, eager, and determined.

He was always a little afraid that something might happen not just as it should happen, and consequently was a little paler than the rest of his class; for he studied much harder than was necessary, lest, by some slip, which never came, he should be called upon at some point where he was not perfectly prepared. The result, however, was that he led his class and stood just as high in the estimation of his friends as he did on the monthly reports.

Al's society was most agreeable. His conversation sometimes was not hypercritically sanctified, especially when referring to his Greek teacher, though it was easier to conjugate a Greek verb than to get him to say anything about his other professors.

He had an amiable attachment for a cousin, who was his classmate. He worshipped him with an extravagant regard and in all things gave way to him as the chief, whom he followed in giving his opinions in class without the least timidity or hesitation.

He leaves college, but his record will linger for a long time behind him.

William Edward Hammond

"Billy." "Bill."

"The knave is handsome, young."

The infant of the class. A through product of Villanova, he has acquired most of his education in classic surroundings.

Bill is by nature very philanthropic. This virtue at one time caused him to mount the stump and berate those who would try to cheat the poor down-trodden Indian. Even Victor Cathrein himself could not withstand his pitiful appeal. He could not convince us, however.

His convenience never allowed him a sufficient length of time, between his orientation and the appointed hour for class. As a result of this it was necessary on one occasion for his good friend Pythias to upset the dignity of the classroom by presenting William with his waistcoat. He is a decided blonde, but we have not yet found out when he decided. Nevertheless he is far from light-headed and is an excellent student. As proof of this we cite his occasional visits to class.

As an amanuensis we feel that he would be a howling success. The remarkable clarity, conciseness, and brevity with which he epitomized the whole system of Socialism on a single page of his notebook, will be a source of wonderment through the ages.

Would that space permitted a longer chronicle of his accomplishments.

Bill is generous almost to a fault and his genial smile has made him a universal favorite among his fellow-students. An earnest and thorough worker, we look for big things from our infant, and when the final parting comes, it will be with affectionate regret that we wish him, "Bon Voyage."

Thomas Anthony Rowan

"The *Rowan* is the tree for me—
The weird, the mystic Rowan-tree!"
— *Class Song.*

With coal-black hair, except one little spot of gray just behind the left ear, blue eyes, and a perpetual smile, when he is awake (and that is seldom, in class at least); broad shoulders, moderately large feet, and a graceful carriage, he appears before us. If, perchance, you should see a package answering this description, coming down the street in a manmobile, you may take it for granted that it is labeled Thomas Anthony Rowan in the English, Mountain-ash, in Anglo-Saxon, Herr Eschenberger in the German, Monsieur—(it is not sayable, but just sneeze once, then a grunt, then another sneeze, and you have it) in the French. The short of it all is T. A. R. or T. U. A. S. The T. A. R. might mean Teddy Roosevelt, or again, it might be the short for "Jolly Tar." The T. U. A. S., though it looks like the pronoun in Latin, means, for us at least, "Tell us a story." Very likely he is best known by the last handle. Here's how it came about. We once had a professor who was very fond of giving notes or dictation to the boys and of saying, "Take your notes and study your matter." One day, Thomas grew tired of writing that ceaseless flow of Ancient History, so he interrupted with, "Tell us a story." Professor did, but this is how he did it. He threw everything he had, which, very fortunately for Tommy, proved to be nothing worse than an awful flow of strong words.

Thomas was born December 17th, 1893, which makes his age to be twenty-three years, five months and a few odd days. His birthplace is Brookville, which after a prolonged study of the map you will find is the county seat of Jefferson County, in the State of Penn.

Eight years he has spent at Villanova. In that time he has shown that brains, wit, a sunny disposition, and a love of argument are his. He serenely took the medal for Christian Doctrine a few years ago, and besides that has always managed to come out nearly first in every other subject that professors have invented for torturing youthful minds. Yet, Mr. Rowan never had to waste much time getting his stuff from musty school books. It just came to him.

His sense of humor is very acute. It has always made him a pleasant companion. Take our advice, however, and don't get sarcastic with him. You will certainly be sorry, if you do. Nevertheless, Mr. Rowan is, without a doubt, one of the most popular men ever graduated from Villanova.

THE VILLANOVAN

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JOHN J. DOUGHERTY, '18 ..... Athletics
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JAMES J. EGAN, '19 ..... Exchanges
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THE SUPREME TEST

IN times of great crisis there is a tendency for us to leave solutions entirely to officials. We think the easiest way is to place all the responsibility on others. We are inclined to lose sight of the fact that each individual of this great nation has serious obligations.

Never before has a nation been called upon to face such difficulties as our beloved land is experiencing to-day. No land has ever dared attempt to shoulder such world-burdens. As dangerous as it is unique, her position claims our hearty allegiance and support. Our President has reminded us in a few words of the key to the solution of the hardest problems. "The supreme test of the Nation has come. We must speak, act, and serve together."

We must speak together,—in one accord with the voice of our country and the voice of our President. To criticise the workings of our government, to look for flaws in the policies of our leaders, especially in these trying times, should be far from the heart of the true patriot. That our country will use great and powerful methods for solving the world's problems, we doubt not. It is equally certain that we as individuals cannot understand them in all their circumstances and intricacies. Therefore, if we cannot give an intelligent explanation of them, let us preserve a respectful silence. It is for us to put confidence in our leaders and spread good-will toward them. Loyal speech is one sure way of starting enthusiasm in actual effort, in economy, in thrift. Let us not fail to speak the good, loyal, necessary word.

We must act together. The policy of our country should be our policy. Our love is proven by our actions. To stand calmly by and see our nation's cause in peril: to smile with self-satisfied complacency and proclaim her policy dangerous and wrong is disloyalty and treachery.

We must serve together. This is the great pledge of our devotion. In service, all virtues may be included. To conclude that military life is the only form of service to our nation, would

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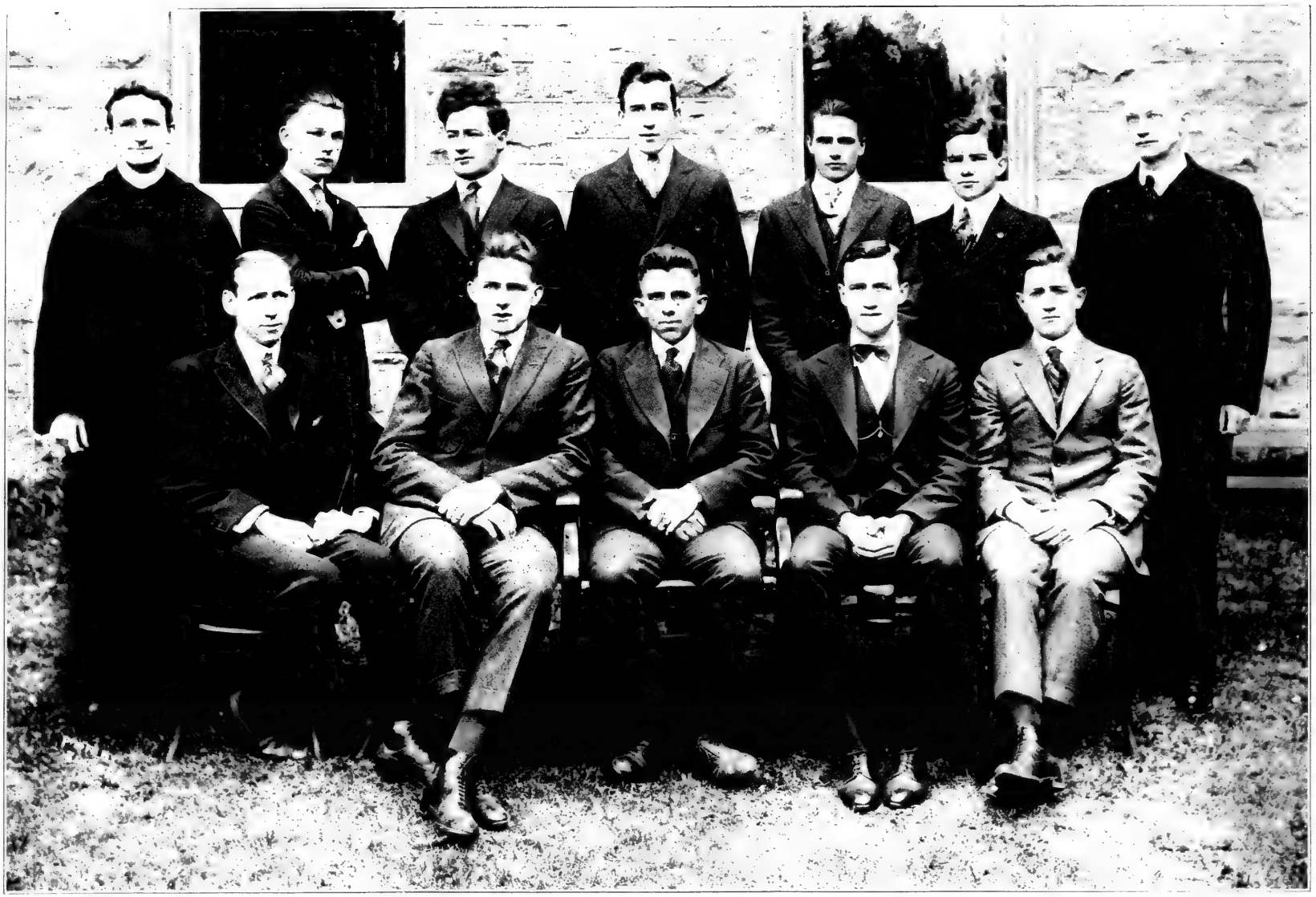
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be a great mistake. That, indeed, is a glorious sacrifice, and we love and laud our boys in blue, who have gone forth so bravely and unselfishly to fight for Old Glory's honor. But there is another service we must not forget. Many of us will not be called to military service, but not one of us can escape the army. Each one of us is enrolled in the great army of service. Each must do his "bit." Opportunities are not lacking. The present is no time for wasteful idleness. We should endeavor to be producers—or to assist in the increase of production.

Farming will be of the greatest value in these days. To instance one field in which most of our students could aid, consider the tilling of the soil —the farming of our land. Think of the amount of products that must be sent abroad to feed our troops and keep starving Europe alive. Think of the numbers of our own who will be left without means of support because their providers have gone to the front. Employment on farms can be secured with ease. It is a necessary and patriotic work and should therefore appeal to all who are able to devote their time to it.

Remember that the machinists, the farmers, the miners, the patient mothers and wives, bearing the burden at home, belong in the truest sense to the great army of service. Their work is as heroic and as effective for peace and freedom as that of the throngs on bloody battlefields.

Our attitude toward our country must be that of a child to its parent. The family is the foundation and type of the state. Were our family in peculiar difficulties, how willing and courageous should we be in sacrificing every personal comfort. Thus should we act to-day. We, personally, should avoid waste and be economical and provident. In his personal appeal to the people, our President said, "This is the time for America to correct her unpardonable fault of wastefulness and extravagance." May we not be backward in co-operating with our leader! Whether our service be on the field of battle or in the less demonstrative, though none the less glorious, work of the home, the farm, the shop or the mine, let us speak, act and serve in one accord. May our efforts be commensurate with that supreme test—the test of love.

PAST AND FUTURE

ANOTHER year is gone! With what mysterious rapidity the great, silent wheel of time has made its revolution! What changes it has brought into our lives! What greater changes may it not yet bring!

The past is gone, 'tis true; but may we not for one brief moment cast our tearful eyes back over the dear, dead days? Villanova days, when viewed in retrospect, are all sweet, home memories. We have forgotten the sorrows and pains that have entered even here, for the joy has been so full. And now, it is over. To some these last June days are whispering, "Farewell forever!" To others they only say "Auf Wiedersehn." To none, does she bid an adieu that means forgetfulness.

Can the mother forget her child? You who pass from Villanova's well-loved and sacred precincts feel in your heart she will not. When you have left her, her thoughts and affections follow you. When you meet with sorrows, disappointments, and afflictions, her heart and hand is with you.

Can a loyal son forget his mother? The hearts of Villanova's loyal sons respond, "He cannot." The noble lessons of self-sacrifice and labor we have learned from Augustine's children, the happy peaceful days we have spent in Alma Mater's halls; the bonds of friendship formed here, which will last through time and be made purer still in eternity's light; the spirit of love and tenderest interest shown us,—all these proclaim, "We cannot forget."

We part to-day—but our interest and loyal co-operation must not, shall not end. Villanova's past has had vital interest for us. Her future shall not be forgotten. Other hearts we must lead to her protection. We have tasted the water of knowledge and virtue. Others we must lead to appreciate its worth. Villanova's problems must be ours. Her interests must be nearest to our hearts. May each of us bring others to her halls, that the Villanova of to-morrow may be, not more glorious, more renowned, for we cannot add to that; but greater in her numbers, universal in her efforts.

EXCHANGES

IN THE EYES OF OUR CONTEMPORARIES

THE kindly reception, by esteemed exchanges, of our VILLANOVAN MAGAZINE during its initial year, demands from us far more than a word of gratitude. We must acknowledge, in some degree, the inestimable consequences of their cheering influence. Their timely encouragement, indeed, urges us to unremittent endeavor in the future to continue to merit the approbation of our readers.

To put one's self into the other man's place—to enter intimately into his work with sympathetic insight—this is to fulfil with perfection the critic's duty. Several of our exchange critics have actually achieved this ideal. It is on the principle of their sensitive response to one or more of the features of our magazine that the accompanying selection of commendations has been made.

"Upon my desk this month, I find the second issue of THE VILLANOVAN, and although the former issue was a triumph in journalism, the second one excels it. The picture of their excellent football team in the front of the book, prepares one for the life and vim to follow. It is well represented in the line of poetry, and it IS poetry in the fullest sense of the word. An excellent article on Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, calls for the highest praise. A poem, a parody on Poe's "Raven," but named "The Raving," lifts one from the depths of gloom to the realms of joy. The joke department is well conducted, and the new-born Exchange Department, under the directorship of a capable man, forecasts success in the future."—*The Aquinas.*

"THE VILLANOVAN'S front cover attracted our immediate attention. We consider it very expressive. At a glance it suggests all that is combined to make up college life. However, the good things of THE VILLANOVAN are not confined to the cover. Within we find an excellent assortment of prose selections, interspersed with poetic contributions. We enjoyed "An Episode of Rattle Snake Camp" exceedingly. It reads like one of Poe's uncanny, creepy stories."—*The Alvernia.*

"Although yet in its infancy, THE VILLANOVAN has already placed itself on a basis with the college magazines of the day. The February number is a fitting sequel to the initial appearance of the paper, and has surpassed the first attempt of the students of that college. A notable feature of the articles is that they are all present-day topics and topics of vital interest to every American of this age. We were much interested in the article "Americanism." The other articles were also noteworthy and gave us a lasting knowledge of the affairs of the day. We appreciated greatly the review of the life and works of the poet-priest of the South, Father Ryan. Having read most of his works, we were able to enjoy to the utmost the words of rightful praise bestowed upon him by the author of the article."—*The Laurel.*

"The unusual happened in the case of THE VILLANOVAN, for in its initial publication it has succeeded in displaying all the grace and charm of some of its older companions. Everything about THE VILLANOVAN more than pleases the Exam. The short stories are interesting and very well written. Serial stories are usually a bore to the general reader, but the author of "Rivals and Chums" seems to have done away with this peculiar effect-producing element. What has most strikingly appealed to the Exman is the good diction and pleasing style of THE VILLANOVAN. THE VILLANOVAN seems to have taken particular pains to insure itself against a base, uninteresting style."—*The Viatorian.*

"THE VILLANOVAN gives promise of developing into a first-class periodical. The second issue devotes its pages to some excellent essays. "The Poet-Priest of the South" and "Thackeray's Tribute to Washington" are possibly the best from a literary standpoint. "Cuba and the United States" causes us Americans at this third intervention, to pause for a moment and reflect upon our dealings with the "Pearl of the Antilles."

Perhaps we are not totally blameless of the present instability in the Cuban government."—*Saint Peter's College Journal.*

We gratefully acknowledge the following interesting exchanges: *The Alvernia,* St. Francis College, Loretto, Pa.; *The Aquinas,* St. Thomas College, Scranton, Pa.; *The Belmont Review,* Belmont Abbey College, Belmont, N. C.; *De Paul Minerval,* De Paul University, Chicago, Ill.; *The Fordham Monthly,* Fordham University, New York; *The Georgetown College Journal,* Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.; *The Gettysburgian,* Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pa.; *The Index,* Niagara University, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; *The Laurel,* St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany, N. Y.; *The Mountaineer,* Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.; *Spice,* Norristown High School, Norristown, Pa.; *St. Vincent College Journal,* St. Vincent College, Beatty, Pa.; *The Vincentian,* St. Vincent's Academy, Newark, N. J.; *Williams Literary Monthly,* Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.; *The Patrician,* Academy of the Sisters of Mercy, Philadelphia, Pa.

The poetical contributions in the May number of *The Alvernia* are highly commendable, while the up-to-the-minute editorials are well written and manifest a thorough consideration of the topics on the part of the editor. The Exchange Department is capably handled by a man that always treats contemporaries in a fair-minded manner. The exchange editor is worthy of the distinction of being selected on the mythical all-star staff by the *Belmont Review.*

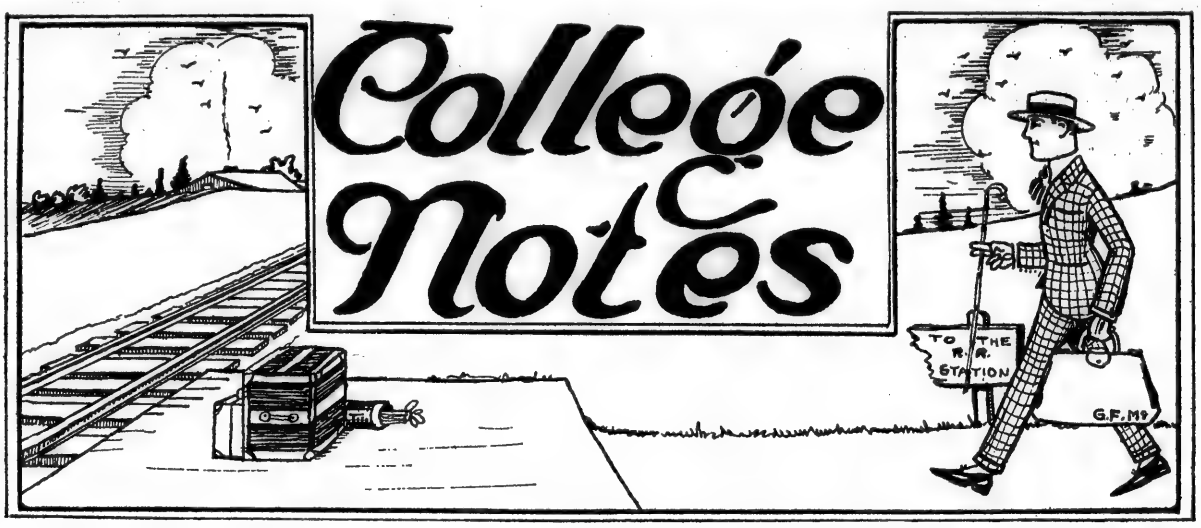
The May number of *The Laurel* even surpasses the previous excellent issues of that magazine. So great is the number and variety of the literary works that constitute this number that it is impossible to decide any one article as being superior to another. The short stories are interesting and the essays are well written from an unprejudiced standpoint. The numerous little poems that intersperse the prose contributions are, in general, of exceptional merit. We trust that *The Laurel* will maintain such a standard in the final issue of the year.

The Aquinas, for April, in keeping with a precedent established no short time ago, furnishes a noteworthy variety in its contents. The short story, "John Melville, Militiaman," proved interesting throughout. The masterly fashion in which the writer develops situations is highly praiseworthy. The successive adventures serve to intensify the reader's interest in the story.

The excellent material which constitutes the April number of the *Williams Literary Monthly* merely illustrates the calibre of the literary articles which invariably adorn the pages of every issue of that magazine. "Le Poltron" is a short story that is decidedly different from the average short story of college papers; it is replete with beautiful descriptions and reflects great credit on the writer. The verse contributions are, as is characteristic of all Williams poetry, above the ordinary.

Our latest visitor, but one of the most welcome, is *The Patrician.* The various contributions in prose and verse show what excellent work in journalism can be done by girls of the academic stage. All these have the feminine delicacy of touch and the feminine sensibility to the nobler issues of life which we have admired so much in that other publication from a girls' school, the altogether praiseworthy *Vincentian.* The charcoal studies from life that adorn the pages of *The Patrician* are superb both in drawing and in expression. Congratulations on your well-deserved success.

JAMES J. EGAN, '19.



Examinations.

The final examinations for the Senior Class began on Monday, May 28th, and continued through that week. Examinations for all the other classes began on Wednesday, June 6th and are to continue up to Tuesday, June 12th, which will be the last day of the school term. Commencement Day, June 11th, occasioned a slight interruption in the routine which was nevertheless welcomed.

Novena to St. Rita

The annual novena to St. Rita began on Monday evening, May 14th, and was brought to a close on Tuesday, May 22d, with Benediction, at which the roses of St. Rita were blessed and distributed amongst those who participated in the novena. Father Dohan was in charge of the services, which were held every evening in the chapel.

Enlistments

We are pleased to note that the boys of Villanova have not been backward in answering the call to the colors and the following enlistments have been recorded: Francis P. Allen, Naval Reserve; Edward J. Diggles, Naval Reserve; John J. Maguire, Naval Reserve; Roger J. Martin, American Ambulance Corps; Thomas J. Mullin, Naval Militia; Francis J. Murray, Naval Reserve; Thomas B. O'Connell, Naval Reserve; Joseph Pallis, Navy; Eugene B. Troxell, Aviation Corps; Theodore E. Voight, Officers' Reserve Corps.

This list would undoubtedly have been greater had it not been for the fact that all technical and pre-medical students were advised to continue their work at school rather than to enlist now in organizations in which their special knowledge might be of no practical value.

A large number of students have volunteered for farm work during the summer vacation and have offered their services to the proper authorities.

Commencement

The seventy-fourth annual commencement of the college will be held on Monday afternoon, June 1th, at 2.30 P. M. Most Rev. Edmond F. Prendergast, Archbishop of Philadelphia, will preside and the usual degrees and honors will be awarded. The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws will be conferred upon Hon. Frank B. McLain, Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania, and General Frank McIntyre, Chief of the Insular Bureau, Department of War. The degree of Doctor of Science will be conferred upon Rev. Francis P. Moore, LL.D., Ph.D., and Rev. John T. Slattery will be the recipient of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

The following will receive the degree of Master of Arts: Rev. John J. Corr, Rev. Philip L. Colgan, Rev. Gerald F. Dunn, James M. Kelly, John J. Lucitt, Rev. Edward J. Shea, Rev. Lorenzo Spirali, Thomas Timlin, Rev. Louis J. Tierney, Rev. Joseph Mullins, Rev. Patrick Campbell.

The list of those to whom the degrees of Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Arts are to be awarded was not available at the time of going to press.

As usual the awarding of medals will take place after the conferring of degrees.

Military Training

The spirit of preparedness in its sweep across the country has found a ready response in Villanova, the biggest evidence of this fact being seen in the military training course which has now been installed in the curriculum of the college. The college authorities had been planning the addition of this course for some time and immediately after the declaration of war their plans were put into effect.

The first drill was held on Friday, April 27th, and they have been continued regularly since then on every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, for a period varying from one to one and a half hours in length. The instruction is in charge of Sergeant-Major Hamilton, U. S. A., who is being assisted by Mr. Joseph F. Donavan.

A battalion of three companies has been formed with the following provisional appointment of officers: Sergeant-Major, acting as Major, Febiger Ewing; First Sergeant, Company A, acting as Captain, James Reap; First Sergeant, Company B, acting as Captain, John V. Domminey; First Sergeant, Company C, acting as Captain, Charles H. McGuckin. All of these appointments are but temporary, awaiting a more thorough organization of the battalion, after which a Major for the battalion will be commissioned, likewise a Captain and two Lieutenants for each company, together with the regular non-commissioned officers.

The colors were presented to the battalion on May 25th, during a review held on the campus. They were the gift of Rev. John A. Nugent, O. S. A., of Bryn Mawr, who made the speech of presentation. After being blessed by Father Dohan, they were accepted in the name of the battalion by Sergeant-Major Ewing.

The entire battalion took part in the flag raising exercises at the Mother of Good Counsel Church, in Bryn Mawr, on Sunday, May 27th. It was their first appearance in public and a commendable showing was made.

Condolences.

The entire college was cast into gloom on returning from the Easter vacation, to hear of the sudden death of one of our students, John Fogarty, of Bryn Mawr. An automobile accident near his home was responsible for the sad event. He was, without a doubt, one of the most popular boys in college and was held in high regard by all who knew him and his untimely death made a profound impression upon the entire student-body. The funeral services were held from his home parish, the Church of Our Mother of Good Counsel, in Bryn Mawr. A special opportunity of attending was given to all students by Father Dohan. The Villanovan takes this opportunity of extending its deepest and most heartfelt sympathy to his parents and relatives in their unexpected loss.

The Villanovan also wishes to extend its deepest sympathy and condolence to Rev. Charles A. Melchior, O. S. A., who recently lost his sister in an automobile accident, while she was returning home after a visit to her brother, at Villanova. Likewise, to Rev. Edward J. Shea, upon the death of his father, at Camillus, N. Y.

A number of the students attended the funeral of Mrs. Dougherty, who died April 14th, 1917, and who was the wife of James E. Dougherty, '81, and mother of E. J. Dougherty, '13, and Joseph Dougherty, '20. The Villanovan offers its condolences to the bereaved members of the family.

Phi Kappa Pi

The regular monthly meeting of the Phi Kappa Pi was held on Monday evening, May 18th, and for the amount of business transacted was one of the most important of the year. After quite a lengthy discussion it was decided to follow the example set by the college alumni and forego the annual banquet this year. However, it was decided to give in its place an informal smoker to the members who will graduate. A committee to make all arrangements was appointed by President Kirsch.

Nominations for officers were then made, but it was decided to defer the election until the June meeting. The following nominations were made: For President, Armando Alvarez, Charles McGuckin and Paul O'Brien; for Vice-President, Edgar Drach, Febiger Ewing, Peter Malick and Ramon Mayor; for Secretary, Cletus Brady, Timothy Coan, Bernard McGiveny, and Howard Tyrell; for Sergeant-at-arms, Frank Brahan, Leo Brennan, John Gilligan; Faculty Advisor, Professor McGeehan; for Treasurer, Professor Sweeney.

An interesting paper on the subject of "Railway Electrification," was read by Joseph O'Leary,

which described many of the more important main line electrifications of the present day, and also included a brief sketch on the history of electric railroad building. A discussion on the subject was held after the reading, which included a short criticism by Professor McGeehan.

All of the papers read during the year were referred to the senior members for a decision as to which was most deserving of the gold medal awarded annually as a prize. The award will be made on Commencement Day, together with the other medals given by the college.

Dramatic Society.

The Dramatic Society gave its most successful production of the year on Thursday evening, April 26th, when the annual minstrel show was given in the college auditorium. There was a big crowd on hand which taxed the capacity of the hall to the utmost. The programme presented a generous variety of entertainment and every act was vigorously applauded.

Musical numbers were sprinkled liberally over the programme and they seemed to win the biggest favor. Roger Martin, Febiger Ewing, James Murray and Ignatius Kirsch did very well and deserve special mention. Martin, Ewing, Logan and Siegel acted as end men and kept the crowd in roars of laughter with their numerous jokes, some of which struck in unexpected places. Charles McGuckin acted as interlocutor, and acquitted himself creditably. The Hawaiian hula dance by Norton and Maguire, received liberal applause. The Villanova String Band also scored quite a hit, playing popular melodies.

Others who took part and who are deserving of mention are: James Reap, Daniel McEnerney, Frank Taptich and David Burgoyne. The chorus was made up of the following: Edward Diggles, Joseph McCarthy, Edward McKenna, George McCann, James Egan, John Gilligan, Sylvester Benson, Stewart McCalley, Joseph Roche, Michael Grieco, and Edward Daylor.

The music was conducted by Thomas Granahan, assisted by John Jones and Joseph Waugh.

Epsilon Phi Theta.

A recent smoker was held in the club rooms of the society, at which a very enjoyable time was had by everyone. Instrumental selections by Sylvester Benson and Thomas Granahan, assisted materially in making the evening one of entertainment.

"The Declaration of War Against Germany," formed the chief topic of discussion at the last regular meeting. Frank Allen, James Egan, and John Hans, made commendable addresses on the subject.

President Domminey has announced that the annual election of officers held at the June meeting, resulted as follows: Vincent Molyneaux, '18, President; John Hans, '19, Vice-President; James Egan, '19, Secretary and Treasurer.

Dinner to Senior Class.

June 10th, 1917, the president entertained at dinner the graduating class of 1917. Speeches were made by Father Dohan, Father Driscoll, Father O'Neill, and all the members of the class. An enjoyable time was had by all. Father Dohan was much surprised when, at the conclusion of the dinner, the class presented him with an excellent oil painting of himself.

Ordinations.

The following members of the Augustinian Order were elevated to the priesthood in the Cathedral, Philadelphia, May 26th, 1917: Rev. John J. McCloskey, John J. McCabe, James P. Brice, John H. Hughes, Cornelius J. McGinty, and Walter F. Gough. To all the recently ordained the Villanovan wishes a hearty Ad Multos Annos.

—Joseph O'Leary, '18.

ALUMNI NOTES

VERITAS UNITAS CARITAS

ALUMNI BANQUET.

Owing to the unsettled condition of the country, due to the war, and in keeping with the spirit of the time, according to the announcement of J. Stanley Smith, President of the Alumni Association, it has been decided to forego for the present year the customary Alumni Reunion and Banquet, which was to have been held the first week in May. Next year, being Diamond Jubilee year, Mr. Smith expresses the hope that nothing may occur to prevent a fitting celebration of that great event. He solicits from the Alumni and former students, suggestions relative to the active participation of the Alumni in the Jubilee Celebration. Communications may be addressed to him at the Stephen Girard Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

ENLISTMENTS.

Immediately after the entry of our country into the world war against German autocracy, many of our Alumni offered themselves for enlistment in the various branches of our country's service. It has been obviously impossible for us to discover the number or names of those who, true to the highest ideals of patriotism which characterize the college man, and particularly the Catholic college man, have proffered themselves to their country. The editor has, however, more through good fortune than otherwise, learned the names of some who have enlisted. Their names, together with the branch of the service in which they have entered, follow:

NAVAL ENGINEERS

A. X. Marilley, Washington, D. C.
Joseph Kumer, New York City, N. Y.
William Strauch, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
John A. O'Leary, Elizabeth, N. J.

OFFICERS' RESERVE

B. Villars Haberer, Carthage, N. Y.
C. Aloysius McCalley, Harrisburg, Pa.
David V. Ward, Philadelphia, Pa.
Herbert O. McNierney, Toledo, Pa.
Philip Barry, Philadelphia, Pa.
Stefano Hickey, Philadelphia, Pa.
John Malone, Allentown, Pa.
Karl G. Drach, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Dr. Edward McCloskey, Philadelphia, Pa.
Dr. Melvin Franklin, Philadelphia, Pa.
Dr. Charles Nassau, Philadelphia, Pa.
Dr. J. F. X. Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.

VOLUNTEER AMBULANCE CORPS

Aloysius F. Conway, Philadelphia, Pa.
Joseph F. Conway, Philadelphia, Pa.
L. B. Cahill, Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio.

NATIONAL GUARD

John R. Walkinshaw, Blairsville, Pa.
Captain William Shanahan, Waterbury, Conn.

AVIATION CORPS

Charles Johnson, Media, Pa.
Carl Shanfelter, Norristown, Pa.

RED CROSS HOSPITAL CORPS.

Charles McLaughlin, Philadelphia, Pa.
William Goddell, Philadelphia, Pa.

ENGINEERS' RESERVE

Carroll B. Byrne, Norristown, Pa.

NAVAL RESERVES

Norbert Minnick, Philadelphia, Pa.
Francis W. Short, Philadelphia, Pa.

In addition to the above-named, Austin F. Gilmartin, of Dover, N. J., has been appointed to the United States Military Academy at West Point, where he will enter June 14th.

Dr. Robert Williams, of Westpoint, Conn., has been taken into the Naval Medical Corps, with the rank of Ensign.

Thomas G. O'Malley, of Avoca, Pa., and Richard Magee, Collingswood, N. J., have recently received commissions as second lieutenants in the Army.

Deaths

Rev. Patrick W. Reardon, died April 20th, 1917, at St. Peter's Hospital, Watervliet, N. Y. After leaving Villanova, in 1901, Father Reardon entered St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., where he completed his theological studies, being elevated to the priesthood June 22d, 1906, by the late Bishop Burke. Father Reardon was a young man of great promise. Nature had endowed him with a keen intellect. His record for scholarship while at college was a brilliant one. His genial ways and kindness of heart made him a universal favorite and his loss will be mourned by a host of friends. Father Reardon, at the time of his death, was Rector of the church at Newport, N. Y., to which he had been appointed a few months ago.

Rev. Francis X. McKenny, S. S., LL.D., died at Washington, D. C., May 22d, 1917. Dr. McKenny was president of St. Charles' College, when it was located at Ellicott City. He enjoyed great respect in educational circles, because of his rare gifts as an educator of youth. Villanova, in recognition of his great attainments conferred upon him in 1910 the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Requiescant in Pace.

Augustinian Changes

Rev. Daniel J. O'Mahony, for a long time a member of the mission band, has been appointed to succeed Rev. Daniel J. Regan, who died recently, as Vicar-Prior and Rector of St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia.

Rev. M. J. Corcoran, a former Vice-President of the College, has been appointed Vicar-Prior of St. Rita's, Philadelphia. To both Fathers The Villanovan extends hearty congratulations.

Tolentine Academy Banquet

May 22, 1917, at the Hotel Vendig, Philadelphia, the Alumni of Tolentine Academy entertained at a banquet given in his honor, Rev. H. T. Conway, O.S.A., for many years director of the Academy. Covers were laid for forty guests. Letters were read from a number of old boys who were unable to be present. At the conclusion of the banquet it was acclaimed the most enjoyable and successful one ever given by the alumni of Tolentine. John V. Domminey acted as toastmaster. Charles H. Stoeckle, John A. Thornton, William E. Hammond and Father Egan replied to various toasts.

At the conclusion of the banquet, Father Conway, in a few well chosen remarks, replied thanking the members for the honor shown him and urging them to continue loyal to the spirit of old Tolentine.

Jottings

Raymond E. Wetterer and bride, of Cincinnati, Ohio, were recent visitors to the College while on their honeymoon. Mr. Wetterer renewed many old memories and received the congratulations of his many friends.

Leonard Hogan and Arthur Forst were recent visitors to the College; Leonard is playing ball with the New Haven team of the Eastern League. Fred Lear and Jimmy Savage are playing with the Bridgeport team of the same league.

Patrick Reagan, Captain of the memorable football team of '15, was another recent visitor. Pat is with the Public Service Commission of Pennsylvania, occupying the position of Water Standards Tester in the Bureau of Engineering.

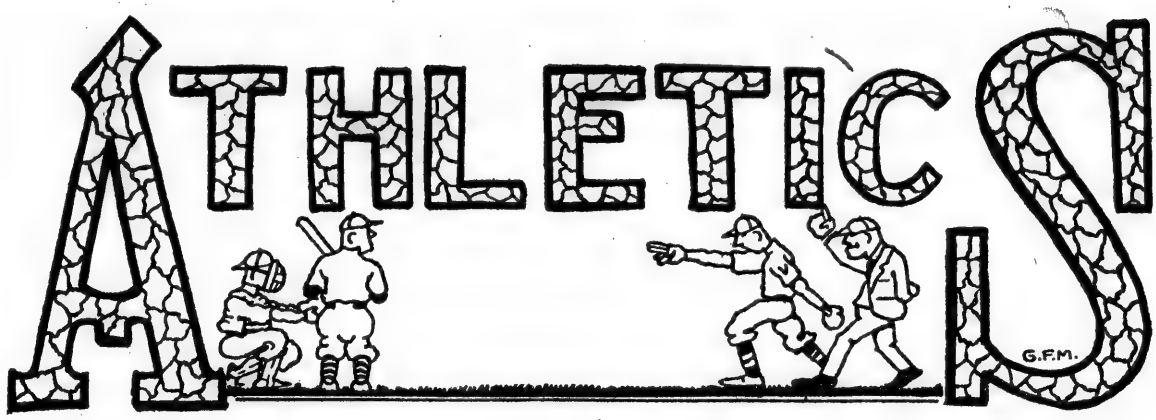
Other recent visitors were James Koch, Thos. Fitzgerald, J. Stanley Smith, J. R. Maynes, Rev. William Howard, Rev. William Hayes and Capt. William Shanahan.

Paul A. O'Brien, '18.

PREPAREDNESS.

O Gentle Reader, these few lines,
Though they are placed in rhyme,
Will yet to you a message bring
To let you know in time
That one whole year has now passed by
And your subscription too
Must be renewed, and for this grace
One dollar more is due.
We try to please you by our works;
But, that we may succeed,
On your subscriptions we depend
To check the hand of need.
We thank you for your former aid—
You've shown yourself a friend!
And since you've made so grand a start,
Continue to the end.

Francis A. Rafferty.



BASEBALL.

Due to the many cancellations occasioned by the suspension of athletics at many of our colleges, the 'Varsity has been able to play but a few of the many games which had been scheduled. The following are the games which had been played up to the time of going to press.

VILLANOVA, 2; URSINUS, 0.

April 14th.—Villanova journeyed over to Collegeville and defeated Ursinus in an interesting well-played game. The final score was 2-0, with Villanova on the long end. The game early developed into a pitchers' battle between Molyneaux and Carleso, the former having the better of the argument. "Vince" was in rare form and allowed Ursinus but one hit, while his Villanova teammates produced enough bingles to net two tallies. Molyneaux's control was excellent, for during the entire nine innings he walked but two men, while ten of the visitors went out by the strike-out route.

Neither team scored until the seventh inning, when Villanova gathered in two runs on hits by McGeehan, Robinson and Sheehan. These two tallies cinched the game as Villanova easily retired their opponents in the remaining innings, Molyneaux fanning the last three men that faced him.

Captain McCullian played a brilliant fielding game for Villanova, accepting nine out of ten chances.

URSINUS.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Bowman, cf.	0	0	0	0	0
Grove, ss.	0	0	2	2	0
Carling, lf.	0	0	3	0	0
Peterson, 1b.	0	0	6	0	0
Ziegler, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Diester, 2b.	0	0	1	2	0
Mellinger, 3b.	0	1	0	1	1
Will, c.	0	0	14	2	0
Carleso, p.	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	0	1	27	6	1

VILLANOVA.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
McGuckin, ss.	0	0	0	3	1
Sheehan, cf.	0	1	1	0	0
Dougherty, lf.	0	1	0	0	1
Murray, 1b.	0	0	13	0	0
McGeehan, 3b.	1	1	0	1	1
McCullian, 2b.	0	0	5	4	1
Robinson, rf.	1	2	1	0	0
Loan, c.	0	1	7	2	0
Molyneaux, p.	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	2	6	27	14	4

Villanova	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	2
Ursinus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Struck out—Molyneaux, 10; Carleso, 10. Base on balls—Off Carleso, 1; Molyneaux, 2. Two base hits—Sheehan, Mellinger. Umpire—Griffith.

VILLANOVA, 2; ALBRIGHT, 1.

April 20th.—Villanova opened the home season by making it three straight victories. The latest victory being at the expense of the Albright nine. Score, 2-1. McEnerney worked in this game and showed the effect of Molyneaux's good example by holding the Myerstown boys to four scattered hits, of which no two came in the same inning.

The visitors were the first to score, when in the fourth inning a walk, combined with an error and a hit, gave the up-staters their only score of the game. Villanova, however, tied the score in their half of the same session. Sheehan, who was the first man up, singled and advanced to third on Dougherty's hit to left field. Murray then came through with a long sacrifice fly and the score was tied. Villanova's second tally came in the sixth inning, on Dougherty's walk and Murray's hit. McGuckin was first up in the eighth frame and slammed out a three-base hit, but he died on third as the three following men were easy outs.

McEnerney pitched a good game despite the fact that he was a little bit wild, and easily held the visitors safe.

Albright.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Smith, 3b.	0	2	2	1	0
Goldhammer, 2b.	0	0	0	1	0
Silverman, ss.	1	1	3	3	0
Zinn, rf.	0	0	3	0	0
Kline, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Greenough, 1b.	0	1	9	0	0
Hock, cf.	0	0	2	0	0
Hoffman, c.	0	0	5	2	0
Troutman, p.	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	1	4	24	10	0

Villanova.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
McGuckin, ss.	0	1	1	1	1
Sheehan, cf.	0	2	2	1	0
Dougherty, lf.	1	1	0	0	0
Murray, 1b.	1	1	14	0	0
McGeehan, 3b.	0	0	0	1	0
McCullian, 2b.	0	0	2	3	0
Robinson, rf.	0	1	0	0	0
Loan, c.	0	0	7	0	0
McEnerney, p.	0	0	1	7	0
Totals	2	6	27	13	1

Albright	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	— 1
Villanova	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	x	— 2

Three base hit—McGuckin. Struck out—by McEnerney, 7; Troutman, 4. Base on balls—Off McEnerney, 6; Troutman, 2. Umpire—McGowan.

Gettysburg, 2; Villanova, 2.

April 21st.—Villanova and Gettysburg battled along for six innings to a tie score, 2-2. A heavy rainstorm interfered in the sixth inning and the game had to be called. Villanova started in the first inning and scored a run when Sheehan singled, stole second and scored on Murray's hit. Gettysburg went ahead in their half of the third on hits by Rote and Motten combined with an error. In the sixth, Jimmy Murray landed his first home run of the season, which tied up the score. At the conclusion of this inning a heavy downpour of rain broke up the game.

Gettysburg.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Rote, ss.	1	3	1	0	0
Mealey, lf.	1	0	0	0	0
Motten, 1b.	0	1	5	0	0
Williams, 3b.	0	0	1	4	3
Yarrison, p.	0	1	0	1	0
Scheffer, 2b.	0	0	2	2	0
Apple, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Lampe, c.	0	0	7	0	0
Moyer, cf.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	2	5	16	7	3

Villanova.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
McGuckin, ss.	0	1	2	0	0
Sheehan, cf.	1	1	0	0	0
Dougherty, lf.	0	0	1	0	0
Murray, 1b.	1	2	5	0	0
McGeehan, 3b.	0	0	1	1	0
McCullian, 2b.	0	0	2	1	0
Robinson, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Loan, c.	0	0	7	1	0
Molyneaux, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	2	4	18	4	0

Villanova, 2; Mt. St. Joseph, 3.

April 27th—The team journeyed to Baltimore, where they met their first defeat of the season at the hands of the Mt. St. Joseph Collegians. We have been unable to secure a box score of the game as played.

Villanova, 0; Pennsylvania, 3.

May 1st.—Despite the fact that Pennsylvania got but two hits of Molyneaux, Villanova was beaten by the Red and Blue team. Score, 3-0. Villanova could gather only four hits off Swigler's delivery, and thus Penn got away with a flashy victory.

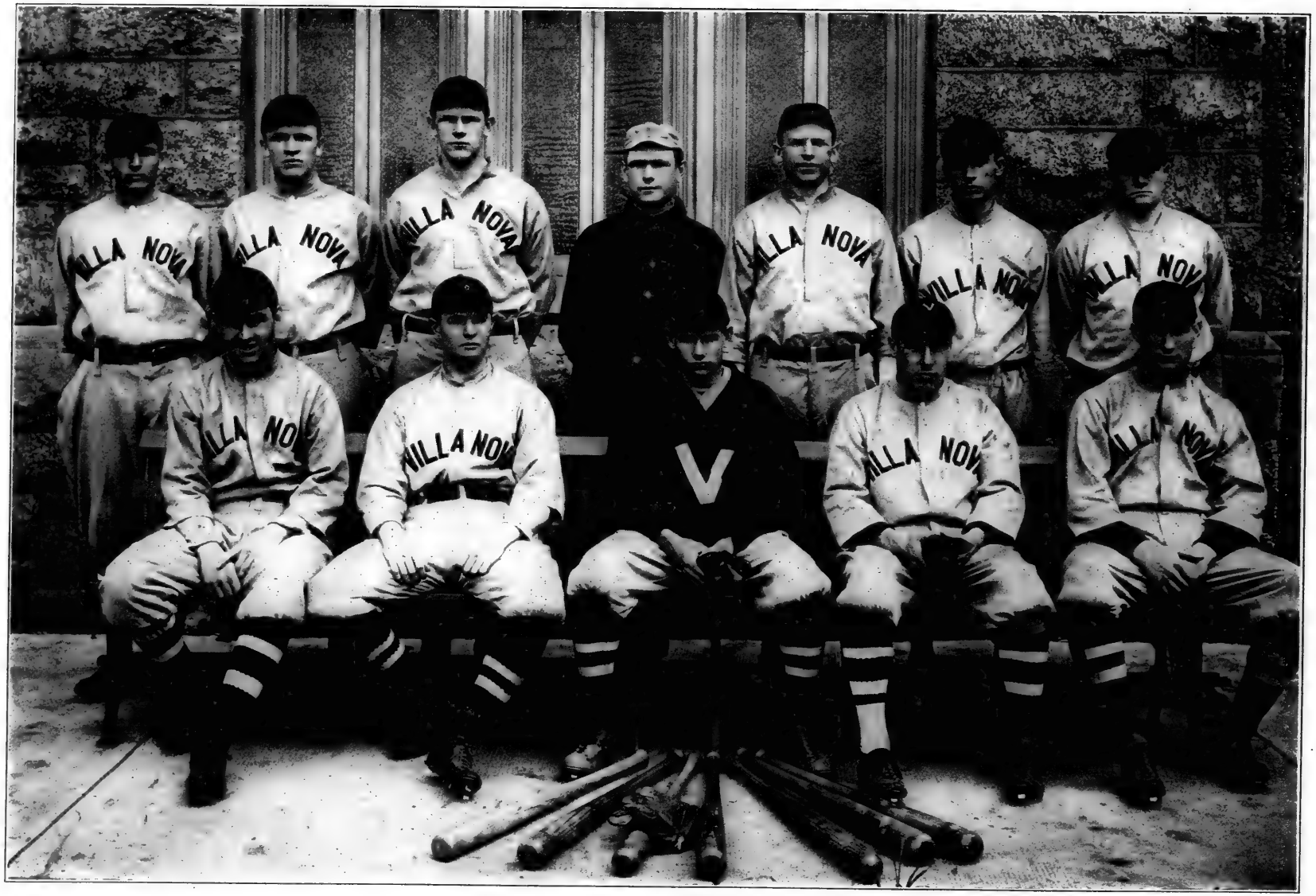
After both teams had gone along for six innings without a count, Gilmore opened Penn's half of the seventh by working Molyneaux for a walk. Swigler sacrificed, and Morgan was safe on McGuckin's error. Penn then worked the double steal, Gilmore scoring. Todd laced a single to center field and circled the bags when the ball took a bad hop and got away from Sheehan.

McGeehan started the 'Varsity's half of the seventh with a single to left, his second of the game. McCullian tapped to Yates, who tried to get McGeehan at second but threw low, and both runners were safe. A wild pitch moved both runners up a base. Loan shot a fast grounder to Morgan, but McGeehan was caught at the plate. After Gilmore returned the ball to Swigler, McCullian tried to steal home, but Swigler's quick toss to Gilmore flagged him. This was the only chance Villanova had and the game ended with the Pennsylvanians on the long end.

Pennsylvania.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Todd, 2b.	1	1	3	1	0
Lavin, cf.	0	0	0	0	0
White, ss.	0	1	2	2	0
Light, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Yates, 1b.	0	0	7	0	2
Hinkson, rf.	0	0	2	0	0
Gilmore, c.	1	0	11	2	0
Swigler, p.	0	0	2	5	0
Morgan, 3b.	1	0	0	3	0
Totals	3	2	27	11	2

Villanova.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
McGuckin, ss.	0	0	1	2	2
Sheehan, cf.	0	1	0	1	1
Dougherty, lf.	0	0	1	0	0
Murray, 1b.	0	0	7	0	0
McGeehan, 3b.	0	2	1	1	0
McCullian, 2b.	0	0	3	2	0
Robinson, rf.	0	2	1	0	0
Loan, c.	0	0	9	3	0
Molyneaux, p.	0	0	1	5	0
Totals	0	5	24	14	3

Villanova	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 0
Pennsylvania	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	x	— 3



VILLANOVA BASEBALL TEAM, 1917

Top row, left to right.
John Sheehan Michael Dougherty James Murray Prof. Charles McGeehan Vincent Molyneaux Frank Robinson Pomeroy Newlyn

Bottom row, left to right.
Daniel McEnerny William Loan Edward McCullian, Captain Charles McGuckin Hugh McGeehan

Albright.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Smith, 3b.	0	2	2	1	0
Goldhammer, 2b.	0	0	0	1	0
Silverman, ss.	1	1	3	3	0
Zinn, rf.	0	0	3	0	0
Kline, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Greenough, 1b.	0	1	9	0	0
Hock, cf.	0	0	2	0	0
Hoffman, c.	0	0	5	2	0
Troutman, p.	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	1	4	24	10	0

Villanova.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
McGuckin, ss.	0	1	1	1	1
Sheehan, cf.	0	2	2	1	0
Dougherty, lf.	1	1	0	0	0
Murray, 1b.	1	1	14	0	0
McGeehan, 3b.	0	0	0	1	0
McCullian, 2b.	0	0	2	3	0
Robinson, rf.	0	1	0	0	0
Loan, c.	0	0	7	0	0
McEnerney, p.	0	0	1	7	0
Totals	2	6	27	13	1

Albright ..... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0— 1
Villanova ..... 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 x— 2

Two-base hit—McGuckin. Struck out—by McEnerney, 7; by Troutman, 3. Base on balls—Off McEnerney, 1; off Troutman, 2. Umpire—Sheridan.

Gettysburg, 2; Villanova, 2.

April 21st.—Villanova and Gettysburg battled [illegible] score, 2-2. Although [illegible] inning and the [illegible] started in the [illegible] Sheehan's [illegible] Murray's [illegible] half of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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[illegible] ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0— 0
[illegible] ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 x— 0

[illegible]

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May 1st.—Despite the fact that Pennsylvania got but two hits of Molyneaux, Villanova was beaten by the Red and Blue team. Score, 3-0. Villanova could gather only four hits off Swigler's delivery, and thus Penn got away with a flashy victory.

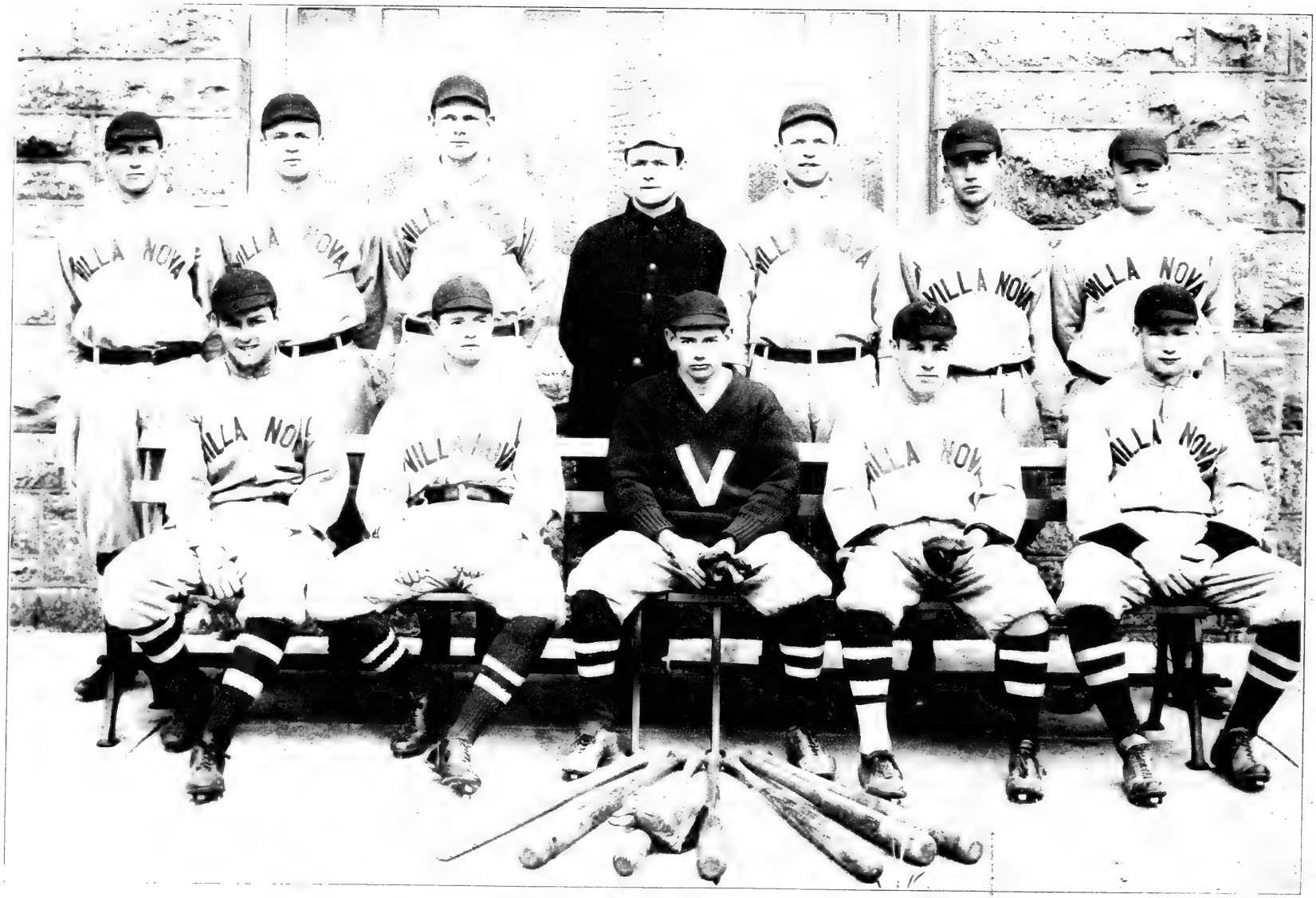
After both teams had gone along for six innings without a count, Gilmore opened Penn's half of the seventh by working Molyneaux for a walk. Swigler sacrificed, and Morgan was safe on McGuckin's error. Penn then worked the double steal, Gilmore scoring. Todd laced a single to center field and circled the bags when the ball took a bad hop and got away from Sheehan.

McGeehan started the 'Varsity's half of the seventh with a single to left, his second of the game. McCullian tapped to Yates, who tried to get McGeehan at second but threw low, and both runners were safe. A wild pitch moved both runners up a base. Loan shot a fast grounder to Morgan, but McGeehan was caught at the plate. Then Gilmore returned the ball to Swigler. McCullian tried to steal home, but Swigler's perfect toss to Gilmore flagged him. This was the only chance Villanova had and the game ended with the Pennsylvanians on the long end.

Penn'a.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
[illegible]	1	1	2	1	0
[illegible]	0	0	0	0	0
White, [illegible]	0	1	2	2	0
Light, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
[illegible]	0	0	7	2	2
[illegible]	0	0	2	0	0
[illegible]	1	0	11	2	0
[illegible]	0	0	2	3	0
[illegible]	1	0	0	2	0
[illegible]	3	3	27	11	2

Villanova.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
McGeehan, ss.	0	0	1	2	2
Sheehan, cf.	0	1	0	1	1
Dougherty, lf.	0	0	1	0	0
Murray, 1b.	0	0	7	0	0
McCullian, 2b.	0	2	1	1	0
McGuckin, 3b.	0	0	3	2	0
Robinson, rf.	0	2	1	0	0
Loan, c.	0	0	9	3	0
Molyneaux, p.	0	0	1	5	0
Totals	0	5	24	14	3

Villanova ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0— 0
Pennsylvania ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 0 x— 3



VILLANOVA BASEBALL TEAM, 1917

Top row, left to right:
John Scanlon — McLaud Dougherty — James Murray — Prof. Charles McGeehan — Vincent Molyneaux — Frank Robinson — Pomeroy Newlyn

Bottom row, left to right:
Daniel McLaverty — William Loan — Edward McCullian, Captain — Charles McGuckin — Hugh McGeehan

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1913	473,987.00	604,768.00	381,685.00	57,166	13,931,720.00
1914	502,037.00	720,869.00	501,777.00	59,878	14,848,234.00
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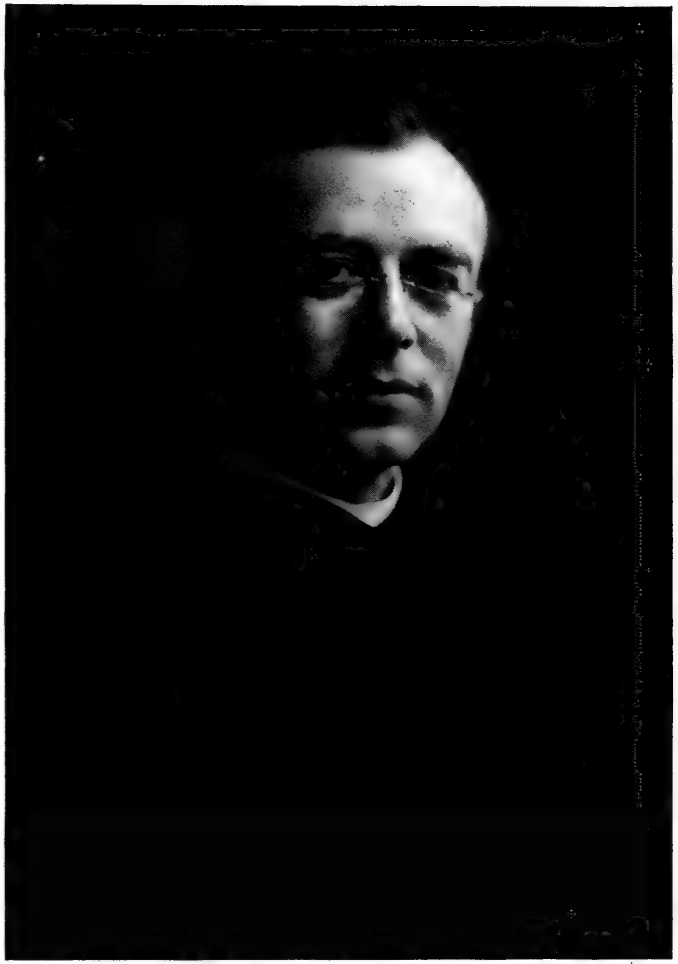
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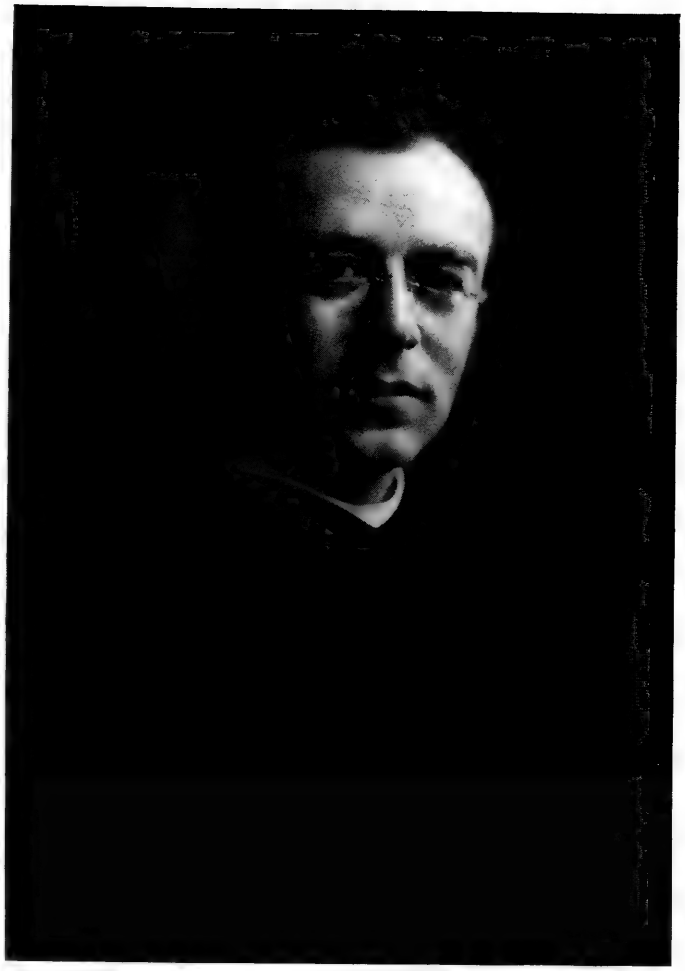
October 1917 – July 1918

Vol. II. OCTOBER, 1917 No. 1

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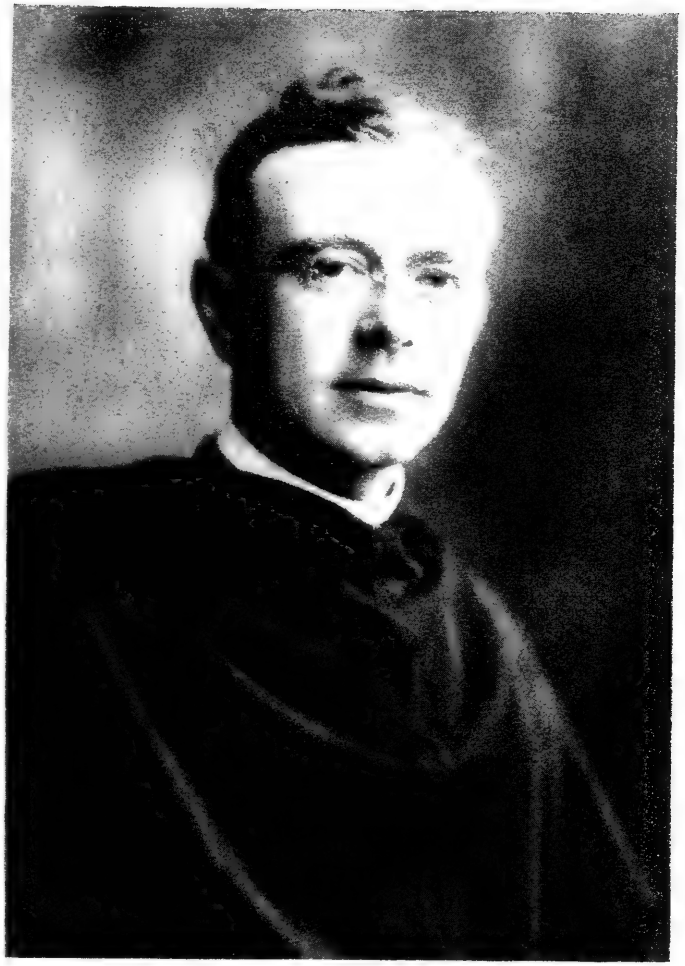
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THE VILLANOVAN

VOL. II. OCTOBER, 1917 No. 1

Farewell to October

Fare thee well, October, parting
With your leaves of brown and red!
From my heart all joy is darting:
Marks of grief are there instead.
I have known you since September,
Brought you round and left you here.
(Someone's calling—'tis November—
Child of Winter cold and drear.)
Yes, I know you now must hurry,
And I hate to see you go:
For your going brings the flurry
Of the dreary Winter's snow.
Months I'll wait for your returning,
Watch the seasons come and go;
Sad my heart while I am yearning
For October's winds to blow.

GEORGE C. EGAN.



Administrative Changes

By Joseph A. O'Leary, '18

Resignation of Father Dohan

UPON their arrival at the College after the vacation period, the students found several surprises awaiting them. Chief among these was the announcement that Father Dohan, who had ruled the destinies of Villanova for the past seven years, had finally prevailed upon his superiors to accept his resignation as President, and in his place has been appointed Father Dean, who for many years had been Prefect of Studies and Dean of the Engineering School.

It was with regret and a sense of great personal loss that the student body received the announcement that Father Dohan would no longer be their President, and they will always remember him for the personal interest which he took in the religious and intellectual progress of each student. While he showed no love for the loafer, the earnest student always found a warm spot in his heart. By his unfailing kindness, therefore, keen sympathy and invariable understanding, Father Dohan had grown to occupy in the hearts of his students the position of friend and counsellor in addition to his official position as head of the College, and it is as friend and counsellor rather than as President that they mourn his loss. Not indeed that they failed to realize his worth as President; for who could note the many improvements which he originated and fail to appreciate his great ability? It was only that the sense of official loss, so to speak, was swallowed up and absorbed in the more personal and intimate loss which his resignation implied.

In his departure, Villanova loses the services of one of her most zealous workers, one who had her every interest at heart and who hesitated at no sacrifice in maintaining the high standards for which Villanova has ever been noted. Father Dohan carries with him to his new charge at Greenwich, N. Y., the best wishes and the enduring affection of all the students of Villanova. They sincerely hope that among the less exacting duties and less weighty responsibilities of his new position, he may quickly regain robust health, and that his usefulness in the Lord's vineyard may every day be increased.

Appointment of Father Dean

The feeling of regret in the loss of Father Dohan was tempered somewhat by the knowledge that Father Dean was to be his successor. His appointment gave immediate assurance that there would be no break in the educational policy of the College, and no interruption in the steady march of progress which has marked Villanova's advance in the academic world.

There is no one more familiar with the ideals of Villanova than Father Dean, for he has helped largely to shape them. Moreover, his long experience as Professor and Prefect of Studies has made him most familiar with all the workings of the College. In fact, with the exception of three years, he has been associated continually with the College in one capacity or other since 1893. So he does not come as a stranger, but as one who is thoroughly conversant with the details of College management. His well-known scholarship, his brilliant attainments in the field of mathematics and science, his competence as a teacher, his ability as an orator, his understanding of boys and his sympathy with their best aims, as is attested by all who knew him as a teacher and officer of the College, his youth and characteristic energy, all combine to assure for Villanova, under the direction of Father Dean, a brilliant and successful future.

In all his endeavors to advance the good name of Villanova, he may rely upon the loyal support and co-operation of the student body, who pledge to him that same obedience and devotion which they manifested to his predecessor.

The Tragic Art of Shakespere

By John F. O'Brien, '19

THE Elizabethan tragedy was the product of a long and systematic evolution. The combined effects of the Grecian and French schools emphasized their own existence. Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, each in his turn, gave an individual elevating influence to the structure of the drama that paved the way for the brilliant issues of a later day. Corneille and Racine, the masters of the French efforts, had likewise assiduously labored to refine the tragedy and embellish the stage.

When Shakespere, the greatest literary artist of history, turned his attention to this species of composition, he found it deplorably crude and its instrument inelastic and weak. He realized what most of his worthy predecessors had unconsciously overlooked: that the world and its customs were continually changing and consequently the tragedy, which reflected the solemn and lofty emotions of the human heart, must alter in accordance with its environment. It therefore was his task to invent a more highly developed grade of tragic art. Cognoscent of the fact that it was the office of the dramatist to present the serious and abstract notions of life in a deliberate and pleasing manner, he set about to endow this long misconstructed composition with permanent perfections that would immortalize the English tragedy and the stage.

Shakespere flourished in an age when the very atmosphere was saturated with devotion for play-writing; when all the world seemed as a stage and all the men and women merely players before the scrutinizing student of psychological issues and national efforts. It is true that Kyd, Marlow, Green, and a host of other prominent dramatists had filled the office with which genius had blessed them, sincerely and well, but they did not have the distinction of donating to the depository of English literature a masterpiece that would purchase for them the crown of ultimate greatness. Jonson, Middleton and Heywood likewise have substantially aided the cause of dramatic perfection by their achievements of beauteous expression. Indeed, if we should take a comprehensive glance of the whole Elizabethan period, we would rightly observe that Shakespere was the fulcrum of dramatic beauty and strength on which the lever of great play-writing serenely rests.

It is not our intention here to consider Shakespere as a poet. We also exclude all his comedies, chronicles, and romances from our consideration and strive to confine ourselves to his romantic tragedies, which have been the source of wonder and admiration for centuries. Moreover, we entertain no hope of thoroughly or even partially exhausting the merits of our author in this particular phase of his work, but we do earnestly desire that some more competent hand might see the evident deficiencies of our judgments and thereby be induced to expose the hidden beauties of our idol.

The period, then, which we shall attempt to discuss, is the third of Shakespere's life, namely, the period of maturity and gloom. This season of melancholy finds our author, in the year of sixteen hundred, a man thirty-six years old and already a writer of worthy reputation. It is easy to appreciate the fact that the years of this period were well named, for from an examination of the fruits of this interim, we may obtain an adequate notion of his talents in the production of tragic composition. It has probably been called a period of maturity and gloom because during these years his best works were written, and these the tragic models of the world. The nature of the tragedy might easily be assigned as the cause of a "gloomy author," for it is a fact of universal experience that the works of a poet reflect the secret shadows of the heart.

The ancient accepted notion of tragic art was subject to ironclad rules. It necessitated a plot that involved a fatal issue of a hopeless case. It required that the writer should deal exclusively with the sad and terrible phases of life and by a pressure of circumstances justify the works of Fate in following its own consecrated principles. The later writers, no doubt influenced by the existence of Christianity, introduced a divine and moral element which elevated the theme

of the tragedy and made it more conformable to the demands of modern civilization. Shakespere combined these fundamental characteristics so subtly and with such inimitable tact that many learned scholars have hesitated to accept the authenticity of the Shakesperean labors.

The mechanical structure of the tragedy was practically primordial when Shakespere attempted its reconstruction; not that he disapproved of the ancient rigidity of the unities or the introduction of only connected scenes, but he believed that the play should be scientific, interesting, and consistent. With this conviction he established a model that would embrace all the beauties of the old school in union with the perfections of the new. He it was who first made the Desis and Lusis of the plot so distinct and yet so capable of smooth interlacing that he produced a graceful and instructive development.

It is a noteworthy fact that Shakespere is most sympathetic. He not only entered into the dark abysses of the human heart, but he sobbed with its pulsive beatings, comforted its disconsolate sighs, and soothed its yearning for happy moments by his balmy words of cheer and pity. How he entered into the spirit of the broken-hearted Lear—a king—ay, every inch a king! How he fancied the bitter remorse that rent that aged monarch's soul, the father of thankless children who sucked his life's blood and drew the sceptre from his withering hand! How he sought to comfort that tottering vagrant by the faithful companionship of the banished Kent! How he expressed the grief of that old man when he brought the dead Cordelia before the eyes of the stony-hearted people! Again imagine the long silvery beard of Lear resting on the bosom of his murdered child—the only relic of happiness and hope.

"*Howl! Howl! Howl! Howl! Howl!*
Oh, you are men of stone!
Had I your tongues and eyes
I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack."

And again when Lear became convinced of the terrible truth.

"*Thoul't come no more!*
Never! Never! Never! Never! Never!
Do you see this? Look on her—look—her lips—
Look there—look there!"

These are the half-witted ejaculations of a despairing man—one that had not the courage or strength to repent, but was doomed to suffer the curse of the fated end of sin. He had offended the majesty of Love and Justice when his life was still his own; but now Death comes on, attended by its troop of grim and motley torments.

Another example of Shakespere's intimate sympathy is suggested by the words and actions of the Moor of Venice, a lover who had loved not wisely, but too well; a jealous lover who hated deeper than he loved; one more to be pitied than scorned, the slave of a human devil who played with Othello's heart until it gushed out from torture. Never was human repentance so vividly worded as in the lines that represent before us the anguish of Othello's heart on becoming convinced of his wife's unspotted purity. Nothing can restrain his grief. He calls upon the furies of the damned to muster their means of torture for his woe. Insane with mental pressure, and fast falling to an ill-fated end, he turns to the pale, chilled, monumental alabaster of the dead Desdemona and despondently cries,

"*Cold, cold—my girl—*
Even like thy chastity! O cursed slave,
Whip me! ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight.
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Dead? Dead? O! O!

And again, as the last spark dying in the fire of human existence, he moans,

"*I kissed thee ere I killed thee—no way but*
Killing myself to die upon a kiss!"

Here are two examples of fatal issues resulting from hopeless struggles. Both picture the punishment of hasty injustice. Both portray alike in that they possess power, but differing in rank, nationality, and race. Both are the tools of unfeeling and disloyal dependents, who work the iniquities of Fate's decrees. One is the father of a sincere and loyal daughter; the other the lord of a true and devoted wife. These are creatures of a literary genius that mark their author as the world's greatest creative poet.

There is another intrinsic perfection of tragic

writing wherein our author is most proficient. The Shakesperean skill in drawing the sad and terrible phases of human life have caused the students of literature to marvel at the power of the intellect which united the rational element with the transcendental perfections and called the issue man. In the creation of his characters, Shakespere was thoroughly independent of the prevailing custom of personification. He rather humanized such notions as Love, Loyalty, Distrust, Jealousy, and the like, and produced them as creatures in the universe of his imagination. Examples of this wonderful prerogative can be appreciated in two famous heroines of the Shakesperean pen. These are Cordelia, the fair daughter of the sceptic Lear, king of Brittany; and Desdemona, wife to the sooty-breasted Othello. The former is a model of that filial love which suffers without pain, and for that deep, unspoken affection undergoes banishment from the object of her love—and death at the hands of meretricious sisters. The latter is an example of fidelity and devotion to her lord and husband, who repays her love with hate and torture. Shakespere's treatment of jealousy in this instance is like a logical sermon, which brings home to us a moral lesson. In his development of the theme he considers, firstly, the happiness consequent on the absence of jealousy. Then he portrays the sources and causes of this vice. Through augmentation and increase he produces a full-grown blossom, which opens and exposes its fiendish visage. It thrives until it ripens—then decays, droops, and falls in ruin, leaving behind it, death, disaster, and damnation. This is an instance that speaks volumes for Shakespere's intimacy with the psychological emotions of man.

In his treatment of Othello, our author takes occasion to manifest his intimacy with the echoes of the human heart. He knew every emotional tint in the great painting of Life and shaded his pictures accordingly.

It is a terrible and sad thing to consider the dire results of distrust. This is strongly emphasized in the first act of King Lear. Here we see the fair Cordelia standing before the court of Brittany for judgment. Her impatient and disbelieving father watches her with sternness and anger, while her envious sisters gaze on her with scorn and pride. Listen to the soft words of love that come from an abounding heart:

". . . good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me; I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you."

What father that ever felt the love of a daughter could withstand this spoken indication of devotion? Here is an old man, tottering to the grave; yet a giant in the evil of distrust. Lear, the fool of flattery, fell and obeyed the angry passion.

"Let it be so; thy truth, then, be thy dower;
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever."

What terrible words from a withering sire! How sad to realize that man, an image of his God, would reject the nobler faculties of the soul and bow like a slave to the whim of a passionate and bestial affection! What is more heart-touching than to see the effects of this curse? Fate had planned such a circumstance to humiliate the proud Lear. Not long after, the tyrant, who banished those that loved him, crawled like a dog before them. This is an instance in literature that is at once intensely interesting and realistic, and a worthy recommendation of the Shakesperean tragic art.

The same intimacy of character is exhibited in the person of Desdemona, an affectionate woman of hope and patience. She was, indeed,

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command."

It is not our intention to consider Desdemona in this paper. Suffice it to say that, of all the women of the Shakesperean creation, she is undoubtedly the queen of the pure, the saintly, and the sweet.

Shakespere's glorious reputation is not founded on his universal acceptance with the students of literature. His fame and beauty intrinsically reside in his own achievements. They speak and prove their own worth. Though scholars have disagreed upon many vital points in the facts of historical literature, yet on one fact they

unanimously concur: Shakespere is the greatest playwright genius of history. He has become a world classic, overwhelming in poetic thought. He has been called the Bible of Human Nature, because he comprehended the psychological in its entirety. He was a creative master that excelled in the drawing of individual character; a sweet singer whose voice warbled in every clime and nation, bringing cheer to those that were oppressed and comfort to those that mourned.

It was for Ben Jonson, friend and admirer of Shakespere, to say of him,

"Nature herself was proud of his designs
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines."

The Elizabethan, or Shakesperean period, as it is sometimes called, is undoubtedly the greatest period of English literature, for it was "twice blessed." Without the presence of our author this perfection could still be attributed to it, and with his sole existence as a poet it would be of equal value. Thus the reputation of Shakespere is obvious.

In conclusion we might observe that every humanized abstract in the Shakesperean world has its own different mission to express. Either it stands as a model for our imitation, or emphasises the fact that "the wages of sin is death." It is for us to watch and admire from afar off, for it is not fitting that we should enter into the consecrated heights where "none durst walk but he." Let us then employ the thoughts of one that knew and honored Shakespere, in those immortal lines:

"What need my Shakespere for his honor'd bones,
The labor of an age in piled stones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a starry pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such dull witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a lasting monument."

Evening

I gazed at the golden sunset,
As it sank in the amber bay;
I saw where the falling night met
The end of the parting day.

Night stole in on the breakers.
Day passed out on the spray;
So glided out to their Maker,
The deeds of one short day.

Drawing her curtain around her,
Dark Night holds sway o'er the sea,
And only its ceaseless murmur
Reveals its sweet presence to me.

THOMAS B. AUSTIN, '16.

When the Lights Went Out

By James J. Egan, '19

REMEMBER now, under no circumstances whatever, deliver this envelope to any one but Mr. Hansen himself, and get it to him by midnight." Promising faithfully that he would obey the injunction to the letter, John Curleigh, a draftsman in the employ of James Devore, contractor, received the envelope from his employer. It was addressed as follows:

Mr. George Hansen,
Apartment F, The Redington,
2150 Valley Avenue,
New York City.

"This contains our bid for the erection of Mr. Hansen's proposed theatre. The bidding closes at midnight of December 31st—to-day. If ours isn't in his hands before it closes, we lose a chance to land the job. I trust you in the matter, Curleigh, because I believe I can rely on you."

It was the first time the young draftsman had received any words of commendation from Mr. Devore and he was naturally elated over the fact.

"I thank you, Mr. Devore, and can guarantee that the bid will reach its destination before midnight," he replied. "It is now ten-thirty, allowing me ample time to reach Mr. Hansen's apartment in the Bronx."

Placing the precious missive in an inner pocket, Curleigh slipped into his overcoat, and, taking his hat and gloves, left the office.

As he emerged from the building—a large one in Times Square—the tooting of horns and the clanging of bells assailed his ears, causing his mind to revert to a certain little midnight supper, which he had planned as a fitting welcome to the approaching New Year. It was to be in company with the one girl in the world.

"The crowd is tuning up already. Why couldn't the boss have figured his bids several days ago? It's just my luck. Seems that something like this turns up every time I count on having a dandy time with Gladys. I bet she felt put out when she received my message, saying I couldn't keep the engagement."

His thoughts rambled thus, as, with coat-collar held close to his throat and his hat forced low upon his brow to exclude the frosty wind, he hurried down Broadway to the subway entrance.

He had gone but a short distance when he noticed that he was passing the Cafe de Paris—by which name its Irish proprietor sought to lend to his establishment a savor of the gay French capital. Already a throng of merry-makers had gathered around its doors.

"I suppose I'd better tell them to give my table to someone else. It's certainly tough to be unable to use it, after having it engaged two months in advance." Curleigh began railing against fate, but his mutterings were rudely interrupted by his bumping head foremost into someone leaving the restaurant.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized as he regained his equilibrium.

"Pardon the deuce! Where in darnation are my glasses?"

"Why, really, I haven't——"

"Fiddlesticks!" cried the irate old gentleman with whom Curleigh had collided. "You knocked them from my nose. It's a wonder you wouldn't watch where you are going."

Curleigh was about to retort with a similar remark, but the impulse was stayed by consideration for the evident age and the present dilemma of the old man.

"I'm very sorry, sir. I'll try to find them," and the younger man bent down in the midst of the careless, hurrying, laughing crowd in an effort to locate the glasses.

"Here they are!" He paused—for glasses are like eggs; when once dropped it is unnecessary to pick them up. They were hopelessly wrecked.

"I'll pay for the damage I have caused," he added. Curleigh's attempt to appease the wrath of the near-sighted man proved futile.

"Oh, you will, will you?" that person thundered. "Why, a thousand dollars wouldn't pay the bill. It is not the pecuniary value of the things. They can be duplicated at a very reasonable cost; but not to-night. How can I go groping about in this pushing crowd of raving maniacs when I am not able to distinguish objects a foot from my nose?"

The old gentleman's plight was indeed pitiable.

"Why, I don't know," haltingly confessed Curleigh.

"Of course you don't. If you had sufficient intellect to know that, you would have known better than to go rushing along with your head lowered in the manner of a mad bull."

As he turned away in an heroic effort to press through the surging crowd, the angry man hurled a parting shot at Curleigh:

"First, I can't get a table; and then a blundering idiot crashes into me and shatters my glasses, making it impossible for me to seek a table elsewhere. It would make St. Peter swear."

"Oh, I say," cried Curleigh, placing a detaining hand on the other's arm, "were you trying to secure a table at the Cafe de Paris?"

"What's that to you?" was the snapping reply.

"Just this; I have a table reserved there for eleven-thirty, but won't be able to use it. Now, if allowing you to occupy it will in any way recompense you for my carelessness, you are welcome to it."

"What?" The expression of a grouch quickly vanished from the old gentleman's face. "Will it? Well, rather. You are all right, sonny. I'm rather glad you did crash into me." He dealt Curleigh a blow upon the head that was evidently aimed for his shoulders. "Here's my card. Any time I can return the favor, command me."

Curleigh took the bit of pasteboard and thrust it into his pocket as he readjusted his hat.

"Now," continued the other, "you just arrange for that table, and I'll be eternally grateful."

The pair entered the cafe, and Curleigh spoke the words that made the old gentleman the happy possessor of a table from eleven-thirty on.

The pacified man asked to be led to a 'phone booth, that he might tell the good news to "some one."

Leaving his friend in the care of an attendant, Curleigh bade him good-bye and hastened away, his mission again taking predominance in his mind.

The subway entrance was reached without further mishap, and a ride of twenty minutes found him descending the steps of a station in the Bronx district.

"If I am correctly informed, Valley Avenue is three blocks east," he mused as he turned in that direction.

It proved an easy matter to locate the desired avenue, and in due course he neared the Redington, a bachelor apartment house, which boasted the most expensive plot of open ground in the neighborhood, being completely encircled by a large lawn.

The biting wintry air made the sight of the building a welcome one, and Curleigh lost no time in bounding up the steps. As he did so, the hall door was thrown open, and a uniformed negro rushed out with a revolver in his hand.

Curleigh drew away from the menace of the brandished weapon, but this precaution was needless—the holder of the revolver thrust it into the hand of the astonished draftsman, hoarsely whispering, "He is in Apartment F. It's on the third floor. Everybody in the building is away celebrating."

With this bit of vague information the negro took to his heels, beating a hasty retreat down the avenue.

For a moment or two Curleigh stood looking at the revolver he held; then, regaining his wits, he turned to recall the fleeing negro, only to find that he had completely vanished.

"He's in Apartment F!" he repeated. "How could that fellow know I called to see Mr. Hansen—and why this revolver? Surely, Mr. Hansen isn't so dangerous a character that one need be armed when visiting him. By George!" he exclaimed, at the conception of what to him seemed a capital idea. "It's a scheme of some competitor to frighten away all bids but his own until the time limit is up. Clever, but it won't work with me."

He felt highly pleased with himself at being able to see through the scheme, so he boldly entered the building.

As the negro had deserted his post at the elevator, Curleigh was forced to use the stairs as a means to reach the desired floor. Although he mounted the first flight with absolute assurance and unconcern, some strange foreboding took possession of him as he started up the

second. He was careful to guard his footfalls as he neared the landing above, and maintained absolute silence as he stood before the door of Apartment F.

As he extended one hand to the push-button, he unconsciously drew forth the revolver with the other; then he laughed nervously as he became aware of his action.

"Well, this is rather perplexing," he confessed, and substituted a peep through the keyhole for the intended pressure upon the button. The look revealed nothing but inky blackness.

As he stood mentally debating whether or not to announce his arrival, he heard steps approaching from the inside. Then the knob slowly turned, the door softly opened, and the figure of a man appeared.

At the sight of Curleigh, the fellow's eyes opened wide; they nearly burst from their sockets when he perceived the revolver.

Like a flash he sprang back and started to close the door. Instantly Curleigh was resolved upon a course of action.

Casting discretion to the winds, he hurled his weight against the door in a violent effort to prevent the other from securing it.

Suddenly the man on the inside withdrew, and the door flew open wide, causing Curleigh to stretch his length upon the floor. Although the impact of his fall somewhat stunned him, he quickly regained his feet, and hastened down the hallway in pursuit of the fleeing man, only to be again precipitated headlong, tripping over a bundle which the other man had deserted in his haste, doubtless on account of its weight.

As he regained his feet a second time, Curleigh saw the fugitive raising a window at the far end of the hall and hastily climbing over the sill.

At first he was at a loss to explain the fellow's action, but upon reaching the window, he found a fire-escape.

Even as Curleigh began mounting the sill the head of the pursued man disappeared below the surface of the iron balcony.

"He's going down the ladder!" panted Curleigh as he in turn leaped out and hastened toward the ladder leading to the corresponding balcony below.

By the time he had descended several rungs the other had reached the balcony of the second floor and was hurrying toward the ladder which would enable him to gain the ground. This ladder, however, was suspended upon a weight, and had to be placed in position before use.

The fellow had succeeded in pushing it down into place and was in the act of descending when Curleigh reached the top and endeavored to draw it up. At this, the fellow hurriedly retraced his steps, and, upon reaching Curleigh's side, lent more than a willing hand to the work. In fact, he completely brushed the other aside in his labor to accomplish it. Perplexed before, Curleigh was now absolutely mystified. Unable to comprehend the other's scheme, he threw his arms about him, causing the latter to release his hold upon the ladder to defend himself against the attack.

A royal battle ensued. Tripping, the two fell upon the floor of the balcony, and were only prevented from toppling to the ground by a railing.

The attacked man fought furiously, like some ferocious animal at bay; clawing, biting, kicking, punching. At times Curleigh would be uppermost, only to have his adversary reverse their positions. Finally he secured a stranglehold upon the fellow's throat, and was choking him into submission, when a hand was placed upon his coat-collar, and Curleigh found himself being unceremoniously jerked to his feet. The next instant he was whirled about to face—a policeman.

Curleigh's antagonist, relieved of the pressure upon his windpipe, jumped to his feet, but was quickly covered by a second officer, who had mounted the ladder down which the escaping man had been climbing, and who doubtless had been the cause of the latter's sudden retreat.

The sight of the blue uniforms was a welcome one to Curleigh.

"You're just in time, officers!" he cried. "A more opportune arrival could not have been planned."

The addressed men made no reply, but merely exchanged glances. On the part of one, there was the suspicion of a wink.

"This chap is a burglar," went on Curleigh. "I found him in Mr. Hansen's apartment. You

had better lock him up." To this the policeman who had winked replied:

"We'll just do that," and placed his hand upon Curleigh's arm.

"But, I say," ejaculated that person, "I'm no burglar. You don't understand—"

"Oh, yes, we do!" interposed the officer. "We understand too well to let a couple of birds like you pull off that old game on us."

"Old game?" queried Curleigh.

"Yes, mighty old. Two housebreakers are caught in the act and one plays he is doing a capture act to vindicate himself. Crude work. You'll have to use a better one than that to get past the N. Y. force."

"But listen!" and Curleigh tried to explain the situation at length.

"Don't get excited here," broke in the officer who up to this time had held his peace. "You can make your plea to the judge in the morning. We can't stand here freezing, to listen to that old, patched-up story."

Without more ado, the officers took their prisoners up the fire-escape and through the open window of Apartment F, it being necessary for them to make a search of the place and insure it against further intrusion.

"I'll entertain our guests while you look about, Mike. And, say, get a hustle on—it's almost midnight!"

"Midnight!"

Curleigh would not have jumped higher had a current of electricity been passed through his body. In his present predicament he had momentarily forgotten his errand. Uttering a half articulate cry, he drew forth his watch, consulting it to verify the officer's words. With some relief he noted that it was but eleven-twenty. Yet in his present plight it might as well have been midnight, for not only had he failed to locate Mr. Hansen, but he was now under arrest.

"What ails you?" brusquely queried the policeman.

"Why, I've got a most important engagement before midnight."

"You just bet you have," laughed the officer. "It's at the station-house."

"But, look here, this fellow can tell you that I was in the act of capturing him when you arrived." Curleigh turned towards his fellow-prisoner.

The man grinned maliciously.

"Say, pal, the game's up. Don't squeal. Take your medicine."

"What!" gasped Curleigh.

Goaded on by his failure to deliver the bid, and further incensed by the burglar's audacity in implicating him in the crime, Curleigh made a savage rush upon the fellow. The second policeman, hearing the scuffle, hastened to the other's aid to prevent another clash.

"Steady now, young fellow," he cautioned the belligerent Curleigh. "This scrapping business won't help you any."

"Perhaps not, but just the same I'd get a heap of satisfaction out of punching that fellow's head."

Curleigh's attempted assault evidently caused a shade of doubt to enter the mind of one of the officers.

"They don't act much like pals," he whispered to his companion. The words sounded like sweet music to Curleigh.

"Please, gentlemen, give me a chance to explain."

The policemen exchanged inquiring glances.

"Well, go on. Only hurry," said one. "We ought to have been back to the station-house long ago. It's over a half an hour since the sergeant received the 'phone call."

The 'phone call!

At these words Curleigh saw through the veil of mystery that had enshrouded the mix-up. The negro attendant had evidently seen or heard the burglar and telephoned to the precinct station-house; then, terror-stricken as he was, he mistook Curleigh for an officer responding to his appeal for help. This Curleigh hastened to explain.

"Gee!" exclaimed the captured burglar, when the draftsman had finished, "I thought you were the fellow who called the officers."

It was not until the officers had granted Curleigh his liberty that the burglar realized it was these words that had vindicated the draftsman.

"I guess that lets you out," said one of the officers. "You can't be a pal of this fellow if he thinks it was you who sent for us. If you will

submit to being searched, and we find nothing suspicious on you, you will be at liberty to go."

"Certainly," acquiesced Curleigh, and his pockets were gone through. The revolver was brought to light, but its presence had been accounted for by his recital. The letter further strengthened his story. The ownership of his personal belongings was easily established. Reaching in Curleigh's overcoat pocket, the officer produced the card of the old gentleman with whom Curleigh had collided at the entrance of the Cafe de Paris.

"Well, I guess your visit to Mr. Hansen's apartment was legitimate, all right," the policeman decided, as he returned the card to Curleigh.

For the first time the latter read it.

Mr. George Hansen,
Apartment F, The Redington,
2150 Valley Avenue,
New York.

If the officers had thought Curleigh's actions strange before, they surely must have considered him almost a lunatic now. Emitting a yell like a volcano about to erupt, he rushed from the apartment and down the stairs.

His watch informed him that the time was eleven-thirty-five. Perhaps at that very moment Mr. Hansen was seating his company at Curleigh's table in the Cafe de Paris.

Eleven-thirty-five! Just twenty-five minutes to reach Times Square! It was a feat impossible for the subway, yet he hurried on, hoping against hope.

As he turned a corner, his heart gave a mighty bound. Not a hundred feet away stood a taxicab. If driven with an utter disregard of the speed laws, this machine might possibly bring him to his destination in time.

With this thought in mind, Curleigh rushed forward. As he did so, a lady and gentleman came down the steps of the residence in front of which the taxicab was standing.

"Drive me to the Cafe de Paris, Times Square," shouted Curleigh as he prepared to enter the vehicle.

"Sorry, sir, but this cab is engaged," replied the chauffeur.

As if to verify this statement, the pair who had descended the steps bade some one in the vestibule "good night" and advanced, the gentleman giving the taxi-driver a downtown address.

Fate seemed to take delight in offering Curleigh means of bridging his difficulties, only to sweep them away as rapidly as erected.

"Pardon me, sir," he said to the gentleman who had hired the cab, "I'm on a most urgent mission. Would it inconvenience you to allow me to accompany you downtown?"

"It certainly would," was the sharp response.

"I'll pay the charges. Believe me, sir, it is a matter of life or death." Curleigh exaggerated the truth somewhat in his anxiety to attain his ends.

This appeal took effect in the more kindly heart of the gentleman's companion.

"Oh, Jack, if it is as serious as that, we had better take him."

Although Curleigh received a most unfriendly look from "Jack," he was accepted as a passenger. As he stepped in he found an opportunity to whisper to the chauffeur:

"Get me to the Cafe de Paris before midnight and I'll give you an extra ten-spot."

The violent jerk the occupants of the machine received in the start seemed to indicate that the man at the wheel was determined to obtain the promised reward, if possible.

The surliness of "Jack," the nervousness of his companion at the fearful speed the machine maintained, the irritation of Curleigh because that speed could not be doubled or trebled, and the fact that more than one representative of the law shot angry glances at the speeding taxi need not be dwelt upon. Suffice it to say that Curleigh's companions reached their destination before they were really comfortably seated in the vehicle. After they had made their exit from it, the sole occupant found himself free to give full vent to his pent-up feelings.

Too restless to keep his seat, he stood clutching at the partition before him, and shouting at the top of his voice to "send her along."

As they neared their destination, the assembled throng made it necessary to diminish their speed. This enforced delay cast Curleigh into a frenzy. He railed as the merrymakers hurled clouds of confetti through the cab window.

The festivity was approaching its zenith;

a nearby clock announced that it lacked but three minutes of midnight.

By this time Curleigh was raving for the chauffeur to "run over the idiots."

After what seemed an age, they came within sight of the Cafe. Aware of the city's custom of extinguishing its lights for a minute preceding the arrival of the new year, and seeing that they were still brilliant, he knew that the all-important hour had not yet arrived.

Springing to the sidewalk, he called to the chauffeur to wait, and rushed into the Cafe, striking against people right and left. There was one thing in his favor: he knew the location of the party he sought and would not need to institute a search for the table.

Pushing his way forward, he wrought havoc among those he encountered.

Here wine was spilled, there a roasted turkey seemed to come to life again and was seen to flutter upon the lap of a richly gowned woman; but Curleigh's passage was not to be stayed. Leaving in his wake a score of angry people, he finally reached the table at which sat the old gentleman with whom he had collided early in the evening, in company with another man.

"Mr. Hansen," he panted, hoarse from his late vocal exertion, "I represent Mr. James Devore, the contractor. Here is our bid for the erection of your theatre," and he placed the precious envelope on the table.

"You are mistaken, my young friend," was the reply that stunned Curleigh as if struck by a blow. "I am not Mr. Hansen."

The cafe proprietor, flanked on either side by burly waiters, advanced, and all the other guests directed their attention to the scene.

Curleigh's face blanched as he gulped: "But this card? You gave it to me when I secured this table for you."

The old gentleman took the card and, holding it close to his eyes, managed to read the name on it.

"Well, that's one on me," he exclaimed. "You see, I had no glasses when I gave you that. It is not my card, but that of my guest here. I must have—"

Curleigh did not wait for further explanation —the slim gentleman opposite had been designated as the true Mr. Hansen. With one bound he was at that person's side, thrusting the envelope into his hands.

And then the lights went out.

The Blank Parchment

(A Serial Story)

By John F. Burns, '17

CHAPTER I

"The Poet Nods"

RAY! Ray! Ray! Newville! Newville! Newville! The first game of the season was over and Fordhaven had met defeat. The Newville students, headed by Charlie Madden, invaded the diamond, and raising the successful pitcher on their shoulders, carried him in triumphant procession to the gym. But for some reason, Frank Masterson, who was the object of this popular demonstration, did not seem very much elated thereby. And even when, in the dressing-room, the hearty congratulations of the coach were showered upon him, he took it all philosophically, dressed quickly and quietly, and made his way to the dining-room. A rousing cheer greeted his entrance there, and from different parts of the hall, cries of "Speech! Speech!" resounded. But all to no purpose. Strange to say, the usually vivacious Frank could not be prevailed upon to take the chair.

"I wonder what's getting into that fellow," said Charlie Madden to a neighbor. "He's become very quiet lately."

When supper was over, Charlie, who was Frank's roommate, sought him in the "room," in order to talk over the game. He found him seated at his desk, going over some papers, when he entered.

"Great game, wasn't it, old boy?" he said, sitting down. "I guess your old form is coming back again, all right."

"I guess it is," was the laconic reply he re-

ceived from Frank as the latter carefully laid aside an old, time-worn envelope.

"Say," asked Charlie, "why are you keeping that thing so long?"

"That's about the hundredth time you've asked me the same question," replied Frank, "and I suppose my hundredth answer must be the same as the first—just because."

"But what good is it?" persisted his friend. "There's no writing on it."

"I know there isn't," replied Frank, drawing from the envelope a piece of blank parchment, yellow with age. "But it was found on my clothes the time I was picked up on the streets. You can't tell what may come of it some day. So I'm going to keep it."

After that he lapsed into a long silence, staring abstractedly at the parchment as it lay among the other papers on his desk. In the meantime Charlie was regarding him with a puzzled look. His friend had never acted in this strange manner before. There must be something on his mind, he thought, and he determined to find it out.

"Say," he began, "what's the trouble with you lately? I remember the time when you couldn't keep still, but the last few days you haven't been saying a thing. I can't see what's making you so glum now, with a good season before you, your case on Bessie Pearson getting better every day, graduation coming in June—"

"That's just it, Charlie," interrupted Frank; "I'm afraid there won't be any graduation for me."

"No graduation!" exclaimed the surprised Charlie. "Why, what's the matter?"

Frank hesitated a moment, then bluntly replied: "I can't pay my bills. That's what's the matter."

"Can't pay your bills!" rejoined his roommate. "Why not?"

"Because that money I was telling you about the first time you saw this parchment, is almost gone."

Charlie was silent for a minute. Then, looking at the calendar, he spoke:

"Let me see, you have six weeks before any action will be taken on this, haven't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, then, don't worry until the time comes. It won't do you any good, anyhow. Just make the best of it, and things'll turn out right some way or other."

But in his heart Charlie felt differently and greatly feared for the loss of his roommate and his dearest friend. A long time had passed in silence, when, in order to divert Frank's mind to other and pleasanter thoughts, Charlie changed the subject.

"Say, Frank," he began, "I got a letter from home this morning."

"Did you?" replied the latter eagerly. "How are your mother and sister?"

"All right, as usual." Charlie then waited for what he knew would be the next inquiry, and sure enough it came.

"Did they say anything about Bessie Pearson?'

"No, they didn't," replied Charlie, his eyes twinkling.

"Well, they should have," and once more Frank lapsed into silence.

After a while, Charlie tried another topic.

"Gee," he said, "mother'll feel great on commencement day! You'd think this graduation business *was* something, the way she fusses about it. Why, she's got my cap and gown ordered already. I can't see a whole lot myself in the graduation. But, believe me, for her sake, the day is going to be a happy one."

Here Frank broke in:

"Charlie, I'd give my right hand to be able to say that. You see, I haven't any mother, and I've often wondered how it feels to have one. It's not much of a life, this being alone in the world with no one who really cares whether you get along or not."

He stopped here to swallow something that rose in his throat, and then went on:

"Do you know, Charlie, I often sit down and hear you and the others talking about their mothers and sisters—how they are going to be at graduation, and so on. And I can't help thinking that on graduation day, or any other day that means the attainment of something worth while,—I cannot help thinking that for me, on such a day, no mother will be there with open arms; no sister, no brother, no one at all who will care about the results of my work. And, Charlie, when there's no one who cares, there's

mighty little pleasure in working. Don't think I'm a baby, talking like this, only let me tell you that you don't know what it is, not to have a mother. You may think you do, but you don't."

Charlie took it all in, and it made him think.

"It's pretty hard, I guess, Frank," he said, in a tone of sympathy. "I wish you could be my brother. Then you'd have a mother, and a good one, too. Anyhow, you're just like a brother, and Mother likes you almost as much as me."

But Frank did not answer, and the two boys fell once more into one of those silent pauses that are characteristic of the true conversation, and which mark the intercourse not only of mind and tongue, but of heart and heart.

Their thoughts were interrupted by the sound of quick, noisy footsteps approaching the door, and a simultaneous knocking and opening of the same. A tall, jovial-faced young man stood for a moment in the doorway, then made one leap and landed in Charlie's bed. This very unusual method of announcing himself, however, must have been very usual to Eddie Pearson, for the two friends displayed no surprise, and neither by word or attitude showed that their solemn mood had been ruffled by this sudden eruption of the college magazine editor. The latter indeed was not long in noticing the meditative air and serious countenances of his two friends. So he quickly rose from the bed, his countenance expressive of friendly concern.

"Say," he began, "what's the matter? There must be something wrong. Gee! I'm sorry I came in that way."

"Oh, that's all right," said Charlie, with a wink at Frank. "We were just talking about your magazine."

"Yes, you were!" broke in Eddie, and added, "Well, whatever it was, you've saved me the trouble of introducing the magazine question, for that's just exactly what I came here to talk about. You see, I need another poem, and I thought one of you fellows might oblige me."

"Oh, you did!" said Charlie. "Well, this lets me out," he added, going to the door.

"H'm," grunted Eddie, while Frank laughed. "I suppose you'll want that put in the 'Splinter' column."

"What? The door?" asked Charlie with a grin.

And he was just in time to dodge a dictionary, which, going out the door, narrowly missed a passing student.

"Gee!" said Eddie, "I didn't mean that for Grimes. In a way, though, I wish it had hit him. He threw a pail of water on a little fellow who was standing near the pie-shop window yesterday."

In the meantime, Charlie had made excuses to Grimes and cautiously re-entered with the book poised in case of emergency.

"Well, how about that poem I came after?" Eddie was saying as Charlie came in.

"You write it for him, Frank," said the latter, laying down the book. "Just say what you were telling me a little while ago about not having a mother, only put it in rhyme. Come on," he continued, as Frank remained silent. "What do you say?"

"Well," was the slow reply, "I guess it won't hurt to try, anyhow."

"Good!" said Eddie, and purposing to make a note of the fact, he reached for a piece of paper on Frank's desk. But somehow he happened to pick up the very sheet that Frank had been saving so long.

"Hey!" cried the latter, "don't take that. Use some other piece."

Eddie looked up in surprise, stared at Frank, and then burst out:

"Well, this beats the Dutch! That's all I have to say. First I come in here and find—what? No smokes—no noise. Well, that's bad enough, but can you beat it? we're holding meditations in our room now—real meditations; we look serious and everything. Regular monks' style. Yes, sir! And we've joined the 'Save The Pieces League' too. Can't even let a scrap of paper go to waste now. Something's going to happen, or I'll eat my shirt."

"Why," said Frank, surprised, "didn't I ever tell you about that piece of parchment, Eddie?"

"No, you didn't," he replied. "I suppose we'll have another wonder now. Keep it up, old boy, and we'll soon have enough to rival the world's seven,—that is," he added, "if we haven't done so already by this night's doings."

"Well, then," said Frank, "I'll tell you now."

And he began:

"When I was very young, I became sepa-

rated from my parents (I know not why, or how), and was in the care of a guardian. One day my guardian disappeared, leaving me with that parchment and also a fairly large sum of money on my person. Well, in this condition I was found in the streets of Boston by some nuns, who took me to a school, where, for my education, I paid a small yearly amount. When I left them eight years ago in order to begin high school here, they handed me this parchment, saying that it was all, beside the money, that was on my person when I was found. So, you see, I naturally have a sort of reverence for it, even though it may not be worth anything. You don't blame me now for keeping it, do you?" he added.

"No, I don't," replied the wondering Eddie. "Let's see it."

Frank handed the parchment to Eddie, who began a close scrutiny of it. All at once, however, he stopped.

"Say, by the way," he broke out, "I saw Grimes in here this morning, and, come to think of it, he was fussing with this very piece of paper: holding it up to the light, rubbing his fingers over it, and so on. I thought he'd eat it before he got through."

But the impulsive Charlie interrupted him. "Grimes, you say! What right had he in here?"

Then, with even a touch of sympathy, he added, "I feel sorry for that fellow, the way he's disliked. Still, it's his own fault. His ways are so 'untaking' in some things."

"And," said Frank, "in regard to others, they are very 'taking.' Are you sure there's nothing missing, Charlie?

"Not that I know of."

"Nothing missing, you say!" exclaimed Eddie. "Nothing missing and Grimes been in here by himself? One more wonder pitted against the world's seven!"

At that moment, a bell sounded, and Charlie and Eddie, who were classicals, went downstairs to a society meeting. Scarcely had they left, however, when Frank's lonesomeness returned.

"Those two are happy," he said, soliloquizing to himself. "And I—I don't even know my own father, not to speak of being blessed, like they are, with a mother and sister. It's a strange world, all right. Some people have everything, and they don't seem to appreciate it—and others have nothing! Well," he continued, after thinking for a long time of the things that might have been, "I suppose I ought to be thankful for what I have got, anyhow—a few friends, and a chance for an education; although now the last seems to be slipping away too."

And he slid away down in his chair, his arms folded and his head bent on his chest. For a long time he kept the same posture, as he thought over his lot. And the lonesome feeling became ever more oppressive. Then, summarizing his thoughts, as it were, he mused half aloud.

"What are all the friends, and all the education in the world, compared to a mother? Nobody else ever really cares for you. Nobody else ever thinks much of you except when you're on top. Nobody else's feelings of pride in what you do, mean anything."

And then, soft and low, he whispered the one word "mother," hoping to create within himself the feelings aroused by that word in the heart of a child. But all in vain. No answering throb of the heart responded—no thrill, either of pleasure or of sorrow, was there. All he felt at the mention of that sweet name was not pleasure, not even sorrow, but only a return of that indefinable loneliness. It was the loss of a parent's love that caused these pangs of lonely isolation. All this he knew. But still, he could not really grieve for its absence—for no one mourns for what he never knew.

Poor Frank! He did not have even the relief of sorrow at the loss of his parents. Loneliness loneliness—loneliness—this was all that was left to him. When, therefore, he found himself still cold and unmoved, he continued his musings.

"Well, I haven't any mother, so that ends it. All the complaining in the world won't help me, so here goes for that poem."

But his heart was lonesome, and pretty soon, with a sob of bitterness, his head dropped into the crook of his arm which now rested on the desk. All alone in the world—this was the feeling that oppressed him, and he was miserable. Finally, however, he sat up, reached for a piece of paper, and began his poem.

He was halfway down the page when, all at once, he stopped short.

"By gosh!" he said aloud. "I've written it on that piece of paper I've been saving all these years! It's all marked over and crossed out too."

And he was gazing at it ruefully, when, without the slightest warning, a hand reached over his shoulder, and the paper was snatched from his grasp. Frank was dumbfounded. The unexpectedness and suddenness of the happening threw him into a daze. He could not move—nay, for a moment or two, could not even think. Then, with a rush, a multitude of questions thronged his wondering brain.

"Who could the intruder be? How did he get into the room? What did he want with that paper?"

Finally, recovering himself still more, he sprang up and was out in the corridor just in time to see his unbidden visitor turning a corner at the end of the hall.

"Stewart Grimes!" he exclaimed to himself. And with a bound he was after the fleeing student.

(To be continued)

Railway Electrification

JOSEPH A. O'LEARY, '18

IN the extensive field of operations which is open to the electrical engineer, there is probably no one branch which provides a wider range of possibilities and a better chance of service than that of railway electrification. Comparatively speaking, this is a new industry, and it is certain to take big strides in the near future. Only a very small percentage of the total railway mileage of this country is electrically operated and, with the cost of maintenance increasing daily, the railway operators are turning to every possible chance whereby economy may be effected.

There has never been any argument as to the economical feature of electrical operation, the one deterring factor being the big initial expenditure which is required for the conversion of the steam lines. A strong argument in favor of electrification is the fact that it enables us to make use of and to find a ready market for the great amount of water power which is going to waste daily. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, stated in a recent report that an amount of hydro-electric energy was running to waste in this country equal to the daily labor of 1,800,000,000 men or thirty times our adult population. This is an amount which is beyond the imagination, yet we can easily appreciate what the utilization of only a small part of this would mean and what a big aid it would be in the serious problem of coal conservation.

That these facts are having an influence upon railroad men is shown in the recently announced determination of several important railways to extend their present electrifications considerably and that of several other roads who are just taking up the work.

It is interesting to study the development of electric railway building and the more modern ideas of electrification which have resulted. From this study we can clearly discern what the future holds in store for this important branch of the electrical world.

What may be considered the beginning of the electric railway industry in this country, was the construction of the Hampden Branch of the Baltimore Union Passenger Railway in the year 1885 by Leo Daft, a prominent engineer of that time. This line was operated quite regularly and was considered fairly successful. Daft, encouraged by his success, then undertook the equipment of a two-mile section of the 9th Avenue elevated line in New York City. Here, during the latter part of 1885, he operated an electric locomotive called the "Benjamin Franklin," which was able at times to make a speed of twenty-five miles per hour, considered at that time quite remarkable. The success of this line impressed the capitalists of New York, then as to-day the financial centre of the country, and they were encouraged to give the financial backing which was required for the big advances which the work made in the following years.

The first electric railway enterprise of any considerable size was undertaken in the year 1887 at Richmond, Va., under the direction of Frank J. Sprague, who previous to that time was associated with Thomas Edison and who is at present a well-known consulting engineer in New York. Both Edison and Sprague had followed the electrification developments with intense interest both experimentally and practically. Mr. Sprague had formed a company for the undertaking of this work and was well qualified to act as its director. Prophecies of failure were numerous and the discouragements met by Mr. Sprague and the other directors were at times sufficient to discourage almost anyone. Here, however, perseverance had its reward and although innumerable difficulties had to be overcome, the road was finally made a success, although at a great financial loss to the builders.

The cars used on this line were very small and were driven by two motors, each of six horsepower, which is insignificant in comparison with present-day traction. The whole line, on which thirty cars were operated at one time, required an output at the central power station of only between 300 and 400 K. W. Experience gained in the operation of this road resulted in the installation of many characteristic features which are in general use today. Among these may be mentioned the main and the working conductors and feeders with bonded rails and earth return; the universal movement, that is, the reversible trolley in the centre of the car, which solved the problem of allowing a car to turn a corner without having the pole fly off; and the double end control, which permitted the car to be operated from either end.

The final success of this road at Richmond, the rapid equipment of a number of others and especially the adoption of electricity by the West End Railway of Boston, were followed by a period of extraordinary activity in commercial and technical developments, which resulted in the subsequent unparalleled growth of the industry. In this development Mr. Whitney, the president of the West End Railway, played a prominent part and to him must be awarded the credit for beginning the modern consolidation of street railways.

The progress made in the United States soon commanded the attention of the whole world and work was begun along the same lines in England, Germany and Italy, where numerous experimenters had long been occupied with the problem. It was not, however, until some years later that there was any general adoption of the electric railway by the more conservative countries. It might be noted here also that the first important lines in both Germany and Italy were constructed by American engineers under the supervision of Mr. Sprague.

Soon after the use of electricity for single cars had proved to be so successful, operations on a heavier scale were naturally undertaken, and as early as 1890 a line of considerable length was opened in England, on which the cars were drawn by electric locomotives, which had the armatures mounted directly on the axles of the drivers. But in the main, electric locomotives were generally adopted because of the development of the multiple unit system. This system permitted a number of cars to be run together, each having its individual driving motor, but by means of couplings all under the control of the motorman in the foremost car, although, if desired, the controlling point could be put at any other place. This method gives a train of any length all of the characteristics of a single car and at the same time gives every ease of operation which is demanded by the hardest conditions of service. In this way trains might be made up of any desired length, and, if necessary, trailers could be put in during the rush hours to take care of the added burden.

This multiple unit system was another invention of Mr. Sprague, who demonstrated its practicability and complete simplicity in an extensive series of tests which were conducted by the General Electrical Co. at Schenectady, N. Y. Its adoption was not immediate, as it was opposed by many prominent engineers of that time, but its many advantages could not be denied and it was ultimately awarded the prominence which it fully deserved. The original controller designed for this system was rather complicated in detail, but its principles are fundamental and are in use at the present day.

The progress of this industry was so rapid that by the year 1900, there was scarcely a town of

any size in the United States which did not have its own street car line. Nor was this advancement limited to the cities themselves, for interurban lines sprang up almost like mushrooms and now occupy an important part in our system of transportation. They carry freight and mail as well as passengers, and are proving a big success in many places where a steam line would be totally impracticable.

Following a very serious accident in one of the yard terminals of the New York Central Railroad, some years ago, the company officials decided to adopt electricity as the means of moving their trains about the terminals in New York City and for some distance outside. This was the first important step taken in Main Line electrification. The voltage used was 600 d. c., now considered quite low, but higher voltages had not been found practicable at that time. The extension of the line was, however, restricted by the great amount of copper which would be necessary at that voltage. The armatures of the motors were mounted directly on the axles of the locomotives, as was then customary. They had a rather unique method of speed control, the field flux being varied by moving the poles up and down with respect to the armature, but, except for this feature, there were no other changes from what were considered the standard models.

The example set by the New York Central was quickly followed by many other lines, the Pennsylvania Railroad also adopting direct current at 600 volts for its New York terminal service. Both are still in use and operating admirably. The Pennsylvania adopted a different type of locomotive, however, the motors being mounted well above the wheels and being connected to the drivers by means of a jackshaft.

Up to this time alternating current was not given much consideration in railway operation, but many engineers began to advocate its use, claiming that it could be transmitted at a higher potential than direct current, thereby saving enormously in copper, and also claiming many other advantages not possessed by direct current. This was the beginning of a discussion which is still going on to-day as to the relative merits of the alternating and direct current systems of transmission. It is being given special prominence by all engineering societies, but there still seems to be a division of sentiment which is as hopeless as ever and which offers but little prospect of a settlement of differences in the near future.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad was the pioneer in the use of alternating current transmission, using 11,000 volts at a frequency of 25 cycles. This being the first line of its kind, many difficulties had to be met in its construction, but these were overcome one by one and to-day the line is giving splendid service. The locomotives of the New Haven Road had to be designed so as to run on either alternating or direct current, as they used the New York Central tracks and terminals in New York City, which were employing 600 volts d. c. On the New Haven lines the current was taken in at 11,000 volts and stepped down to the proper voltage through transformers which were on every locomotive. On the New York Central tracks it was taken in directly to the motors at 600 volts. Another feature of this line was the dual system of contact made necessary because the New Haven used overhead transmission as against the third rail of the New York Central.

Both of these systems have their merits. The third rail works best on lines using a low voltage, and on subway and interurban lines. The overhead system is used to best advantage on trunk lines or lines of any length.

The stock of the high tension single phase advocates advanced considerably when the Pennsylvania Railroad decided to use that system in the electrification of the Philadelphia-Paoli division. The Pennsylvania has always been looked upon as being in the forefront of progress and the fact that they shifted from the use of direct to alternating current is regarded as a big victory for the advocates of the latter. This line has been in operation for about a year and a half, and is giving very satisfactory service, though several changes of minor importance have been made in the equipment. The satisfaction that this line has given is reflected in the consequent electrification of the Chestnut Hill Branch, which is now nearing completion, and the announcement that a section of the main line be-

tween Pittsburgh and Altoona is soon to be equipped in the same manner.

The Norfolk and Western was another line to adopt alternating current in their electrification through the coal fields of West Virginia, but they supply their power at three phase instead of single phase. This line was designed almost exclusively for freight, coal being the predominating product. Consequently, the locomotives were designed for pulling heavy loads, speed being considered a matter of secondary importance. The success which this road has attained may be readily realized when it is known that it has been possible to almost double the hauling capacity through the use of twelve electric locomotives where formerly thirty-three steam locomotives of the Mallet type were necessary.

But during all this time the direct current system was also making advances, especially in the West, where it was adopted by many lines. Chief among these was the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, which recently completed and opened its 440-mile electrified stretch on its transcontinental line between Harlowton, Montana and Avery, Idaho. This road has in every way exceeded the expectations of the railroad officials and the engineers of the General Electric Co., who manufactured the equipment. Nine electric locomotives are now doing the work of twenty-four of the Mallet type, and, according to the officials, they are doing it more quickly and at a much greater economy. The current is received from overhead transmission at 3,000 volts, which is the highest d. c. voltage that has been yet made practicable. This satisfies to some extent the claims of greater economy by use of high voltages which were being urged by the alternating current advocates.

One novel feature which is of especial interest and importance on this electrification is the regenerative method of braking. There are many long, steep grades on this railroad, which crosses two mountain ranges. Formerly, the tremendous amount of potential energy stored in a heavy train at the top of one of these grades had to be dissipated in the brake shoes and the wheels during the descent, and often caused the brake shoes to become red-hot with the overheating of the wheel rims. This energy is now transmitted back to the lines by running the motors as generators, and thus the power which was formerly wasted can be used to haul other trains up the grades. This brings about a big saving in power and, what is equally important, it prevents the wear and tear on the rolling stock, which hitherto had always been very great. This regenerative method is made possible by having the fields of the motors separately excited.

Much of the power used on this line is hydroelectric, coming from the falls near Harlowton. Waterpower is unusually plentiful throughout the Northwest and this is undoubtedly responsible in a large measure for the great number of electrifications in that section.

Since we are so close to the Paoli division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, it would not be amiss to go a little more into detail concerning the electrification of that line. The first announcement of the project came early in 1913, when it was estimated that it would be completed in two years at a cost of $4,000,000. The present plans were adopted after careful experimenting along a mile stretch of track at St. David's. For the purpose of experiment this mile course was equipped with various types of overhead construction and two cars were rigged up with observation platforms. Electric current was not turned into the line for the tests, but the experimental cars were drawn over it by a steam engine.

After exhaustive experiments, the catenary system of suspension, which we now see in use, was decided upon. The longitudinal cable or catenary is supported by cross catenaries from steel tubular poles. This longitudinal catenary in turn supports a secondary copper messenger wire, which carries the current, and a trolley wire made of bronze. Connecting rods at frequent intervals hold the messenger wire and the trolley wire together. The messenger wire serves a double purpose, acting as a conductor of the current and increasing the flexibility of the trolley wire suspended beneath it.

The coaches used are the same as the ones which were formerly used on the steam line, having been built originally so that they could be easily converted into electrical trains. Each coach has its own control system, its own

motors, and its own pantagraph, which is the name given to the peculiar form of trolley pole used. These pantagraphs have a broad contact surface and will not slip off the wire. They can be easily raised or lowered from the operator's compartment by means of compressed air equipment. Another feature of these cars is the so-called *dead man* control. Often we hear how on steam trains the passengers are endangered by the engine running wild because the engineer has been stricken at the throttle. On these cars the power is on only so long as the operator grasps the controller. As soon as he releases his grip the train stops automatically.

The current used is bought by the railroad from the central station of the Philadelphia Electric Co. at 13,200 volts, and is transformed for transmission to 44,000 volts. The current is transmitted at this voltage to the substations along the line, where it is again stepped down and fed to the trolley wire at 11,000 volts.

Each car is equipped with two 225-horsepower motors, and has a seating capacity of sixty-eight. Including their entire equipment, they weigh 117,000 pounds apiece.

Thus we see that both alternating and direct current are being used with almost equal success on different systems, but it is to be hoped that in the near future the railroads of the country will get together and adopt one form of current together with some standard voltage. They now face the same condition that they did before the adoption of the standard gauge railway track. It will, of course, be possible to retain both forms of current, but the voltages and motors at least must be standardized so that they will operate equally well on either form, as was done on the New Haven lines.

In spite of all the advances made and the results accomplished in electric railway development, it would be foolish to conclude that we have reached the limit of improvement. The linking up of the smaller interurban systems into greater systems is still going on, but trunk lines are for the greater part still operated by steam. It seems certain that there will be big developments in the industry in the near future. The success of the great trunk line electrifications in the West is encouraging the Eastern builders to follow in their footsteps. The necessity, because of war conditions, of conserving our coal and of utilizing more generally our water power, will, in the next few years, be an added incentive for the increase of railway electrification.

October

October, you thief, you are going at last,
To prison in chains you'll be finally cast.
Your crime, as you know, to the world is revealed;
Your shame now goes broadcast through city and field.
The birds are the jury, the case at an end.
Eleven long months in prison you'll spend.
The world with judges and jury agrees,
And condemns you for stealing the leaves fromthe trees.

GEORGE C. EGAN.

The Martyr of Rome

By Alexander Malone, '19

CALM upon her hilltops, Rome lay sleeping, wrapped in the deep hush that precedes the dawn. The stars looking down on her quiet streets, might have seen naught but the Roman sentinel marching to and fro before the palace of the Caesars, his armor glistening now and then as the moonlight shone upon it. The man halts as he calls out the hour and then resumes his monotonous march. Far away a dog barks, a cock crows, and then all is silent again.

At last the faint white streaks begin to appear in the east. Over the brows of the hills soft rosy hues are seen mounting higher and growing deeper in color, while from the gardens around come the songs of birds. A few merchants appear, setting forth early to look after their ships in the harbor, then a handful of drunken sailors reeling back to their vessel after a night's orgy in the city. The street is silent and empty again. At last the figure of a woman is seen coming swiftly down the street. She stops suddenly as she comes to the entrance of a little rectangular court, listening and looking at the doorway within, then advances cautiously and raps gently. Almost immediately, the door is opened, she steps in and it is closed silently behind her. The minutes slip away in undisturbed silence. A man slips into the court, raps in the same manner and is admitted. People now begin to come more frequently. Sometimes two or three come together, sometimes singly. The young, the old, the blind, the lame, rich and poor, are numbered among them, while not a few wear the garments of slaves. All rap in the same manner and are admitted.

The sun had risen well up into the heavens when the door again opened and the little band of Christians made their way to their homes. Among the last was a girl whose face and bearing would at once command attention. Her garments were of the richest material. Her face was oval and finely moulded; yet in every line, the power of feeling pain and sustaining it were both acute and strong. The eyes were large and dark, deeply set, earnest and searching in their glance. In their depths slumbered a fire and determination to do and bear, an expression that might be read again in the delicately quivering nostrils and the fine, sensitive mouth and chin. She was of singular beauty and grace of motion; yet she bore herself with the dignity of one whose youth was sobered by responsibility and gravity of thought. Passing through the narrow streets, she was so lost in thought as to see no one in the crowd surrounding her.

Although in her abstraction she was unheeding, she was by no means unheeded; for Patricia was an important person in Rome. Her great wealth as well as beauty gave her this distinction. But to her countrymen she possessed further claim to consideration in her descent from an aristocratic line, one of the oldest in Rome. Her father had died fighting at the head of his legions, and her elder brother, also dead, had been known as one of the most subtle legislators in the Empire.

Of several sons and daughters, Patricia alone survived. She had been brought up by her mother with the most tender care, and from her lips had imbibed the truths of the Christian faith. From her mother, also, she had inherited a deep and passionate love for the Saviour, while her courage and ruggedness of purpose were traceable to her father.

Pausing before one of the most handsome of the older palaces, she entered its outer court and quickly made her way to the inner one, returning courteously the salutations of the servants, whose faces brightened as their young mistress passed. Turning toward an arch on the right side of the court, Patricia entered a square apartment furnished with curiously carved furniture from other lands. A woman, seated on a divan, engaged on a piece of embroidery, rose hastily and, coming forward, embraced the girl affectionately as she came in. The matron was tall and stately, and, though showing the traces of sorrow as well as years, was still remarkably handsome. This was Virgilia, mother of Patricia, a woman descended from a family

renowned for the chivalry of its men and the beauty of its women.

"Welcome, daughter! Thou art rather late. I had almost feared something had happened to thee."

"Wilt thou never cease to worry over thy wilful daughter, mother?" replied the girl, with a laugh. "Come sit beside me, and I will tell thee the cause of my delay."

They sat together. Patricia then proceeded to tell how she had seen Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, at the house of Linus, where the Christian worship was conducted. Her eyes glowed as she spoke; she seemed as one enraptured. She described faithfully everything Peter had said, everything he did, his appearance, his voice. Plainly she had been greatly impressed. To see the man whom Jesus had appointed His Vicar on earth, the man who had spoken, eaten, and lived on the most intimate terms with Him, who had been with Him in the garden and after the resurrection and had seen Him ascend into Heaven—this, indeed, was an event that stirred this passionate Roman maiden to the depths. The mother listened attentively, asking a question now and then. Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the steward, who approached as if he would speak.

"What is it, Cassius?" asked Patricia.

"Most gracious lady, Lucius has just arrived, and asks to be admitted to thy presence."

"Admit him."

The steward bowed and withdrew. The visitor appeared presently at the entrance of the apartment. He was a man of striking appearance, in the full bloom and vigor of early manhood. The tall, straight; muscular frame, the quick, elastic step; the decisive lines of the mouth and chin,—all spoke the military man. Sympathy and sincerity were expressed in the gray eyes and lent a touch of friendliness and kindness to his appearance. It was a face that one would instinctively trust. The clear, bronzed skin gave evidence of clean living and hardy outdoor life. He was attired in the uniform of a tribune, over which a rich toga was worn.

Patricia rose when Lucius ntered the apartment.

"Welcome, my friend! Thou art early abroad," she said, as she extended her hand. Lucius raised the tapering fingers to his lips as he bowed. He was sure of just the reception he received—that of a friend, nothing more. He would have given anything he possessed to notice a little embarrassment in her—a little twitching of the lips, a fluttering of the eyelids, or a slightly heightened color. No sign of emotion was visible. Although Lucius had known Patricia from earliest years and their families had been fast friends, he had never yet allowed himself to appear formally in the role of a lover.

"No earlier than thou, fair lady!" answered the tribune. "If I mistake not, you left the house of Linus an hour since. But tell me," he continued, changing the topic suddenly, "is the report true that Peter, whom Christ left as the head of the Church, is in Rome?"

"It is true indeed, good Lucius. Peter is now in Rome and, what is more, I have seen him and spoken with him this very morning. And, had you heard him speak as I heard him, you would be a Christian to-morrow. He is so plain, so simple, so sincere, that anyone who hears him could not doubt for a single instant that he speaks the truth."

Lucius, while not a Christian, looked upon the Faith with favorable eyes. The uprightness, simplicity and candor of its doctrines strongly appealed to him. He knew its followers were just and holy people; yet he was loath to leave the religion in which his ancestors had lived and died to embrace this new-fangled sect, whose head was an ignorant fisherman.

" 'Tis all a mystery," he said at length. "I will consult Cleomenes, the Athenian philosopher, who has lately come to Rome. He will be able to explain much that is now dark and difficult to understand."

"No, no, good friend," answered Patricia. "Cleomenes is a pagan and unenlightened. In three nights, Peter again addresses an assembly at the house of Lucius. Come and judge for yourself."

Lucius gave a ready promise to attend and soon after took his departure.

II

Lucius, making his way three nights afterward to the house of Linus, found himself in a motley crowd. At the right, and left, and in front of

him, dark figures were discernible making their way along the road. Some carried lanterns, while others better acquainted with the way walked in the dark. As the young patrician pushed forward, the number of people and the gleam of the lanterns increased. Some sang hymns in a subdued tone, others conversed in whispers. As he neared the house, Lucius attached himself to a group of people in front of him, and as he entered the door gave the countersign, "Peace be with you," as he heard the others do. He followed the crowd to the back of the house and descended a steep stairway leading into a large crypt. Here a large number of people were gathered. Around the walls innumerable torches flared.

Soon the people began to shout, in low tones at first, then louder and louder. Eyes lifted heavenward seemed fixed on some Being above. Outstretched hands implored that Being to descend. Lucius had heard many hymns before; but never in his life had he heard one such as this. He now beheld people calling on a Divinity, not because they were fulfilling some established ritual, but from the very depths of the heart, with a genuine yearning such as children might express for a father or mother. At that moment a venerable old man emerged from somewhere, arrayed in hooded mantle, but with his head uncovered. He mounted a rock and slowly surveyed the crowds around him.

The people swayed at the sight of him. Voices whispered, "Peter, Peter." The old man lifted his hand and blessed the people with the sign of the cross. To Lucius, the figure was simple, yet impressive because of its simplicity. He had no hand-embroidered robe, no finery of any kind. In fact, he had none of the insignia which distinguished the pagan priests. He appeared a simple and venerable witness who had traveled far and wide to tell some truth he had seen and which he believed with the faith which comes from actual seeing.

And now Peter began to speak. First, he spoke as a father who points out to his children the way they should live. He commanded them to renounce all excesses and luxurious living, to love poverty, purity and truth, to suffer wrongs and persecutions with patience, to obey those in authority, to beware of treason, deceit and calumny. Recalling the death of Christ, he spoke now only of Him. This man had seen, and he related as one in whose mind every detail is indelibly fixed. He told how, on their return from the cross, they had sat for two days and two nights in the supper-chamber without eating or drinking. How terrible, how awful it was! The third day dawned and still they sat comfortless and cheerless. But just as the sun arose, Mary Magdalene rushed in, her hair disheveled, crying, "They have taken away my Lord." Hearing this, they sprang up and rushed to the sepulchre. They found their fears verified. The winding sheet alone remained, the Body was not there. Then fear fell upon them, for they thought the Jewish priests had stolen away the Body, and they returned in greater fear than they had come. A spirit of desolation seized them. They felt forsaken and abandoned. The last ray of hope had died out. The remembrance of those awful moments caused tears to flow from the eyes of the old man. His bald and aged head was bowed, and his voice choked.

"Truly," thought Lucius, "this man speaks the truth, for it moves him to tears." The simple-hearted auditors were also greatly affected. They wrung their hands, sobbed, beat their breasts. By degrees, they calmed themselves, for the desire to hear the continuation of the story prevailed over their grief. Peter continued to tell how Magdalene had rushed in a second time proclaiming she had seen the Lord. But the disciples did not believe her, thinking grief had overthrown her reason. Suddenly, He stood in the midst of them, though there had been no sound at the door, and, when they grew afraid, He said, "Peace be unto you." Thus he told them everything up to the Ascension into Heaven.

Lucius was greatly moved. Down in his heart, he felt that this man who had said "I have seen" was not lying. There was something in his gestures, in his tears, in his whole figure, and in the details of his story, that made it impossible to suspect him. All the old prejudices began falling away, and in their place rose the conviction that, come what may, he must embrace Christianity.

The people had begun to file out slowly.

Peter, standing near a fountain, was conversing with those surrounding him. Lucius, elbowing his way through the crowd, cast himself at the feet of the old man. "What would you, my son?" asked the Apostle. "Baptize me, Peter, for I believe," answered Lucius. And thus, kneeling in the dust amid the glare of the torches, Lucius became a Christian.

* * *

Persecutions against the Christians had broken out anew. The burning of Rome was laid to their charge. Thousands were cast into prison. Nero, in order to divert suspicion from himself, ordered grand spectacles in which hundreds of Christians were driven to the lions.

Unknown to the court or to the emperor, Lucius daily visited the prisons, bringing hope and solace to those early confessors of the faith, strengthening the feeble, consoling the broken-hearted, smoothing, as far as his influence permitted him, the road to death.

It was the last day of June and the heated air scarcely stirred beneath the burning sun. Lucius stood in the presence of the emperor. Around him were gathered the parasites and flatterers that followed him. The conversation turned upon the crucifixion of Paul.

"I hear the fellow had strange taste," said the emperor. "He preferred to be crucified head downwards. How do you account for this?" turning towards Lucius.

"Because he did not deem himself worthy to suffer as his Master," answered Lucius the tribune.

"You speak as one who understood their ways well," said a Roman standing near the emperor. "Is the report I heard, true," he continued, "that you repeatedly visited these people in prison?"

"Your information is correct, my friend," replied Lucius.

The courtier whispered something to his master.

"I do not believe it," he said aloud. "Here, Lucius, take this incense, offer it to the gods and give thanks that Paul suffered the fate he deserved."

"I cannot, sire," answered Lucius.

"I command, why cannot you?" exclaimed Nero, angrily.

"I, too, am a Christian," said Lucius amid the silence of the room.

With an oath Nero sprang to his feet, the purple veins swelling in his coarse, animal face. He poured out upon Lucius a torrent of abuse and, when he had exhausted his vocabulary, gave him in charge of an officer.

"Here," he said, "take this man. He needs no trial. He stands self-convicted, treacherous to his master, an enemy to the state. He merits torture, but he is a Roman citizen. Treat him as he deserves. He is stripped of all honor—he is merely Lucius, the renegade Roman. Take him away."

Before dawn the next morning, they led him out upon the Appian way. The sun was just beginning to redden the Eastern sky; nature was just awakening. The cool, sweet air invigorated him like a tonic. He walked with head erect, eyes shining, looking neither to the right nor to the left. It seemed as though he was going to some splendid triumph.

Arrived at the outskirts of the city, Lucius knelt on the dewy grass. For the first time, he looked about him and noticed the little band of Christians who had accompanied him. There was Peter, who had seen so many of his flock perish for the sake of Christ, coming to see another seal his faith with his blood. The youth bowed his head as he saw the wrinkled old lips moving and the withered hand as it made the sign of the cross. Over Peter's shoulder he saw another face he knew and loved so well. But the beautiful calm was absent from it now, and in its place could be seen the most intense struggle of emotions. It was quite white, the eyes were straining, the lips parted, sorrow and compassion were in every line, yet there rested a strange light of triumph on it as though it saw victory even at the darkest hour.

Lucius smiled serenely at her as he placed his head on the block. The sword flashed brightly in the clear sunlight, and in the sweet calm of the morning, another soul went forth to meet its Maker.

In Memoriam

By Hugh McGeehan, *Prep. '18*

LAST June, when all the work in classes and in athletics ended, we parted for our homes. With pleasure we looked forward to the holidays; yet as we bade one another adieu, there was a note of sadness in it all. This was particularly noticeable among the Preps; for they had left one of their number lying in Bryn Mawr Hospital on a bed of pain and suffering.

No student who attended Villanova last year will soon forget Tom Creamer. We saw him from time to time in the first weeks of his sickness. Each of us thought he would rally and grow strong; but others knew that his days were numbered and that his life was ebbing slowly away.

One evening late in July, the Angel of Death came to claim our college friend. Till the very last few minutes, Tom was convinced that soon he would be well. Yes, he must get better for the sake of his loyal-hearted mother. He would get better to carry out the noble designs he had for his future life. But a mightier Power than his strong will had decreed otherwise.

He died just as we saw him live—with the faith and courage of a saint and a hero. Resigned most perfectly to the will of God, he gave up his young life into the Father's keeping.

You who knew Tom Creamer will agree with me that his life was an edification and a power for good among us. He fought the battle of life with the same indomitable courage and pertinacity that he displayed on the athletic field.

As a student he possessed qualities that we might well imitate. How many times have we seen Tom, after the regular study-period, go back to his own old corner in the study-hall and there, alone, con over some geometrical propositions or some hard passage in his Latin for hours! Though not a genius, he was a thorough, earnest student.

Yet his studious habits by no means barred him from the social life of Villanova. In the years to come, when college days shall have passed away, in recalling the old acquaintances, the memory of Tom Creamer will come up in our minds as a loyal, open-hearted, honest boy. His love for the good, and his adherence to it, in spite of all influence, will urge us on to higher, nobler manhood. His faithfulness in the exercises of our religion, his exactness in attendance at Mass and in the reception of the Sacraments will live in Villanova as a sacred influence for many a day.

To the mother who has lost her boy, to the students who miss their faithful chum, to the athletes who feel the gap in their ranks, we send these few thoughts. May the memory of the virtues of our friend be a solace to that mother's bleeding heart, and an inspiration to the students of Villanova College! May he rest in peace!

Pipe Dreams

By Arthur B. Maxwell, '18

A CERTAIN patron of belles-lettres once said that the only thing worth remembering in life is the poetry of life. No doubt, those who do not grasp the full import of this animadversion, will turn up their noses in silent derision, or will complacently indulge so vagarious an effusion. But the initiated will be impervious to derision; they can afford to let it pass. For, they have in their possession a talisman that enables them to solve the subtle contradictions of sordid nature; an oil that stills the troubled waters of life.

Paradoxical as it seems, this poetry is not found, altogether, in the whirl and humdrum of great achievements. We see it in the life of all: in the child, in the youth, and in the man. What is it that moves the little chap, when straddling a broomstick, to fancy holding in check a fierce and fiery steed, or to embody in the sturdy fireman and strong-armed policeman the quintessence of earthly power and ambition? What is it that impels the little girl to "play at house"; or to nurse so fondly her rag-doll? What supports the day-dream ambitions of youth? In a word, what makes life worth living, if not its poetry?

There is a special phase of this strain, however, that impels me as I sit here complacently smoking my pipe. It seems that I have chosen the one means of smoothing away the wrinkles that the day's care has traced on my brow. With the first indrawn breath of smoke those anxieties resolve themselves into phantom clouds and slowly, gently, fades into vast nothingness. So powerful is my pipe's sway that I hold it with an almost religious reverence. Sweet communion with it becomes a religious observance; my humidor, the shrine of a Goddess. Before her I offer sacrifice. As the sacrificial smoke slowly rises, troubles vanish in its wake; the problems of life are solved; the fighting of difficulties becomes mere play.

The devotees of our Muse are found in every walk and station of life. The farmer trudges behind his plough and communes with his corncob; the weary laborer wending his way homeward after the day's toil finds solace in the clouds of smoke ascending from his black dudeen; the frivolous youth passes away the trivial moments of his life in company with a cigarette; the business man anticipates the fulfilment of his plans and enjoys pleasant retrospections with a good cigar for a companion. Everywhere and at all times the Goddess is honored: on the street, on the trains, around the banquet-board, at the ball-park, in the drawing-room; in the morning, during the day, in the evening, and by some, even in bed.

I know no way so sure of breaking down the barriers of strangeness and of opening the channels of conversation as the offering of a "smoke." I have seen the most sullen and taciturn "open up" at this advancement when every other device had failed.

There is a story told of a well-known business man, whom salesmen considered a very demon to approach. A certain young salesman who had made a study of the whims and foibles of human nature in connection with his own line of business, found it practically impossible to get a private conference. He finally discovered that his business man was an inveterate smoker and had a decided preference for one particular brand of cigars. The young man cultivated the same preference and managed to make the acquaintance of our friend outside of business circles. It is needless to relate how this mutual propensity welded a firm friendship and how the salesman secured one of the largest customers in the history of his firm. I have also heard of a young man who gained the necessary standing in the eyes of a certain fair damsel's parent by catering to that sire's weakness for a meerschaum.

Many of the great authors imbibed their loftiest inspirations from their pipes. Colebrook Cottage was often the scene where the celebrities gathered around the hospitable table of "Charles and Mary"; where conversation, humor and quaint sayings received their impulse from our Muse. "Elia," that quaint figure in black, would smile at some jest from

Wordsworth sitting beside the fire. Around the room, in their various characteristic postures, sat John Clare, the mild and modest John Cary, Cromwell, Cunningham, De Quincey, Edward Herbert. Over in the corner the waving white hair of Coleridge could be seen behind a cloud of smoke. There has never been so celebrated a conversationalist as Johnson. I am inclined to think it was never at its best unless enlivened by his cup of tea and old black pipe.

The history of smoking dates back to our forefathers of the forests and plains. All their councils and great projects were begun by pledging their mutual good will with the pipe. No stranger could gain their good graces until he had partaken of the "pipe of peace." Every schoolboy is familiar with its introduction into England by Walter Raleigh. Since then, its spread has been so rapid and so universal that it is the one bond uniting all men: the black, the white; the yellow and the red; the Christian and the Jew; the Mohammedan and the Unbeliever.

"Villanova Spirit"

There's a tumult in the grandstand
As the kick-off sails away,
And Villanova's fighting team goes
Charging to the fray.
The bars are down, the season's on!
Across the field they go,
With courage never dying as they
Crash into the foe.
Then, loud and clear upon the breeze,
The songs and cheers of yore
Come spurring on the Blue and White
To victory once more.
The glory of her banner, and the honor
Of her name,
Each warrior seeks, and bravely dares
His utmost for her fame;
And when the final whistle blows,
While darkening shadows fall,
We'll find our Villanova team
Has won the cherished ball.
Then paint across the leather hide,
In letters bold and free,
The winning score, and place it high
Where future sons can see.
Though few the numbers we may boast,
Though small our squad, and light,
The Villanova spirit wins—'tis Fight!
Fight! FIGHT!

J. V. Domminey, '17.

THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. II | OCTOBER, 1917 | NO. 1

STAFF

JOSEPH T. O'LEARY, '18.....Editor-in-Chief
JOHN J. DOUGHERTY, '18.....Athletics
PAUL A. O'BRIEN, '18.....Alumni
JAMES J. EGAN, '19.....Exchanges
JOHN J. MAGUIRE, '20.....College Notes
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JOSEPH B. FORD, '20.....Advertising Manager
JOHN W. JONES, '20.....Asst. Advertising Manager
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$1.00 A YEAR | 25 CENTS A COPY



Foreword

WITH this issue THE VILLANOVAN enters upon her second year in the field of college journalism, and it is indeed with a pardonable feeling of pride that we look back upon the success attained by our efforts of the past year. Then, THE VILLANOVAN was but an humble beginner; to-day, in the short space of a year, she has taken her place in the foremost ranks—a growth which at the beginning we had hardly dared to hope for. The encouragement and the support of the friends of Villanova, so loyally given in the past, inspire us with the determination to achieve still greater successes in the future.

We plan this year to issue five numbers instead of four, thus making THE VILLANOVAN a bi-monthly. This announcement we hope will please our many friends, but it is only a step forward in our plans to eventually make THE VILLANOVAN a monthly and thus become a fitting successor to the old *Villanova Monthly*.

In reviewing the many attainments of THE VILLANOVAN during its initial year of existence, we must not fail to accord due credit for our literary success to the untiring efforts and inspiration of Doctor Magee, our Literary Adviser, who, because of his regrettable illness, will not be with us during the coming year. In spite of this great misfortune which has overtaken us, we feel confident that the spirit and enthusiasm which he enkindled still survive, and that our future will reflect credit upon his teachings.

Humors and Friends

HUMORS play a great part in every life; for "Time, through Jove's judgment just, huge alterations brings." A humor is a child of change. In these moments, every man feels the need of a sincere and sympathetic friend. There must be one to whom he may appeal and find a quick response. Yet where is this friend? Must he not, too, submit to

Published at Villanova, Pa., in the months of October, December, February, April and June.
All communications to be addressed to THE VILLANOVAN, Villanova, Pa.

change? He may be querulous and out of sorts to-day; his mind may be burdened with other weighty problems. Now he may be in an affable mood; again, he may be ill-humored. One minute may find him talkative; another severe and silent.

Yet there are some friends who satisfy our every humor. There are friends who speak or keep silence at our wish. Their minds will not run ahead of us. They laugh with us in our joys; they weep at our distress; they lead us in our soberer moments to earnest, serious thought. Would we go back to ancient days? They make the journey with us. Would we revel in the beauties of nature? They gladly bear us company. They never contradict us, never misconstrue our motives. They meet us in the rich banquet-hall as well as at the peasant's humble board. These silent, sympathetic friends are books.

To-day we have been busy in a careless, heartless city. It seems that the brotherhood of man has become a mere fiction. The endless strife, the heated competition is disheartening. We scarce have heard a sympathetic word. In the evening we ponder over the day's events, but find no solution. Our silent friends are all around us. Charles Dickens speaks from one long shelf. He tells us of the true spirit of democracy. We pass with him through the lowest classes of society. The poor and unfortunate come very near to us. The rags and tatters are forgotten; beneath we see a heart of gold. Characters apparently worthless display qualities worthy of true aristocracy. The little lad who knew no other words in life but "Move along," learns how to humbly whisper, "Our Father," and pass along to wealth and happiness. We solve our problems in these silent friends.

A little wit and humor is essential at times to every man. The serious problems of life weary our minds, and we long for lighter thought. Tom Hood supplies our need. We pore over the "Literary Reminiscences" and soon are laughing with a man who saw the ludicrous side of life, though at the same time, he experienced much of its pain.

Around us every day Mother Nature is catering to our every whim. But often our eyes are closed to her beauties and our ears are deaf to all her messages. James Thompson takes us through the round of seasons. He points out all nature's glories, and we put aside his "Seasons" convinced that we may learn great lessons from the trees, and flowers, and wonders of the world about us.

Jane Austen brings us into the every-day family life. Wilkie Collins arouses our interest by his clever construction and solution of intricate plots. The great Shakespeare brings us in touch with every possible variety in character. In fine, our silent friends are ever ready to accompany us in all our humors.

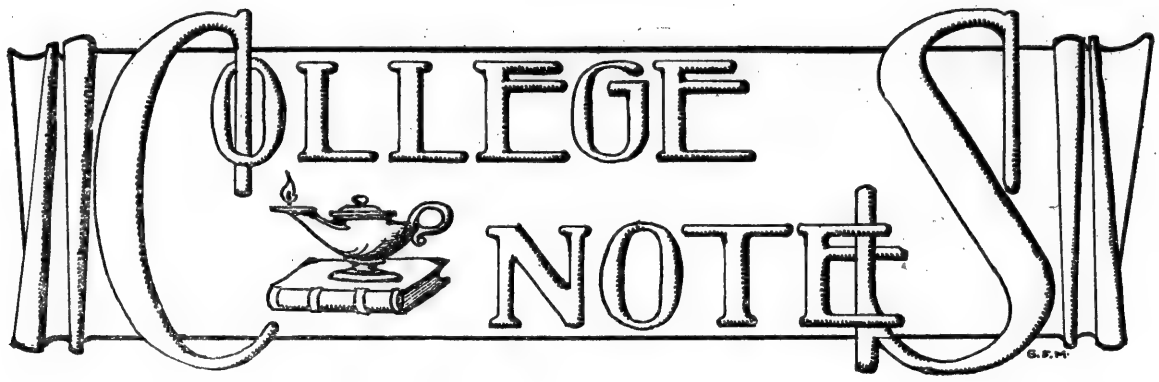
But humors themselves are sources of discouragement. The marvel is that we are so weak and little. Why cannot we be stronger, loftier than our whims and fancies?

"Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less?"

The poet solves our problem.

Faithful, earnest friends! They never tire in their work. They are never too busy to come to our assistance. If they have been left alone for a time, they feel no pique. They are as unchangeable as the stars in the heavens. When the evening of life is gently falling around us; when we are among the last, lingering leaves of the fall; when all the old-time chums are gone, these silent friends stay by our side, strengthen us in our last moments, and help to close our eyes in the last sleep.

JOSEPH A. O'LEARY, '18.



Re-Opening of College

CLASSES were resumed for the scholastic year on September 17th. Because many of last year's students had enlisted and a number of others had been drafted, and because of war conditions in general, it was thought that this year's registration would be much below normal. Contrary to expectations, however, enough new students entered to bring registration figures up to the normal standard.

Changes in Faculty

There have been several changes made in the Faculty of the College, the most notable being, of course, the appointment of the new President, Rev. James J. Dean, O. S. A., to succeed, Father Dohan, who has been named as Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Greenwich, N. Y.

Another important change is the appointment of Rev. George A. O'Meara and Rev. Joseph C-Bartley as teachers in the English Department, to take the place of Charles Magee, Ph.D., who after twelve years of faithful and efficient service in charge of the Department of English, has been obliged to give up his classes for the present year, because of an unfortunate affliction of the eyes. Dr. Magee's illness, and his consequent inability to continue his classes, is a source of great regret to all. In addition to being one of our most able teachers, he was likewise one of the most popular. It is sincerely hoped that this rest may be beneficial and that he may soon recover completely from his illness.

Other new teachers are Father M. J. Locke, S. T. R., who will occupy the chair of Natural Theology, and Fathers McCloskey, Brice, McGinty and Gough.

Those of last year's Faculty who have been transferred to other fields of service are Fathers Colgan, Shea, Tierney, Corr, and Campbell.

Another change at Villanova has been the appointment of Reverend John B. Leonard, a former Professor of the College, to be Prior of the Monastery to succeed Rev. H. A. Gallagher, who, because of illness, has retired from active duty.

Athletic Association

On Wednesday evening, October 3rd, the students of the College assembled in the Auditorium for the purpose of re-organizing the College Athletic Association. After a few timely remarks by Father Dean, on the value of such an association to the institution, the following officers were elected:

President, John Dougherty, '18
Vice-President, John Butler, '19
Secretary, John Maguire, '20
Treasurer, Frank Brahan, '20
Football Manager, Paul O'Brien, '18
Assistant Football Manager, Walter Guy, '19

Several committees were appointed by President Dougherty, chief among them being the By-Laws Committee, the Publicity Committee, and a Football Committee.

Manager o'Brien is hard at work arranging all the little details which will aid in the success of the big game with Ursinus in Norristown on November 3rd. Walter Guy is proving himself an able assistant to Mr. O'Brien in this matter.

Preparatory Athletic Association

The Preparatory students, emulating the example set by the College men, have also formed an Athletic Association with the following officers:—

President, Thomas J. McGrath
Vice-President, Edward McKenna
Secretary, Arthur Malone
Football Manager, Harry Barrett
Assistant Manager, Theodore Stecker

Phi Kappa Pi

A meeting of the Engineering Society was held Friday evening, September 28th, and the following new officers were installed for the ensuing year:

President, Armando Alvarez, '18
Vice-President, Peter Malick, '20
Secretary, Howard Tyrrell, '20
Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank Brahan, '20
Faculty Adviser, Prof. Charles McGeehan, B. S., E. E.
Treasurer, Prof. John Sweeney, B. S.

Brief but effective talks dealing with the progress of the Society were given by Professor McGeehan, Mr. Alvarez, and Father Dean, newly appointed President of the College, who founded the Engineering Society.

Father Dean's interest in the Society has never ceased, and his connection with it in his new capacity has given the Phi Kappa Pi a new impetus, and a new vigor has been infused into its members old and new.

All that will remain to complete the success of this important organization is the co-operation of the graduate members in its various undertakings.

The Phi Kappa Pi, then, through The Villanovan, earnestly requests the aforesaid co-operation of its graduate members to make this year even more successful than it has been in the past.

A communication has been received from Mr. John A. Gilson, of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, 712 Lafayette Building, 5th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, in which he states that his company is anxious to secure the services of Villanova's engineers, civil as well as electrical. Any Alumnus interested in this kind of work may communicate directly with Mr. Gilson at the above address.

Epsilon Phi Theta

A meeting of the Classical Society was held Thursday evening, October 25th, with President Vincent Molyneaux in the chair. The usual routine work was gone over and plans for an increased activity for this year were announced.

A letter from John J. Hans, ex-'19, was read, in which he tendered his resignation as Vice President of the Society, because of his entrance into Niagara Seminary.

Secretary James J. Egan spoke of the arrangements which are being made for the initiation of those who have been proposed as new members. Although no date has been set for the initiation, as yet, it is planned to hold a banquet on the following evening.

Class Officers

The following Class Officers have been elected for the year:—

Senior

President, Charles McGuckin
Vice President, John F. Sheehan
Secretary and Treasurer, Joseph O'Leary
Sergeant-at-Arms, Collier Griswold

Junior

President, John B. Butler
Vice President, Walter Guy
Secretary, James J. Egan
Treasurer, Roman Mayer
Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Febiger Ewing

Sophomore

President, James Murray
Vice President, Edward Diggles
Secretary, Charles Stein
Treasurer, John W. Jones
Football Committee Representative, John Maguire

Extension Courses

Saturday, October 13th, 1917, the extension courses for the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart, which last term and during the summer had been conducted at Villa Maria, Frazier, Pa., by Fathers Dohan, Murphy, and Hickey, were resumed at the College, where they will be continued every Saturday. Classes for the present term in History of Philosophy, General Metaphysics and Psychology are being conducted by Fathers M. J. Murphy, P. H. Kehoe, and D. J. Kavanaugh. In addition, Dr. F. E. Tourscher is conducting a post-graduate class in History. Thirteen Sisters in all have been enrolled for the courses. John J. Maquire, '20.

ALUMNI NOTES

VERITAS UNITAS CARITAS

BEGINNING a new year we wish again to beg the members of our Alumni, graduates and former students of Villanova to assist us in making this department a success. While we have received general commendation upon the success of our column, several have deplored the absence of notes concerning our older Alumni. In explanation we wish to repeat that we are dependent for news items upon the members of the Alumni themselves. We are only too glad to publish any items which may be of general interest to them and we shall appreciate any aid which may be furnished us in the gathering of these items. With cooperation on the part of all, our department during the coming year will grow in interest, and will achieve that success we desire for it.

Enlistments

In our June number we published the names of many of our Alumni who had joined forces with Uncle Sam in his campaign against Germany to make the world safe for democracy. Since that time we have learned of many others who have joined the colors. We are giving their names, together with the branch of the service to which they belong and their present address as far as we have been able to ascertain it.

Aviation

Roger J. Martin
Eugene B. Troxell, Ft. Leavenworth
M. Eugene Walsh
Joseph T. Scanlan
Ralph Sabbatino
Cletus Brady, '19
Carl Shanfelter, Second Lieutenant

Army

Wm. Strauch, '15, Artillery School, Fortress Monroe
Archibold J. Fulton, Jr., Second Lieutenant, Engineers
Philip A. Barry, Second Lieutenant, Infantry
Dr. Hugh A. Riley, Surgeon, Artillery
David Ward, '15, Fort Oglethorpe
Stanley T. Coar, '13, Captain, Infantry
Chas. Walkinshaw, Signal Corps
James P. Kelly, '15, 165th Regiment, N. Y.
Sylvester Sabbatino, '16, Plattsburg
Karl G. Drach, Second Lieutenant Quarter Master Master Corps, Chillicothe, Ohio.
Leontine Walsh, Hospital Corps
Clarence Snyder, Hospital Corps, Allentown, Pa.
Joseph McHugh, Hospital Corps, Allentown, Pa.
John Crane, Hospital Corps, Allentown, Pa.
Chas. Dougherty, Hospital Corps, Allentown, Pa.
Joseph Wherrity, N. G. Co. E, 8th Pa. Inf., Camp Hancock, Ga.
Thomas O'Malley, '16, First Lieutenant, 50th Inf., Syracuse, N. Y.
John T. Daly, First Lieutenant, 8th, N. Y. Coast Artillery
J. Roy Gutwald, '16, Cavalry, Augusta, Ga.
James McCann, Cavalry, Augusta, Ga.
Thomas Easley, '13, Cavalry, Augusta, Ga.
Theodore E. Voight, '20, Second Lieut. Cav. Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Ralph J. Penrose, Cavalry
Norman Penrose, Cavalry
Daniel McEnerney, '19, National Army
William Frazier, National Army
David Fleming, '20, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Jos. F. Murnane, ex-'19, National Army, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

John Cronin, National Army, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Patrick Reagan, National Army, Camp Meade, Md.
Mike Dougherty, National Army, Camp Meade, Md.
Edward V. McCullian, '17, National Army, Camp Meade, Md.
Donald McDonald, '19, National Army, Camp Meade, Md.
Richard Fogarty, National Army, Camp Meade, Md.
Joseph F. Sweeney, '12, Master Gunner, Fortress Monroe
Harry Breslin, ex-'17, Electrical Specialist, Fortress Monroe

Navy

Joseph Pallis, Yoeman
John K. Thornton, Yoeman
Thomas Carnes, Quartermaster Corps
Frank Feeney, '20, Naval Reserve
Patrick O'Brien, '16, Newport News
Walter Cain, '18

Peter Dunn, star fullback of last year's Prep. Team, is now a Sergeant in the Quartermaster Corps.

Reverend Charles J. Baker, O. S. A., has been designated for a chaplaincy in the Army. As yet he has not been notified to report.

The following are now at West Point, studying to be future officers of Uncle Sam's: Austin F. Gilmartin, Samuel Green, and John Dominey. John, who graduated last June, is out for a place on the Army football team. Good luck to you, former Editor of THE VILLANOVAN.

Con. Dougherty, Jim Reap, and Aloysius McCalley are in the Fort Niagara Training Camp.

Weddings

Since our last issue, we have learned of several of our Alumni who have joined the ranks of the Benedicts.

In the early part of June, George Wilson, '16, was married to Miss Rita Nugent, of Conshohocken. George is the second Villanova man to marry a Miss Nugent from Conshohocken. Pat Kelly, '11, probably showed George the route to Conshohocken.

June 30th, at Villanova, Timothy J. Spillane, '14, was married to Miss Mary Ryan, of Rosemont. Father Dohan officiated at the ceremony. Joseph Woods, '16, acted as best man.

The example must have made an impression, for Joseph Woods, '16, himself, on October 8th, was married to Miss Ethel May Stevens at Worchester, Mass. Joe leaves for Camp Devens in the near future.

Robert O'Connor, '15, fell a victim to Cupid's arrows and on July 9th, at the Church of the Assumption, Philadelphia, was married to Miss Mary Keenan. Miss Keenan is a cousin to Roger J. Martin, so was already in the Villanova family. Bob at the time of his marriage held a position with the Curtis Aeroplane Co., at Buffalo, but recently has been selected as a member of the New National Army.

THE VILLANOVAN extends to the happy couples, its best wishes and felicitations.

Jottings

The Editor observed quite a number of Alumni faces at the Muhlenburg game at Allentown. There were many khaki lads of the Ambulance Corps whose faces were familiar at one time in the halls of Villanova.

Father Plunkett was on hand at the opening of school, with two new freshmen from his parish at Sharon, Conn.

Frank Brady was likewise here with a younger brother for the Freshman Class.

George Barr, '13, a recent visitor, is now in business for himself as an electrical contractor at Chester, Pa.

Harry T. McAteer, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who was at Villanova in 1877 and 1878, was recently elected National President of the I. C. B. U.

Brigadier-General Frank McIntyre, who received a degree of Doctor of Laws at the Commencement last June, was recently promoted to Major-General.

Owen McGovern, who graduated last June from the Medical Department of Medico-Chi College, Philadelphia, has been appointed an interne at St. Mary's Hospital, Philadelphia.

Second Lieutenant Theodore Voigt was a recent visitor. Lieutenant Voigt is now stationed at Camp Devens, Mass.

John P. Mockaitis, '12, former Professor in Chemistry at the College, now holds a position with a Standard Oil Co., at Bayonne, N. J. Professor Mockaitis was with us recently for a short time.

James King, ex-'18, and John Hans, ex-'19, have entered the Seminary at Niagara. John was Advertising Manager of THE VILLANOVAN when it made its initial bow, and contributed greatly to its success.

John O. Hernandez, M. D., A. B., '09, Resident Surgeon of Cienfuegos, Cuba, has been sent by the Cuban Government as a representative to the American Congress of Surgery at Chicago. Dr. Hernandez spent a few pleasant hours with us here while on his way to Chicago.

Rev. J. F. Green, O. S. A., President of St. Rita's College, Chicago, Ill., upon the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of his ordination last June, was honored by Niagara University with the degree of Doctor of Laws. To the Reverend Jubiliarian THE VILLANOVAN extends its hearty congratulations.

Cyril Burke, '17, is a sales man for a firm in Milwaukee.

Jack Domminey, '17, a few days after graduation entered West Point.

Frank Goodwin, '17, is now a construction engineer with the Westinghouse, Church, Kerr Co., and is located at Essington, Pa.

Joseph Kirsch, '17, is with the Penna. R. R. Co., in the Signal Department of the Paoli Division.

Edward V. McCullian, '17, shortly after graduation secured an appointment as Principal of Summit Hill High School, but recently was selected for the New National Army.

On November 3rd, the annual football game between Villanova and Ursinus will be held in Norristown. Both institutions look forward to this game as the big game of their schedule, and we are out to win. The Alumni can do their part by attending the contest in as great a number as possible.

DEATHS

Supreme Court Justice William J. Carr of the Appellate Division of New York, who had received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Villanova, died August 5th.

Francis Hageney, ex-'19, while returning home after collecting some rents, was waylaid by a negro highwayman in Camden, N. J., last August, and died a s result of his injuries. Frank was one of the most popular students while at College, always taking an interest in the various College activities. Deeply religious and studious, his life was one of constant edification. All who knew him as a student will deeply mourn his untimely death.

To John P. Kelly, '15, THE VILLANOVAN extends its condolences upon the death of his father, who was killed in a railroad accident at Chicago last August. *Requiescant in pace.*

PAUL A. O'BRIEN, '18.





VILLANOVA'S prospects for a winning eleven in 1917, which seemed so bright at the close of the football season last year, were lessened considerably by the conditions brought about by the war. Several of the most promising players left College to enter the service of Uncle Sam; a number of games were cancelled; in fact it looked very much as if the sport would have to be suspended for a year, as several colleges had already done. During the summer, however, the government announced itself in favor of inter-collegiate athletics and urged that they be continued as usual. It was thereupon decided to continue football if at all possible, even though chances for a victorious eleven would be very slight. The first question then was the engagement of a coach. After much deliberation, Tom Reap, one of the greatest players who ever represented Villanova on the gridiron, was finally selected and the 1917 campaign was gotten under way.

Our new coach needs no introduction, having represented Villanova on the football field for four years. He ended his playing days under the tutelage of Dutch Sommers and held down the tackle position on the famous team of 1915. Nor is he without coaching experience, for in September of the following year Tom entered the Law School at Dickinson and coached the football team at that institution to a very successful season.

The prospects which greeted Coach Reap and Captain McGuckin at the outset of the season were not as promising as in previous years. Only four veterans of last year's team have returned and around these four men Coach Reap must build his new machine. Captain McGuckin is the only veteran in the backfield, while McGeehan, Ewing and coan are in their old positions in the line. Among the most promising of the new men are, Weigand, McGrady, Reagan, Fogarty, Brennan, Benson, McCarthy, McDermott, Griswold and O'Leary.

The schedule this year, due to cancellations occasioned by war conditions, contains only five games, the most important of which is the game with Ursinus at Norristown. The schedule follows:

Oct. 6—Muhlenberg at Allentown
Oct. 13—Open
Oct. 20—Lebanon Valley at Villanova
Oct. 27—Army at West Point
Nov. 3—Ursinus at Norristown
Nov. 10—Open
Nov. 17—Navy at Annapolis

MUHLENBERG, 0; VILLANOVA, 0

With only four of last year's veterans in the line-up, Villanova's football team opened the 1917 season, on October 6th, at Allentown. The game was very loosely played and neither team could score in the four twelve-minute periods.

Villanova was in a position to score on several occasions, but at the critical moment Muhlenberg's line held and our inexperienced eleven lacked the final punch.

The Allentown Collegians did not have a very strong offence and Lynch, Coan and McGeehan, by their brilliant defenive play, easily kept the opponents out of the danger zone. Lynch's work especially was noteworthy and brought back fond memories of the form displayed by this athlete during the 1915 season. McGuckin was the only backfield man who could gain consistently for Villanova, and he got away for several nice runs. On two occasions the Varsity maneuvered the ball to the twenty-yard line, where McGuckin attempted dropkicks, a favorite stunt of his, but a brisk northeast wind was

stronger than Charlie's toe and the ball went wide of its mark.

McGuckin had defeated Muhlenberg on two previous occasions by means of the field goal route, and after his failure on this occasion the up-Staters were content to play for an even break.

Joe McDermott, one of last year's prep school stars, made his debut in this contest, being substituted for Benson in the second period. He played very well for the few minutes he was in the game.

MUHLENBERG		VILLANOVA
Noodle	left end	McGeehan
Garrison	left tackle	Coan
Solomon	left guard	Brennan
Cabellus	center	Lynch
Fretag	right guard	Fogarty
Carelton	right tackle	Benson
Anderson	right end	Ewing
Lennox	quarterback	Reagan
Carter	halfback	McGrady
Lucas	halfback	Weigand
Cate	fullback	McGuckin

Score: 0—0.

Substitutions: For Muhlenberg—Lewis for Solomon, Weaver for Carter, Carter for Cate. For Villanova—McDermott for Benson. Umpire—Shankweiler, Muhlenberg. Referee—Okeson, Lehigh. Head Linesman—Carter.

VILLANOVA, 0; LEBANON VALLEY, 16

On October 20th, Lebanon Valley defeated Villanova in a football game that was bitterly contested throughout the four periods. The score fails to show the hard work of the Varsity, as the victors were forced to battle for every inch of ground gained.

Despite a wonderful defense, Villanova was forced to give way to the superior line plunging of the Lebanon Valley backfield. Several times the Varsity was within scoring distance, but lacked the necessary punch. Captain McGuckin missed two tries for field goals from difficult angles.

After an exchange of punts and several penalties, Villanova had the ball on its own 20-yard line. Here McGrady's punt was blocked and Lebanon Valley recovered the ball on the 30-yard line. After failing to gain its distance by line-plunging, Atticks dropped back and kicked a goal from placement, scoring the first points of the game.

In the second quarter the Varsity's backfield braced and carried the ball to Lebanon Valley's 10-yard line. However, the ball was lost on downs and Villanova lost its best chance to score.

Lebanon Valley kicked off in the third quarter and after making two first downs the Varsity was forced to kick, Snavely running the ball back to midfield. Two forward passes in succession then failed, when Haines, Lebanon Valley's stocky halfback, skirted the Varsity's end and, shaking off the Blue and White team, made a pretty run of 60 yards for a touchdown. Atticks kicked the goal.

Lebanon Valley again took the ball in the quarter and battered its way to Villanova's goal line, where a short pass over the line to Atticks scored the last touchdown. Atticks failed in his attempt to kick the goal.

Red Coan, at left tackle for the Varsity, played a wonderful defensive game until he was carried off the field. Lynch also played well at center.

Snavely and Haines were the stars of the Lebanon Valley backfield, with McGuckin, Diggles and McGeehan starring for Villanova.

VILLANOVAN		LEBANON VALLEY
McDermott	left end	Morrison
Coan	left tackle	Atticks
Brennan	left guard	Potter
Lynch	center	Simonbette
Fogarty	right guard	Clark
Benson	right tackle	Fishborn
Ewing	right end	Wine
Diggles	quarterback	Rupp
McGeehan	left halfback	Haines
McGrady	right halfback	Wheeler
McGuckin	fullback	Walter

Score by periods:

Villanova	0	0	0	0	0
Lebanon Valley	3	0	7	6	16

Touchdowns—Haines and Atticks. Goal from touchdown—Atticks. Goal from field—Atticks. Substitutions: Lebanon Valley—Snavely for Walter, Isaacs for Clark, Beck for Wine, Moore for Rupp, Peiqer for Wheeler. Villanova—McCarty for Fogarty, Wiegand for McGrady, McGrady for McDermott, Reagon for Diggles, McDermott for Coan. Time of quarters—15 minutes. Referee—Brumbaugh, Penn. Umpire—Price, Swarthmore. Linesman—Hoskins, Lehigh.

JOHN J. DOUGHERTY, '17.



BEE—WHERE?

(A Splinter)

Seated one day in the garden,
Happy was I and at ease,
Placid thoughts within me moving
At each gust of Fancy's breeze.

Airy castles were my dwelling
Where Thought roved without, within—
Suddenly a chill sensation
Crept with speed o'er all my skin!

Vainly did I change my posture,
Vainly did I gaze around;
Though I saw no rude intruder,
Still I heard a buzzing sound.

Near and nearer seemed its coming
(Whence as yet I could not tell),
Till the crisis, sudden, startling—
Something stung me, made me yell!

Jumped I, whooping like a madman,
As a bee came to my view;
And the more I tried to kill it,
All the more it stung anew.

From one stung with such a pointer,
Take this pointer once for all;
Learn from an unlucky BEE-ING
Wisdom's honey, sorrow's gall.

SPLINTERS driving points can give you,
Like the splinter of the bee:
Pray, BEWARE, in viewing nature,
Stinging insects WHERE they BEE!

F. A. RAFFERTY, '19.

Hot-air patriots took cold feet from the draft.

* * *

Professor—"What do you know of the age of Elizabeth?"

Student (dreamily)—"She'll be nineteen next birthday."

* * *

First Student—"H_2O is the symbol for water, isn't it?"

Second Student—"Yes, I believe so."

First Student—"Well, what's H_2O_4?"

Second Student—"Why, to drink, I suppose."

* * *

To make sons college-bred requires a lot of dough.

* * *

Feb and Joe claim that since the school has been organized on a military basis, a person whose wanderings are restricted by the boundaries of the campus should be paroled at least twice a week.

* * *

Mike—"Did Doctor Mallon treat you?"

Vince—"No, he charged me two dollars."

* * *

Mr. Banks must be some card shark; he certainly does a lot of shuffling.

* * *

First Student—"Three times now I've had to send to dad for money to go home with at Thanksgiving."

Second Student—"I suppose you spent the money for a good time,"

First Student—"No, not that; he hasn't sent it to me yet."

The list of officers in the junior class seems to be the class roll.

* * *

Prof. (illustrating the meaning of metonomy) —"You say you smoke a pipe, but you do not smoke the pipe. You smoke the tobacco in the pipe."

Alberto de Madariaga—"Excuse, but me no smoke pipe; me smoke cigarette."

* * *

First Engineer—"What's a hypocrite?"

Second Engineer—"Why, a fellow that goes into Mechanics class smiling."

* * *

No wonder conscription alarms some people, when you reflect that the men are first drawn and then quartered.

* * *

Prof (in Algebra)—"—and we find that x equals zero."

Pupil—"And we've had all that work for nothing."

* * *

Newell—"They say this new Physics book will do half your work."

Claffey—"I think I'll get two of them."

* * *

A large number of the new students attended the first meeting of the Gobble Gobbles, and were impressed by the cordial treatment they received. Among the features of the evening must be mentioned several eccentric and erratic dances, several tuneful songs, and "The Barber's Frolic," in which Mr. Bendinsky played a prominent part.

C. J. (in Electric Design)—"Professor, how much does a pound of iron weigh?" And Chuck is still wondering where the joke is.

* * *

McKenna—"Doctor, I don't feel well."

Doctor—"Where do you feel worst?"

McKenna—"In Zoology, Doctor."

Graduate—"When I left college I didn't owe anyone a cent."

Student—"Dear me, what an unfortunate time to leave!"

* * *

Physics Prof.—"What's a dry cell?"

Pupil—"A cell with no juice in it."

* * *

The following conversation is reported to have taken place between a colored waiter and an army officer who had ordered a grape juice rickey with his dinner.

Waiter—"Ah'm sorry, sah, but Ah can't serve you all that drink."

Army Officer—"Why? What's the matter? That's a soft drink."

Waiter—"Ah knows that, sah. De grape juice am pu'fickly all right, but the rickey part is prohibited to officers by de law."

* * *

Brady—"What would you do for a headache, Matt?"

Lynch—"Why, I don't want one that badly, Tom."

* * *

Professor (in Biology)—"What animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?"

Student—"The moth; it eats nothing but holes."

* * *

First Student—"What do we have to study in English for to-day?"

Second Student—"We were supposed to read the life of Henry Wadsworth—"

First Student—"I thought we had to read the life of Longfellow."

* * *

He—"Are you fond of indoor sports?"

She—"Yes, if they know when to go home.

EDGAR DRACH, '18.

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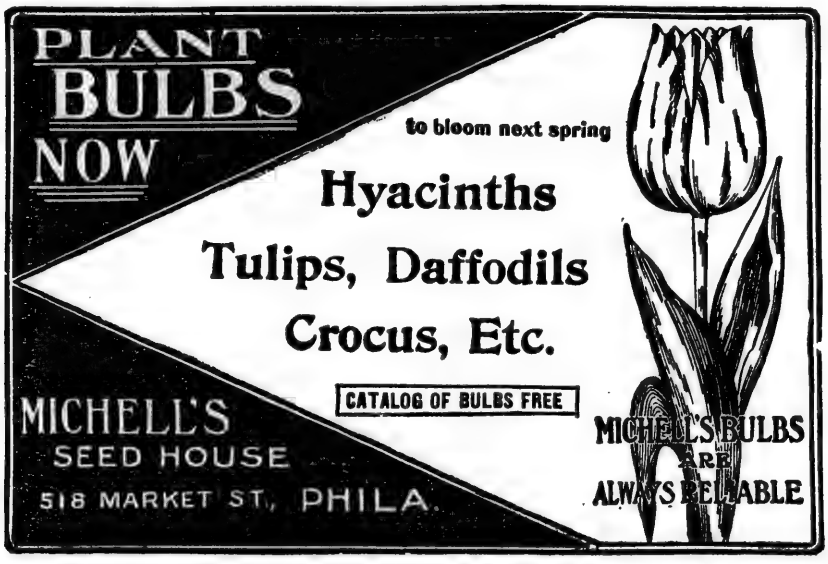
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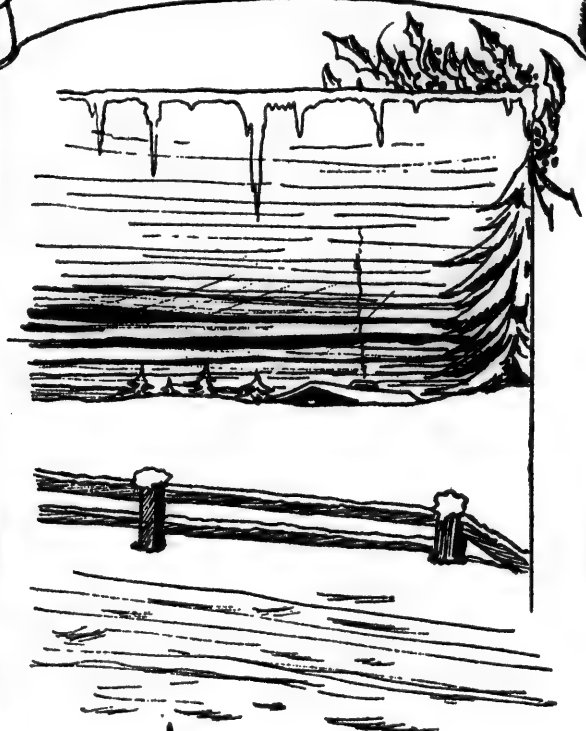
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DECEMBER, 1917



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THE VILLANOVAN

VOL. II. DECEMBER, 1917 No. 2

Peace on Earth

The distant stars look down from out the sky
Like myriad sparkling jewels of peerless light;
Among the jutting rocks the cold wind shrieks
And howls, and speeds away in frenzied flight.

Upon a frosty, wind-swept, sloping hill,
A group of shepherds, sheltered by a rock
That jutted out between them and the gale,
Keep drowsy watch upon their shivering flock.

Loud shrieks the wind, and biting, icy blasts,
In howling fury, strike the patient sheep,
Who vainly seek for warmth that never comes,
While in a cave the shepherds fall asleep.

Now o'er the hill a brightness not of earth
Comes stealing like the rosy dawn's first glow,
And suddenly, the piercing cold north winds,
That roared in angry might, have ceased to blow.

A radiant beam of pure celestial light
Streams down from out the azure, cloudless skies,
A glist'ning, lustrous, scintillating gleam;
The startled shepherds hasten to arise.

From out the night, an angel of the Lord
Appears, and, while the heav'nly choirs sing,
Announces to the humble, awe-struck men
The birth of their Redeemer and their King.

God grant we hear again that blest refrain,
That happy hymn that o'er the hillsides rang:
God grant that all the world remember this—
'Twas "Peace on earth" the joyous angels sang.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND, '21.

"Christmas Stories"

By Charles M. McGreevy, '20

THE Past, the Present, and the Future! At Christmas, more than at any other time of the year, these words bring up before our minds a vast field for congratulations or regret, for reflection, and for resolutions. The Past is gone—gone beyond recall. The Present is ours;—yet, just as we grasp it, it hurries off into the dead past. The Future lies before us, with all its opportunities and hopes, all its dangers and fears.

That the genuine spirit of Christmas is often neglected and replaced by a low, worldly counterfeit, there can be little doubt. Authors in their works have made mistakes about the Christmas spirit, just as other people have erred in their lives.

There is, however, one author whom we find attractive and fundamental in his solution of the problem. Is there any book-lover who has failed to read Dickens' "Christmas Books"? If so, he has missed a real, literary treat. Paradoxical as the statement may at first appear, it is, nevertheless, true that these books and stories are not all Christmas books and stories. The Christmas spirit is seen in only two of them. The others, no doubt, make pleasant reading for the Christmastide; but they cannot be considered when placed side by side with "A Christmas Carol," or "What Christmas Is as We Grow Older."

"And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us, every one!" On these simple words of the most helpless little character in the story, is based the whole spirit of Dickens' Christmas. An old man, tottering toward the grave, has forgotten what Christmas means. "Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster." . . . "He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dogdays; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas." It was Tiny Tim who taught him the true meaning of Christmas.

A man who had the fewest material things for which to be thankful is the character who shows us what a real Christmas celebration means. He experiences all the peace and joy of the season, though he finds it a hard task to keep a wife and large family on fifteen shillings a week. His employer is a miser. "Think of that! Bob Cratchitt had but fifteen 'bob' a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!"

"A Christmas Carol" pictures the development of old Scrooge. Avarice had eaten his soul away and there was no one in this great, wide world worth a moment's consideration—save Scrooge and riches. We have read of a great man since Scrooge's time, who in all sincerity of soul preached and lived this beautiful thought; "The older I get and the nearer to the grave, the more forcibly is impressed on me the fact that there are for me but two beings in existence—God and my immortal soul." Our friend of the "Christmas Carol" would have said—Scrooge and gold.

In the opening stave of "A Christmas Carol," all London is filled with the Christmas spirit—all except Scrooge. It is a foggy Christmas Eve. Fog comes pouring in at every chink and keyhole. It hides the buildings just across from Scrooge's office. But far more disagreeable and cold and penetrating is the fog of avarice and selfishness that lies on Scrooge's heart and shuts out every noble aspiration. It is the same selfish, blinding fog that we found in "Bleak House" in the entanglement of the case in Chancery. There is no room in Scrooge's heart for a cheery response to his nephew's "Merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!" Oh, no! for Christmas is a humbug. "Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money a time for finding yourself a year older,

butnot an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you?" If the old, hardened sinner could work his will, "every idiot who goes about with Merry Christmas on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart."

There is fog in Scrooge's heart. No room is there for the poor and destitute. "Are there no prisons?" he asks the charitable men who are begging a subscription for the poor. "And the workhouses? Are they still in operation?" Many would rather die than go there? "Then they had better do it and decrease the surplus population." Fog, fog, everywhere.

"Meanwhile the fog thickens"—in Scrooge's heart.

"God bless you, Merry Gentlemen!
May nothing you dismay!"

Ah, poor little caroler! Well may you sing! Why should you sing? Are you not cold and starving while Scrooge has plenty? Why be gay? There is too much fog for the little Christmas singer. "Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost."

Foggier yet, and colder! It is closing time and Bob Cratchitt has the audacity to ask for a holiday on the morrow. "It's not convenient and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it you'd think yourself ill-used. Only once a year? A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December." And Scrooge hastened home and retired to shut out all this Christmas nonsense.

We have seen Scrooge with all his failings. Dickens has simply given us an intricate problem. He has laid bare to us a heart, scarcely human, mean, callous, and money-eaten. The solution of the problem is found in a review of the past, a panorama of the present, a vision of the future.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."—"Your past"—and Scrooge was wafted off to scenes of youth. "He was conscious of a thousand odours floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares long, long forgotten!" The darkness and the mist have vanished. The fog is lifting from Scrooge's heart. "Your lip is trembling," said the Ghost. "And what is that upon your cheek?" The Ghost and Scrooge pass through the latter's native town and see the old-time friends. Scrooge knew and named them every one. "Why did his eye glisten and his heart leap up as they went past! Why was he filled with gladness, when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at the cross-roads and by-ways, for their several homes! What was Merry Christmas to Scrooge? Out upon Merry Christmas! What good had it ever done him?"

Scrooge sees himself, a boy, at school again. He sobs. He laughs with joy at honest old Ali Baba and the Parrot and Robinson Crusoe and Friday. "There was a boy singing a Christmas carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something." He sees his sweet-faced sister again (and she was the mother of that nephew of his who had wished him "A Merry Christmas and God Bless You"); and his old chum Dicky Wilkins, and old Fezzwig and Mrs. Fezzwig, and such a time as they are having! What kindness they lavish on their young clerk, Scrooge! Now, Scrooge has a clerk of his own. Poor Bob Cratchitt! "I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now," says Scrooge. A moment later the scene has changed and the Ghost and Scrooge stand side by side in the open air. The fog had almost lifted. The fog was lifting in Scrooge's heart.

The scene changes and Scrooge, the young man, is sitting with one who has given her heart to him. Already that idol is being replaced by another—a golden one. She, with all her devotion and sacrifices, drifts out of his life, and greed and avarice enter in. How superficial all worldly advancement looks now! But that is past; past beyond recall.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me." Scrooge touches the Spirit's robe, and is off on another journey. It is Christmas Day. The world is rejoicing. There is no room for quarrels, no room for ill-humor. Even though some have real grievances to settle, Scrooge hears them say, "It is a shame

to quarrel on Christmas Day. And so it is. God love it, so it is!"

Into Bob Cratchitt's house the Christmas Spirit has entered. True, the Spirit of Poverty and Want is there, for Bob speaks of a harsh and grasping employer. The Spirit of Affliction is there, for Tiny Tim is a cripple; but the Spirit of the Christ-child is there too. "He told me," Bob is saying, "that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

The next picture Scrooge sees shows a vacant chair and a little crutch without an owner. "If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die," says the Spirit. "No, no," answers Scrooge. "Oh no, kind Spirit! Say he will be spared." Ah, how clear the air is! The fog has lifted; the fog has lifted, too, from Scrooge's heart.

"Much they saw and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick-beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign land, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts."

The fog was lifted! "I am the Ghost of Christmas Future." "Ghost of the Future! I fear you more than any spectre I have seen. But, as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company and do it with a thankful heart!"

The Ghost and Scrooge stop along the street and listen to a group of business men talking. "Old Scratch has got his own at last, hey?" "So I am told. Cold, isn't it?" Someone has passed away. It matters little—only a decrease in surplus population. The two pass on. They see a body lying cold and dead. Ragged, dark-eyed men and women glide about and gather up the spoils. His clothes, a bag of coins, his bed-covering, the very curtains around his bed are taken, while the thieves curse the dead man's memory.

"Oh, cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command: for this is thy dominion! But of the loved, revered, and honored head, thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still; but the hand was open, generous, and true; the heart brave, warm, and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike, shadow, strike! and see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal!"

"No voice pronounced these words in Scrooges ear, and yet he heard them when he looked upon the bed. He thought if this man could be raised up now, what would be his foremost thought? Avarice, hard dealing, griping cares? They have brought him to a rich end, truly!" "Spirit," said Scrooge, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me." The Spirit of Christmas is replacing the fog in Scrooge's heart.

They travel to a distant graveyard. Over a neglected grave there stands a cheap stone. On it Scrooge reads, "Ebenezer Scrooge."

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me that I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

Scrooge held up his hands and implored the Spirit to change his fate. He clutched at its garment; he saw an alteration in its whole appearance. It dwindled and shrank into—his bed-post.

The first stave of the "Christmas Carol" shows us the avaricious, grasping Scrooge. The three following picture the development of a soul. The last stave brings before us the spiritually regenerated Scrooge. What a change there was on Christmas morning! The Christmas bells sent the blood pounding through his veins for very joy. Was there ever such a turkey as the one he bought at once and sent

to Bob Cratchitt's home? Why, it was "twice the size of Tiny Tim"! And how he astonished his nephew by accepting his invitation to Christmas dinner! And Tiny Tim lived on. Bob Cratchitt received an advance in salary. Scrooge became a regular contributor to collections for charitable institutions. We cannot end in a better way than our author, "He had no further intercourse with spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us, every one!"

What is Christmas as we grow older? Dickens tells us in the last essay in his Christmas books. Time is necessarily involved. We see all the joys of youth coming up before us. The boys we knew are men now. Only their success is considered. The failures we pass By. Christmas, then, is but a time for reviewing pleasant things. Is life all a dream?

"No! Far be such miscalled philosophy from us, dear Reader, on Christmas Day! Nearer and closer to our hearts be the Christmas spirit, which is the spirit of active usefulness, perseverance, cheerful discharge of duty, kindness and forbearance! It is in the last virtues especially that we are, or should be, strengthened by the unaccomplished visions of our youth; for who shall say that they are not our teachers to deal gently even with the impalpable nothings of the earth! Therefore, as we grow older, let us be the more thankful that the circle of our Christmas associations and of the lessons that they bring, expands! Let us welcome every one of them, and summon them to take their places by the Christmas hearth."

There is room around the hearth of Dickens' home for all. Even the man who has wronged us must be invited on this day. "In yonder shadow, do we see obtruding furtively upon the blaze, an enemy's face? By Christmas Day do we forgive him! If the injury he has done us may admit of such companionship, let him come here and take his place. If otherwise, unhappily, let him go hence, assured that we will never injure nor accuse him."

Must we hide nothing from our Christmas fireside? It is hard for us to look back on better days and note the vacant chairs. On Christmas Day must we not exclude such thoughts? Can we endure the shadow of that city "where the withered leaves are lying deep"; can we allow the shadow that darkens the whole globe, the shadow of the city of the Dead to enter here? Ah, never!

But Dickens tells us these memories must not be effaced. "Of all days in the year, we will turn our faces towards that city upon Christmas Day, and from its silent hosts bring those we loved, among us."

Back come the angel children, the long-lost love of youth, the mother, the father, the cherished friend. "We will not so discard you! You shall hold your cherished places in our Christmas hearts, and by our Christmas fires; and in the season of immortal hope, and on the birthday of immortal mercy, we will shut out nothing! Be all ungentleness and harm excluded from the temples of the household gods, but be those remembrances admitted with tender encouragement! They are of the time and all its comforting and peaceful reassurances; and of the history that reunited even upon earth the living and the dead; and of the broad beneficence and goodness that too many men have tried to tear to shreds."



Their Wedding Bells

By Vincent M. Hupf, '21

CHRISTMASTIDE in France! The boys of the 71st Infantry looked up at the clear, cold sky sparkling with myriads of bright gems and wondered how that sky looked hundreds of miles away in the dear old U. S. A. Only a few months ago they were gathered together in Van Cortlandt Park. Right in the heart of the great metropolis, they only half appreciated what home meant. Then the order came to break camp. Parents, relatives, and sweethearts rushed to the camp. Their boys were bound for—well, somewhere; but each khaki-clad lad felt that he was to "go across." It was hard to break away from the old home town, hard to say good-by to the dear ones. Who could say which of the lads would return? But with the true, dauntless American spirit they broke up camp and started down to South Carolina. A few weeks passed and the regiment was ordered abroad. And here they were in France.

The boys were lonesome to-night—at least, some of them were. It was hard to be spending Christmas time away from home and loved ones. As they sat around the camp-fire and talked over old times and tried to peer into the future, there was one lad among them who refused to be sad. Pat Keenan was in the best of spirits. To be sure, he had left the dear ones behind, but he was trying to make the best of it. However, there was another reason for Pat's glee, and already his comrades were chiding him.

The 71st was training in a little French town not far from the frontier. The boys found the French peasants most hospitable, and soon many of them had acquaintances. Pat Keenan had looked into a pair of dark brown eyes that reflected the very light of Heaven. The soft, olive cheeks, the rose-red lips, the sweet, womanly reserve of Yvon Landais had quite enchanted the Yankee soldier. Two months had passed since Pat had made the acquaintance of this paragon of perfection, and now his every free moment was spent at her side. Did she go forth on some errand for her mother? Pat must accompany her and show her every little courtesy, "the little, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." Did she wander over the hills of her native land? Her guardian must be at her side to point out all the beauties of nature. In short, Pat had been very badly wounded, not by shrapnel, but by what is equally fatal—a dart from Cupid's magic bow.

Yvon had one very sacred duty which, day by day, she scrupulously fulfilled. In the morning before the labor of the day started, and in the evening while the laborers were returning to their humble homes, she played the chimes in the village church. The humble peasants listened for the holy sounds. In the midst of the sorrows of life, in the troubles of their country, the bells raised their thoughts on high and for a few moments they forgot The Great War and their tired hearts were calmed by thoughts of a lasting peace. It was considered quite an accomplishment to be able to play the chimes and Yvon was known for miles around because of her skill. Just as, in a sick-room, a delicate, fragrant flower gives forth its aroma and gladdens the heart of the invalid, so Yvon's notes rang out day after day and lightened the lives of a care-worn, sorrowing people. Every time Pat could be off duty, he climbed the old church tower and assisted Yvon in her work. She never showed a dislike for his attentions; innocent and pure as a lily, she looked upon others as the same. In Pat she was not disappointed; for no more loyal heart had ever throbbed beneath the khaki uniform. And so days and weeks passed by and the two became very necessary for each other. The old, old, and ever new story was repeated again, while Cupid sat by and chuckled with glee at his success.

* * * * *

"Good morning, Mademoiselle! You still play the chimes, I see." The speaker was a Frenchman from a village a few miles away.

"Yes, Monsieur. My people would be sore distressed were I to neglect this work. In these terrible days, God knows they need the

light of Heaven. But how are all our friends in Vincennes?"

"They are well, though very sad to-day. For the last thirty years Monsieur Fontaine has played our chimes. Yesterday and to-day we listened in vain for their cheery sound. Our poor old friend will greet us no more. Broken with trouble, he has gone to join his four dead soldier-boys. And to-morrow, Christmas Day, Vincennes will surely be most desolate; for what is Christmas morn without the chimes? Ah, the war and sickness and heartache are playing sad havoc in our midst. Mayhap, it is the hand of the Almighty One who wishes to bring this renegade daughter, France, back to His embrace. We who have lived pious, Christian lives in our village must also suffer. May His will be done! At any rate, we'll hear no more chimes."

* * * * *

That evening Pat called to see Yvon. Most of their conversation we must leave hidden in their innocent hearts. Ah! it was too sacred to be babbled to the cold, prosaic, calculating world. In imagination they bridged over present sorrows and beheld scenes of peace and happiness, and love; and the great, glorious new country that Yvon yearned to see.

"To-morrow, Pat, is Christmas Day. In the morning you will hear me play 'Adeste Fidelis,' and you will come and we shall kneel together near the crib. But, Pat, there is another little village a few miles from here where there is no one to ring the chimes to-morrow. Monsieur Fontaine, after thirty years of faithful service, has passed away. To-morrow I must make that people happy. Early after church let us steal over to Vincennes and I will fill that village with Christmas joy."

Pat was only too willing to accompany Yvon on her mission of love. That it was fraught with danger, both were aware. But early Christmas morning they set out for Vincennes. Their trouble was amply repaid by the gratitude of the simple villagers. True, it was only a little thing, but it meant a great deal to old Vincennes.

* * * * *

"Let us hurry, Pat. You must get back to your regiment and it grows late." The ground is covered with snow; the stars look down from out their canopy of blue and sparkle and dance as if for very joy. The moon is throwing her first rays of light over the scene. No wonder Pat walks slowly along and whispers to Yvon of happier days.

But look! a shadow crosses their path; there is a rush of feet around them; a challenge to halt, and they are surrounded by a band of German soldiers. One great brutal fellow rushes between Yvon and her protector. Will he drag her off and leave the khaki soldier-boy? Ah, never! With a shout Pat drew his weapon and aimed it at the fellow's heart. He fell prostrate at their feet. Instantly there was a rush at the pair. Shots came from all sides, the white snow turned red with blood; and, clasped in each other's arms, the noble souls of Pat Keenan and Yvon Landais went forth to play the chimes with angel choirs.

The stars looked down on the scene, and twinkled and danced. The moon shed her silvery rays over it all. And angels beckoned two other souls, "Venite adoremus."



Macaulay as an Essayist

By A. B. Maxwell, '18

THE essay, in our estimation, is the most enjoyable, the most interesting, and the most fascinating of all prose. It possesses a charm distinctly its own, which we find nowhere else in literature, except in the sonnet. It discovers, at once, an author's weakness and limitation; or gives full scope to his ingenuity and invention. It is the expression of his spontaneous impressions; the autobiography of his heart and mind, of his feelings, and of his thoughts. All other forms of prose are based, more or less, on an objective element: the romance, on extraordinary adventure; the novel, on every-day affairs; the history, on a chronological account of the doings of men; and the treatise, proceeding, as it does, by definition and division, on the scientific aspect of some subject. All these various species of prose are diverging farther and farther from the essay element. In the treatise the essay element totally disappears, except perhaps for the author's individuality, such as we find, for example, in Blair's Rhetoric.

So, too, the essay itself may be of several species: the personal, the experience, the historical, and the critical. Very often an essay belongs to more than one of these classes, but usually one element predominates. We have many renowned essayists in our language. Bacon, the Father of the English Essay, wrote the worldly-wisdom essay, concerning the manners and customs of life; Johnson not only looked out upon life, but he also drew its moral lesson; Hazlitt and Father Farrell excelled in the experience essay. Father Farrell saw life in its proper perspective and united its moral and fanciful interpretations. Cowley and Lamb are the most personal essayists in English literature. Lamb, of all the English essayists, struck the essay tone best; he is the most familiar and personal—so personal, that he deals with his own fancies, whims, and caprices.

Macaulay is not specifically a personal essayist; he has struck more the tone of a reviewer. He balances on the opposite extreme of Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincy, and Carlyle. His range of topics, however, is extensive and remarkable. But, whether he treated philosophy or theology, art or science, poetry or prose, he never once fails to consider them historically. He reviewed Addison and Johnson, Walpole and Frances Burney, Von Ranke, Machiavelli, Moore's Lord Byron, and many others; but they only served as channels, leading to a general survey of the times in which they lived. He has exhibited none of the fanciful interpretations of Lamb. He has rather emphasized his proper niche in the literary Hall of Fame—that of the historian.

In an essayist we may consider two special topics: what he says; and how he says it. The necessity for justice, for unprejudiced, unbiased thought in setting our views before the public mind, is no less patent in the essayist than in the historian. Without such a solid and substantial foundation, we become mere babbling followers of fashion and glamor.

We were at first struck with Macaulay's omniscient tone and air. We are inclined to think it was the spirit of his age. On closer examination, we discover that his clearness of expression and facility of rhetoric do not extend to his ideas. They are hopelessly confused, not the least penetrating, and very often misleading. We find Carlyle, his contemporary, steeped with German culture. But Macaulay did not get it. His culture was rather negative, and consisted mainly in the destruction of the century that preceded him. Yet, all that he has, perspicuity of arrangement and expression, he owes to that century. He is never undignified, not even in his most commonplace illustrations and allusions, yet he ridicules the dignity of the 18th century. We are inclined to wonder whether some unbidden fairy had not been present on the auspicious day of his birth.

In the review of Johnson and Addison, Macaulay misses something. He lacks a certain magnetism of mind, when he compares Johnson's morals with Addison's manners, and makes Addison better than Johnson. John-

son's age is an age of prose, and he falsely represents it as an age of poetry. In the criticism of the Life of Savage he says, "The *style* was indeed *deficient* in ease and *variety;* and the writer was *evidently* too partial to the *Latin element* of our *language.*" He censures Johnson for the use of Latin phraseology, and, in doing so, betrays his own partiality to that element. It is very like the teacher whose practice belied his theory, when he admonished his pupils "to never use a preposition to end a sentence with."

He displays another instance of superficiality when he says, "Johnson would never use a word of two syllables where it was possible to use a word of six." Johnson's fault is not in big words, but in too many words. Johnson himself, in discussing the "Rambler," said to Boswell, "too wordy."

It is not a question of small or big words, but strong or weak words. The occasion and the idea should govern the use of words. A long word is good when it is prepared for; a word is great inasmuch as the idea behind it is great; inasmuch as you can live and feel it. Johnson brings a well-formed, well-balanced sentence before you. There is real thematic grouping, notation, and conjugation. His real fault lies in the use of too much remote scholarship. His style lacks flexibility and concreteness; it keeps to one unvarying elevation; it cannot come to familiar life. He is the most abstract of all the 18th century authors; sometimes, he is unnecessarily abstract, as in the "Happy Valley." In the "Rambler," however, the abstractness is justified, because it is an abstract subject.

The criticism of Jane Austen and Frances Burney in "Madame D'Arblay" is good. So, also, is the appreciation of Walpole's letters. But when he comes to Walpole's novels he is unfair. He is puzzled by Walpole's irony (a necessary acid for the removal of the sham virtue in "Otranto") and mistakes it for wickedness. We are almost constrained to doubt whether he was thoroughly familiar with the book he criticises. In drawing a comparison he says, "We at once see Walpole's superiority, not in industry, not in learning, not in accuracy, not in logical power, but in the art of writing what people will like to read." On the other hand, we think Walpole's superiority consisted in an intrinsic value. It is true that we do not find great harmony of circumstances, such as is in "Udalpho." But we do discover great rhythm of plot, and perfection of construction. The construction is perfect. The interest thrown on the plot, we think, accounts for this lack of description. Moreover, there are few authors that can say so many things in a short chapter. The drawing of character is a recognized form of literary art, and Walpole excels in it. He ranks with Radcliffe in the drawing of types of characters. Theodore is always a hero; Manfred, the governing character of the book, a delineation of that impulse from within, repentance, is the best-drawn character in "Otranto." But Macaulay says, "There is little skill in the delineation of the characters."

"We cannot say that we much admire the big man whose sword is dug up in one quarter of the globe, whose helmet drops from the clouds in another, and who, after clattering and rustling for *some days*, ends by kicking the house down." The entire story lasts for three days. However, Walpole has not solved the supernatural element; there is no psychological preparation, such as we discover in Radcliffe, in Coleridge, in Hawthorne, and in Poe. The ghost machinery is too material. Nevertheless, the story is a good one; the conflict of a man continually failing; and the interest never lags. Walpole has limitations, but within these limitations he is great, as in the construction of plot and the drawing of types. Even though we could find no literary merit in the book, he would be renowned among English men of letters for restoring the mediaeval romances, for the bringing back of what had been long since lost—the supernatural.

The essay on Moore's Lord Byron affords another "strange union of opposite extremes." The malignant elf has scattered a curious mixture of errors and misinformation throughout one of the best specimens of composition in English prose. The digression on the "literary revolution" reveals here and there a gleam of candor, but on the whole the ideas are completely out of perspective. Macaulay persists in drawing comparisons that are illogical and

too narrow. "That poetical dynasty which had dethroned the successors of Shakespeare and Spenser" . . . and . . . "was, in its turn, dethroned by a race who represented themselves as heirs of an ancient line, so long dispossessed by usurpers." It is difficult to explain what is meant by this passage. How can we understand that the school of couplets dethroned the dramatist and the non-dramatist, and were in turn dethroned by the nature poet?

"Wherein especially does the poetry of our times differ from that of the last century? Ninety-nine out of a hundred would answer that the poetry of the last century was correct, but cold and mechanical, and that the poetry of our time, though wild and irregular, presented far more vivid images, and excited the passions far more strongly than that of Parnell, of Addison, or of Pope." Anyone who is at all familiar with the "poetry of the last century"—not only of Parnell, of Addison, or of Pope, but also of Burns, of Gray, of Collins, or of Thompson—would not say it is "cold and mechanical." On the contrary, the 18th century, though many see fit to be blind to the fact, has one of the finest poetical voices in English literature.

The "correctness of the last century" seems to be another thorn in Macaulay's side. Instead of comparing the failure, Cato, with the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," why does he not consider the "De Coverley Papers"? Instead of laying all the blame on the restrictions of the couplet for violating the true principles of poetry, why does he not mention Shakespeare's sonnets or the Spenserian stanza? He extols him who made,

The groves of Eden, vanished now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song,

yet says nothing of those restrictions practised and laid down in the preface to "Samson Agonistes." He doubts "whether the nation had any great reason to exult in the refinements and improvements which gave it "Douglas" for "Othello," and the "Triumphs of Temper" for the "Fairy Queen," but says nothing of the reception they received even in their own time by Johnson. He considers Johnson's age, "as respects poetry, the most deplorable part of our literary history." He altogether disregards the fact that Johnson's age is an age of prose; the age of the novel, of the history, and of classic oratory.

"It was in a cold and barren season that the seeds of that rich harvest which we have reaped were first sown. While poetry was every year becoming more feeble and more mechanical, while the monotonous versification which Pope had introduced, no longer redeemed by his brilliant wit and his compactness"—(Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" was the only specimen of this monotonous versification)—"palled on the ear of the public, the great works of the old masters were every day attracting more and more of the admiration which they deserved. The plays of Shakespeare were better acted, better edited, and better known than they had ever been. Our fine ancient ballads were again read with pleasure; and it became a fashion to imitate them." Why has Macaulay neglected Garrick, the greatest Shakespearean actor that has ever lived, and Mrs. Siddons, the greatest Shakespearean actress?

"*Gifted of heaven! who hast, in days gone by,*
Moved every heart, delighted every eye;
While age and youth, of high and low degree,
In sympathy were joined, beholding thee
As, in the Drama's ever-changing scene,
Thou heldst thy splendid state, our tragic queen!"

Moreover, the first editor of Shakespeare was Nicholas Rowe, an English bishop of the 18th century. Dr. Johnson, in his preface to Shakespeare, mentions Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Sir Thomas Harness, Mr. Upton, Dr. Warburton, and Dr. Gray, as editors of Shakespeare. Theobald, if he had had the present-day data and folios, would have been the very best editor of Shakespeare. As regards the ballad, we have but to be familiar with the brief life of Thomas Chatterton to realize with what pleasure they were read, and what great pains were taken to imitate them. If we read the fables that this "cold and barren season" produced, we shall wonder the more how men will persist in calling this age feeble.

The unities are, to Macaulay's mind, another instance of false correctness. "First in celebrity and absurdity stand the dramatic unities of place and time. No human being has ever been able to find anything that could, even by

courtesy, be called an argument for these unities, except that they have been deduced from the general practise of the Greeks." It is quite evident that Macaulay has missed the spirit of the unities. We must consider the inner necessity of keeping the unities strictly or loosely. That this observance of the unities does not make the drama good, bad, or indifferent, is seen from a survey of the field of literature. We have bad as well as good dramas that do not observe these unities. Norway, Germany, France, England, and Ireland follow the strict method. Of the free-school, Shakespeare is the strictest. The strict school of the Greek and French kept the unity of time confined to one day. The unity of action should always be observed; but it is not always necessary to restrict time and place. They must be observed, however, when the logic of the play demands it. Especially are they not to be condemned when they produce a good effect. For how could Prometheus, bound as he was to Mount Caucasus, have violated either of the unities, unless, like the convict in "Great Expectations," he had run off with his great ball and chain in his arms? Or again, how could poor old Samson, blind and imprisoned as he was in the prison at Gaza, have escaped from the Philistines on that memorable festive day, unless he had staggered away with the whole prison on his back? The absurdity of Macaulay's statement is patent to all.

Unity is more necessary, however, on the stage than in the novel. So also in the romance, the change of scene, or breaking of the unity of place, lies in its very nature. But most of the English novelists, with the exception of Dickens, Thackeray, and a few others, observe the unity of place. The scene is most generally in a country house; as for instance, "Jane Eyre," at Thornfield Hall, and the "Egoist" at Pattern Hall.

The aesthetic digression is not less absurd than the literary. "Poetry is, as was said more than two thousand years ago, imitative. It is an art analogous in many respects to the art of painting, sculpture, and acting—an art essentially imitative ought not surely to be subjected to rules which tend to make its imitations less perfect than they otherwise would be; and they who obey such rules ought to be called, not correct, but incorrect, artists." It is true that Aristotle, in his "Poetics," says poetry is imitative, but we think Macaulay carries it a step too far, farther than Aristotle intends himself. We deny that art is only imitative; it is also decorative. All art is founded on nature, but Macaulay fails to consider the aesthetic, the human element, that enters into that imitation. He says, "The correctness which the last century prized so much resembles the correctness of those pictures of the Garden of Eden which we see in old Bibles. We have an exact square, enclosed by the rivers Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, each with a convenient bridge in the center, rectangular beds of flowers, a long canal, neatly bricked and railed in, the tree of knowledge, clipped like one of the limes behind the Tuileries, standing in the center of the grand alley, the snake twined around it, the man on the right hand, the woman on the left, and the beasts drawn up in exact circles round them. In one sense the picture is correct enough. That is to say, the squares are correct; the circles are correct; the man and the woman are in a most correct line with the tree; and the snake forms a correct spiral." Ruskin has pointed out this error. Macaulay has failed to see the human element; he has failed to grasp the symbolical language behind all this correctness. We suppose that, instead of having beautifully correct borders on the wall-paper in his study, he would have a nicely arranged row of trees around the room. Poetry is not the only art that has its laws of composition. We find them also in painting, in music, in sculpture, in architecture, and in rhetoric. No one has made a more thorough study, or more artistic application of these very laws of composition, than Macaulay. We feel that all these inconsistencies are nothing else than the echoings of fashion.

If, in taking the logic of Macaulay too seriously, the natural serenity of our mind is disturbed, our equanimity is restored by a study of his composition, his facility of style, and the dexterity and artifice in the arrangement of words. His rhetoric is never involved nor muddled. He has the right manner in writing:

good methodology; unity and neatness of sentence structure; richness through diction and concrete allusion, though not equal to Wilkie Collins in concreteness. His movement is better than Johnson's, and he has part of Pope's construction. He is not a stroke artist, like Pope or Newman, but is a master in lower rhetoric. He is an excellent master to teach facility of construction and vivid detail, a proper departure from and return to the main subject; the placing of the rhetorical subject; uniformity without monotony; and precision in the carving of words. He uses allusion more than any other prose writer. His illustrations and analogies produce a brilliant effect. He is very fond of pictorial touches. Instead of saying, "It takes us back to heathendom," he says, "It carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when cameleopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre."

The paragraph seems to have been a special study of his. Each paragraph is a definite step in the development of the theme. There is always, in his best constructed paragraph, a fundamental formative thought behind it. Every sentence refers to the general topic, and there is a vivid, concrete manner of giving the reader the topic. The third chapter on Von Ranke, the chapter on the Roman Catholic Church, is admirably developed. The rhetorical subject is well placed; the side sentences treated perfectly, and the main theme admirably strengthened by picturesque illustrations. He develops all his paragraphs generally by stating his principle, making the application, and by accumulating anecdotes and examples.

The sentences have excellent unity, and are constructed so elaborately and distinctly that punctuation is not needed. The punctuation and grammar are simple but expressive. The shortness of the sentence and the absence of involution and parenthesis serve to connect the thought. We find many examples of fine cadence and balance, almost Johnsonian; as, for example: "The task has been executed with great judgment and great humanity," and, "We looked with vigilance for instances of stiffness in the language and awkwardness in the transitions."

There is a great richness due to his diction. He tends rather to the use of concrete than fundamental diction, though we do find occasionally fundamental diction that goes to the very heart of the subject. "The sculptor can imitate only *form;* the painter only *form* and *color;* the actor, until the poet supplies him with words, only *form*, *color* and *motion*. Poetry holds the outer world in common with the other arts. The heart of man is the *province* of poetry, and of poetry alone." The richness of the diction, however, does not reach the exquisitely sensitive richness and ingenuity of Newman—"But that fancy would not occur to him, nor any admiration of the *dark violet* billows with their *white edges* down below; nor of those graceful, *fan-like* jets of *silver* upon the rocks, which slowly *rise* aloft like water spirits from the deep, then *shiver* and *break*, and *spread* and *shroud* themselves, and *disappear*, in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle, *incessant heaving* and *panting* of the whole liquid plain." Nor do we discover the beautiful patterns, fundamental words of action, of passion, of color, and of sound, as—

"*See! from the brake the* WHIRRING *pheasant*
SPRINGS,
And MOUNTS, EXULTING *on* TRIUMPHANT *wings;*
Short is his JOY; *he* FEELS *the fiery wound,*
FLUTTERS *in blood, and* PANTING BEATS *the*
ground.
Ah! what avail his GLOSSY, VARYING *dyes,*
His PURPLE *crest, and* SCARLET-CIRCLED *eyes,*
The VIVID GREEN *his shining plumes* UNFOLD,
His PAINTED *wings, and breast that* FLAMES *with*
gold?"

Macaulay does not use many conjunctions. He rarely uses 'and'; 'but' seems to be his favorite. He gets fine connection, however, from pronouns and from paronyms. The third chapter of Von Ranke gives a fine example of hinge words and perspicuity by negatives and positives—"The Papacy remains, *not* in decay, *not* a mere antique, *but* full of life and useful vigor." He is very fond of contrast, and in this way often produces an intensely pleasing effect—"He had a *head* which statuaries loved to copy, and a *foot* the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked.

Distinguished at once by the *strength* and by the *weakness* of his intellect, *affectionate* yet *perverse*, a *poor lord* and *handsome cripple*, he required, if ever man required, the firmest and the most judicious training."

It has not been our purpose to make a case against Macaulay. What we want is the truth, and nothing but the truth. Like most of our authors, Macaulay must be dissociated. We cannot afford to pass over what good there is in him. We have found his ideas and his rhetoric entangled; we have essayed to disentangle them, rejecting his ideas, accepting his rhetoric. We might have run into contraries, like Macaulay has done in many instances, and have entirely rejected him because of his errors. But that is not to our purpose. That he met with severe criticisms from many quarters, there is no doubt. "But we have as little doubt," as he says of Byron, "that, after the closest scrutiny, there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language" in the way of composition and rhetoric.



The Blank Parchment

(A Serial Story)

By John F. Burns, '17

(Continued from last issue)

CHAPTER II

Only a Joke

FRANK MASTERSON rushed from his room and down the corridor in angry pursuit of the student who had stolen the parchment he had been saving for so many years, and whom he had recognized as Stewart Grimes. The thief disappeared around a corner in the hallway, and as Frank made after him, he could hear him racing, or rather falling, down a nearby stairway. But when he himself reached the top of the stairs, what was his surprise to behold Grimes standing at the bottom, crestfallen and confused, in the custody of two other students! And the two students were his own friends, Charlie Madden and Eddie Pearson. Frank could not understand how it came about, nor did he take time then to inquire. All he wanted at that moment was to lay hands on Grimes. And this he soon did, motioning his friends aside, while with due threats he demanded the stolen parchment. Grimes, as soon as Frank appeared, could not get rid of it too quickly.

"Here! Ouch! Take it! Let go my neck!" he exclaimed. "Can't you see a joke?"

"Joke!" exclaimed Frank, as he snatched the paper.

"Let you go!" he added. "I'll let you go!" And, tightening his hold, he shook him all the harder. After a while, however, he bethought himself of his two friends. So he relaxed his grip and turned to them.

"Say," he began, "how did you fellows know about this?"

"H'm!" growled Eddie, ignoring his question. "It's about time you'd at least recognize us."

Frank tried him once again, but Eddie was sulky, and would not answer. Finally Charlie explained how, as they were returning from the meeting, Grimes had suddenly hurtled into them, and nearly upset them both. Perceiving the direction from which he had come, and suspecting, as a consequence, that something was not right, they had accordingly held him in custody.

"And I'm mighty glad you did," was Frank's reply. "The scamp might have gotten away with that paper." Then, turning to Grimes, he continued:

"Come on, now, tell us how you got into my room, and why you wanted this paper so badly."

Grimes, however, had by this time regained his self-possession, and he was quite prepared for Frank's question.

"You fellows can't take a joke at all," he said. "Now listen, and I'll tell you just how it was. As I was going by Masterson's room a few minutes ago, the door was open a little. I could see him inside at his desk, bending over some paper, and thinking as hard as he could. I thought if I could just push the door open softly, get up in back of him, grab the paper, and rush out, I would sort of get even with him in a friendly way for throwing that dictionary at me a little while ago."

The plausibility of this explanation made a great impression on Frank. Evidently he was at a loss what to do. Appearances, to be sure, were not in Grimes' favor. But, certainly, there was no real proof against him. In fact, his story seemed to account for everything. After hesitating a little, therefore, he gave him a vigorous word of warning, and dismissed him. At this Eddie began to growl, and heartily disapproved of the proceeding.

"Believe me," he said, "I wouldn't have let him go like that. He's got something up his sleeve concerning that letter, and it's not a joke, either."

Then, as they entered Frank's room, he went on:

"You hang on to that parchment, Frank.

And keep your eye on Stewart Grimes. That's my advice."

* * * * *

The next occurrence of interest at Newville was the arrival of the Easter vacation. Frank, as we are aware, had no home of his own. Because, however, of his close and long-standing friendship with Charlie Madden, he spent most of his vacations at the latter's house. In fact, by this time he had come to be regarded almost as a member of the Madden family. Therefore it was that the opening day of vacation found the three chums together once again, this time en route for Castleton, where lived the Pearsons and the Maddens. After arriving at the Castleton station, Eddie left them, while Frank and Charlie repaired to the latter's house.

Charlie's sister, Mary, who espied them from a distance, met them at the gate.

"I'm awfully glad to see you back," she said, greeting him tenderly. Then she turned to Frank. A moment later, however, Charlie broke into a surprised expostulation.

"Hey!" he said, addressing his sister, "you are not supposed to kiss *him!*" But Mary was not in the least nonplussed.

"Who said I wasn't?" she replied. "He's just as good as you are, isn't he? And besides mother calls him our brother."

"Well," laughed her brother, "it's your funeral, not mine. But (and there was a roguish twinkle in his eye) don't let Eddie Pearson see you doing it, or you won't get any more of those nice chocolates he brings around."

Mary turned on him sharply. "You go on ahead, and see mother," she said. "She's waiting for you on the porch. I'm going to walk with Frank."

By the time Mary and Frank reached the house, the first happy meeting between mother and son was over. Mrs. Madden had not yet dried the tears of joy from her eyes when, as Frank came into view, tears of sorrow and of sad reminiscence took their place.

"Charlie," she whispered to her son, "he's the very picture of your father." And a moment later, she had welcomed Frank almost as affectionately as she had received Charlie himself. As soon as the first demonstrations of welcome were over, the two boys sat down to a well-spread table, long since carefully and lovingly prepared.

In the midst of the rejoicing, and while Mrs. Madden slipped out of the room to prepare the dessert, the postman's whistle was heard. Mary went to the door.

"Letter for you, Charlie," she said, returning.

"Gee," began the latter, upon opening it, "here's an invitation already from Bessie Pearson to a party at her house—to-morrow night too, by gosh!" And, handing it to her to read, he added: "I guess we go, sis, don't we?"

"Why, of course we'll go," she replied. "That is, if mother doesn't object."

"Which she won't," broke in Charlie.

"What do you say, Frank?" he added, at the same time winking slyly at his sister. "You know Bess'll be there."

Frank flushed, and growled back at him: "What do I care whether Bess is there or not?"

But, almost in the next breath, he betrayed himself.

"What time do we go?" he said, "Let's start over early."

Charlie laughed.

"Oh, no! You don't care whether Bess is there or not. I think I'll tell her that, just for fun."

At this point, Mary, who, behind Frank's back, had been trying to hide her amusement at his discomfiture, betrayed herself with her giggling. Frank turned around quickly, in an attitude of feigned displeasure.

"I'd like to know what you're laughing at," he growled. "If you don't stop it, I'll tell Eddie Pearson what you did to me a couple of minutes ago in the garden."

"Yes, and so will I," broke in Charlie.

Mary turned on Charlie immediately.

"You do it," she said, "and I'll tell mother you're at the cigarettes again."

At this Charlie looked involuntarily toward the door through which his mother might at any moment return. Then, turning quickly to Mary, he forced an expression of the most deeply injured righteousness.

"Me! Cigarettes!" he exclaimed, but with great care to keep his voice low.

"Yes, you!" answered Mary. "Don't you

think I know the smell of tobacco? Fine way for a young man to act, that's going to be a priest!"

"Fine way for a young lady to act," retorted Charlie, "that's in love with somebody else."

But before Mary could reply, Mrs. Madden's returning footsteps were heard, and the repartee was ended.

CHAPTER III

A Strange Visit

That night, on the plea of being tired, Frank went to bed early. In reality, however, it was not fatigue that made him seek the solitude of his room, but rather, a return of the old lonesome feeling. The contemplation of a mother's love, and a sister's tenderness, accorded to Charlie, even though to a great extent shared by himself, made him yearn once more for the love he had never experienced. Therefore it was that, sad and lonesome even in the bosom of this happy family, he threw himself wearily upon the bed in Charlie's room.

For a long time he had remained thus in the gathering darkness, when a rap was heard at the door.

"Come in," he said, and thinking it was Charlie, he made no effort to change his posture. The door opened and shut, a light step came across the floor and Frank beheld, not Charlie, but Charlie's sister, standing by the bed, her slender form dimly discernible in the fading twilight. He started to rise, but she laid her hand upon his arm, and made him stay where he was.

"I knew you were in trouble, Frank," she began, with the familiarity of long-standing friendship. "So I just thought I'd come up and see you by yourself. Mother and Charlie are talking down on the porch."

"Thank you, Mary," he replied. This was all he could say at the time, but the gratitude he so deeply felt was better implied in the tones of his voice than in any words he might have employed.

"What is the matter, Frank?" she continued kindly, sitting down in a chair by the bedside.

And poor Frank, whose heart was longing for just that sympathy now so kindly tendered to him, told her just how he felt, and how the sense of his loneliness preyed upon him. Mary sat still and listened to it all, her kind heart going out to him all the more because his yearnings could have no fulfilment.

"I know it's hard, Frank," she said, breaking in upon the pause that followed his closing words. "But think of the many who, even with their parents living, are worse off than you are. Then, too, look at the friends and the opportunities you have got. And you know," she added softly, "mother has loved you almost like a son ever since you first came here with Charlie. And you and I, Frank—haven't we always been as brother and sister? So do try to cheer up, won't you, please? I hate to see you feeling sad."

And so they talked on for quite a while before Mary finally left. In the meantime, Charlie and his mother were down on the porch. Mrs. Madden had been silent for a long time, when at length Charlie broke in upon her thoughts.

"What makes you so quiet and so serious to-night, mother?" he said.

She paused a little before replying, but when she spoke there was a slight tremor in her voice.

"I was thinking, Charlie, of long ago, and" (she spoke slowly) "of all that might have been."

She paused again and then continued, "You are coming into manhood now, my son, and I have decided to tell you what you have so often wished to know—the story of your father. The time has come when you ought to know."

And Mrs. Madden began: "When I was young, there were two suitors for my hand. One was a prominent doctor; the other, a cashier in a small bank. To make a long story short, I married the latter, your father, and the doctor swore revenge. And a heavy one it was," she sighed.

"Well, for some years everything went well. Your father became president of the bank, and nothing came of the doctor's evil words. One day, however, there was a considerable default in the bank books, and that same doctor, who was one of the principal trustees, accused your father of theft and forgery. Unfortunately, circumstances were such that he could not immediately prove his innocence. Everything

was against him. Consequently, thinking that, unmolested, he could better build up a case in support of his innocence, he fled temporarily to France. For company, he took with him our then four-year-old boy, leaving Mary with me. I have never heard of either of them since." By this time the tears were coursing down her cheeks, and Charlie's chin began to quiver. After a while, she continued her story:

"It was shortly after your father's departure, Charlie, that you were born, and then the three of us, you, and Mary, and I, came here to live with your aunt."

There was another pause, before the widow, with a break in her voice, went on again:

"Now, Charlie dear," she said, "there is only one thing more. The money your father left at my disposal is almost gone, and—I'm afraid—I'm afraid you can't go to the seminary." Here Mrs. Madden, perceiving even this last hope shattered, broke down completely. And Charlie, putting his arm around her, did his best to cheer her.

"Don't worry about that, mother," he said. "God, if He really wants me, will fix things up some way."

But 'way down in his heart, Charlie had thoughts which would have broken his mother's heart to fathom. Moreover, in the long silence that followed, these thoughts well-nigh forced themselves to his lips. He managed, however, to hold them back, for he knew that, in his mother's case, ignorance was bliss.

By this time, the shadows on the porch had lengthened, growing deeper and deeper all the while, and fading away at last into the gathering darkness. Twilight was gone, and it was only the obscure light of the twinkling stars that rendered dimly visible the objects on the porch and in the garden. Charlie's thoughts, as he gazed on the studded firmament, were occupied with his mother's story, and with the misfortunes of the father he had never known. Mother and son, occupied with their respective musings, had lapsed into a long silence, when Charlie suddenly broke the spell.

"What was that doctor's name, mother?" he said.

"Grimes," replied Mrs. Madden.

But before he could give vent to his surprise, they were interrupted by the sound of footsteps at the garden gate, and Charlie went to see who it was.

"Is this Mrs. Madden's house?" said a voice.

"Yes, sir," replied Charlie.

"Tell her that Dr. Grimes would like to speak with her."

Charlie was too dumbfounded to speak. Going back to the house, however, and leading his mother by a side door into the parlor, he told her the visitor's name.

"Dr. Grimes!" she exclaimed, and she turned deathly pale. Charlie supported her to a chair, and awaited her instructions. For a long time she remained silent, apparently in a dilemma as to whether she would see the Doctor or not. Finally she came to a decision.

"Bring him in," she said, "but stay with me while he's here."

Charlie looked at her in surprise.

"Bring him in!" he repeated. "I say, throw him over the garden wall."

"No, Charlie," said his mother, "you can't tell what his business may be."

"All the more reason, then," he growled, but went to do his mother's bidding. Reaching the garden gate, he curtly announced her message.

"Mrs. Madden will see you in the parlor, sir," he said.

"Thank you," returned Dr. Grimes, and together they entered the house.

"How do you do, Mrs. Madden?" began the Doctor as they stepped into the parlor. "Ah!" he continued, when at sight of him Mrs. Madden involuntarily recoiled, "I see you recognize me."

"And this is your son Charlie, is it not?" he went on, with a significant intonation on the word Charlie. Mrs. Madden perceived immediately the peculiarity of his tone, and caught the reference to her other son beneath it.

"Yes," she faltered, beginning to lose her self-possession in the presence of the man who had caused her untold misery. In the meantime, Charlie, who was becoming momentarily angrier at the turn things had taken, came to her side.

"Take care how you speak to my mother, sir," he said threateningly to the Doctor. The

latter, however, went blandly on, as if there had been no interruption.

"I suppose you are wondering, Mrs. Madden, how I came to find you out after such a long time. Well, to make a long story short, my son Stewart, in the recital of his experiences at college, happened to mention the name Charlie Madden. This occurred last Christmas, but somehow, at the time, I never gave it a thought. (This was, of course, a barefaced falsehood. Since the very day he had first heard the name, the Doctor, directly, and through his son, had been spying upon the Maddens. His present visit was undertaken only for the furtherance of some underhand scheme he was concocting).

"However," continued the Doctor, "when, this afternoon, Stewart again mentioned the name, immediately it recalled memories of long ago. And the result was that I determined to drop in and see if Charlie Madden's mother were my friend of bygone days."

"Your friend!" blurted out Charlie. But Mrs. Madden silenced him with her eyes, while the Doctor, once again ignoring the young man's outbreak, continued:

"And I rejoice to see that it is that friend, for, unless I am sadly mistaken, I have tidings of deepest concern to her."

At this, the same death-like pallor again overspread the widow's countenance, and, torn between hope and foreboding, she spoke.

"You have news of —," but the word would not come, and Dr. Grimes finished the sentence.

"Of Mr. Madden," he replied, "and possibly also of your long-lost son." Then, without further delay, he began the following tale.

CHAPTER IV

The Price of a Gem

"Nearly fifteen years ago, in the town of ——, I was called to the hospital on an accident case." (At this, a tremor of apprehension passed over the widow). "A certain Frenchman," continued the Doctor, "a business man, apparently, and well off, had been struck by a vehicle and rendered unconscious. When I arrived, he was already delirious. I went to work immediately, paying no attention, at first, to his disconnected expressions. All at once, however, a name, a familiar name, fell on my ears. It was Madden. After that I listened intently, and immediately there followed something about clearing some terrible stain from that name."

At this point Mrs. Madden was almost completely overcome, and she leaned hard on Charlie for support.

"Of course," continued the Doctor hypocritically, "I was anxious, out of my old regard for you, to leave no stone unturned to preserve your good name. Consequently, from that moment, not one word of the Frenchman's wanderings escaped me. In substance, the information I gathered amounted to this. It seems that your husband had been in France. In the short time he spent there, he had not only found means of proving his innocence of certain crimes alleged against him, but along financial lines, also, he had met with incredible success. Moreover, every preparation for his return to you had been completed, when he was suddenly stricken with fever. Perceiving that the end was not far off, he forwarded to this country all his papers, together with the precious documents that were to re-establish his reputation. But, as a precautionary measure, he sent them, not to you, but to a certain lawyer of his acquaintance; for he reasoned that a packet of papers addressed to a lawyer, would not be considered out of the ordinary and would therefore be less likely to be tampered with, than if sent directly to you. To you, however, he sent a letter containing, among other things, the name and address of this lawyer. The lawyer, moreover, was instructed not to open the packet until presented by you with the said letter.

"Your son," continued the Doctor, after a pause, "the one who accompanied your husband to France, was entrusted to the care of a friend. Now, this friend was the identical man whose dying moments I attended. Moreover, he had in his possession a letter, the contents of which were unknown to himself, and which he was to deliver into your hands. That letter, I believe, was the one you were to present to the lawyer. Furthermore, it would have informed you of his address. And, by the way,"

he added, "I forgot to mention that the lawyer in question had received from your husband an exact duplicate of the letter. This was done as a still further measure of precaution."

"But," interrupted Mrs. Madden, "the letter addressed to me! You have it?"

"Just a moment, madam, till I finish," replied the Doctor. And he went on. "There was just one thing more, which I gathered from the words of the dying man. It seems that, although ignorant of the exact contents of your letter, he was fully persuaded of its importance. Consequently, to insure the safety of the document against the dishonesty of hotel thieves and others, he sewed it up in the jacket of his little charge."

Here Mrs. Madden would have spoken, but the Doctor, anticipating the burning question that trembled on her lips, resumed his narrative.

"As to the present whereabouts of that charge " he said, "who was undoubtedly your son, I know nothing—that is " he added, as Mrs. Madden well-nigh collapsed under the disappointment, "I know nothing certain. But, (and he spoke very slowly) I have an exceedingly probable opinion in this regard."

There was a pause after this, and a long silence ensued. So wrapped up in the affair were the three, that the sound of stealthy footsteps on the staircase went by unnoticed. At length Dr. Grimes went on again.

"Now," he said, "there is the strongest probability that the young man I have in mind not only has in his possession the letter that will enable you and your children to stand free of stain, before the world, and put you in the way of procuring a considerable fortune, but also that it will prove him to be your own son, long since mourned as dead."

By this time, at the contemplation of the possible realization of all these wonders, the widow's eyes were filled with tears. Still; through it all, she somehow divined that the Doctor must have some evil scheme in hand or he would not have taken such great pains to withhold the one all-important detail, the present identity of the young man. And she was right. The wily Doctor really had designs on the wealth which he supposed would fall to the lot of Mrs. Madden upon the discovery of the missing letter. Therefore, perceiving the look of distrust that overshadowed the widow's face, he came to the point without delay.

"Mrs. Madden," he said, "if you wish to learn the identity and the whereabouts of the young man I have in mind, you must promise to my son Stewart, the hand of your daughter Mary."

The widow and her son started back, speechless and amazed. They were astounded by the unexpectedness, and by the nature of this revelation. In a moment, however, Charlie recovered his self-possession, and, with menacing attitude, advanced upon the Doctor.

"She'll promise you nothing of the kind, you blackmailer!" he cried. And he was about to lay violent hands upon the recreant physician, when, from the stairway, confused sounds, as of a scuffle, fell on their ears.

Immediately there followed a rush and a crash, as some heavy weight tumbled down the stairs, and a moment later, Frank, all disheveled and his clothes disarranged, burst in upon the little group dragging someone by the neck.

"You scoundrel!" he was saying. "Just let me get you into the light!" And at the same time he tore a mask from the face of Stewart Grimes!

(*To be continued*)

Patriotic Address to Knights of Columbus

By Rev. J. J. Dean, O. S. A.

Delivered at memorial services in the Cathedral, Philadelphia Thanksgiving Day, 1917

"*I have lifted up mine eyes to the mountains, from whence help shall come to me. My help is from the Lord, who made heaven and earth*" (Psalm 120: 1-2).

THE royal prophet speaks in the words of our text as though he were surrounded by enemies, and he looks about him to discover whence help might come in the hour of his need. His gaze wanders over the distant hilltops and passes out to the blue sky beyond. Turning from east to west, he is suddenly dazed by the rays of the setting sun, and the very sight seems to turn his thoughts to the Author of all strength; hence the cry, "My help is from the Lord, who made heaven and earth."

The Catholic Church takes up these words of the Psalmist and uses them in her Office of the Dead, as though she would show the extent of her empire, not only over the Church militant upon earth, but in like degree over the Church suffering in Purgatory. Her doctrine of the Communion of Saints teaches that there is unity and intercourse between those who are still engaged in the struggle of life and those others who have already laid down their arms and who, as far as this world is concerned, are at rest. To her has been entrusted the care of both the living and the dead. From her altars and from the lips of her children supplications arise to the throne of God, not alone for those who are now bearing the brunt of the burden and suffering the heat of the day, but in an even greater degree for that vast multitude of heroic men and women who have already finished their course, fought their last fight and kept the faith.

To-day you are gathered together, a great Catholic and fraternal society, to intercede with the God of Mercy for those of your brethren who have responded to the last trumpet-call and who have already stood before the judgment seat of the Most High to give an account of their stewardship. More than ever are these God's children now; more than ever have they need of your prayers. During life they could supplicate in their own behalf and claim mercy through the merits of Jesus Christ. Now they have passed beyond the sphere of mercy into that realm where justice reigns supreme. Howsoever virtuous may have been their lives on earth, their souls must needs be disfigured with the scars of past folly or the blemishes of those imperfections which even the just can scarce avoid.

Pray for the Dead

We speak not here of them who die utterly estranged from God, nor yet of those illustrious saints whose acceptance of divine grace has made them exemplars of Christian virtue. Rather do we refer to that great majority who pass from time to eternity amid the cares and stress of a busy world, forgetful, perhaps, or even heedless of those minor failings which do not destroy the life of the soul, but which, nevertheless, unfit it for the presence of God, in whose sight the heavens themselves are not pure. None the less must these failings be accounted for before Him who has said that the debt must be paid to the uttermost farthing. If it be not paid in this world, it must in the next; for the justice of God is inexorable. Likewise do we refer to that noble company of penitents whose moral courage, inspired and strengthened from on high, has lifted them up from the mire of sin unto the mountain-top of virtue. The scars remaining after grievous sin has been forgiven must be burnt out to the core before they can attain the goal of their desire. Hence, we conclude that there is a place beyond the grave which is not heaven, nor is it the abyss; a place where the souls of the just must abide for a time until the last vestige of sin is purged away, the faintest trace of error expunged before they can receive their eternal crown and dwell with God forever. Every one of these souls in Purgatory is a saint, though yet uncrowned; every one has a place reserved for him in heaven, as yet unfilled.

Unable by their own efforts to shorten the period of their cleansing, they cry out to us for help. Their eyes are lifted up to the mountains whence help shall come to them. Their help is in the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

How consoling the thought that we, by our prayers and good works, may shorten the period of suffering which these poor souls would otherwise undergo and may the sooner bring them to the bosom of God! How helpful the assurance that, when we shall stand before the tribunal of an all-just Judge, we shall find powerful advocates in the persons of those whom we have thus helped to send before their appointed time to the enjoyment of everlasting bliss! Not only are we giving glory to God by anticipating His holy will; we are also laying up for ourselves treasure unto life eternal.

Pray for Those Overseas

Particularly are we bound to pray for our loved ones beyond the sea who are striving valiantly against a treacherous foe; striving not for glory nor for empire but striving rather to suppress injustice, striving to bring peace to a land distracted, striving to make the world safe for humanity, safe for civilization, safe for the principles which the Son of God came to teach mankind. There can be no question but that it is our bounden duty to pray God day by day for the flower of our youth who have gone forth in the fulness of their strength and beauty and are now lying, or soon may be lying, in foreign graves, leaving behind them hearts that are sorrowing, homes that are desolate, souls that are afflicted. They have faced death with a cheer on their lips and a smile on their youthful faces; now they lie, perhaps, cold and dank in the shell-torn craters or beneath the crunching wheel, with only a rough cross to mark their resting-place, but with their deeds emblazoned in the hearts of men. In the stress of battle they have given never a thought to their own welfare, nor have they, perchance, been accorded an opportunity of receiving formally those sacraments which pave the way to eternal rest. Let us pray fervently, then, that the God of Mercy may have given them the grace of true contrition and the subsequent salvation which this grace assures. Surely, if the sacrifice of all we hold most dear, even of life itself, in the cause of justice be worthy of reward, we need have no fear for the ultimate future of those who are spending themselves and being spent to preserve inviolate the sanctity of our homes, to protect the lives of our citizens against unjust aggression and to maintain our national honor.

Cardinal Mercier's Appraisal

It would be presumptuous, indeed, for any one to attempt to fathom the inscrutable decrees of Divine Providence, yet I cannot refrain from quoting for you the words of one who stands forth as the most heroic personality in this titanic struggle; one who in the midst of his enemies does not hesitate to hurl defiance at their intolerable arrogance; one whose spare figure, made gaunt by suffering, looms above the blackened horizon of his devastated country like a specter of doom in the path of a barbarous foe. In his Christmas letter of 1914 to the people of ravaged Belgium, Cardinal Mercier says:

"I was asked lately by a staff officer whether a soldier falling in a righteous cause—and our cause is such to demonstration—is not veritably a martyr. Well, he is not a martyr in the rigorous theological meaning of the word, inasmuch as he dies in arms, whereas a martyr delivers himself, undefended and unarmed, into the hands of the executioner. But if I am asked what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defense of his country's honor, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply that without any doubt whatever Christ crowns his military valor, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit assures the safety of that man's soul.

"'Greater love than this no man hath,' said Our Saviour, 'than that he lay down his life for his friends.' And the soldier who dies to save his brothers, and to defend the hearths and altars of his country, reaches this highest of all degrees of charity. He may not have made a close analysis of the value of his sacrifice, but must we suppose that God requires of the plain soldier in the excitement of battle the methodical

precision of the moralist or theologian? Can we who revere his heroism doubt that his God will welcome him with love?

"Christian mothers, be proud of your sons. Of all griefs, of all our human sorrows, yours is perhaps the most worthy of veneration. I think I behold you in your affliction, but erect, standing at the side of the Mother of Sorrows, at the foot of the Cross. Suffer us to offer you not only our condolence but your congratulations. Not all our heroes obtain temporal honors, but for all we expect the immortal crown of the elect. For this is the virtue of a single act of perfect charity: it cancels a while lifetime of sins. It transforms a sinful anm into a saint."

Safeguard Morals of Living

It would ill become me to add one jot or tittle to these eloquent words of an illustrious prince of the Church and an acknowledged leader in the science of theology. Yet, we may well reflect that it would be the height of folly and a grave sin of presumption to expect of God this final grace of perfect charity in the case of those who have made no effort on their own part to live clean, wholesome lives. Hence, if it be our duty to pray for the heroic dead—and who will dare deny the obligation?—it is even more our duty to safeguard the moral and spiritual well-being of the equally as heroic living. God bless you, then, you Knights of Columbus, and you members of those various organizations, whether Catholic or Protestant, which are striving with might and main to surround our youth with Christian influences and thus help to bring them to the final test clean in body and pure in soul. Don't limit your efforts to the duration of the war. To the true patriot, the man who even in time of peace offers himself voluntarily as a potential victim on the altar of national honor is scarcely less heroic than he who actually sheds his blood in the moment of peril. God grant you are not of the number of those who have merely been carried away by the prevailing hysteria and who now regard as a mark of honor that uniform which in time of security they looked upon as a badge of shame. Continue the splendid work you have so zealously undertaken, not merely until the ravages of war shall have been forgotten, but still further—unto that millennial day when armaments shall have ceased to threaten and recourse to arms shall be no more.

Lauds Soldiers and Sailors

I hold no brief in defense of our gallant soldiers and sailors, yet I cannot refrain from giving the lie direct to those hysterical outbursts of self-appointed reformers who would have us believe that drunkenness and vice are rampant in many or all of our training camps. When forced to the wall, they have been unable in a single instance to substantiate their ill-advised statements. Furthermore, I may say from personal experience that such charges are absolutely and unreservedly without foundation in fact; for

"I have eaten their bread and salt,
I have drunk their water and wine;
The deaths they died I have watched beside,
And the lives that they led were mine."

It is quite true that "single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints"; neither do they necessarily become demons incarnate. No finer type of manhood can be found anywhere in the world than that which wears the khaki or the blue. "If sometimes their conduct isn't all your fancy paints," remember that they are far removed from the softening influence of home and kindred. Reflect, too, that there rests upon us a solemn obligation: not merely to provide for them the consolations of religion, but also to offset every evil agency and to surround them with moral and social safeguards. If we are true to our trust, you—fathers and mothers—who are sending forth your flesh and blood in the cause of justice and humanity may rest assured that God in his own good time will return them to you, either sacrificial victims on the altar of duty, or vigorous, clean-living Christian gentlemen.

You who for just and substantial reasons remain at home have, likewise, a duty incumbent upon you; to support the Government both morally and materially, and to defend its course. It matters not what conditions may have prevailed a generation or more ago, our cause to-day is just, even to the

point of demonstration; war has been forced upon us in spite of every honorable effort to avoid it. We have been drawn into the conflict, not because others have willed it, but because the sanctity of our home-life is at stake, the lives of our citizens threatened and destroyed, the honor of our country trampled under foot by a ruthless foe. Our destiny, at least for the time being, is inseparably linked with that of other nations beyond the sea. To wish disaster to any one of these nations while at the same time hoping for our own triumph is treason of the most insidious type. Surely, if one's hatred for another country be greater than the love he bears his own, the patriotism of such a one is open to serious question, and short shrift should be his portion. That none such there are among you is a truth which needs no confirmation.

Let me urge upon you once again a conscientious fulfilment of your solemn duty as regards both the living and the dead. Open wide your pursestrings and still wider open your hearts. Many of those whom you have cherished in your bosom, many whom you have learned to love, will soon be called upon to make the supreme sacrifice. Yours it is to protect them now, yours to cheer them onward, yours to help render their self-oblation more pleasing in the sight of God. Many of your friends, perhaps, have already crossed the barrier into the great beyond and are lying now in the valley of suffering looking up to the mountain-top whence help shall come to them. Their help is from the Lord, who made heaven and earth, and His help is at your beck and call. In your charity, then, pray God to wash away their stains, to let perpetual light shine upon them, to grant them eternal rest and peace.



Christmas Thoughts of a Soldier

I hear the bugle clearly sound;
Its echoes' sweet reply
Comes softly sailing o'er the mound,
Beneath the starry sky.
'Tis not a signal for the fight,
Its note is far too clear.
It tells the saddened heart to-night
The birth of Christ is near.

It rouses mem'ries of the past,
The joys of other days.
It deadens e'en the cannon's blast,
It sets one's soul ablaze.
The distant home on Christmas night
Looms up in fancy fair;
The tree, the greens, the candlelight,
Ah, yes! the vacant chair.

I hear within that far-off home,
Once more, my mother's voice.
She's praying for the time to come
When all, in peace, rejoice.
O, home of smiles, and tears, and love,
O, home of boyhood days,
Receive the message from above,
Sing out the Saviour's praise.

JOSEPH E. HENEY, '18.

A Fatal Wager

By Harold J. Wiegand, '21

ABOUT two miles from the little town of Pomona, New Jersey, stands an ancient uninhabited house which is called by the superstitious farmers the "Haunted House of the Baynes." The legend surrounding the place is always told with many embellishments and elaborations by the simple villagers.

Perhaps twenty years ago, the house was occupied by a wealthy farmer, Charles Bayne, and his young bride. One night in early winter, a man strange to the village, and apparently intoxicated, entered the house and attempted to rob the young couple. His clumsy efforts awakened the master of the house and, fearful of arrest, the burglar attacked Bayne in his bed, slew him with a knife, and, retreating from the room while threatening the murdered man's terrified wife with a revolver, fell backwards over the banister in the darkness and broke his neck on the floor below. Mrs. Bayne was found unconscious in the morning and several weeks passed before she could relate the terrible tale. Then her brain gave way and the unfortunate woman went mad.

Two young men who happened to be passing through Pomona on a tour of New Jersey, chanced to hear this story. Greatly interested, they made a visit to the haunted house. They found it a fairly large building, but in a terrible condition of dilapidation. They entered the place and inspected the broken balustrade where the murderer had plunged to his death, and the room where the murder had been committed. It was the most sepulchral and uninviting place in the house. Wishing to demonstrate his fearlessness in regard to superstitions and haunted houses, one of the visitors Tom Saunders, laid a wager with his companion that he would stay in that room all night. The wager was accepted and the two returned to Pomona.

In the evening, Saunders, carrying a pillow with which to make himself comfortable, mounted the stairs to the room and started a log-fire in the large fireplace. The dry wood caught and the room was soon quite cozy. Pipe in mouth, Saunders, reclining upon his pillow, fell asleep.

He awoke with a start, shivering, cold beads of sweat standing out upon his brow. He was certain his cheek had felt a cold, clammy hand. Rising to his feet, he made for the fireplace. Scarcely a spark of fire remained. He stopped to rake the cinders and was startlingly conscious of a cold, deathlike breath upon his neck. Horrified, he sprang around, but nobody was there. A piece of wood crackled in the fireplace and his hair stood on end. Always a deathlike shadow seemed to be behind him, touching him, breathing on him, laughing mockingly at him. He tried to imagine that it was the wind whistling through the crevices in the wall, but he was too terrified to think clearly. He stumbled over the pillow—its softness resembled in his fancy the touch of a dead body. With a cry of horror, he sprang to the door, as the wind blew it shut in his face. His nerves entirely unstrung, he seized the knob, opened the creaking door, rushed wildly into the darkness and plunged headlong through the gap in the balustrade to the floor below.

Early in the morning, John Dowd, repenting of his folly in allowing his younger companion to sleep all night in an empty and desolate house, hurried to the old dwelling. He rushed in and was almost overcome by the sight that met his eyes. Tom Saunders, his skull fractured, lay on the floor dead.

Sorrowfully, Dowd had the body removed to Saunders' mourning home, and the villagers of Pomona have another gruesome tragedy to add to the horror of the "Haunted House of the Baynes."

Moonlit Waters

A little, gentle, rippling, crystal stream;
A fragrant, perfumed, starlit summer night,
When fond Diana's gorgeous silv'ry beam
Converts the silent darkness into light,
And gleams upon the waves with splendor bright.
In all this lovely, God-created sphere
There cannot be a more celestial sight,
When on the dancing wavelets, sparkling clear,
The first broad golden beams of glist'ning light appear.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND, '21.

Grit

Hang on; cling on; no matter what they say.
Push on; sing on; things will come your way.
Sitting down and whining never helps a bit.
Best way to get there is by keeping up your grit.
Don't give up hoping when the ship goes down.
Grab a spar or something—just refuse to drown.
Don't think you're dying just because you're hit.
Smile in face of danger and hang to your grit.
Folks die too easy—they sort of fade away;
Make a little error, and give up in dismay.
Kind of man that's needed is the man with ready wit,
To laugh at pain and trouble and keep his grit.

G. A. B.

THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. II | DECEMBER, 1917 | NO. 2

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K. of C. War Activities

IN THE present world-war, welfare activities are common in the many fraternal organizations throughout our country. There is one organization that stands out preeminent in this respect, and it deserves special mention in these columns. We refer to the work of the Knights of Columbus War Committee in the Army and Navy training camps. The Knights purpose primarily to look after the interests of our Catholic soldiers and sailors. So enthusiastically have their noble efforts been supported by the Catholics of the country that the scope of their activities has been extended to an amazing degree and we rejoice to see centers for recreation open to all, regardless of creed. How thoroughly this is appreciated by the enlisted men is clearly seen from the large numbers in attendance at the buildings erected for this purpose.

In leaving their homes to enter the ranks, our young men are removed from the Catholic atmosphere that pervaded their home lives. They are withdrawn from Catholic surroundings and influences, which are so important to their spiritual welfare. It is the avowed intention of the Knights to establish and maintain this atmosphere in the soldiers' and sailors' lives, and it is this spirit that is actuating them in the noble work in which we now see them engaged. Congeniality, fraternity, and, above all, Love of God are their watchwords.

Chief among the means that the Knights are employing is the movement to provide a larger number of chaplains for our boys in the service. The number allowed by the War Department was meager enough ,—so meager, in fact , that, had it not been for this movement, a large percentage of the Catholic soldiers would have been unable to hear Mass on Sundays and would have been denied that privilege so important to men engaged in their task—the frequent reception of the Sacraments. The in-

Published at Villanova, Pa., in the months of October, December, February, April and June.
All communications to be addressed to THE VILLANOVAN, Villanova, Pa.

convenience due to a shortage of chaplains has been in a great measure alleviated, but there is still much to be done. Be it said to the credit of the Knights that, in the face of all obstacles, they have not altered their determination to extend this great work.

We at Villanova have been in frequent communication with our own boys in the service. They speak in glowing terms of the splendid achievements of the Knights of Columbus, and the patriotic fervor created in the ranks by their unselfish efforts. The Catholics of America should indeed be grateful and proud that we have an organization composed of men of our own Faith, who are proving by their works that the old oft-repeated charges of disloyalty and lack of patriotism among Catholics are base falsehoods. We must be deeply grateful that our young men, even though they may often be in surroundings filled with temptations to their spiritual and moral life, will always have the consolations and protections of their religion. We should be grateful to this organization, the K. of C., which provides that some day our boys will either come back to us better men and better Catholics by reason of their service to our country, or that they will die heroic deaths surrounded by the consolations of religion and signed with the Cross of Mother Church.

The Students' Mission Crusade

FROM Techny, Illinois, comes an important and interesting communication. The Students' Mission Crusade is worthy of the highest commendation and encouragement. The work undertaken for the Church and for society merits deep consideration. However, coming at this time when college activity is by no means normal, when the students are engrossed with other serious problems, we fear that it will not receive the co-operation it deserves.

There can be no more noble work than that of spreading Christ's Kingdom on earth. This is the object of the Students' Mission Crusade. Realizing that well-ordered charity begins at home but does not remain there, the Catholic Students' Bureau of America urges co-operation in spreading the Faith at home and in foreign lands.

How the work should be done in each college is a problem not yet fully solved. Should a new missionary society be established or should the work be incorporated in the already existing organizations? The latter plan is probably the better. Where the Holy Name Society exists, as in our own college, it would seem to be a good plan to incorporate in that society the work of helping the missions.

Catholic students must play an important part in efficient missionary movements. The benefits we have received from Christianity, our position as leaders of men because of education, and our obligation to other missionaries should lead us to take a living interest in the missions. Seventy five-per cent of the priests who have labored and promoted the interests of Christ's Kingdom in America were sent to us from foreign countries. They were missionaries.

The zeal of those not of our Faith in the missionary work has been strong and vigorous. Should we, who possess so glorious a heritage as the Catholic Faith, show less interest?

We hope that our Catholic students will arise with one accord and give their help to this noble work. It is possible for us even though busy with other weighty problems, to give a little of our time and co-operation to the Mission Crusade.

In the conclusion of the *Bulletin* we find this earnest appeal, "Do you love your religion? Do not shrink, then, from assuming your full share of the work ahead! Do not wait for 'the other fellow' to start something. Start something yourself! Do what you can! Show that you are interested and others will become so."

The Mission Crusade Bureau considers it not inopportune to declare again, with all emphasis, that it is actuated in its endeavors by no other motive than the interests of the Church in general, its avowed aim being to further the propagation of the Catholic Faith at home and abroad, by promoting the organization of the

Catholic student body for missionary purposes. Towards the attainment of this end, its members pledge themselves to strive to the limit of their frail capacities, and when the time shall come for the transfer of the burden to shoulders more competent to bear it, they will relinquish it without sigh or murmur, happy in the thought that the movement is well on its way toward the accomplishment of that most glorious of slogans: "The Sacred Heart for the World, and the World for the Sacred Heart."

JOSEPH A. O'LEARY, '18

Exchanges

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges:—

The Saint Francis, St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Alvernia, St. Francis College, Loretto, Pa.

The Aquinas, St. Thomas College, Scranton, Pa.

Catholic Girls' High School Annual, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fordham Monthly, Fordham University, New York.

The Georgetown College Journal, Washington, D. C.

The Index, Niagara University, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The Minerval, De Paul University, Chicago Ill.

The Mountaineer, Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.

St. Peter's College Journal, St. Peter's College, Jersey City, N. J.

The Stylus, Boston College Boston, Mass.

The Viatorian, St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Ill.

The Vincentian, St. Vincent's Academy, Newark N. J.

The Prospector, Mount St. Charles College, Helena, Mont.

The October issue of the *Fordham Monthly*, among other admirable articles, contains a very fine piece of poetry, "Good-bye, Buddy, Good-bye." It smacks of Kipling at his best. At this time it is at once appropriate and touching. We hope the poet will continue the good work.

The *Alvernia* attracted our attention by the article on the "Patriotic Work of the Knights of Columbus." It is a timely subject and one dear to the heart of every true American.

The author of "All for Old Glory," in the DePaul *Minerval*, has struck a fundamental note in life and literature. We cannot detect any great strength of plot, but we feel that the writer does not intend it. The story is a genuine psychological study filled with an understanding of human nature and sympathy with its every weakness.

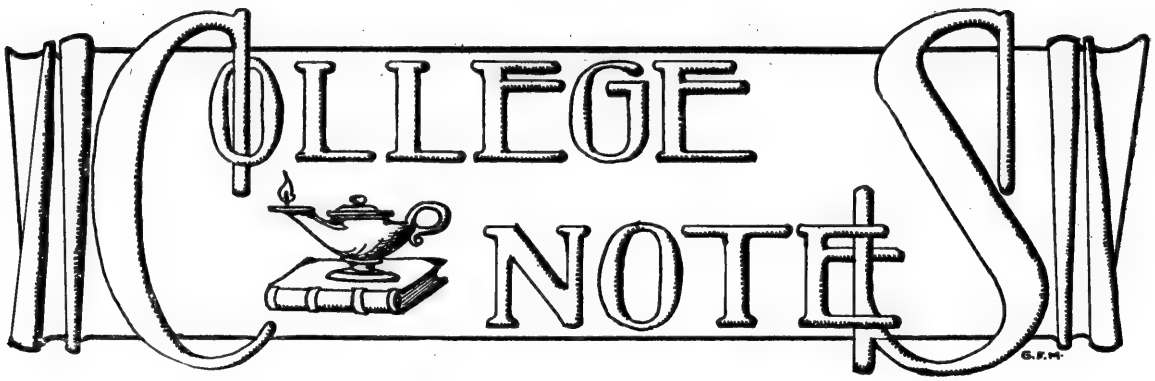
Congratulations to the editor of *St. Peter's College Journal* on the deep and sensible editorial, "Conservation of Students." The article should have great effect. Having heard the authorities on this subject urge the students to get all the education possible and await their country's call, we are glad to see others appreciating this truth, so necessary for the future progress of our country.

At times college editors are not practical in setting forth problems of college life. Often no attempt is made to give solutions. In the November number of the Boston *Stylus* we find the opposite true. Our attention was attracted by "The Prude" and "The Cynic." The essay, "The Difference," gives evidence of no little thought. Whether we agree with the author thoroughly or not, we must admire earnest and patriotic grappling with a real problem.

"The Chapel Reverie," in the *Georgetown College Journal*, contains a beautiful sentiment. In "The Lamp-Man," M. E. D. gives evidence of real Crashaw-like spirituality. We should like to see a more lengthy attempt.

"The Works of Thomas Gray," in the October *Mountaineer*, was a real treat to us. Gray holds a place among poets whom we love beyond all others. The article is original and independent and gives credit to one who in our age has often been neglected.

JAMES J. EGAN '19.



Gift of Books

THE College has received, through Rev. W. J. Ryan of Everett, Ill., a valuable collection of books from the estate of Rev. M. J. Dorney, late Rector of St. Gabriel's Church, Chicago, Ill. The collec ion totals thirteen hundred and fifty volumes in all, including works on history, science, literature, travel, folklore, theology, sacred Scriptures, and many others on devotional topics. Especially noteworthy is a collection of standard words on international law and the civil law and constitutional history of the United States.

Visit of Chaplain Waring

On November 11, the students had the great pleasure of hearing an informal discourse on "America in the World-War", by Rev. George Waring, Ph. D., '12, Chaplain of the Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. Army Captain Waring was introduced to the students by Father Dean, a long-standing friend of the Chaplain. Father Waring's discourse proved very interesting and instructive. He dwelt mainly upon the ideals of America in the war and the many military preparations which have been and are being made by he Government. He pointed out the dut es of American citizens in the crisis and indicated the ways in which students might co-operate to assist our country in overthrowing Prussianism and in making the world safe for democracy.

The numerous witticisms with which he interspersed his remarks, and the incidents drawn from the varied wealth of personal experience, with which he illustrated his points, were enjoyed with keen relish by the enthusiastic audience. At the close of his address, he was greeted with resounding applause. After his address, he answered a number of questions pertaining to the Army and military conditions.

Enlistments

During the past month the following enlistments have been recorded:

Paul O'Brien, '18, National Army (Alumni Editor of The Villanovan).

Walter Guy, '19, Engineering Corps (Assistant manager, football team).

Charles McGuckin, '18, U. S. N. R. F. (Captain of varsity football and baseball teams).

John Dougherty, '18, U. S. Marines (Athletics Editor of The Villanovan).

William Loan, '21, Aviation Corps (Catcher on the varsity baseball team).

Walter Wiegand, '20, National Army (Halfback of varsity football team).

John Christie, '21, Radio Service.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club recently held an election of officers with the following resu ts:

President—James F. Murray, '20

Vice President—James J. Egan, '19

Secretary—John W. Jones, '20

Treasurer—Thomas F. Granahan, '19

Rev. Thomas B. Austin has taken charge of the rehearsals and much progress is being made by the society. A choir has been formed among the members and comment on the renditions at Benediction has been very favorable. Thomas Granahan is acting as pianist and Vincent Hupf as organist.

Orchestra

The College and Preparatory School Orches-

tras have combined under the guidance of Mr. John F. Burns, O. S. A., with John W. Jones as student director. Much of the success of the minstrel should be attributed to the creditable performance given by the Orchestra, and much more can be expected from it in the future.

Improvements

Several noteworthy improvements have recently been instituted by the College. The equipment of the gymnasium has been extensively renovated and brought up-to-date. A new basketball cage has been installed and new dressing-room facilities with new lockers have been constructed.

Another popular improvement has been a commodious clubroom on the main floor for the use of the members of the Epsilon Phi Theta and the Phi Kappa Pi societies. This room, which has been completely furnished with all necessary conveniences, will also serve as a general reading-room for the members. For this purpose, newspapers, periodicals and ready reference works have been provided.

A similar room has been set aside for the Preparatory societies.

The College Shop has also been improved. It has been greatly enlarged, new equipment has been added, and the stock has been increased. Many new articles have been placed on sale and a line of haberdashery has been introduced.

Society Notes

The Employment Bureau of the Phi Kappa Pi has received several requests for electrical engineers, and the Alumni of the Society have been notified to that effect.

The annual initiation of the Phi Kappa Pi was held Tuesday evening, December 4, an unusually large number of new members being welcomed into the society by the degree team. The initiation proved to be as enjoyable as ever. After the initiation the usual banquet was given, attended by several speeches and vocal and instrumental selections. Among the speakers were Fathers Dean and O'Neill, President Alvarez, and Professor McGeehan, faculty advisor.

The Epsilon Phi Theta Society held their initiation Monday evening, November 26. The occasion was a memorable one for the large number of new members as well as for the old members who took part in it. On the following evening a very successful banquet was held in the new clubroom. President Molyneaux acted as toastmaster. Father Hickey and Father Driscoll were present and contributed to the many interesting speeches of the evening.

Minstrel Show

The Minstrel and Vaudeville Show given by the College Glee Club on Thursday evening, December 13, was highly successful. The auditorium was taxed to its utmost and the military aspect throughout the production was favorably received by the large audience. Many of the "old boys" were back in uniform.

Numerous pleasing solos were rendered in the first part and were generously applauded. The clever jokes of the "end men" were made more effective by frequent local references. In the interlude, the Villanova String Band performed creditably.

For the second part a lively sketch entitled "The Spy" was presented for the first time on any stage. It proved to be a delightful surprise to the audience, several song numbers adding greatly to the pleasure afforded by this novel playlet.

The characters were:

Marian.....H. D. Donahue
Captain O'Brien.....F. L. Lynch
Colonel Ormsby.....S. R. Benson
Corporal Fuller.....J. W. Jones

The soloists who took part in the first part were James Murray, William Pickett, Augustin Collins, James Egan, Theodore Stecker, Joseph Campbell, Raymond Maloney, Edward McKenna, and John Reilly. McDermott, Herbert Norton, John Maguire, and William Bride were the "end men." Leo Lynch acted as interlocutor for the Minstrel Show.

Music for the performance was furnished by the College Orchestra.

John J. Maguire, '20.

ALUMNI NOTES

VERITAS UNITAS CARITAS

Enlistments

SINCE the last issue of The Villanovan, many of our alumni have received commissions in Uncle Sam's service and we are printing herewith a list of these, together with the branch of the service to which they belong.

James Bonner, ex-'14, Ensign, Navy.

Cornelius Dougherty, '15, 2nd Lieutenant, Signal Corps, O. R. C.

Rex Gilmartin, ex-'17, 1st Lieutenant, Aviation.

Bernard V. Haberer, ex-'17, 2nd Lieutenant, Infantry, O. R. C.

Paul F. Hughes, ex-'19, 2nd Lieutenant, Infantry, O. R. C.

Earl Keenan, ex-'19, 1st Lieutenant, Field Artillery.

Roy Klunk, ex-'16, 2nd Lieutenant, Infantry, O. R. C.

James H. Lytle, '10, Junior Lieutenant, Navy.

John A. Malone, '14, 2nd Lieutenant, Coast Artillery Corps.

John A. O'Leary, '15, 2nd Lieutenant, Coast Artillery Corps.

James Reap, ex-'20, 1st Lieutenant, Infantry, O. R. C.

David V. Ward, '15, 2nd Lieutenant, Field Artillery.

In addition to the above, a number of enlistments have been recorded:

Joseph Begley, Infantry.
Charles G. Brown, Aviation.
Edward Diebold, Navy.
Thomas Donahue, Corps of Engineers.
Horace Fay, Infantry.
James Graney, Ambulance Corps.
Frank Kerns, Infantry.
Vincent Lombardo, Infantry.
Bernard Milligan, Infantry.
Thomas Mullin, Quartermaster's Corps.
William Quirk, National Army.
James Shaw, Quartermaster's Corps.
Charles H. Stoeckle, Aviation.
Thomas Waters, Navy.
John Roche, ex-'16, Navy.
John Ebbert, ex-'17, Navy.
Joseph Schmidt, ex-'17, Aviation.

This list, added to those published in June and October, makes a roll of honor of which Villanova has just cause to feel proud. We would like to impress on our boys in the service that we are always anxious to hear from them and any little notes which they may find time to send us will be gladly received and, if feasible, published.

Camp Athletics

We are glad to note that many of the Villanova alumni in the service, who distinguished themselves on the gridiron during their College days, are now adding further honor to the Blue and White by their performance with the numerous camp elevens.

Patrick Reagan, who was captain of Villanova's famous 1915 team, was elected captain of the team representing the 316th Infantry at Camp Meade, Md. "Pat" has been playing fullback, and his squad put up a hard fight for the camp championship. "Pat," by the way, is now First Sergeant in his company.

Michael Dougherty is playing with the 311th Field Artillery team which is also stationed at Camp Meade.

David Flemming, who starred at Villanova

last year, was captain of the team which won the championship of the depot brigade at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Jim Reap, another member of the 1915 eleven, played at end in several games for the eleven from the Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Fort Niagara, N. Y.

Deaths

News comes from Middletown, Conn., of the death last September of Harry Walsh, who was a student at Villanova from 1899 to 1902. Mr. Walsh for a number of years has been postmaster in that city, and has held numerous other positions of importance. His untimely death was a great shock to his many friends and is greatly regretted by all who knew him. The Villanovan extends its sincerest condolence to his bereaved family.

Dr. Joseph H. Malatesta, who received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy here at Villanova, died on Wednesday, November 21, at his home in Philadelphia. Dr. Malatesta was a native of Philadelphia, and in his early years went to Italy to study. Returning, he entered Waterford (N. J.) Academy, and later on was graduated from the Philadelphia School of Pharmacy, completing his course in Jefferson Medical College in 1886. At the time of his death, he was instructor on skin diseases at Jefferson, where he was held in very high regard by his associates. To Dr. Malatesta's widow, who survives him, The Villanovan extends its deepest sympathy.

Weddings

Despite the war, Cupid still continues active among Villanova's alumni and several weddings have been recorded.

On October 27, John F. Higgins, of Shamokin, Pa., was married to Miss Esther Louise Mudgett, also of Shamokin.

At Lawrence, Mass., on November 26, Miss Katherine Genevieve Dorgan became the bride of Augustin X. Dooley, '98.

The marriage recently of James Malone, ex-'19, to Miss Genevieve Barnshaw, of Bridgeport, Pa., has also been announced.

The marriage of Walter Riordan, M. D., of Lawrence, Mass., to Miss Margaret Murray, of the same town, has also been announced.

To the newlyweds The Villanovan extends hearty felicitations.

The engagement has just been announced of Martin J. McLaughlin, '14, to Miss Catherine Hagan. The wedding is to take place in January at the home of the bride-to-be in Philadelphia.

Jottings

George A. Buckley, '95, has been appointed secretary of the Woodoleum Company of Philadelphia, and has established a worthy precedent by sending us an advertisement which appears in this issue.

Robert O'Brien, '13, has recently been made Assistant United States District Attorney for the Middle District of Pennsylvania. All success in your new position, Bob!

Eugene Carroll, '14, is now completing his theological course at Caldwell Hall, Catholic University. After leaving Villanova, Gene spent three years in the seminary at Niagara.

Rev. John F. Kelleher, '93, has been transferred from St. Anthony's Church at Allston, Mass., to the position of administrator of the Sacred Heart parish in Groton.

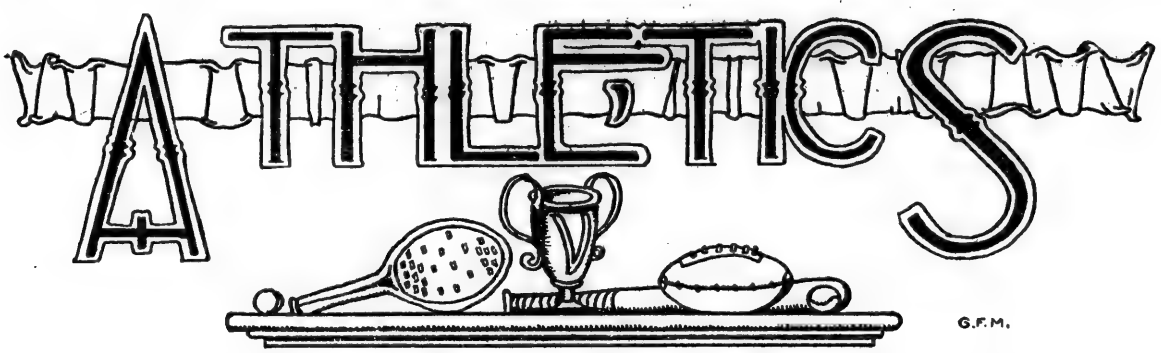
Ignatius J. Kirsch, '17, has been transferred to the Electrification Department, New York Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. "Joe" has been with the "Pennsy" since graduation last June, and we look to see him go up fast.

Several of the boys at Camp Meade, Md., seized the opportunity of renewing old acquaintances by attending the football game at Annapolis. Among these were Eddie McCullian, Michael Dougherty, Donald McDonald, Walter Guy, and Tom ("Reds") Donahue, who caught for the varsity and played guard on the football teams of '99, '00 and '01.

Alfred McGinley, ex-'20, is now at the United States Naval Academy. Al is a loyal midshipman and rooted hard against Villanova.

Charles Gorman and Patrick Miller graduated last June from the Georgetown Law School.

Joseph A. O'Leary, '18.



THE football season of 1918 has now passed into history and although Villanova cannot claim a single victory, it would be unfair to infer hat the season was as disastrous as the records would seem to imply. When we consider the difficulties with which Coach Reap had to contend and the poor prospects which greeted him when he took charge, and then reflect upon the tie games played against Muhlenberg and Ursinus and the more than creditable showing against West Point, we can find much that is comforting. The surprise, in fact, is not so much that the varsity had an unsuccessful season, but rather that it was no worse.

One thing must be said to the credit of the 1917 team—that it went down fighting. Lacking in experience and outweighed in every game, it still lost none of its aggressiveness and, as the score of every game indicates and published accounts confirm, it fought to the last ditch and each point scored against it was well earned. Even in the Navy game, which developed into a veritable rout, the team never ceased to contest every inch of ground and gave way only before the sheer weight of the midshipmen. The game with Army is the bright spot on the season's record, and, although our boys were defeated, it was only when the cadets made a wonderful comeback in the last half which Villanova's green line could not withstand.

The work of the backfield throughout was brilliant and deserves special mention. To Hugh McGeehan must be given the honors for the year, his playing at halfback being sensational. Captain Charley McGuckin and Wiegand also played consistently all season and contributed much to the strength of the team. Diggles gave a good account of himself at quarterback, and Regan, although inexperienced, showed his ability in the trenches. Delaney's broken collarbone kept him out during the greater part of the year, but he got away for several nice runs in the Navy game. Lynch, Coan and Ewing carried off the honors in the line, with McGrady, at end, giving promise of developing into a star. Mr. Reap deserves great credit for the impression he has made upon all at Villanova, not only for his great knowledge of the game, which he imparted so well, but also for the spirit of grit and true sportsmanship upon which he constantly insisted.

Conditions brought about by the war make it useless to enter into any predictions concerning our eleven for next year. Several members of the 1917 squad have already entered the service and more are bound to follow. Still others will be lost by graduation, but those who remain will have gained immensely through their experience with this year's team. Taken all in all, however, the outlook is not as bright as we had hoped it might be.

Army, 21; Villanova, 7

On Saturday, October 27, the Villanova eleven traveled to West Point and put up its best football exhibition of the year, outplaying the cadets for two periods and succumbing only when the mighty Oliphant broke away in the third period and scored the touchdown which put his team in the lead. It was Villanova's passing game that put the Army on the defensive, and the fine work of McGuckin and Ewing swept them off their feet in the first quarter. After just three plays, with as many forward passes, Ewing crossed the goal-line for Villanova's score, and Captain McGuckin kicked the goal. Our boys again threatened a score in

this period, but Army's improved defensive work held them off. In the second quarter, the heavy West Point backfield, by means of short jabs at the line, managed to push the ball over for a touchdown, but not until Villanova had made a heroic defense, holding the cadets for three downs on the one-yard line.

In the third period, Richardson intercepted a forward pass for Army, and Oliphant, on the next play, broke away for a long run through Villanova's defense for a touchdown. Shortly afterward, a long forward pass, Oliphant to Richardson, gave the cadets their last score.

Again, in the final quarter, Villanova forced Army on the defensive, and some heavy line-plunging by McGeehan and Wiegand brought the ball to West Point's ten-yard line, where the referee's whistle brought the game to a close.

Villanova		West Point
McGrady	left end	Richardson
Coan	left tackle	Badger
Brennan	left guard	Knight
Lynch	centre	Stokes
Fogarty	right guard	Watkins
McCarthy	right tackle	Smith
Ewing	right end	Schrader
Diggles	quarterback	Barrick
McGeehan	halfback	Wicks
Wiegand	halfback	Monroe
McGuckin	fullback	Oliphant

Score by periods:

Villanova	7	0	0	0	— 7
Army	0	7	14	0	—21

Touchdowns—Army: Wicks, Oliphant and Horr. Villanova: Ewing. Goals from touchdown—Army: Oliphant, 3. Villanova: McGuckin. Substitutions—Army: Horr for Richardson, Holbrook for Knight, Hendrick for Badger, Pulsifer for Stokes, Marsden for Watkins, Dickson for Smith, Domminey for Schrader, Estill for Monroe, Hahn for Oliphant. Villanova: Benson for Coan, Coan for Benson, McDermott for Coan, Regan for Diggles, Diggles for Regan. Referee—Whitney, Cornell. Umpire—Okeson, Lehigh.

Villanova, 7; Ursinus, 7

The big game of the year was played at Norristown on November 3 against the Ursinus College eleven, and after a pretty battle a tie score resulted. It was the first time that a college game was played at Norristown, and it attracted a crowd of several thousand people. The students of both colleges were present in large numbers, and their cheering added immensely to the interest of the game.

The varsity was slow in getting started and the first half was slightly in favor of Ursinus, the latter team scoring a touchdown in the second period. Richards, of Ursinus, had remained onside during a kick and coming down the field he recovered the ball and took it across for a touchdown, Wood kicking the goal. This was the only score of this half, although both teams were within striking distance of the goal-lines.

Beginning the second half, the Blue and White team took a brace and completely outplayed Ursinus. Hughie McGeehan was the Villanova hero, and he gave a wonderful exhibition of line-plunging. Taking the ball in midfield, he went through the Ursinus line for gain after gain, ably seconded by Wiegand. With the ball on the one-yard line, Hughie made the final plunge which scored the touchdown. McGuckin kicked the goal and tied the score.

Several times after this, the varsity approached the Ursinus goal, but lacked the final punch. Lynch, as usual, was Villanova's mainstay on the defense, and his deadly tackling cut short some promising Ursinus rallies.

Villanova		Ursinus
McGrady	left end	Vetter
Coan	left tackle	Wood
Brennan	left guard	Helfric
Lynch	centre	Light
Fogarty	right guard	Dietz
McCarthy	right tackle	Gulick
Ewing	right end	Whitman
Diggles	quarterback	Richards
McGeehan	halfback	Bowman
Wiegand	halfback	Isenburg
McGuckin	fullback	Evans

Score by periods:

Villanova	0	0	7	0	— 7
Ursinus	0	7	0	0	— 7

Touchdowns—McGeehan, Richards. Goals from touchdown—McGuckin, Wood. Substitutions—Villanova: Regan for Diggles, Diggles for McGuckin, McGuckin for Regan, Delaney for McGuckin, McGuckin for Diggles. Ursinus: Brok for Isenberg. Referee—Washburn. Umpire—Sangree. Linesman—Murray. Time of perods —15 minutes.

Navy, 80; Villanova, 3

Saturday, November 18, saw the varsity go down in the most crushing defeat which Blue and White teams have experienced in years, when the midshipmen from the United States Naval Academy rolled up a total of eighty points against three for Villanova. After the first period, the game became rather listless, but it was not without its interesting points.

Repeating the performance against the Army, Villanova secured the jump and scored early in the first period, coming down the field with a rush that swept Navy off its feet. A series of line-bucks after the kickoff brought the ball to midfield, and a long forward pass, Wiegand to

McGrady, advanced it still further. At this point the Navy line held, and Captain Charley McGuckin dropped back to the thirty-five-yard line, and placed a neat drop-kick squarely between the uprights.

Thereafter, Navy was in possession of the ball the greater part of the time, and, although they scored touchdown after touchdown, Villanova fought savagely to the end. Roberts and Martin were the stars for the Annapolis boys, and their open field running was wonderful. Leo Lynch, by his splendid defensive work, stood out for Villanova.

VILLANOVA		NAVY
McGrady	left end	Von Heimburg
O'Leary	left tackle	Barrett
Brennan	left guard	Newburn
Lynch	centre	Goodstein
Fogarty	right guard	Caldwell
McCarthy	right tackle	Scaffe
Coan	right end	Ewen
McGuckin	quarterback	Ingram
McGeehan	halfback	Martin
Wiegand	halfback	Roberts
Delaney	fullback	Butler

Score by periods:

Villanova	3	0	0	0	— 3
Navy	14	19	28	19	—80

Touchdowns—Navy: Ingram, 3; Martin, 3; Roberts, 3; Wetchel, 2; Scaffe. Goal from field—Villanova: McGuckin. Goals from touchdown—Navy: Ingram, 8. Substitutions—Villanova: Diggles for Wiegand, Benson for Fogarty. Navy: Wetchel for Martin, Watson for Butler, Edwards for Caldwell, Mason for Newburn. Referee—Hennage, Dartmouth. Umpire—Coil, Williams. Linesman—Wheatley, Annapolis. Time of periods—15 minutes.

PREP. FOOTBALL

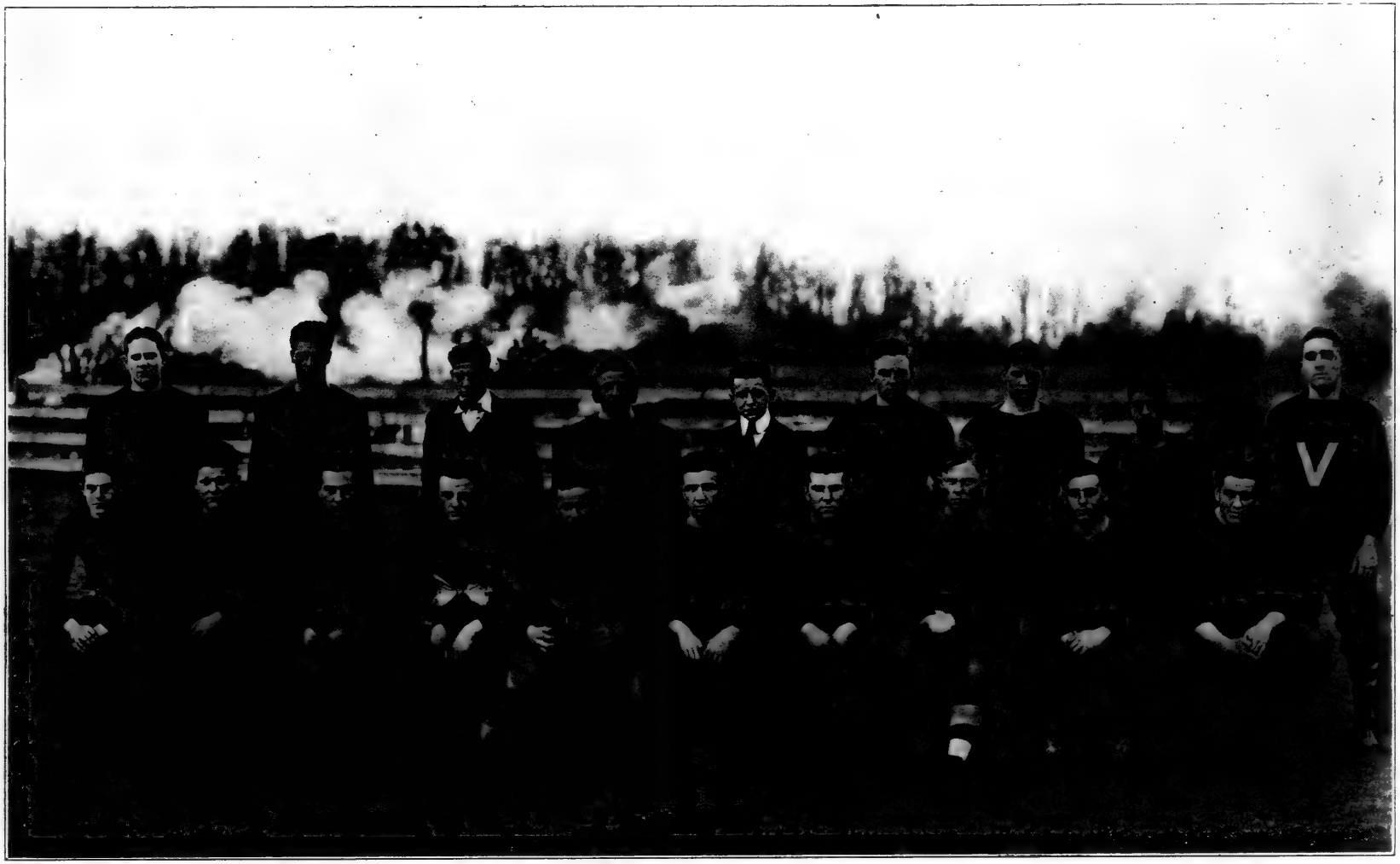
Following up their splendid record of last year, the Villanova Prep. eleven has just completed another remarkably successful season. In all, six games were played, four of which resulted in victories for Villanova and two of which were lost. The four victories were over some of the best teams in the vicinity, and the defeat of St. Joseph's College and Catholic High School gave the Prep. boys the Catholic championship of Philadelphia, since La Salle College, the only other contender, refused to meet Villanova. Northeast High and Williamson Trades School, the two teams which defeated the Preps., had a big advantage in weight, and only because of this were they able to roll up the scores which they did.

Johnny Dougherty, who took up the coaching work last year after the resignation of Arthur Forst, was again at the helm when the season opened this year. The prospects which greeted him were not very encouraging, but he went to work with an enthusiasm which soon began to show results. Dougherty, like Forst, had played at Villanova under "Dutch" Sommer, and, using the same coaching system, he was able to take up the work where Forst had left off. He was an advocate of the open style of play, and drilled his charges unceasingly in these tactics. Dougherty, however, answered the call to the colors when the season was about half over. This left the team without a coach for several weeks, although several members of the varsity volunteered their services and did splendid work in keeping the team in shape. After the conclusion of the varsity's season, their coach, Tom Reap, took charge of the Prep. team and led them to two of their best victories of the year.

The first game of the year, against Northeast High School, resulted in a defeat for the Preps. by the score of 31-0. St. Joseph's College was next on the list, and what was expected to be a hard game proved to be an easy victory for Villanova, although the Philadelphia boys fought hard all the way, the final score being 21-6.

The victory over Atlantic City High School proved to be one of the most notable of the year, the Preps. winning 7-6. The next game resulted in the second and last defeat of the Preps., Williamson Trades School being the victor this time, 33-0. Then came a splendid victory for the Preps. over their old rivals, Catholic High School, by the score 26-12. Villanova came from behind in the last half with an offensive that could not be stopped. The season was brought to a close on Thanksgiving Day at Chester, with a 7-6 victory over the high school lads from that town.

Blanchfield and Johnny Christie, who succeeded Pete Dunn as captain after the latter enlisted, proved to be the stars of the year. Blanchfield, at halfback, repeated his performances of last year, his open field running proving the sensation of nearly every game in which he played. Christie ran the team for his position at quarterback, and proved to be an excellent field general. Collins and Wasilko proved their ability as line-plungers and were always to be relied upon. The line likewise played up to the standard of Villanova's elevens and it rounded out a well-balanced team.



PREP. FOOTBALL TEAM—1917

Standing, left to right—Bride, Henneberger; Stecker, Ass't Manager; Bendinski; Barrett, Manager; Mullin, Kane, Talone; Lynch, Coach.
Sitting, left to right—Roche, A. Christie, Norton, Blanchfield; J. Christie, Captain; Wasilko, Collins, Thomas, Stinziano, Norris.

McGrady, advanced it still further. At this point the Navy line held, and Captain Charley McGuckin dropped back to the thirty-five-yard line, and placed a neat drop-kick squarely between the uprights.

Thereafter, Navy was in possession of the ball the greater part of the time, and, although they scored touchdown after touchdown, Villanova fought savagely to the end. Roberts and Martin were the stars for the Annapolis boys, and their open field running was wonderful. Leo Lynch, by his splendid defensive work, stood out for Villanova.

Villanova		Navy
McGrady	left end	Von Heimburg
O'Leary	left tackle	Barrett
Brennan	left guard	Newburn
Lynch	centre	Goodstein
Fogarty	right guard	Caldwell
McCarthy	right tackle	Scaffe
Coan	right end	Ewen
McGuckin	quarterback	Ingram
McGeehan	halfback	Martin
Wiegand	halfback	Roberts
Delaney	fullback	Butler

Score by periods:

Villanova	3	0	0	0	3
Navy	14	19	28	19	80

Touchdowns—Navy: Ingram, 3; Martin, 3; Roberts, 3; Wetchel, 2; Scaffe. Goal from field—Villanova: McGuckin. Goals from touchdown—Navy: Ingram, 8. Substitutions—Villanova: Diggles for Wiegand, Benson for Fogarty. Navy: Wetchel for Martin, Watson for Butler, Edwards for Caldwell, Mason for Newburn. Referee—Hennage, Dartmouth. Umpire—Coil, Williams. Linesman—Wheatley, Annapolis. Time of periods—15 minutes.

Prep. Football

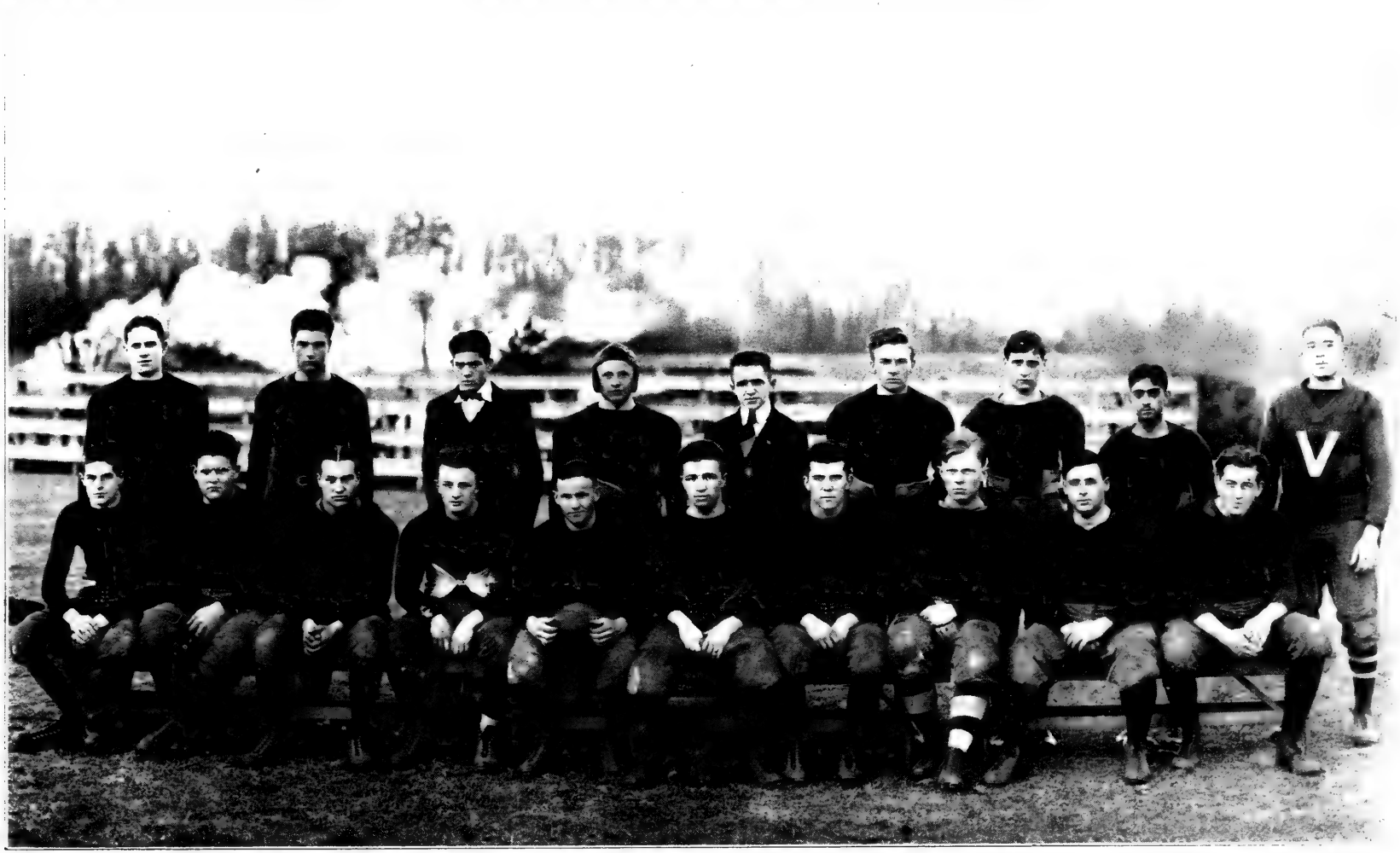
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PREP. FOOTBALL TEAM 1917

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Sitting, left to right—Roche, A. Christie, Norton, Blanchfield; J. Christie, Captain; Wasilko, Collins, Thomas, Stinziano, Norris.



ODE TO MY ALARM CLOCK

Cursed, harsh, and horrid sound!
Brutal thoughts thy jinklings bring.
Oh, to smash thee to the ground
With a shoe,—or anything!

How that face, so saturnine,
And its pale, malignant stare,
Send the shivers down my spine
Standing in the frosty air!

Evening friend and morning foe,
Faithful servant, fiend of Hell,
How I love, yet hate thee so,
Is beyond my wit to tell.

J. V. D.

* * *

Prefect—"Why didn't you get up when I called you this morning?"

Tom Brady—"Well, you see, mister, I'm a slow sleeper and it takes me a long time to get enough."

* * *

Chuck—"I see Bill Loan has gone in for aviation."

Joe—"Good! Now he can visit some of his air castles."

* * *

Prof. (in Latin)—"Holbrook, what are the primary tenses?"

Holbrook—"I believe I know them; wait until I think."

Prof.—"We won't have time to wait; school closes next week."

Two members of the football team, Mr. Delaney and Mr. McDermott, recently made their debut in Baltimore society. And Ewing told us it was "some" town.

* * *

J. W.—"No woman ever made a fool out of me."

J. W. J.—"Well, what did then?"

* * *

Editor—"I found a splinter last night in a restaurant."

Mac—"How did that happen?"

Editor—"I got a club sandwich."

* * *

Ford—"Did your late uncle remember you when he was making his will?"

McGrath—"Yes, I think he did; he left me out of it."

* * *

Prof. (in Astronomy)—"Does the moon affect the tide?"

O'Leary—"No, sir, only the untied."

* * *

Bill—"Why is it that you never laugh at my jokes?"

Jack—"Oh, I always respect old age."

* * *

Holbrook (trying to flirt)—"Joe Gillespie bet me a quarter that I didn't dare to speak to you; you don't mind, do you?"

Pretty Girl—"Not at all; run along now and get your quarter."

Hanley—"Have you read the autobiography of Franklin?"

Newell—"No; who is it by?"

* * *

The stirring scenes attending the visit of Butch McDevitt to Broadway were vividly renewed on the night of the Villanova-West Point game. For information, see "Beef" McCarty.

* * *

Prof. (in Physics)—"What is the unit of power?"

Del. (waking)—"The what? (Watt)."

Prof.—"Correct; any questions?"

* * *

"Isn't he rather fast, dear?" asked the anxious mother.

"Yes, mamma," replied Genevieve, "but I don't think he'll get away."

* * *

MacEvitt—"Waiter, this coffee is pretty weak."

Waiter—"Well, sah, this is a week day." And Mac was apparently satisfied with the explanation.

* * *

Feb—"Let's drop into this restaurant."

Joe—"I don't believe I can eat anything just now."

Feb—"Well, come in and get a new hat for your old one, anyway."

* * *

Regan (at Leary's Book Store)—"I want one of Edgar Allen Poe's works."

Clerk—"All right, sir; any special title?"

Regan—"Oh, give me something he's just written."

Prof. (in Physics)—"What is Ohm's law, Mr. Benson?"

Benson—"Action equals reaction in the opposite direction."

* * *

Jones (at rehearsal)—"Waugh wants to know what kind of an instrument produces footnotes."

Director—"Tell him a shoe-horn."

* * *

Prof.—"Mention two cities in France."

Pupil—"Paris and Somewhere."

* * *

Syl—"I saw a friend of yours down the road the other day, but she didn't see me."

Jake—"So she told me."

* * *

Charlie—"I can say one thing: I'm a self-made man."

Harry—"Are you boasting or apologizing?"

* * *

Those eggs we get on Fridays aren't what they're cracked up to be.

* * *

Editor—"Do you support the Villanovan?"

Hanley—"I didn't know I had to, it has a staff."

* * *

A member of the faculty recounts the following incident which happened to himself: he was a speaker at a celebration held last week in one of the churches in Philadelphia. Immediately after the sermon, the choir rendered a hymn entitled "Oh, Mother I Could Weep for Mirth." He is still at a loss to understand the connection."



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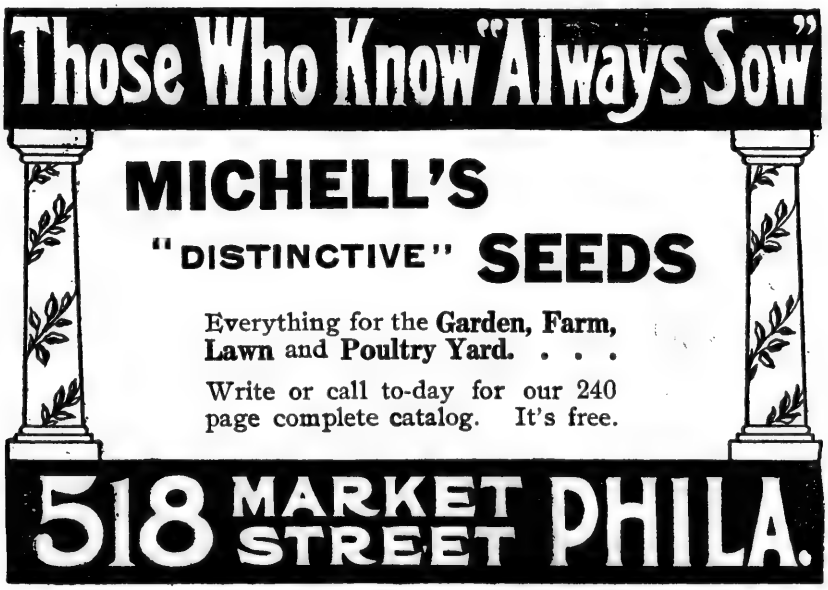
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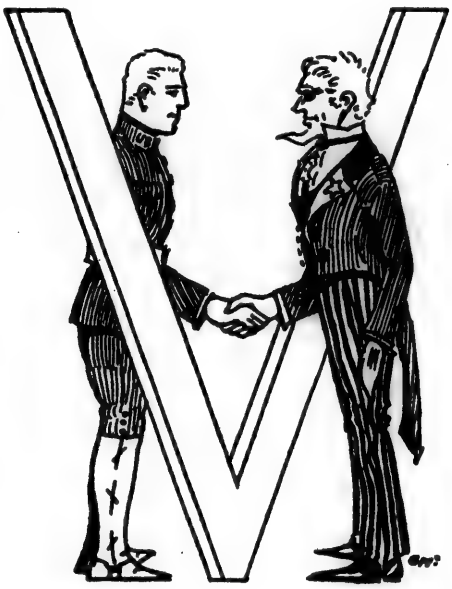
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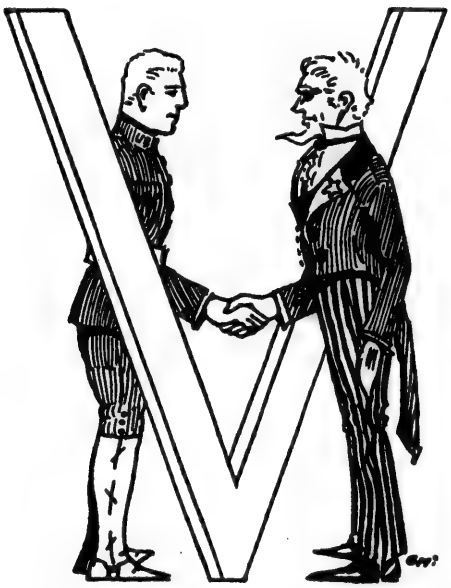
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THE VILLANOVAN

VOL. II. FEBRUARY, 1918 No. 3

Time

Lo! another day is ended; yes, another day is done,
Yet, before the sun of morrow comes, another has begun.
While the midnight bells a-tolling, tell us one more day is dead,
There's another marching onward with a calm and steady tread.
Thus does time roll on forever; never halts its constant pace.
As each hour into oblivion sinks, another takes its place.
Start with midnight then returning: lo! a day has passed away,
And we never can recall it, save in mem'ry's loving way.
Be it one of joy and gladness which brings peace unto the heart,
Then it seems to pass on quickly—ah! too quickly to depart.
Be it one of grief and sadness—oh! how long it seems to be!
And how far does seem the nightfall, bringing sleep to comfort me.
So our lives pass quickly onward, like the tread of mighty time:
As each one departs, another starts, the stairs of life to climb.
Like the days, a life of gladness seems to smile and fade away.
As the wave upon the ocean leaps and falls in scattered spray,
But the life of lasting sorrow seems to tramp the lengthy road,
And the soul is sore afflicted in its gloomy, dark abode.
So shall be the days of gladness; so shall be the days of grief,
Till the day of everlasting joy, from God does bring relief.

G. C. E.

Our Household Poet

By John O'Brien, '19

FREQUENTLY we hear it asserted that American literature is too youthful and undeveloped to produce a great author. No doubt the individuals who give utterance to such criticisms have unconsciously overlooked the ambiguity of this statement, or perhaps their concept of great authors is so high that they believe only the chosen few can enter in that honorable realm.

The attribute "great" has long since been discussed. After considerable study, it has come to be generally acknowledged that this prerogative may be predicated of two distinct classes of writers. To the first belong great authors whose works are immortal; that is, while man is interested in letters their writings will flourish and be admired with undiminished love. The second class comprises those authors whose efforts and results have won the respect and approval of the critical student, but not with sufficient intensity to rival the perpetual endurance of the former.

We have never heard it claimed that the sacred spirits of Dante, or Milton, or Shakespere, or any of those immortal names that brighten the horizon of literature, had fled their silent tombs, crossed the surging waters, and reanimated the American aspirant to poetical laurels. Yet, from this we cannot conclude that American literature is not glowing with ultimate greatness.

Authors are said to be great when they possess the faculty of charming the mind by the keenness of their imagination, and of introducing the reader into the heart of great ideas. Taking ability as an essential for such distinguished writers, we need not turn our eye farther than the bounds of our own land. Who would not admire that mysterious Poe? Such poets as the subtle Hawthorne, robust Bryant, and the witty Holmes are entitled to some niche in the chamber of honorable mention. But there is another, a real and sympathetic singer of verse, whose life has rung the note of consolation in the despondent hearts of afflicted humanity, whose voice has hovered over hills and wayside, shedding love and resignation at its advent, whose charming variation of style has won the admiration of scholars and the honor of pleasure-seeking readers.

Henry W. Longfellow, the subject of our paper, is undoubtedly the most popular and beloved of American poets. He was the genial philanthropist who pledged his talents and endeavors to respect for justice and the uplift of humanity. A sympathizing charm seems to have enchanted his motives for writing. Conscious of the European difficulties, its wars and famines, its plagues and rebellions, he turned to the American citizens and pleaded for consolidation and loyalty to the constitutive foundation of Old Glory's land. As a patriot he never entered the field of active warfare, but he touched the tender strings of devotion and love that vibrate within the human heart, and called forth an anthem of peace and tranquillity. His life and writings were one continual song of love, gentleness, and kindness. He wrote for his country, for his friends, and for his God. We love his perennial devotion to children, his respect for virtue, his exquisite sensibility to the beauty of Nature, and especially his depicting of maiden reserve and purity in the charming "Evangeline." He was a master of verbal melody. He mysteriously united the feelings of the heart to thoughts that express his deep regard for virtue. The fine appreciation of sentiment that gives life to the active characters of his narration fills us with admiration. He lived the life of his creatures; he felt their anxieties, their pains and wrongs; he fathomed the depth of their sorrows and pain because he knew the true anguish of their suffering hearts.

But if there is one thing more than any other that warrants commendation in the writings of a poet, it is his favorable attitude toward morality. In this respect Longfellow had few superiors. It was said of him that his Muse was exceptionally moral, and we have only to turn to his works to find the substantiation of this truth in actual reality. His whole cast of writings was

one enormous moral sermon written to turn man from vicious tendencies and direct him to the throne of love. As a poet, Longfellow is calm and earnest in his task, sincere and faithful in his thoughts. At times he seems to rival the sublime concepts of immortal Shakespere. His ideas are colored with true poetical and striking shades. His wonderful tact in the employment of his words and phrases, added to a graceful style, gives him the form of a master of descriptive beauty. He is indeed an artist of exceptional ability, a thorough-going student of linguistics, human nature, and Christian virtue. His variety of versification and his own natural benevolent characteristics have been the foundation of the popularity that assisted him in so generously directing his efforts to the betterment of his countrymen.

To attempt any complete study of his entire works would far outreach our scope and be superfluous. However, it might be interesting to consider a few of what we think his most imposing compositions. We think these are perhaps the most popular of his writings. They are highly Christian both in thought and expression. Christianity has taught the world the lesson of respect for women. The beautiful tale of Acadia is dedicated to this noble purpose. In the introduction Longfellow writes:

"Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures and is patient.
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to the tale of love in Acadia, home of the happy."

The spirit that prompted these lines animates the whole composition. Although, as it has been urged, Evangeline is not passionate and vivified by the frolicsome buoyancy of maiden innocence and laughter, yet there is reserve of dignity that distinguishes her and makes her a reflection of the fair lady of mediaeval romance.

"Evangeline" as a poem has received unlimited acceptance and gratitude. It is the story of a virtue-seeking people crushed by the cruel hand of tyranny. Their hearths and homes are demolished, their church with its sacred altar desecrated, and the sweet tranquillity of their lives shattered before their eyes. Age and youth, strength and beauty, poverty and wealth, all are swept away by the anger of an immoral king. We could move step by step through the lines that follow in the construction of this composition and pause frequently to admire its beauty and charm. The character of Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand Prè, is well drawn. He is true to life, a man of impressive personality. Longfellow describes him thus:

"Stalwart and stately in form was the man of seventy winters,
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes,
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak leaves."

Notice the fine treatment of alliteration and thematic imagery that pervades these few lines. We can at once set before our mind's eye a smiling, benevolent sire, the picture of the author himself, in the bright expression of happiness, dignified by the white hair of respected age. Again, in contrast, observe his soft, delicate taste in the painting of his heroine:

"Fair was she to behold, a maiden of seventeen summers,
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside.
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses.
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

With two such diverse characters, united in love or mutual attention, we do not wonder why Longfellow attracts our hearts and holds them spell-bound by his artistic treatment. For an example of beauty of Nature we have only to look at a picture of Evangeline's home:

"Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood by the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through the orchard wide and disappeared in the meadow."

This was an expression of the poet's fanciful home, a home worthy of only such characters as Benedict and Evangeline. They live for each other and smile for each other and—

"Thus dwelt in love these simple Acadian farmers,
Dwelt in love of God and of man.
* * * *
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bar to their windows,
But their dwellings were open as day as the hearts of the owners."

And so lived that peaceful Acadian village, with love for one another, reverence for their priest Father Leblanc, and fear of God. But too soon was that celestial land harassed by the invasion of a jealous and suspicious monarch. The firm opposition and resistance offered the grasping enemy caused a struggle and skirmish at intervals of frequent succession. At last in the Catholic Chapel the commander of the English forces proclaimed his mission.

"'You are convened this day,' he said, 'by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!'"

He describes the disorder of the congregation as a storming sea or a raging hailstorm that leaves destruction in its wake.

"Down with the tyrants of England! We never have sworn them allegiance.
Death to these foreign soldiers who seize on our homes and our forests."

Naturally, in the heat of such passionate anger, we would expect revolution, resistance, and bloodshed. But here the author takes an opportunity of showing the Acadian's love for God and respect for His representative; and of bringing out the finer side of human nature that was characteristic of Christ and His saints, as well as showing the power of the good example of a holy priest.

As the effervescent wrath of the Acadians was about to wreak their vengeance on the apostles of tyranny, Father Leblanc appears, and in the midst of the strife and the tumult of angry contention he raises his reverend hand with a

gesture that awed the clamorous throng into silence, and in deep, solemn tone he speaks to his people;

"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"

What a calm followed these eloquent words! His people had absolute confidence in his words and this restored them to their usual tranquillity of mind. Here is an example of Longfellow's notion of a priest. It is well conceived, for the influence which the old clergyman exercised was indicative of his piety and beauty of character.

There are several charming passages in "Evangeline," but space forces us to content ourselves with these few. However, they exemplify the reverence which the author has for Catholicity.

"Evangeline" is only a very small portion of Longfellow's poems. His ballads, sonnets, and historical poems of narration and description have held the attention and study of scholars. It might be interesting to consider a typical representative of each.

A ballad has been defined as a short narrative poem containing lively incidents that are influenced by sentiment. The author in question has been most successful in this species of composition. As in "Evangeline," one of these ballads gives us an admirable contrast of a young maiden with a rough, sea-going veteran. "The Wreck of the Hesperus" leads us into the midst of great ideas, for the stern, proud independence of the skipper, his unconcern for the old sailors' advice, and his confidence in his ability to weather the roughest gale that ever a wind did blow, bring his character before us as a typical seaman of the poet's day. His accompanying daughter of whom Longfellow wrote:

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May,"

is quite distinct from the black-eyed, brown-haired daughter of the farmer of Grand Prè. The story tells of the skipper's determination to sail in spite of evil forebodings and warnings of nautical wisdom. Far out into troublesome waters, the Hesperus steers its bow:

"Cold and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast.
The snow fell hissing in the brine
And the billows frothed like yeast."

The storm raged on, and the sea-tossed vessel shuddered like a frighted steed.

"'Come hither, come hither, my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.'

"He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"'O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?'
'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!'
And he steered for the open sea.

"'O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?'
But the father answered never a word;
A frozen corpse was he."

Such was the cruel fate of stubbornness. The warm blood of youth and innocence weathered the last of the furious winds, but the chilled veins of age froze and painted the skipper as a wraith with fixed and glassy eyes. The maiden prayed, but He whose word had stilled the Galilean waters could snatch her from the ice-sheeted vessel. Like a ghost it moved on till it struck on the hard sea-sand.

"She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull."

At daybreak the fishermen came to see the spectacle of ruin and horror. How they stood aghast

"To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.
The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And they saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise."

Here is a fine treatment of beauty wrapped in the mantle of fate. The incidents are exquisitely portrayed, the action extremely exciting, and the disastrous conclusion heart-rending and dark. The character of the skipper is undoubtedly the ordinary type of sailor that assumed to himself the absolute control of the helm. His blue-eyed daughter is charming and natural in her inquisitiveness. The description of her floating body has, perhaps, the finest touch of mastery that could be cited in the selection.

"Such was the wreck of the Hesperus
In the midnight and the snow."

As a sonneteer, Longfellow has won considerable repute. Although he has not the genius of Wordsworth or of Milton, yet in his sphere as a great poet of mortal endurance, his labors in this field are likewise commendable and worthy of regard. Longfellow's best sonnet is usually considered as the ideal sonnet. In this particular branch of literature he has a distinct pattern which adequately expresses his thought in embellished dress. In "The Tide," the first quatrain depicts the weight of desolation by reason of the ebbing of the tide, while the second quatrain smiles with consolation at its flow. The application is very apt to the sadness and joys of the world. The distinct spirits that seem to characterize their appointed lots are remarkably shaded into a blending portrait of man's life.

"I saw the long line of the vacant shore,
The seaweed and the shells upon the sand,
And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,
As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.
Then heard I, more distinctly than before,
The ocean breathe and its great breast expand,
And hurrying came on the defenceless land
The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar.
All thought and feeling and desire, I said,
Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of song
Have ebbed from me forever! Suddenly o'er me
They swept again from their deep ocean bed,
And in a tumult of delight, and strong
As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me."

Again, Longfellow has achieved the enviable title of the poet of love for children. It is remarked of him that he was more fond of children than any poet of his time. There are innumerable passages that speak the poet's love for the innocent and the young, such as could be found in "The Child Asleep," "To a Child," "Maidenhood," "Children," and so forth,

"Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before."

* * * * * *

"Come to me, O ye children
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

* * * * * *

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are living poems
And all the rest are dead."

These lines speak for themselves. They were snatched at random, but they help to express some notion of his devotion for the little ones. In this category of Longfellow's writings, perhaps the most popular selection is "The Children's Hour." This work has been so profusely accepted as a household composition that its reputation needs no commendation. In this selection the hidden love for children breaks forth in spite of the poet's humility. Longfellow is sitting quietly in his study when

"Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair,"

make

"A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall;
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter his castle wall."

Here again is a delicate intimacy with children's ways and manners. The true touch of poetic beauty seems to reward his efforts when dealing with children, for surely such as the following is worthy of a genius of words. He embraces the beaming children and draws them near to his heart.

"I have you fast in my fortress
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.
And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away."

There is still another gem in Longfellow's crown of fame that distinguishes him with the prerogative of greatness. It is his skill in narration. In this regard our poet is extremely interesting. "Hiawatha," his long example of early American legendry, is filled with traditions and superstitions of Indian life. It deals with the

"Legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers."

The remarkable universal attention that welcomed its publication speaks volumes for its worth. Its freshness of subject and novelty of versification have introduced it into the realms of happy firesides. His intimacy with Indian phrases and expression merits our admiration. The frequency and grace that accompany their use are indicative of the poet's interest in linguistics. Indeed, it has been said in this regard that Longfellow far outruns the broadness of his contemporaries' learning. So true is this that without a fair knowledge of the tongue of our red-skinned ancestors, the beauty and strength of the composition would remain unappreciated.

The "Psalm of Life" is another addition to the collection of writings that has found its way into the hearts of the American people. Most people like to put aside thoughts of a hereafter, but this poem has counteracted that prevalent spirit and brought many to the sense of another life where each shall hold his chosen place beyond the great divide.

Longfellow contends that life is not an airy bubble that bursts ere we can discover its destination, but that

"Life is real! life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

For the Maker of the dust, and from dust man, did not include the spiritual element of the human being when he said, "Remember, man, that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return." This selection is perhaps the most widely known of his works, and its merit is in keeping with its popularity.

It is possible here to consider Longfellow's works from cover to cover, but as we look through the various types of composition there are two selections which warrant our attention more than others. These are "The Ladder of St. Augustine," and "Resignation."

The former was written to that glorious saint who had in days of death wallowed in the mire of sin, and who, when he saw his miserable condition and the reward of repentance, used those very vices as stepping-stones to a higher and nobler life.

Longfellow's development of the theme has

been the marvel of decades. In the first stanza he quotes Augustine:

"St. Augustine, well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame."

Taking this as a text, the author enumerates

"The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

"The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

"All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—"

His comparison to the mighty pyramids and the distant mountains is well adopted. This is another place where we pause and admire the thematic imagery that furnishes interest and grace. The last stanza expresses the poet's conviction that every man, no matter how degraded, has still the power of rising to higher things.

"Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain."

Longfellow was far advanced on the way of life when a sad event, which darkened his joyful spirit, occurred. His wife, whom he loved beyond measure with all the devotion of his noble, self-sacrificing heart, was burned to death. He bore his grief and accepted the will of God with patience and resignation. Not long after, as he sits by his cozy fireside, watching the frolicking flames that dance like little children before him, his eyes fall on a vacant chair that stands opposite his place.

"There is no flock however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

He thinks of Rachel for her children weeping and says her tears are celestial benedictions in dark disguise. So it is now with him. His cross is light; he must look up and see the hills and mountains of consolation that urge him to receive his affliction with humility. And so he does; yes, from his heart he casts aside all thoughts of gloom and sorrow by assuring himself that

"She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

"In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead."

Year in, year out, from morn till night, he will think of her and her work in the bright realms of happiness. He will pursue her gentle step and at each advancement see her beauty more beaming and sweet. He will talk with her, sing for her, smile for her, and at last will live with her to keep unbroken the bond that nature gives. He hopes his unspoken remembrance of her will reach her celestial home and merit answers of her love and fidelity. Never again will the same innocent face of years ago smile on the boyish rapture that prompted him to press her to his throbbing bosom and kiss her pretty tears away. No, not as a child will she appear to him,

"But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;

she will stand at the portal of death and lead him to the land of immortality, and so he resigns his lot into the hands of the Almighty Wisdom and Justice.

"We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay.
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have its way."

This work alone would be sufficient to place our poet amidst the most tender writers of our land. If it is true that the works of an author frequently lead us into the secret chambers of his soul, where the music of charity and love attract our ears and whisper the generous spirit of the writer, here, then, is a resting-place in the course of American literature where we may enter and imbibe the free breathing atmosphere of devotion that gives life to his "Resignation."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's name is also conspicuous as that of a scholar, a traveler, and, as the selections would suggest, a philanthropist. As a man of letters, he was said to have been, by common consent, the most distinguished living representative of the poetical literature of his day. He was crowned the American poet-laureate by the poor and unlearned as well as by the rich in mind and lucre. His name is identified with the best interests of Bowdoin College, his alma mater, where he was appointed professor of modern languages the year after he took his degree. This post he filled with such efficiency and tact that he was offered the chair of Belles-Lettres, which he accepted and held for nearly twenty years. As a professor, his career was one of unbroken and ever-increasing popularity. His fellow-instructors, his students, in fact all who came into contact with him, found his geniality and self-sacrificing devotion an irresistible attraction that seemed to draw them to him.

As a traveler, Longfellow's reputation is untarnished by any spirit of pleasure-seeking or unrest. He traveled principally to learn, and then to teach others. He made his visits to Europe for a solid preparation for the subjects on which he intended to lecture. So conscientious was he in the effort to respond to his friends' appreciation of his labors, that he left no stone unturned in the field of literary endeavor. This commendable gratitude is evinced in the species of compositions he has employed.

It has been observed that, although Longfellow was neither an alumnus of Harvard nor a native of Cambridge, he was to both of them the animating spirit of their poetical life. He was a flower that bloomed in a garden of education, and all his surrounding companions raised their heads in silence and respect to listen and learn from him of beauty. Ever doing, ever toiling, was his motto, and his firmness under that strong rule of life has purchased for him an exalted throne in the appreciation of the American people. This seat is built on the hard rock of endurance and shall never crumble away until the memory of the Cambridge poets fade in ruins of a dark past.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leaving behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

North Winds

Winter has come! Rejoice, ye winds,
That roar and blow from out the north;
Arise from out your summer's sleep,
And merrily come leaping forth.

O'er streams and mountains, fields, and towns,
Press on, ye winds, with unchecked din,
Exulting in your mighty strength,—
Come, welcome cold, drear winter in.

The flowers wither at your breath,
The chilled earth fears your icy tread;
You laugh, and roar, and laugh again,
And leave all gentle Nature dead.

Exult, ye winds, in fiendish glee,
In all the misery you bring;
But yet, from out drear Winter's snows,
Will rise the joyous, fragrant Spring.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND, '21.

The Innocent Thief

By Joseph W. Paquette, '20

THE autumn sun was slowly sinking to rest behind the hills. Classes were over and a great quiet reigned throughout the halls of old Ridgeway Preparatory School. There was quiet in every part of the great building, but in the heart of Father Barry there was turmoil and trouble.

For four years he had ruled over the destinies of Ridgeway. How attached he had become to the two hundred boys placed under his care! He had come to look upon them as his own boys. No father ever manifested more solicitude for his sons than did Father Barry for the lads of Ridgeway. If a danger threatened their welfare, he was active and alert until it was removed.

Yet today Father Barry was troubled and sad. Among those boys for whom he was spending himself, he was forced to admit that there was—a thief! Try as he would to brush aside this conclusion, he knew in his heart it was the only solution of the many complaints brought to him. When the first few boys came to him telling of their losses, he was sure it was only carelessness on their own part. But now, for the last month it was an every-day occurrence to have a lad report losses of money or other property. Closely and carefully he had watched his boys. He had noticed the extravagant spenders; he had considered their circumstances. All his watchfulness brought him no nearer to a solution.

So Father Barry paced up and down the floor of his office and pondered and thought. His meditation was interrupted by a knock at his door, and in response to a cheery, "Come in," a lad about seventeen years old stepped into his room.

"Good afternoon, Frank," was the pleasant greeting given to the lad by Father Barry. "What can I do for you?"

"I am somewhat disturbed, Father," said Frank Worth, "by an occurrence of last night. I was talking with our prefect, Mr. Ellis, this morning and he advised me to see you."

"Very well," answered the President, "I shall be glad to hear your trouble, and will help you if possible."

"Well, Father," began Frank, "it's just this way. Yesterday I received a check from home. While down to the village, I had it cashed. After making a few purchases, I had a little over two dollars left. When I went to bed last night, I left it in my clothes, and this morning every cent had disappeared."

Father Barry's brow clouded and he tightened his lips as if in deep thought. "You are sure you did not lose this money on your way from the village, are you, Frank?" he asked. "Remember, this is a serious matter."

"Before I retired, Father," replied Frank, "I counted the money. Besides, a pair of gold cuff-buttons has disappeared from my bureau. These I put there last night."

"Well, Frank, I will look into this matter. In the meantime, do not make it a topic of general conversation. By the way, do you suspect any of the boys?"

"No, Father, I have no idea who it can be. We are all watching, as there are others who have lost money and property."

"Very well, Frank. I will try to adopt some plan for catching the culprit. Come in to see me tomorrow morning."

As Frank Worth left the President's office he almost ran into a tall, lanky fellow who was hurrying down the corridor.

"Hello, Tom, what's the big rush?" he asked, as the other student passed him.

"I am looking for my brother Willie, and I want to find him before supper. Have you seen him anywhere?"

"No, I haven't, Tom, but if you go to the library you will probably find him there. He is usually there reading."

Tom Burns hurried along, leaving Frank, whose way lay in the same direction, to follow him more leisurely. As Frank passed the library, the door was open and he could hear an argument going on inside. Looking in, he saw

that it was the Burns brothers engaged in a hot dispute.

"I don't care what you want," the little fellow was saying. "You needn't think because you are the older that you can boss me around. I'll read as much as I please and no one will stop me."

"We'll see about that," replied Tom. "If I should happen to tell father in my next letter home how much you are sticking inside and reading novels, you know what will happen. The first thing you know, your nerves will be gone to pieces, and then father will have a few things to say to me for not looking after you."

"All right. If you want to be a tattler," blubbered Willie, "I will stop reading when I finish this book and won't read another for a long while."

"That's the promise you make every time,but you no sooner finish one book than you start another. After you have finished this book, if I catch you reading another within two weeks, I'll write to father about it."

With this warning, Tom Burns left his brother and started for the door, where Frank was still standing.

"You seem to be having a little trouble with Willie, Tom," said Frank. "What's he been doing now?"

"He is killing himself staying in the house devouring blood-and-thunder novels. His nerves are in a bad state now."

"Don't be too hard on the little fellow, Tom. Why don't you try to get some of the first-year boys to take him down to the field? Once he gets interested in football, you'll have to drag him to any book except the rule-book."

Just then the bell rang and the boys parted to prepare for supper. The next morning Frank remembered the engagement he had made with Father Barry and presented himself without delay at the president's office. Already Father Barry was busy at his desk. But, as was his wont, he was not too busy to be of assistance to his boys. After greeting Frank in his usual cheery manner, he handed him a one-dollar bill.

"Take this money, Frank, and put it in your pocket. It is a marked bill, so as soon as it disappears I want you to notify me. In the meantime, watch your money and property carefully. This case must be cleared up."

That evening, when Frank retired, he left the marked bill in his clothes, expecting to find it gone in the morning. But what was his surprise, on awakening, to find nothing disturbed. No other student had made complaints either, so they all supposed that the trouble was over.

When the boys gathered together at breakfast the next morning, Willie Burns was missing. Frank, who was interested in the little fellow because of his friendship with Tom, inquired about Willie.

"He is laid up in the infirmary," Tom replied. "Yesterday he took his book outside and sat reading all afternoon on the damp ground. As a consequence, he has a bad cold. However, I think he will be around in a few days. There is nothing seriously wrong."

Tom's prediction proved true. In a few days Willie appeared again, none the worse for his illness. Though his habit of reading was not entirely broken, he read much less than formerly. Tom, therefore, thought it well to let the matter drop.

Meanwhile Frank had been leaving the marked money in his pocket every night. But each morning he found it just as he left it. He was beginning to think that the thief had ceased operations, when, on examining his pockets one morning, he found the bill gone. Search as he would, no trace could be found of it. Finally, he decided that it must have been stolen and proceeded to the President's office and reported the matter. Father Barry received the information quietly, but gave Frank no hint of what his plans might be. Yet, on leaving him, Frank could see from the determined look on the President's face that something must come out of the occurrence.

* * * *

The first bell for classes had rung. The boys were gathering around the supply-room, purchasing paper or books. At the last minute, Frank Worth rushed up to the door to buy some notepaper. Tom Burns was already there, and on the same errand. He looked tired and sleepy.

"Good morning, Tom," Frank greeted him.

"What's the matter? You look all in, this morning. Were you out all night?"

"To tell you the truth," answered Tom, "I feel as if I had been out all night. I had a bad headache and slept very little."

While they were talking, Frank received his paper and was about to pay for it when he discovered that he had no money with him.

"Never mind," said Tom, noticing his friend's embarrassment, "I have enough money with me for both of us. You can pay me later on." He drew a bill from his pocket and paid for the paper.

* * * *

That afternoon Frank thought of his debt. He found Tom Burns on the campus, and paid him the money.

"How is your headache now?" he asked.

"It is a little better this afternoon, but I get dizzy every once in a while. I don't know what is wrong with me. I never felt like this before."

"You had better go over to the infirmary and see the doctor," advised Frank.

"I think I will," answered Tom.

Just then Tom's name rang out across the campus and a little lad came running toward the boys. It was Willie Burns.

"Tom, Tom!" he cried. "Where have you been? I've been looking for you the last ten minutes. Father Barry wants to see you in his office."

"All right, Willie. I'll go right over. So long, Frank. I'll see you later." And Tom started for Father Barry's office.

The president was waiting for Tom. That he was disturbed there could be no doubt. There was a stern, sad look on his face as Tom entered. No greetings were exchanged. Stepping to his desk, he picked up a one-dollar bill.

"Burns," he started, "this morning you passed this bill in the supply-room. You were so oversupplied that you also paid another boy's bill. Where did you get this bill?"

Tom's face flushed; his lips trembled; he could scarcely answer. He could hardly endure a pounding pain that started in his head.

"I can hardly tell you that, Father. I don't know. It may be some money that I brought from home."

"Perhaps I can refresh your memory for you, then. I marked this bill myself and gave it to Frank Worth. Last night it disappeared from his pocket. This morning you passed it in the supply-room. Have you any explanation to make?"

Tom's head began to swim, he lifted both hands to his head, and with a groan was falling senseless to the floor when he was caught in the strong arms of Father Barry.

It was some time before Tom regained consciousness. Father Barry and the infirmarian, whom he had summoned, worked over the prostrate form until, at last, Tom's big blue eyes opened. But there was a wild stare in them and beads of perspiration stood upon the lad's brow. He muttered and groaned, but could give no answer to Father Barry's inquiries. A few boys were now summoned and they took Tom down to the infirmary. When the doctor arrived, he found that he had been called to attend a serious case of typhoid fever. For many days the boy had been suffering and fighting, but the shock occasioned by Father Barry's accusation caused a complete breakdown.

The night brought no cessation of the fever. Tom grew worse and worse. Father Barry visited him from time to time during the night. Each time he found him delirious. On one visit he heard his own name repeated again and again. The affair was puzzling. "What has he on his mind?" thought the president. "Have I made a mistake in my accusation?" Going to his office, he picked up the bill and examined it. There could be no mistake about it. Tom was the culprit and the effect of discovery was troubling him now.

The next day Mr. Ellis was surprised to receive a visit from Father Barry. It was evident after the conference that the president had given the prefect some unusual instructions. Mr. Ellis pondered over his superior's strange conduct, but could arrive at no solution. Tom Burns' condition was critical. The fever still held sway and hopes for his recovery were scant.

* * * *

Mr. Ellis rang the bell for dormitory. The noisy crowd of boys hurried up the stairs to retire. Soon all was silence in the big hall, save for the heavy breathing of the tired boys or an

occasional whisper of some belated rogue, who hoped for an opportunity of causing an uproar. But after a little while, fatigue and the watchfulness of Mr. Ellis conquered every other inclination and peace reigned supreme.

Suddenly all were aroused by a piercing shriek, followed by suppressed sobbing. The lights instantly flashed on. Some of the boys, drawing back their curtains, saw Mr. Ellis standing by an open window, holding Willie Burns by the arm, while the little lad trembled and sobbed as if overcome by a great fear. Picking the boy up in his arms, Mr. Ellis carried him from the dormitory. Returning in a few minutes, he restored order and soon the boys were soundly sleeping again.

There was a great talk next morning about the disturbance in the dormitory. The general opinion was that Willie had taken sick during the night and had become frightened in the great, dark place. Of course, all knew that the prefect had taken the little fellow out of the dormitory; some knew this because they were awakened by the screaming; others learned it through experiences somewhat novel to them. For a large dormitory, in which are some as yet uninitiated, and no prefect, present a temptation too alluring for the ordinary college boys. In those days, just as today, boys were boys, and good-humor and anticipation of days when the new boys would be the old boys eventually smoothed out all the ruffled feelings.

Tom Burns lay in the infirmary, unconscious of all that had transpired. Day after day, Frank Worth would come to the infirmary door and inquire for his friend. It was many days before he was allowed to see him. Then Tom had passed the danger mark.

One day as Frank left the invalid and was passing the president's office, Father Barry called him in. His interview was a long one, but, judging from the smile on Frank's face when he came out, it was also pleasant.

He immediately sought a group of his friends. "How is Tom?" he was asked first.

"Not very well today, fellows," answered Frank. "But, say, I have a great piece of news to give you. Father Barry wants every boy who has lost money or valuables to come to his office and get them."

"What? Where did he get them? Who is the thief? What's he going to do with him? How did he catch him?" Frank was overwhelmed with questions.

"One at a time," laughed Frank. "I can't answer you all at once. The thief has been caught. Who he is, you could never guess. The strangest part of it all is that he is not to be punished or expelled."

"How is that? Tell us about it," they cried. By this time a crowd had gathered around Frank.

"You all heard that I had some money stolen from me. Well, I reported the matter to Father Barry. He gave me a bill marked with his initials. It was taken from my pocket and passed in the supply-room by the thief. The fellow who passed that bill is—Tom Burns!"

Looks of horror and surprise gathered on the faces of the boys. Tom Burns a thief! Their hero, their loyal friend, a mean, low fellow! It could not be.

Frank went on. "You all know that Tom Burns is a thorough man and not capable of anything low or mean. Furthermore, I lost some jewelry last night, and Tom was sick in bed. The fellow who took it was caught in the act. It was not Tom, but Tom's brother Willie."

"I see now," said one lad, "how Tom came to pass the money."

"How, then," retorted Frank, "do you account for the marked bill? When the hiding-place where Willie put all the things was discovered, the marked bill was there too."

"There must have been two bills," answered one fellow.

"That is just it. There were two bills. The one found in the hiding-place was marked by Father Barry. He marked his bill I B. The marks on the other bill looked just the same, but signified something very different. In the banks, when money is counted, the amount is marked on the top bill. In this case the number was 113. The clerk, careless in writing, wrote the three so close to the one that it looked like I B.

"That clears Tom, but what about Willie? Why is he getting off so easily?"

"For the very good reason," replied Frank, "that he was not responsible. All his thefts

were committed while walking in his sleep. He knew no more about them than you or I. He is naturally a very nervous fellow, and his excessive reading so affected his nerves that he became subject to nightmare. The night before Tom was taken sick, he rested poorly because of a severe headache. He saw Willie get up and walk in his sleep. While in delirium, he talked of nothing but his innocence and Willie's nightmare.

"Father Barry was surprised by Tom's repeated assertions that he did not steal the money. He again examined the bill and found that the mark was not his own. Then Mr. Ellis, warned by Father Barry to keep an eye on Willie, saw the little fellow get up, take something from my pocket, and hide it behind the lockers in the dormitory. This happened the night we heard Willie scream. So you see, there is no thief among us."

Tom lay for a few weeks very sick, but his vigorous constitution fought off the fever and at last he appeared again among the boys. Willie learned his lesson and forsook his imprudent reading for football. Needless to say, his nervous condition was soon cured.

Years have passed since all this took place at Ridgeway. Father Barry has gone to a long rest. A young priest now holds his position. The boys have heard and often repeat that Father Tom Burns began his prep. course in a manner that augured well for an unenviable career. But Father Burns appreciates a joke, even when it is on himself.

The Researches of Cosmogonist

By A. B. Maxwell, '18

A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draught intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

WE HAVE often heard it alleged, that the greater part of men never think for themselves; and that, like so many sheep, they are led hither and thither by the mere tinkle of a bell. To a certain extent, we concede this animadversion to be true. But like so many of those quaint, pithy sayings, old saws and moss-covered adages, by which one is wont to disconcert an opponent, we must needs distinguish; we must needs make use of the proper application, or else those time-honored and reverenced epigrammatical quips will either redound upon our own heads or become mere rhetorical *camouflage.*

There are many things, indeed, of which only the initiated have a comprehensive grasp. In scientific matters and affairs that demand exhaustive research, we depend largely upon the specialist. Likewise, in political, in historical, and in literary issues, we respect the findings of the student. Thus it is that we follow the judgments of others. But very often, one might observe, are we deceived. Yes, but we are deceived under the guise of truth; we are deceived by the skilled artifice of the master-psychologist.

But the ordinary man (and we are all ordinary men) thinks a great deal of the problems of life; problems that even some have made their life's study. The great kingdom of God, the magnificent and boundless universe, is a fruitful source of speculation: the multitudinous celestial bodies; the abysmal ocean depths; the beautiful and marvelous face of the earth; yes, and in a most intimate manner, the kingdom of God within us. Though we may ostensibly be occupied with the flimsy and transitory shadows of life, still we maintain that, deep in those secret recesses of the human breast, great and mighty problems are being raised—problems that very often, indeed, remain unsolved; problems that go to make up the great enigma of life, the solution of which is only reached beyond the great divide. Nevertheless, they are raised; and

the effort is made to solve them. The history of the philosophies of men—whether Prechristian or Patristic; whether of the East or of the West; of the North or of the South; whether of the Indian, of the Persian, or of the Chinese; of Egypt, of Greece, or of Rome—attest to this fact. No wonder, then, that Virgil gave ecstatic utterance to—

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas

It was the consciousness of the inner unrest, no doubt, that occasioned philosophers to designate man as a rational animal. We have every respect for philosophic phraseology. But we find it suits our mood and serves our purpose better to depart from the strictly philosophic definition. In fact, upon second thought, we consider our definition consequent upon the Aristotelean. In respect to this natural inquisitiveness (mentioned above), we deem man a teleological animal. In other words, we consider him a perambulating interrogation point; a walking question mark.

Even when considered from a psychological, rather than from an epistomological aspect, the point at issue discovers manifold avenues of interest and study; many cogent and conclusive arguments: the mewling infant from his vantage position of state, his great high-chair, gazes with large and wondering eyes around him, wondering what all this hustle and bustle of life is about; musing, at one time, over the trinkets at his feet, and at another, over the flickering lights above his head. With the lapse of a few years his delight has become centred in the analysis of a new baseball, or even in the intricacies of his first watch. And so these teleological propensities increase in magnitude and importance, from the high-chair even to the grave.

One of the most important, if not the most important source of speculation, that has engaged the attention of men, is the problem of cosmogony, the origin and source of this world of ours. Various and elaborate have been the theories invented. Even the literature of the world, especially the most ancient and earliest specimens, contains grand epical cosmogonies. We have especially in mind, at present, the "Ordinances of Menu"; those voluminous and marvelous epics of the Hindus, the "Mahabharata" and "Ramayana"; and the wonderful tale of Romulus and Remus.

Then there is the theory most commonly held by philosophers and scientists today, the nebular hypothesis. But our research has carried us past these established theories, to ones less prevalent—to one, the world-egg theory which obtains generally among the Polynesians, but also strongly prevailed among the Hindus and other peoples of the old world.

According to the Sandwich Islanders, the primitive mass was a vast ocean. Upon this vast expanse of water, a huge bird deposited a gigantic egg. This first and original egg-sandwich was the embryonic Hawaiian Islands. According to some, this egg was in a process of incubation for a "divine year." Each and every one of the three hundred and sixty-five days of this "divine year" was equal to twelve millions of our years. Then—the cosmic egg broke. Phew! From the fragments were formed the heavens, the seas, the earth, and—Hawaii. We are constrained to conjecture whether Shakespeare had not mistaken Denmark for Hawaii.

After mature and "eggs-act" research, we discover that this theory is not so compelling as many eminent scientists have "cracked it up" to be. But 'way back in the Ionian school we come upon a theory compounded by Thales, a man endowed with great powers of intellect. He conjectured that the primitive cosmic mass was composed of water; and that, consequently, every living creature was evolved from the fish. The opinion of Thales is our opinion. But we have not been content with resting altogether on the laurels of that illustrious sage; we have essayed to view our theory from every possible angle. Whether we viewed it from an historical, from a physiological, or from a philological standpoint, the circumstances were no less remarkable than they were convincing. The Noachian deluge has been to many too vast a drink to swallow. But when the objection has been met with scientific scrutiny, the troubled waters of doubt have abated. The waters of the great flood were sent "to

destroy all flesh." Even after man, during the course of centuries, had outgrown his natural propensity for the deep blue sea, we have instances where he "got back to his own again." Did not Jonah return to the primeval element without experiencing any discomfiture? We feel that it must have been this yearning for the natural element that constrained Omar Khayyam to exclaim—

"But fill me with that old familiar juice"

Our physiological and ethnological discoveries have, moreover, confirmed our belief. It might astound many to know that human blood has been found, by chemical analysis, to contain the identical basic elements of sea-water. Yet such is the fact. Moreover, do not the spider and the mosquito bear a close affinity to the octopus and the sword-fish?

A close and observant scrutiny of the languages, especially from their notation and conjugation, discovers, likewise, many striking and cogent arguments. In the names of languages and in words pertaining to man himself is a conclusive example. One will be surprised, no doubt, that the syllable "ish" in English, Irish, Polish, Jewish, gibberish, foolish, ticklish, and yiddish, is nothing other than the word "fish." But, contrary to the general opinion, this syllable is the root of the word, and not a suffix. The other syllable is the prefix, and only gives the word its specific application. You might ask, "What becomes of the 'f'?" It is assimilated into the termination of the prefix. If the process of assimilation is found impossible, the "f" is then syncopated, or metathesized. But in the intensive, selfish, wolfish, etc., the integrity of the root is preserved.

The most cogent philological argument, however, is seen in the word "anthropopithecus," the name given to the "missing link" in the chain of evolution. No doubt, the student of Greek will immediately perceive the etymological connection: anthropos, a man; and ithecus (which needs a little elucidation, however), a fish, not an ape as some lexicographers would have it. Anthropopithecus, the man-fish, or fish-man. The Greek for fish is icthus. But with a few passes of philological magic and under the skilled knife of the etymological dissector, ithecus shall be transformed into icthus. It will be observed at a glance, that both words contain the same letters, with the addition of "e" in ithecus. This is a parasitic letter. The logic for the transposition of "c" and "th" will be readily admitted, if one should attempt to pronounce the word without any metathesization: anthropopicthus! How much more mellifluous is anthropicthecus. Its significance, both from its notation and biology, is remarkable.

Philological analysis, however, is not, as one might be constrained to believe, purely arbitrary. The mutation of a language is a study that is at once highly instructive and elevating. Its historical significance might be seen in the Anglo-Saxon "cildrn"; in the Old English "childre"; and in the modern "children." It might even serve to enlighten us in our endeavors to trace man, not only in his psychological evolution, but also in his cosmogonical.

"Haec autem—pauca posuimus ut congruere nostra cum philosophis doceremus."



Elegy to Our Martyred Heroes

The bugle sounds the knell of parting day,
The cannons cease their booming one by one,
The soldiers make their exit from the fray,
As evening o'er the land its shroud has spun.

Now shine the moon and stars in splendor bright;
All Nature seems to rest in peaceful sleep,
Save where the sentry stationed in the night,
Tramps to and fro, a ceaseless watch to keep.

Save that on yonder field a victim lies,
Thought dead, and thus alone he fights off death,
Nor can he signal help by shouts or cries,
For life is fleeting fast with every breath.

Around him on the blood-stained plain of war,
Lie comrades, victims of Mars' mighty power,
Who side by side had fought, but fight no more,
For fell they in a dread and fatal hour.

The bugle-call loud sounding on the air,
The noise of fife and drum or cannon's roar,
The bursting shells no foe may safely dare,
Will rouse them up, will spur them on, no more.

Yet what can stay the chilling hand of death?
Not all the wealth that Nature ever gave,
Nor can our skill recall the fleeting breath.
"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Nor dare ye, proud ones, think their lives ill spent,
E'en though in youth they left the worldly fray;
Be not their judge nor give thy anger vent,
For thou, too, must endure a judgment day.

No further seek their history to reveal,
But let them rest, each in a hero's grave,
Since for the nation's cause they showed their zeal,
And gladly for that cause their lives they gave.

FRANCIS A. RAFFERTY, '19.

The Blank Parchment

(A Serial Story)

By John F. Burns

(*Concluded*)

CHAPTER V

An Unwelcome Guest

STEWART GRIMES was no sooner unmasked than Dr. Grimes, his father, bolted through the parlor door to safety. After some discussion, Mrs. Madden prevailed on Charlie and Frank to let Stewart go also. The widow, after rehearsing the doctor's story for Frank's benefit, decided that it was only a subterfuge, aimed at holding their attention downstairs, while his son was to rob the house above. The unexpected presence of Frank, however, had foiled this scheme, and the little family, congratulating itself on its escape, soon retired for the night.

The next morning dawned bright and clear on the Madden homestead. The brightness of the golden sunrise, as it streamed through his window, woke Frank from his slumbers. He lay still for a little while before rising, listening to the cheerful twittering of robins and blackbirds on the dewy lawn without. Charlie had preceded him downstairs, and when Frank himself descended later on to the cosy dining-room, he found the little family gathered around the breakfast-table.

"Good morning, Frank," was their simultaneous greeting. Then Mary, who had just been informed of the preceding night's episode, continued pleasantly,

"We thought maybe you'd want to sleep late this nice April morning, to get rested up after your strenuous night. That's why we didn't call you."

"There aren't any 'May' bees in April, Mary," he said cheerily, as he took his place next to her at the table.

The conversation then turned upon the party that was arranged for that evening at Pearsons', and throughout the day the same topic was continually discussed. When the longed-for hour drew near, however, Mrs. Madden was not feeling very well, so Mary decided to stay home with her. The two boys wanted to remain also, but Charlie's mother would not hear of it, so together they set out on foot for the Pearson mansion. They purposely chose to walk, that they might better enjoy the old familiar scenes. Nearly half the distance had been traversed, amid a host of pleasing reminiscences, when from the opposite direction they beheld their friend Eddie Pearson approaching.

"I was almost sure you'd walk over," he said, upon coming up to them, "so I took a chance on meeting you. But where's Mary?" he added.

"Mother's not feeling well," replied Charlie, "so Mary stayed home with her."

Then, while the three chums continued their walk, Charlie recounted the happenings of the previous night.

"A thief, you say!" exclaimed Eddie when he had finished, "Stewart Grimes, a thief! And he's been invited to this party, too!"

"Easy there!" suddenly whispered Frank. "There he is right ahead of us!" And not more than a few steps away, advancing along a side-path, they beheld the doctor's son. But what a transformation in his appearance! Not shamefaced, not subdued, as was to be expected, but smiling, erect and self-confident, nay, even familiar in his address, he approached the little group.

"Hello, boys!" he began. "Say, wasn't that some joke last night, though? Too bad you weren't there, Eddie. It certainly was great." Then he added, "The only trouble is, Frank took me seriously."

"This display of superhuman nerve," as Frank afterward called it, was too much for Charlie. With no gentle purpose in mind, he advanced upon Grimes, and it was only the sudden approach of another group of party-goers that saved the latter from a sound trouncing. The three lads, perceiving the newcomers, put a good

face upon the matter, and continued on their way. And Grimes, by no means nonplussed, had the unmitigated nerve to follow them. Upon their arrival at Eddie's house, his sister Bess, who had long been waiting, took immediate and sole possession of Frank. Charlie, who had been watching just for this, laughed and said,

"Better be careful, Bess, when Frank is around. He's a pretty dangerous man." Just then Grimes joined the group. Charlie seized his opportunity. "That is, he's dangerous to housebreakers, thieves, and the like. Isn't that so, Grimes? Tell Miss Pearson about the joke you played last night—how, in the dead of the night, you sneaked into Frank's room, just pretending to be a thief, you know, and—ha! ha!—how Frank caught you there, knocked you down the stairs, and threw you out of the house. And you were only joking, too, with those papers in his valise. And—ha! ha! ha!—you'll have to excuse my laughing, Grimes, but I can't help it. Really, I can't! You looked so funny, you know, when Frank dragged you into the parlor by the neck, and pulled off your mask. That burglary scheme did turn out to be a joke after all." Charlie could not go further, for by this time both he and his little group of auditors were fairly convulsed with laughter. Through it all, however, the discomfited Grimes was inwardly writhing with mortification and rage. Still, by pressure of circumstances, he had to put up with this ridicule, and, at the same time, try to cloak his feelings under a sickly smile. No sooner was he alone, however, than the smile disappeared, his face hardened, and he swore revenge.

"I'll pay him back!" he muttered. "Just wait till he tries to enter the seminary. We'll see then who'll do the laughing."

CHAPTER VI

No Verdict

In the meantime, the party was progressing with great merriment and success. Eddie Pearson, however, could not find in it his wonted pleasure. It seems that Dr. Grimes' story, which he had heard from Charlie Madden, had affected him very deeply (principally, no doubt, on Mary's account). He could not brook even the shadow of disgrace in connection with the name of one so dear to him. And despite his assurance of Dr. Grimes' untrustworthiness, the accusations against the Maddens preyed upon his mind. Consequently, he sought out his father, and, after a brief recital of the case, in which he laid particular emphasis on the charges preferred against Mr. Madden, he asked his opinion of the affair, saying,

"I don't think the father of a family like the Maddens could be capable of the crime alleged, do you, father?"

Mr. Pearson, however, although he appeared extremely interested, simply leaned back in his chair, and, instead of replying, remained for a long time buried in thought. Finally he spoke, but his words bore no apparent relation to Eddie's query.

"No," he said musingly, "it can't have any connection with the Maddens of Castleton. I've approached the subject many times, and as skillfully as I could, but Mrs. Madden always avoids the least mention of her husband. Besides, where is the letter?"

Here Charlie, his curiosity aroused, interrupted.

"Pardon me, father," he said, "but what do you mean by 'it'? Is it the forgery charge?"

"No," replied Mr. Pearson, "it isn't." And he went on to explain how, a long time ago, a sealed packet, contents unknown, was sent to him from abroad. He was to open it only upon the receipt of a letter so authorizing him, written by the sender (whose name happened to be Madden) to his wife. Moreover, this letter had to coincide with the duplicate pinned to the packet.

"And to this day," continued Mr. Pearson, "the packet remains sealed up, for the letter I was to await never arrived."

There was a long pause after this. Finally Eddie spoke.

"There is, then, a possibility that the Madden who sent you the packet may be Charlie Madden's father, isn't there?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer, "there is. And, if you're inclined to believe Dr. Grimes' story, there is also a possibility that Charlie's father is a——" But he would not finish the sentence.

"Better leave the contents of that packet alone, son," he went on, "and trust that the letter authorizing their investigation may never come to light."

"What!" exclaimed Charlie. "You don't mean to imply that the packet may contain evidence of——"

"I don't like to say it, my son," interrupted Mr. Pearson, "but that packet may prove that Charlie and Mary Madden are the children of a criminal, and, on the other hand, it may not."

This was too much for Eddie. "It can't be true, father," he said. "But even if it is, what difference does it make?" he added, thinking of Mary, and trying to combat the unwelcome thoughts that were crowding upon him. "The Maddens can't help what their father may have done."

"Their father may not have done anything," rejoined Mr. Pearson. And this was all the reply he vouchsafed, for he knew the world and its maxims. Eddie's love for Mary, however, together with his friendship for Charlie and Mrs. Madden, made him ready to grasp at any chance at all that might free their name from even the shadow of shame. He broached, therefore, an idea that occurred to him.

"Father," he said, "your instructions regard only the packet. Why can't you examine the signature of the letter attached to it? I'll get a chance some way to compare it with the signature of Charlie's father. There are lots of his books in their house. If the signatures are not the same, then the Maddens' name will be free from suspicion."

"But," said Mr. Pearson, "if the signatures do agree—"

Before he could finish, however, Bess, with flashing eyes, her face inflamed, and her bosom heaving with some overwrought emotion, burst unceremoniously into the room.

"Why, Bess!" exclaimed her father, coming toward her in surprise and alarm. "What's the matter?"

"That man Grimes!" she said. "The nerve of him!" And she stamped her foot.

"Grimes! What about him?" cried Eddie. "If he—" but his sister interrupted.

"He just told me, right out there in the garden, that Frank Masterson's father was a criminal—a thief, mind you, and a forger, too! But I don't believe it!" she added. "And I won't believe it! And I don't care even if it's true! So there!" And her indignation gave way to tears.

"Did Frank hear him say that?" asked Eddie.

"No," she replied. "Frank and Charlie were called home shortly before it happened. Mrs. Madden is sick."

When Bess had finished, her father and brother sat down in the greatest surprise and perplexity. Here was the case as it appeared to the mind of the lawyer.

Frank Masterson's father was a forger and a thief—attestant to this, Stewart Grimes.

Charlie Madden's father was a forger and a thief—attestant to this, the father of Stewart Grimes.

What could it all mean? The same question leaped to the mind of his son.

In the meantime, Bess had somewhat recovered herself, and, feeling hurt because her father and brother did not instantly and indignantly repudiate an accusation fraught with such grave consequences to her friend Frank, she said rather petulantly,

"Well, what do you two think about it?"

"I hope," replied Mr. Pearson, "that there is not a grain of truth in it. But listen, Bess," and he told her the story of Charlie Madden's father, mentioning also the packet he had received.

"What!" cried his daughter. "Charlie's father a criminal too! Impossible! Those Grimes are—" but she restrained herself.

"I hope so," rejoined the lawyer. "And we were just going to make sure, when you came in. We were going to find out whose signature is affixed to the letter that accompanies the packet."

"Good!" said Bess. "I see your plan. And if the signature doesn't belong to Charlie's father, then Dr. Grimes lied about his being a criminal. And," she continued, "if he lied, the chances are his son lied also, about Frank's father."

Then the lawyer, with his two children anxiously watching, turned the combination lock of the big safe. In a moment, the massive door swung back. Mr. Pearson reached away

in, and brought out a bulging packet about twelve inches long by four wide, and wrapped in brown paper. He turned it over, to look for the all-important letter, and it was not gone (as perhaps a "real good story" would have had it). No. There it was, right before them, in a long white envelope, somewhat colored with age.

"Open it up," said Charlie impatiently, as Mr. Pearson tried to tease them by purposely taking his time. But, to tell the truth, he was no less anxious than they, as to the outcome of his investigation. So he detached the letter from the packet, broke the seal, and then, as a sudden thought entered his mind, he paused.

"My children," he said solemnly, "reflect. This letter may indeed be for each of you a source of very great happiness. For you, Bess, it may establish Frank Masterson's good name. And for you, Eddie, it may clear away every shadow of shame from the family of Mary Madden. But," and he paused, "on the other hand, it may prove that a terrible cloud of ignominy hangs over the dearest friend that each of you has on this earth. Now, if I do not read the letter, these friends so dear to you will at least have the benefit of a doubt. But if I do read it—who knows the result? Think well, therefore, before replying. Shall I read it or not?" The grave consequences that these solemn words laid bare, cauused the two to hesitate.

"What if the worst should be realized?" said Bess.

"Impossible!" replied her brother. "And even if it should be, the truth is bound to come out sooner or later, anyhow, now that Grimes has spoken." Then, with one accord, they gave their decision: "Read it, father."

"Very well," replied Mr. Pearson. And he drew from the envelope a piece of heavy parchment.

"Come," he said, before unfolding it, "one on each side of me. We'll see it together." Then, slowly he opened the letter out upon the desk before them, and the three beheld—a blank page!

There was a long pause.

"We know nothing more than we did before," said Mr. Pearson, finally, and, replacing everything in the safe, he continued, "Let not a word of this thing pass your lips. The future will bring its own developments."

CHAPTER VII

The Rosary

In the course of the evening, Charlie and Frank received word, as the reader already knows, of Mrs. Madden's sudden indisposition. Accordingly, they had departed immediately for Charlie's home. Upon their arrival, however, they found that nothing really serious had occurred. It seems that Mrs. Madden's struggle between incredulity and belief in regard to the possible restoration of her long-lost son had been too much for her. For a time, therefore, she had succumbed under the ordeal. Mary, who met the two boys hurrying up the front steps, was able to assure them that everything was now all right, and that Mrs. Madden's weakness was only momentary.

"But where's Eddie?" she added. "Why didn't you bring him with you?"

"Oho!" said Charlie. "So that's why you trumped up this story about mother being sick, eh? You couldn't go to see him yourself, so you thought you'd get him over here with this story about mother." Relenting, however, and feeling sorry for her disappointment, he added, "Well, we would have brought him with us, sis, all right, only we left in such a hurry, and we didn't see him around."

By that time they had entered the house, and after a few words with Mrs. Madden, all retired for the night.

Early the next morning, Eddie Pearson came over, ostensibly to see Charlie's mother. But somehow, he spent most of the time with Mary. Frank tried to get Charlie out to see some friends, but the latter, "mirabile dictu," was not feeling "social." In fact, his usually buoyant spirits had given way to depression, and he was very quiet all day. His sister, who was quick to note the change, surmised that something was preying on his mind, but said nothing. She knew her brother, and that, sooner or later, he would tell her the trouble. And she was right. Supper had long since been over. Eddie was gone and Frank was still away. Then while Mrs. Madden slept, Mary, who knew that Charlie

would choose the quiet evening hours in which to speak to her, went out on the porch, thinking to find him there. But she was disappointed. And for a long time she sat there alone, watching the twinkling stars, before her brother opened the front door.

They talked together for awhile, then Charlie stood up.

"Come on for a walk in the garden, sis," he said. "It's nice out tonight." And in silence she accompanied him, her hand resting lightly in his, in token of her unspoken sympathy.

They traversed thus the full length of the straight garden path, which was terminated by a large weeping willow, against whose trunk was built a rough settee. Here they stopped and sat for a while without speaking.

"Listen, Mary," said Charlie, all at once. "I want you to pray for me." His sister started. When Charlie called her, not sis, but Mary, there surely was something very, very serious on his mind. So she kept still, waiting for him to proceed. In a few moments, he began: "That remark you made the other day about my not going very often to church meant more than you then supposed." He paused again, finding it difficult, apparently, to continue. Finally he went on: "You know, mother thinks I have a vocation, and it will almost break her heart if I don't go to the seminary."

"Charlie!" exclaimed his sister, as his meaning dawned upon her. "You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do," he broke in, and it wrung his heart to say it. "Poor mother!" he added. Then, speaking hurriedly, he continued: "Yes, I've been worrying about this thing for a long time, Mary, although I never showed it." His voice changed. "Why should I be a priest, anyway?" he said. "I'm no better than anybody else—not half as good as Frank is." Here Mary would have spoken, but he prevented her. "I know what your answer to this will be," he said quickly, "but I have other reasons, too—reasons which I don't think you can explain away." And he went on: "Naturally, I've been reading a lot of books lately, about vocation, and there is one thing I noticed in every one of them. It is this: If God wants a man to be a spriest, He will supply all that is necessary to this end. Now, for me, there are many things needed." After pausing for a moment, he continued slowly. "Mary," he said, "the night that Dr. Grimes was here, I discovered that I lacked two requisites," once more he paused, "financial means—and—and a fair name."

At this Mary grasped his arm, and gazed hard into his face.

"A fair name!" she exclaimed. "Do you realize what you are saying, Charlie?"

"Yes," he replied, almost in tears. "I do. Mother herself told me." And then, with beating heart and mind perturbed, Mary heard, for the first time, the story of her father.

"And it was this Dr. Grimes who accused our father?" she said.

"Yes," he replied. "And do you know, as I was leaving Pearsons' last night to come here, his son Stewart whispered something into my ear."

"What did he say?" asked Mary.

"He said that *no son of a forger would enter the seminary when just a word from him would stop it.*"

The two sat still for a long time after this, in the semi-darkness. The moon had not yet risen, but a multitude of starry lamps, shedding their soft light over the garden, partly dispelled the gloom of night, and rendered the forms and faces of the two just dimly visible to each other. And all the while that mysterious charm that every one has experienced in the contemplation of a beautiful, starlit night, was slowly creeping over them, though they perceived it not. After a little, Charlie continued: "About this financial requisite—you know, mother says she's afraid neither of us can return to school, because her money is dwindling fast. And even if she did manage to send me alone, what's to become of her and of you by yourselves?" There was another pause, and even yet, Mary, who up to this time had uttered scarcely a word, was too much overcome to speak. So once again, with a long, preliminary sigh, as if the matter were settled once for all, Charlie broke the silence which followed:

"Yes, Mary, I think the Lord has spoken, and I'm afraid He doesn't want me." And, leaning forward, supporting his elbows on his knees, he rested his chin in his hands. And

there he sat, a picture of dejection, as he gazed along the garden path toward the house. And as he looked, the pale moon peeped over the black outline of the roof, and her silvery beams seemed to cast a spell over the place. Brother and sister both watched with awe as the beautiful radiant orb grew larger and larger.

"It's an omen of rising hope, Charlie," whispered his sister, speaking almost for the first time. And, putting her arm around his shoulders, she leaned forward with her head close to his own and went on:

"Don't say that God has spoken yet, Charlie, —I mean finally. There's lots of time between now and the next September, and who knows what will happen before then?" She paused a moment to gather her thoughts, and then continued:

"Wasn't there something in those books you were reading, about trust in God? Leave it all in His hands for a while, Charlie. You know, mother and I are praying for you every day, and I am sure God will hear us. So you see, sooner or later, everything is bound to turn out all right. Only, don't do any deciding yet." She paused once more before continuing. "Besides, even if God doesn't want you to be a priest, you needn't be afraid to come back to mother and to me," she said, speaking more softly, and with a light pressure of her arm. "You will always be the same to us, Charlie."

Mary's kindness and sympathy came like balm to the boy's troubled heart. Her words showed him the folly of premature worry, and, for a time at least, he was at peace.

"You're all right, Mary," he said at length, "and this isn't the first difficulty you've helped me out of, either."

By this time, the moon had risen just above the roof of the house. Her soft, silvery light shrouded the garden in a radiance pale and beautiful. For some time the two remained in the same posture, silently watching, while the place became wrapped in ecstasy, as it were, before the beauteous serenity of Nature. Finally, Charlie broke the spell.

"It makes you feel like praying, to be in a scene like this," and, looking at her, he added, "Let's say the rosary, Mary—the way we used to when we were little. I haven't really said a prayer for a long time, and maybe these worries are my punishment."

"All right, Charlie, and don't forget father," she replied.

And there, in the quiet and beautiful night, the two knelt down side by side at the end of the little path. And a touching scene they made. The moonlight shone full upon them, in their kneeling and prayerful posture, imparting an angelic character to their upturned faces. Now and then the light glinted from the medals and crosses of their rosaries, as the beads slippped around. And all the while, soft and low through the stilly night, ran the subdued murmur of their prayer. The last word had just died away, when, in sweet disturbance of the lovely night, the mellow tones of a distant convent bell came faintly floating on the quiet air.

"Another omen," said Charlie. "Our prayers are ascending together with those of the gentle nuns. Surely they will be answered now." And, rising, they walked back arm in arm, entering the house and parting at their mother's door.

"Good night, Mary," said Charlie. And, bending down, he kissed her lightly as she stood with her hand on the knob.

"Good night, Charlie," she replied. And they separated.

CHAPTER VIII

Poetry and Facts

The few remaining days of vacation passed without further excitement, and finally the morning of departure arrived. The Pearsons and Maddens, accompanied by Frank, met at the Castleton station, just in time to catch the train.

"Good-bye, mother. Good-bye, Mary," said Charlie, for the last time. And as his sister walked with him to the steps of the car, he whispered:

"Don't forget the night in the garden, Mary, and keep on praying that father's name will be cleared." Just then Frank, who had lingered with Bessie Pearson up to the last minute, came along.

"Solong, Mary," he said.

"Good-bye, brother Frank," she replied.

And the train began to move. In a few hours they were back at Newville, and the old routine of college life was resumed. One afternoon, a few weeks after, Charlie and Frank were sitting in their room, talking over the story told by Dr. Grimes, when all at once Frank jumped to his feet.

"Say, Charlie, we've got Chemical Laboratory this afternoon," he exclaimed.

"Gee, that's right! We're late now," replied the latter. And, snatching their books, the two hurried to the laboratory.

"Well, we're ahead of Eddie Pearson, anyhow," said Frank, as they began their experiments. It was nearly another half-hour before Eddie finally bustled in. He gave some excuse to the professor and then took his place beside Charlie and Frank.

"What kept you so late, Eddie?" asked the latter.

"Why, you did," he replied.

"I did!" exclaimed Frank, in surprise.

"Yes, you and your old poem. It was late for the last issue of the magazine, and I half-believe you didn't give it to me yet. It's not up in my room, for I spent all this time looking for it. That's what kept me late. I don't know what I'm going to do about it, either. Everything has to go to the printing office tomorrow morning." Then he added, "Are you sure you gave it to me, Frank?"

"Why, no! It's up in my desk."

"Up in your desk! What's it doing up there? Go up and get it," said Eddie.

"I'll get it if you want it," replied Frank, "but you'l have to figure out the corrections for yourself. I didn't re-write it."

"I guess I can read your writing," said Eddie. And Frank, receiving the necessary permission, went to his room and soon returned with the poem.

"Thanks," said Eddie, and, spreading it out cautiously under cover of his chemical apparatus so the professor wouldn't notice it, he added, "Now read it, so I'll be sure of everything."

But just then Frank was called away to receive instructions concerning a new experiment. When he returned, both the poem and Eddie were gone!

"That's funny," said Frank. "I wonder where—" but Charlie interrupted him.

"Say, you must have had some pretty good stuff in that poem."

"How do you make that out?" asked Frank.

"Why, just after you left, I happened to look up at Eddie, and there he was, bending over that paper and squinting at it as if he never saw anything like it before. He read it once, and he read it again, and then all of a sudden he turned to me.

"Charlie," he said, "do you remember those seven wonders of the world we were talking about? Well, this beats the whole seven." And, without even a word to the professor, he walked out.

"H'm!" said Frank. "That position of being editor has gotten on Eddie's brain, I'm thinking." After that, the two went on with their work, and during the rest of that day, nothing more was seen of Eddie Pearson. But the next afternoon, while Frank was in his room, dressing for baseball practice, Charlie walked in.

"Say, Frank," he began, "it's mighty funny where Eddie's gone. No one has seen him since he left the lab. yesterday afternoon."

"Didn't I tell you that magazine is affecting his brain?" returned Frank. "I'll bet you he has gone off to ask his father to start a newspaper, and make him editor." And then, in a more serious voice, he went on: "It does look pretty strange, though, the way he's disappeared."

At that moment there was a knock, and the two friends started back in Surprise, as Eddie Pearson himself suddenly appeared in the doorway. Strange to say, however, he would not enter, but stood still on the threshold.

"Well, what are you standing there for?" said Frank. "Come on in and shut the door."

"The president wants you two down in his office." And not another word would he say. Try and try as they would, to make him speak, Eddie just stood at the door, silent and waiting.

"Say!" finally exclaimed Charlie, losing patience, "what's the matter with you, anyhow? Did you join the trappists?"

"It's that magazine, Charlie," broke in Frank. "It's gone clean to his head, as I told you. But let's go down to the office, anyhow.

You can't tell but what they may want us to testify to this fellow's sanity."

"H'm!" grunted Charlie. "He won't get much testimony out of me, if he's going to act this way." Then, changing his tone, he tried Eddie once again.

"Come on, have a heart, Eddie, and tell us where you were, and what's it all about."

"You go to——the president's office and find out," was the reply.

"No use, Charlie," said Frank. "He's out of his mind." And they started downstairs. Half-way down, however, Frank's face suddenly fell, and he stopped.

"I know what it's for," he said. "It's a notice to pay my bills, or —"

"Go 'way!" broke in Charlie. "If that were so, why do they want me too? Darn it!" he added, "why doesn't this crazy magazine editor speak up, anyway?" And he turned to him with a baleful look. "Say, you walking statue, if this is only a joke, maybe you won't get yours!" But Eddie kept right on without opening his mouth, so the other two trailed after him, and soon reached the president's door.

"You first, Frank," said Eddie. But Frank turned on him, saying,

"Now, remember—if this is all a joke!"

"Go ahead in and shut up," interrupted Eddie, and at the same time he jostled him against the office door. This ended the argument. The president took the noise for a knock, and his deep "Come in" fell on their ears. Frank, therefore, opened the door, and what he saw within, mystified him even more completely. Sitting with the president, and apparently in earnest conclave with him, was Eddie Pearson's father.

"Sit down, Frank," began the president. "Mr. Pearson has some questions to ask you." And Frank, even more bewildered, and not without considerable trepidation, took the proffered chair. The lawyer looked up from the papers before him and began.

"Number one," he said. "Who told you your name was Francis Masterson?"

Frank flushed scarlet. He seemed like one convicted of some wrongdoing.

"S-sir," he replied confusedly, "I never before told this to anyone; but since you seem to know of it already, I won't hold it back." He hesitated, and then, with an effort, went on: "*I don't know what my real name is.* The nuns who found me lost in the streets, called me Frank Masterson from the initials, F. M., marked on my clothes. I myself knew nothing of this till the day I bade them good-bye."

The lawyer threw a significant and triumphant glance toward the president, and went on:

"Number two. Do you remember if you were ever in charge of a guardian?"

"Yes," replied Frank. "There was some man. I remember he used to speak some strange language."

Once again the lawyer exchanged glances with the president, and continued:

"Number three. Have you ever noticed any birthmarks on your person?"

"Why, yes," replied the bewildered Frank, "on my right arm. It looks like a vaccination." At this Mr. Pearson dropped his papers.

"Everything is fine!" he cried, and, rising, he came and wrung Frank's hand with a pressure that made him wince.

"Gee!" thought the latter to himself, "it's too bad to have Eddie gone crazy, but it certainly is a shame about his father. I wonder why he's asking me all these questions, anyway." But the lawyer, who, returning to his seat, had re-arranged his papers, broke in upon Frank's thoughts.

"My boy," he said, "prepare yourself for some strange revelations." He paused, then began.

"In the first place, your name is not Frank Masterson; in the second place, the gentleman who spoke the foreign language was not legally your guardian, but an intimate friend of your father; and in the third place, that mark on your arm is not a birthmark. It was made by your father to prove your identity, should such an exigency arise."

Frank sat back, unable to reply. He was astounded at the things he had heard. After a while, the lawyer continued:

"So far you have heard only the things that are not so. Now I am going to tell you some that are so." And slowly, he went on:

"Your father, I regret to say, died a long time ago, in France. Your mother is —"

"Here," said a voice. A door to an inner

office was pushed open, and, coming with open arms to embrace her long-lost son, appeared—Mrs. Madden.

"My Son, my son!" she cried, with tears in her eyes, as she tenderly folded him in her motherly embrace. Mr. Pearson and the president had quietly disappeared upon the entrance, and mother and son were left alone, but not for long.

Once again the door opened, and Mary came running in.

"I couldn't wait any longer, mother," she cried, and she turned to Frank.

"Hello, brother Frank," she said, embracing him and smiling happily. "Charlie can't tease me any more for treating you like a brother, can he?" And she proceeded to show him just how a newly-found brother should be treated.

"Come on, there! Give somebody else a chance," interrupted a familiar voice. And Charlie himself walked in, and grasped the hand of his newly-found brother.

"The world's seven certainly have been beaten," he said. "I guess Eddie wasn't so crazy after all."

Then, for the first time, Frank spoke. His voice trembled, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Mother—and sister—and brother—" and he stopped, breaking down completely. The yearnings of his lifetime were assuaged. His lonesome heart had found the love it craved—found it in the very home whose happiness he had shared and envied, but which he had never even dreamt of calling his own; and yet it was his. His own mother and his own sister were here. And Charlie, his old roommate, was his brother. But how did it all come about? At this thought, his spirits fell, and he feared he was dreaming. He stood up, therefore, and took Mrs. Madden's hand in his own.

"Tell me," he said, "are you really my mother, or am I dreaming?"

"No, you're not dreaming," said still another happy voice behind him. And, turning, he saw Eddie, accompanied by Mr. Pearson and the president. Once more, he was overwhelmed with congratulations, but through it all, the same thought ran through his mind.

"How did it all come about?" he said. "How did you find out I'm—my mother's son," laying his hand in hers as he spoke.

"You tell him, father," said Eddie. And Mr. Pearson rehearsed the story as it is already known to the reader, down to the finding of the blank sheet of paper in the envelope attached to the mysterious packet.

"And here we were at a standstill," he went on, "and could do nothing until the duplicate letter turned up. Eddie will tell you the next." And the latter took up the story where his father had left off.

"Well, Frank," he began, "you remember that time in the chemical laboratory, when you were going to read your poem to me, and got called away right in the beginning? Good! Well, I waited for a minute or so, after you were gone, and then started to read it myself. I smoothed out the paper first, and put a book on each end to keep it flat. Then I commenced to read. And right before my eyes, in the middle of the paper, purple writing began to appear, in a circular-shaped area, which gradually grew larger and larger. Talk about spooks! I thought that paper was haunted! However, I discovered that I had accidentally laid it down in some liquid, which was absorbed and therefore spread in this manner. And it was the liquid that brought out the purple writing. Well, after that, you may be sure I didn't bother much about the poem. I just spread that liquid all over the paper, to see what the purple writing said. And I found that, to all appearances, it was the very letter about which that old scoundrel Dr. Grimes was telling Mrs. Madden that night during the Easter vacation."

Eddie then explained how, after a consultation with the chemistry professor, he had learned that the letter was originally written in a solution of phenol thaline, which can be rendered visible by the application of any alkalide, such as the one he had accidentally applied. He had gone home after that and laid the matter before his father. The latter, acting on his son's information, had tested the blank parchment in his own possession. And sure enough, the purple writing appeared just the same, and revealed an exact duplicate of the letter discovered by Eddie. Mr. Pearson then examined the packet, which, together with bonds and securities to a considerable sum, made over to

Mrs. Madden, contained also the vindication of her husband's innocence.

By that time everything was cleared up except the fate of Mrs. Madden's little son. The guardian to whom, according to the letter, he had been entrusted, was dead. This they knew from Dr. Gimes's story, also that the said guardian had left the letter in question on the person of his little charge. It was easy to infer, then, from the circumstance of the blank parchment in Frank's life, that he himself must be that charge. This inference, moreover, was strongly warranted by the initials on his clothes, and was finally confirmed by the peculiar mark on his arm, which mark was also alluded to in the letter.

"Very good," said Mr. Pearson, when his son had finished. "There is only one thing you forgot. How was Mrs. Madden to read her husband's letter? It looked like a blank parchment, you know."

"Oh!" said Eddie. "It was this way, Mrs. Madden. We found out from the letter, that the French gentleman charged with its delivery was the only one who knew the secret of the invisible writing. He was to disclose it verbally to you. That's all now, isn't it, father?" he added, turning to the latter.

"Except this," replied Mr. Pearson. "The president has consented to let you three boys go home until Monday. So come along. The train starts in an hour."

Conclusion

That evening was a happy one for the Maddens. After supper Frank and his mother sat together far into the night on the porch, where we shall leave them unmolested in the sacred intercourse of mother and child. Mary and Charlie sat a little apart from them, on the steps, gazing down the garden path. At the end of it, they could see the willow tree, and the bench where they had sat together not so long before. Each of them was thinking of the conversation of that night, and each one knew instinctively the trend of the other's thoughts. Finally, they stood up, and together, as on that other night, they went down the path to the bench under the willow tree. And there they sat for a while in silence, but this time, it was Mary who broke the spell.

"You don't think now that God doesn't want you, do you, Charlie?" she began. "Those requisites you were talking about are supplied now; our fair name is vindicated, and our financial difficulties are over. And besides, God has even given us someone to take your place in caring for mother and me. Surely you don't want any more signs of your vocation?"

"No," said Charlie, "I don't, and it's your prayers and mother's that have brought it all about."

They were silent then for a long time, gazing along the path toward the house, which was dimly outlined in the starlight. And as they gazed, the moon once more peeped over the roof, and shrouded the garden with a beautiful, silvery radiance. It was then that, by a simultaneous and tacit agreement, they knelt to offer a prayer of thanksgiving. At the same time, Mrs. Madden, leaning on Frank, came slowly down the path. They saw the two under the willow tree, and, approaching, joined in their prayer. Once more the subdued murmur of their voices floated along the still night air. Once more, in the silence that followed, the sweet tones of the distant convent bell were heard. And once more the sound brought hope to the hearts of Mary and her brother.

"Our omen is complete," whispered Charlie.

"And the convent bell rings a welcome to the love about to enter God's service," answered Mary.

They rose then and went back to the house. And here we should bid them a reluctant farewell were it not that, some years later, the writer found himself once more in the home of the Maddens. It was on a beautiful moonlight night in summer. Again the little family was gathered under the willow tree. Again a subdued murmur as of prayer was heard. And again, at its cessation, the convent bell rang out. And this time it welcomed the arrival of the Levite. For Charlie was a priest.

Not long after, there were two weddings in Castleton, and Father Charles officiated at the marriage of his brother, Frank, with Bessie Pearson, and of his sister, Mary, with Eddie Pearson. As to Dr. Grimes and his son, they disappeared, never to be heard of again.

(*The end.*)

THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. II | FEBRUARY, 1918 | No. 3

STAFF

JOSEPH T. O'LEARY, '18.....Editor-in-Chief
EDGAR DRACH, '18.....Alumni
JAMES J. EGAN, '19.....Exchanges
JOHN J. MAGUIRE, '20.....College Notes
ALFRED F. KANE, '21.....Athletics

REV. JOSEPH A. HICKEY, O. S. A.....Faculty Director
JAMES J. EGAN, '19.....Business Manager
JOSEPH B. FORD, '20.....Advertising Manager
JOHN W. JONES, '20.....Asst. Advertising Manager
GEORGE F. McCANN, '20.....Staff Artist

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Helping Along

NOT all of us can or will be called upon to take part in actual battle for the great cause in which our country is now engaged. Perhaps, for that reason, the real seriousness of the situation does not strike us as clearly as it should.

A little observation in our everyday life, however, will soon show us that a great change has come in the life of the American people. The absence of a husband or a brother gone with the colors; the general shortage of fuel and food, are bringing home to our people the seriousness of the fact that the country is at war. Greater sacrifices are being prepared for every day.

Each person should come forward and "do his bit" toward the cause. A little thought will prove that there are many ways of giving help. It may not be anything great or heroic, but that is not expected.

The sale of Thrift Stamps, recently inaugurated by the Government, is a splendid example of a way whereby help is given to the cause and no great inconvenience felt. The success of the Thrift Stamp Movement lies in a prompt, generous, and universal response. Numerous small contributionsare better and more desirable than a single one of the same aggregate amount. The money is safe and draws interest until paid back. The limit is small, so small that anyone can buy the little treasure. Only a quarter, the proverbial "two-bits," will start one on the road to the ownership of one of these baby bonds. Why not buy one today and show the lads at the front that the folks at home will never display any lack of earnest and willing support?

JOSEPH T. O'LEARY, '19.

Published at Villanova, Pa., in the months of October, December, February, April and June.
All communications to be addressed to THE VILLANOVAN, Villanova, Pa.

Employment

DOUBTLESS many of our readers know something of the Uited States Employment Service, that branch of our National Government operating some eighty-five public (free) employment offices throughout the United States. We believe, however, that very few know that at one of these offices, that at Chicago, Illinois, a section has been set apart for the sole benefit of professional men and women, known as the Teachers' and Professional Service Division. Through this Division the Government endeavors to find suitable positions for teachers and professional engineers (draftsmen, civil, mechanical, electrical engineers, chemists, metallurgists, etc.), and suitable persons for school officers and employers needing such help. In a few words, this division is a Teachers' and Engineering Agency, operated by the United States Government.

Dr. P. P. Prentis, Acting Director of Employment for Illinois, under whose jurisdiction this division is operated, reports that during the past year it has been found impossible to find enough teachers to supply the need, and many attractive positions throughout the United States have been unfilled for this reason. It has frequently happened, however, that immediately after a position had been reported filled through other sources, a suitable candidate would effect registration. Of course it was then too late to nominate the teacher for that particular position. Dr. Prentis earnestly hopes that such occasions may be quite infrequent during the 1918–19 appointment season. This can only be accomplished by every available teacher being registered in the Division before the opening of the appointment season. We therefore suggest that if you expect to be available for a new position for the next year that you write to Dr. Prentis *immediately* for a registration blank. Then, when the appointment season opens in April or May, your record will be complete and the division may be able to nominate you for the first suitable position reported. Registration in the Teachers and Professional Service Division will also benefit you in other ways, for, should you learn of a position for which you would like to apply through any other source, the Division will, if asked, send copies of your confidential record to the school officer to whom application is made.

What has been said above in regard to teachers applies with equal force to the other professions cared for by this division. Although this phase of the work was not commenced until October, 1917, the demand for mechanical engineers, designers, draftsmen, chemists and metallurgists has been far greater than the Suppply. To our seniors we say, "If you are preparing for any branch of the engineering profession, register with the Division as soon as possible." To our alumni we say, "If you are dissatisfied with your present position, write to Dr. Prentis at once for a registration blank. The Division has some very attractive positions listed, and it may be possible for you to secure one of these.

Any communications intended for this Division should be addressed: "Teachers' and Professional Service Division, U. S. Employment Service, 845 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois." Applicants for registration should indicate the kind of work desired, so that the proper blank may be sent. It will be a convenience to the Division if you will enclose with your letter a self-addressed legal size ($4\frac{1}{2}$x$8\frac{1}{2}$) envelope with a three-cent stamp affixed.

Exchanges

"Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?"

The *Prospector* contains many thoughtful, timely articles. The editorials on "College Spirit" and "K. of C. Activities" attracted us. The former discriminates between the noisy, demonstrative loyalty and hard, earnest work; while the latter gives well-earned praise to the efforts of the knights in our camps. Some light essays and short stories, we think, would make a marked improvement.

"Aviary of the Ages," in the January issue of the *Fordham Monthly*, is worthy of much praise. The subject is interesting to begin with. The development is individual and unique. There is scholarly thematic treatment in the introduction, and the body of the essay is a fairly good tribute to poets. "A Study in Monomania" also aroused our interest.

"English Women Novelists," in the *St. Vincent College Journal*, gives evidence of considerable work, though the criticism of the authors is hardly independent. The editorials in the *Journal* have the finest tone of any that we have seen.

"Ruskin and Newman," in the *De Paul Minerval*, attracted our attention. As a product of the author's convictions, we respect it. However, it seems to us to take with it an air of intolerance. It is true that we do not admire Ruskin "indiscriminately," but we do admire his strong sympathy with medieval Catholicism. If at times he was hard on Catholicism, he also showed little sympathy for Puritanism and Presbyterianism. We always love to turn to "The Grand Chartreuse" and read, "Then followed the discovery that all beautiful prayers were Catholic,—all wise interpretations of the Bible Catholic," etc. (3rd Part, Chap. X, Praeterita). We consider Ruskin the best secular moralist of the nineteenth century. In criticism he is half what he ought to be. Unfortunately, he failed to get out of fashion. The questions he raises are good, but his solutions are far-fetched. Ruskin's favorite century is the thirteenth. In the same article Newman is discussed, and the appreciation of his life and work is admirable.

We gratefully acknowledge the following interesting exchanges:

The Alvernia, St. Francis College, Loretto, Pa.

The Aquinas, St. Thomas College, Scranton, Pa.

The Borromean, St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La.

Condordia, St. John's Prep., Danvers, Mass.

De Paul Minerval, De Paul University, Chicago, Ill.

The Fordham Monthly, Fordham University, New York.

Georgetown College Journal, Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

The Mountaineer, Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.

The Niagara Index, Niagara University, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The Patrician, Aquinas College, Columbus, Ohio.

The Petriculanian, Little Rock College, Little Rock, Ark.

The Prospector, Mount St. Charles College, Helena, Mont.

The Springhillian, Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala.

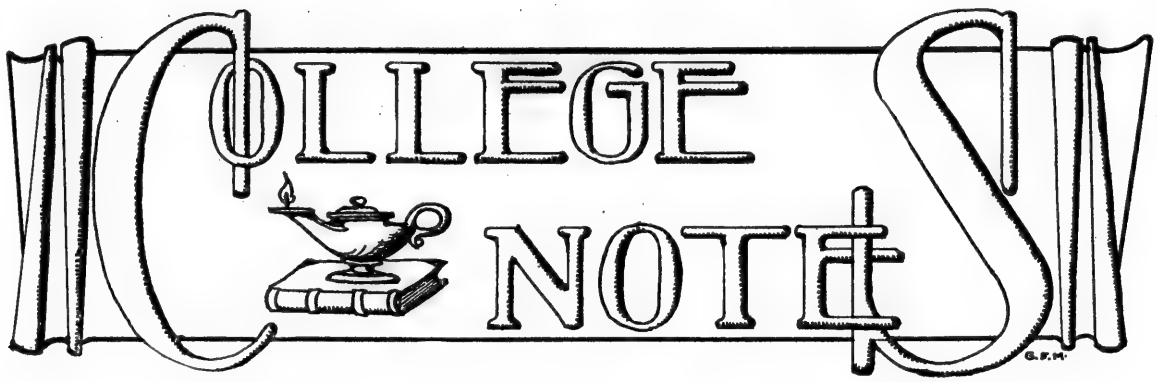
St. Vincent College Journal, St. Vincent's College, Beatty, Pa.

The Stylus, Boston College, Boston, Mass.

Helpful criticism is always welcome. A kind word of advice often helps to put a college journal on the right track. Others see us from a vantage point.

"Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe."

JAMES J. EGAN, '19.



Lectures

ON MONDAY evening January 7, a most enjoyable lecture was delivered by Professor Frank P. McKibbon, of Lehigh University, now a member of the United States Shipping Board. Professor McKibbon's subject, which was, "Can America Build These Ships?" proved timely and instructive, and was much appreciated by the large audience which had gathered for the occasion. By the aid of well-selected lantern slides, he sketched the various phases through which a ship passes in the course of its construction and launching. After a discussion of the merits of the different kinds of ships, the lecturer dwelt upon the great importance of shipbuilding in the present war, at the same time pointing out how directly it would frustrate Germany's plans for world-empire. He next outlined the plans of the Shipping Board and emphasized the dire need of men to carry on this vitally important work. The resounding applause with which the lecturer was greeted at the conclusion of his address indicated the interest and pleasure with which his audience had followed his remarks.

Before the midyears, an illustrated lecture on "Power Plants" was given in the Engineers' Club room by Mr. A. S. Funk, of the Philadelphia Electric Company. Mr. Funk was thoroughly familiar with his subject, and the interest which he provoked was reflected in the many questions propounded by those present. A rising vote of thanks was given to the lecturer at the conclusion of his discourse, and the hope was expressed that the members of the Society might have the opportunity of hearing him again at an early date.

Staff Changes

The vacancies in the Staff of THE VILLANOVAN, occasioned by the entrance into the service of Paul O'Brien, alumni editor, and John Dougherty, athletics editor, will be filled by Edgar Drach, '18, and Alfred Kane, '21. The former will have charge of the alumni notes, and the latter will look after the athletics column.

Enlistments

The following enlistments have come to our notice since our last issue:

Charles Stine, '20, Medical Corps, Fort Slocum, N. Y.

John Wasilko, '21, Medical Corps, Fort Slocum, N. Y.

Nicholas Michell, '21, Navy.

William Thomas, '21, Navy.

J. Febiger Ewing, '19, Officers' Reserve.

John B. Butler, '19, Sergeant, Engineers' Corps.

F. Leo Lynch, '21, U. S. N. R. F., Philadelphia Navy Yard.

Harry Barrett, Prep. '18, Aviation Corps, Ft. McArthur, Waco, Texas.

Albert V. Reagen, '21, National Army, Camp Devons, Ayer, Mass.

Robert Quigley, Prep. '19.

Edward McGrady, '21.

Condolences

THE VILLANOVAN wishes to extend its heartfelt condolence to Vincent Molyneaux upon the sudden death of his father, Joseph Molyneaux, at his home in Niagara Falls, N. Y., and to Alfred Norris, whose brother, Private James Norris, fell a victim to the effects of pneumonia con-

tracted at one of the National Army cantonments.

Society Notes

The Engineering Society has decided to hold an informal dance shortly after Easter, and plans are already well under way. It is probable that the affair will take place in Philadelphia, and the Dance Committee has been assured the co-operation of every member in working for the complete success of this social function.

The February thesis for the Society was well handled by J. Howard Tyrrell, '20. His subject was, "Pyrometers,—Their Construction and Applications." The talk was an enjoyable one, the illustrations made being especially interesting to the electrical engineers.

At one of the recent meetings, Frank Goodwin, B. S., '17, gave a short but impressive talk, dwelling mainly upon the difficulties met by engineers upon entering the industrial world after graduation.

College Athletic Association

President Dougherty and Vice-President Butler of the Athletic Association having entered the service, Vincent L. Molyneaux, '18, was chosen president, with James J. Egan, '19, as vice-president.

The baseball manager for the coming season is James L. Haughey, '18. Thomas F. Granahan,'19, has been elected assistant manager.

Technical Students and the Draft

Under the new draft regulations, Engineering students in schools or colleges approved by the War Department may make application for enlistment in the Engineers' Enlisted Reserve Corps of the United States Army. Upon enlistment, the student is placed upon the "inactive list" and is detailed back to school until the completion of his course. This certificate of enlistment, upon presentation to the local board, entitles the holder to be placed in Class V, on the ground that he is in the military service of the United States. Immediately after the completion of his course, the student is given the option of entering into active service under his enlistment, or of taking his place again among those subject to service under the draft. Applications for enlistment must be accompanied by an affidavit, made under oath by the president of the college, that the candidate as indicated by the academic records may be regarded fairly as deserving a place, qualitatively, in the first third of the young men who have graduated from the institution during the past ten years.

Villanova is upon the list of technical schools approved for this purpose by the War Department.

John J. Maguire, '20.



ALUMNI NOTES

VERITAS UNITAS CARITAS

With the Colors

SINCE our last issue, we have learned the names of the following who have entered the service of their country and whose names have not appeared on the lists previously published:

Aviation:

Sergeant Leo J. Hooley, Camp Kelly, San Antonio, Texas
Thomas Kane

Officers:

First Lieutenant Chaplain Charles J. Baker, O. S. A.
First Lieutenant Dr. Arthur Herbert, Q. M. C.
First Lieutenant Philip Brady, Artillery
Second Lieutenant James Patrick Miller, National Army
First Lieutenant Dr. William Donahue, Dental Corps, U. S. A.
Senior Lieutenant Surgeon William J. Kavanaugh, U. S. N.

Officers' Training Camp:

Patrick Reagan, Camp Meade
Joseph A. Devine, Camp Meade
J. Leonard Hogan, Camp Devens
Eugene B. Troxell, Fort Leavenworth

Engineering Corps:

Thomas Reddon, Company E, 103d Engineers

Army:

Edward Cummings, Camp Meade
Matthias A. Lamond
Fulmer Harris
Harold Darby
George O'Brien, Camp McClellan
James J. Lane, Camp Meade
Frank Dunne
Edwin Lewis
H. C. Durrschmidt, Camp Devens
James Ferry
Stanley Lynch, U. S. Cavalry, Camp Hancock
James Bannon

Weather Bureau:

William Strauch, Meteorologist in U. S. Weather Bureau, Charleston, S. C.

Naval Reserve:

Harry Sherer, Electrician

Transferred:

William Goodal, who has been in France for the last year, has been transferred from the Ambulance Corps to the Aviation section of the Signal Corps, A. E. F.

We are planning to publish in our April number a complete list of all Villanova men who are with the colors, together with their rank and present address. In this effort we request the co-operation of our alumni and friends. We would likewise be grateful for any letters from Villanova men in the service, particularly in the Expeditionary Forces, which might be of general interest to our readers and which we could publish in The Villanovan.

Weddings

Since our last issue, several weddings of Villanova men have come to our notice.

On Wednesday morning, January 23d, at 9 o'clock, the marriage of Miss Catherine Marie Hagan, of Philadelphia, and Martin J.

McLaughlin, '14, was solemnized in the Church of St. Francis de Sales, by Father Edward G. Dohan, who also celebrated the nuptial mass. Martin Connor was one of the ushers.

On Christmas Day, First Lieutenant John T. Daly, C. A. C., and Miss Ann Glover were married at the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, Staten Island, N. Y.

To the newly married couples, THE VILLANOVAN extends hearty felicitations.

DEATHS

Last December, Mr. Harry McCully, '74, of Newark, N. J., was taken suddenly ill while attending mass, and a short time after expired. Mr. McCully was vice-president of the Alumni Society and a loyal friend of Villanova. His death will be a great shock to his many friends among the alumni, who will miss him at their annual reunions, where he was a familiar figure. Mr. McCully attended Villanova from 1871–1874, and upon his graduation entered business, in which he achieved great success. Requiescat in pace.

ORDINATIONS

On December 21st, 1917, Rev. B. Eugene Carroll, '14, was raised to the priesthood in the Scranton Cathedral, by Bishop Hoban, and on the following Sunday celebrated his first mass in his home town, Dushore, Pa. He is continuing his studies at the Catholic University. To Father Carroll, all his friends at Villanova extend a most cordial "ad multos annos."

JOTTINGS

Father Charles J. Baker, O. S. A., former procurator of the College, recently received a commission as chaplain in the Army, with a rating of first lieutenant. Chaplain Baker was stationed at Camp Meade for several weeks with the 28th Regiment Engineers. A short time ago his regiment received orders to hold itself in readiness to depart for foreign service.

Paul J. B. Murphy, ex-'13, has been appointed secretary and treasurer for the Staunton Lime and Products Company at Staunton, Va.

Dr. Edward A. Mallon, '98, former attending physician and professor of Biology at Villanova, has been recently appointed to the staff of St. Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia, as visiting physician. Each year during the months of July, August and September, he will have charge of the wards.

James E. Dougherty, '83, has recently been re-elected president of the National T. A. B. Society.

Mario Diaz Irizar, of Havana, Cuba, has been appointed director general of the American International Office of Patents in Cuba. Senor Irizar graduated from Villanova in 1897.

A LETTER FROM THE ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT

We have received the following communication from the Civilian Personnel Division of the War Department, Office of the Chief of Ordnance, 1330 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., with a request that we publish it in our columns:

1. The Ordnance Department of the War Department needs men with mechanical and technical training which would equip them to fill capably important positions in the various ordnance establishments.

2. This need is so vital and pressing that the Civilian Personnel Division feels justified in appealing to you for assistance and co-operation in obtaining the necessary employes.

3. In your acquaintance, or among the alumni of your institution, there are men well fitted to serve the government as mechanical engineers, mechanical draftsmen, engineers, and electricians. We enclose several announcements which indicate the requirements of the positions. Will you kindly suggest to us the names of persons capable to fill such positions, together with a brief memorandum of their experience or qualifications? We will then communicate with them, advising them as to the requirements of the positions which they might be able to fill, and also giving them proper information as to the Civil Service regulations. Perhaps it might be possible for you to address an appeal to your alumni, or insert in the publication of your institution an announcement, calling attention to the needs of the Ordnance Department and requesting persons to write for information to the Civilian Personnel Division, 1333 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

EDGAR DRACH, '18.



Football Banquet

THE Athletic Association recently tendered a banquet to the members of the football squad at the Hotel Windsor, Philadelphia. Besides the players, were present Coach Reap, Father Dean, Father Driscoll, J. Stanley Smith, president of the Alumni Society; Joseph L. Rafter, president of the Northeastern Pennsylvania Alumni, and John B. Butler, president of the Athletic Association.

Before the banquet, letter certificates, suitably inscribed, were awarded to the following men who earned their "V's" this year: Charles McGuckin, F. Leo Lynch, Leo Brennan, Michael Fogarty, Joseph O'Leary, Joseph Coan, Joseph McCarthy, Edward McGrady, Walter Wiegand, Edward Delaney, Hugh McGeehan, Edward Diggles, and Sylvester Benson. Letters were also awarded to managers Paul O'Brien and Harry Towhey. At the election which followed, "Hughie" McGeehan was chosen captain of the 1918 eleven.

Inspiring speeches were made by retiring Captain McGuckin and Captain-elect McGeehan. The other speakers of the evening were Father Dean, Father Driscoll, Graduate Manager McGeehan, Coach "Tom" Reap, and Joseph L. Rafter. Vocal selections were rendered by Messrs. McCool and Kelly, accompanied by Mr. McElhattam. Mr. Joseph Donovan, manager of the Windsor Hotel and former military instructor at the College, was present, and did all in his power to make the evening an enjoyable one. The affair was brought to a close by the singing of "Hail Villanova" and the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Basketball

Now that the frosty hand of winter has clothed the gridiron with its mantle of snow, we are obliged to draw the curtain on the football season just past and direct our attention to the more comfortable surroundings of the basketball court. Basketball, like all other sports at Villanova, has suffered severely as a direct consequence of the war, and this year has found less interest shown than ever before in the chief winter sport.

Villanova has never been represented on the court by a basketball team and it was hoped that one could be inaugurated this year. This, however, was found to be impossible, because of the lack of material, and an informal team was gotten together with a schedule of several games. Even the interclass league, which had come to be looked upon as an annual affair, had to be abandoned. In other years this league created a keen rivalry throughout the school and the games were always well attended.

Informals, 26; Bethlehem Prep., 43

With but one day's practice, the Informal team journeyed to Bethlehem on January 19th and engaged in their initial contest of the season, being defeated by Bethlehem Prep. in an interesting game by the score 43–26. The Informals deserve considerable praise for the splendid showing which they made, and with a little more practice should develop into a well-rounded team that will do credit to Villanova.

The game was very fast and replete with clean basketball. Delaney and Marlowe were the chief scorers for Villanova, while the two Mellingers rolled up twenty-six points between them for Bethlehem Prep. Diggles, Benson and Brennan all played a good defensive game, in spite of the high score rolled up by their opponents.

The score follows:

Villanova Informals		Bethlehem Prep.
Delaney	forward	E. Mellinger
Diggles	forward	C. Mellinger
Marlowe	centre	Foster
Brennan	guard	Sylvan
Benson	guard	Panlik

Goals from floor—E. Mellinger, 6; C. Mellinger, 7; Foster, 3; Sylvan, 3; Delaney, 4; Diggles; Marlowe, 2; Benson.

Goals from foul—E. Mellinger, 5 out of 14; Diggles, 10 out of 16.

Substitutions—Graham for Panlik; McDermott for Benson.

Referee—Hause, of Bucknell. Time—twenty-minute halves.

Baseball

War conditions have also made the baseball outlook at its best very uncertain and the season's prospects are not very promising. Only five veterans of last year's nine remain at College, all the others having entered some branch of the national service. Of the five remaining, Molyneaux will be ineligible, but he should be of great assistance to Coach McGeehan in whipping the team into shape. Murray at first base, McGeehan at third, and Sheehan and Robinson in the outfield will be the nucleus for the new team. Nothing definite about the new material is known as yet, but, as far as present indications go, it is not up to the standard of other years.

Making up a schedule for the season has proved to be a difficult task, and it is not yet complete. Eighteen games have been arranged, however, with the prospect of several more. Three new teams appear on the schedule, these being Haverford, Seton Hall, and Navy.

The schedule follows:

April 9—Haverford, at Haverford.
April 13—Ursinus, at Collegeville.
April 17—Haverford, at Villanova.
April 20—Dickinson, at Villanova.
April 24—Navy, at Annapolis.
April 25—Mt. St. Mary's, at Emmitsburg.
April 26—Mt. St. Joseph's, at Baltimore.
April 27—Catholic University, at Washington.
April 29—Catholic University, at Villanova.
May 1—University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.
May 11—Seton Hall, at South Orange.
May 18—Gettysburg, at Villanova.
May 21—Mt. St. Joseph's, at Villanova.
May 28—Dickinson, at Carlisle.
May 29—Gettysburg, at Gettysburg.
May 30—Steelton, at Steelton.
May 31—Lebanon Valley, at Annville.
June 1—Ursinus, at Villanova.

Alfred F. Kane, '21.





ODE OF A DAFFY DIL

The great, strange things I've come upon,
You'd like to hear about.
Once I essayed to write them down,
But then my ink was out.

A poem, one day, I thought I'd make,
Of wit 'twould be a token;
Yet just when I had roused the Muse
I found my pencil broken.

A story next I thought I'd frame,
Of war with bullets hissing.
A pen and also ink I had;
But paper, then, was missing.

A jinx, it seems to me, I am,
Cruel fates are e'er attacking;
For now when I am all prepared,
Sound thought is sadly lacking.

Some day perhaps I'll have a thought,
And paper, pen, and ink;
If so, I'll write it down with skill,
You'll see just what I think.

You think, no doubt, that I am "daft,"
There're hornets in my hat;
But ah! I'm wise—I've filled up space.
Now what do you think of that?

J. J. M., '20.

She—"You haven't been around for such a long time, I thought you were forgetting me."

Holbrook—"I am for getting you; name the day."

* * *

The college orchestra happened to get out of time.

Director—"Look at me for a moment; don't you know a beat when you see one?"

* * *

Prof.—"In what course do you expect to graduate?"

Benson—"Well, if discourse will get me through, I think I'll graduate in the course of time." Of course!

* * *

Sheehan—"Well, Leo, how do you feel today?"

Lynch—"I feel just like a hack-saw."

Sheehan—"Why, how's that?"

Lynch—"It takes two men to handle me."

* * *

Physical Examiner—"Did you ever have any military training?"

Stine—"Yes, sir."

Physical Examiner—"Your rank?"

Stine—"I know it, sir."

* * *

Prof. (in History)—"Why are they called the dark ages?"

Pickett—"Because there were so many knights."

Carroll—"Did you hear about the accident the other day?"

Jones—"No, what happened?"

Carroll—"You know, 'Doc' McGrath, while taking the exam. in Trigonometry, happened to get mixed up in the logs."

* * *

The following was culled from an examination paper in Astronomy:

Question: What is the zodiac?

Answer: I've never seen a zodiac,
I never hope to see one;
But if I flunk in this exam,
I'll know that there must be one.

* * *

Holbrook—"Why is J. P. Morgan like Pharaoh's daughter?"

Ford—"I don't know. Why?"

Holbrook—"They both found a profit (prophet) in the rushes on the bank."

* * *

Prof. (in Astronomy)—"What's the equinoctial, Sylvester?"

Benson—"The equinoctial? Why, er—equus, a horse, and nox, night; why, er—nightmare."

* * *

First Engineer—"I got a cut in Mechanics; what should I do about it?"

Second Engineer—"Better take it to the infirmary to be dressed."

* * *

Pickett—"Why is Jim Murray like a man with a victrola?"

Delaney—"I don't know."

Pickett—"He's always putting on airs."

* * *

Some of the preps are so enthusiastic over physical exercise that they have been seen entering the gym at all hours of the night.

McGreevy—"Do you remember the passage in Caesar, where it says he proposed to the Irish cook?"

Hanley—"No, I can't remember that part."

McGreevy—"When Caesar came to the Rhone River, he proposed to bridge it (Bridget)."

* * *

McDermott—"Do you mind if I call you by your first name?"

She—"Well, I'd rather have you call me by your last."

* * *

OLD BUT EVER NEW

When poets and writers, and other wise blighters,
Are choosing a name for a fair damosel,
They always select a most fanciful title
That's "Frenchy," "outre," or that sounds rather "swell."

They choose for the dames such wonderful names
As Vivian, Gladys, Juanita, Estelle;
As Evelyn, Beatrix, sweet Geraldine;
As Jeanne and Corinne, and Louise, and Adèle.

Let them rave; and they do—'tis strange, but true—
Of Kathlyn, and Esther, Mignon, and Pauline;
Marguerite, Antoinette, Lucille, Juliette;
Of Genevieve, Violet, Therese, and Irene.

Such verses they pen,—these poetical men,—
Of Arline and Diana, Virginia, Maxine;
Of Gertrude and Constance, and Florence and Grace,
Of Winifred, Rosalind, Blanche, and Eileen!

Let them rant, let them roar, of their fair Eleanore,
Of Doris, Patricia, Cleone, and Sophie,
But yet, though 'tis strange, the heavenly name
Of Mary has always seemed sweetest to me.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND, '21.

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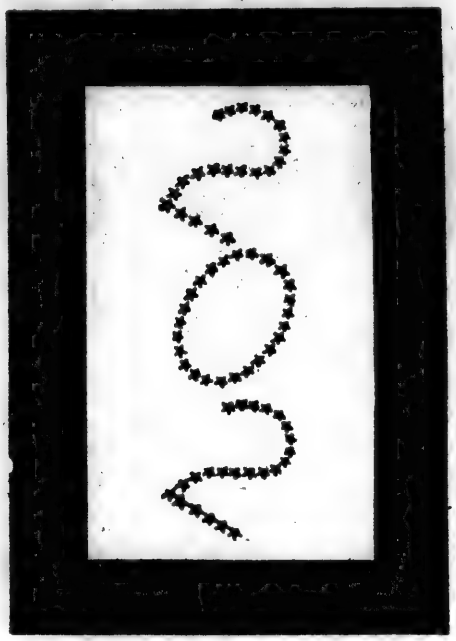
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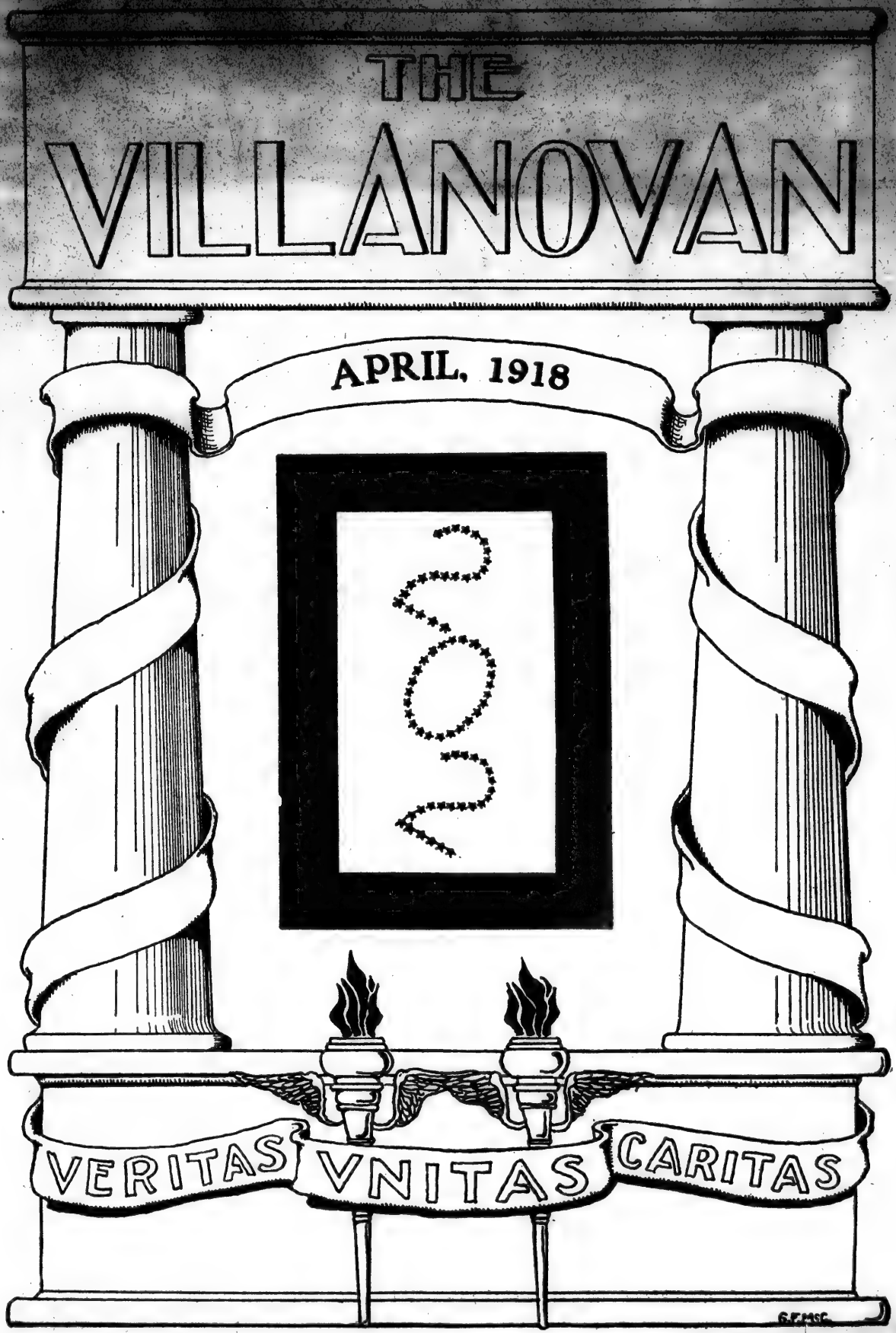
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THE VILLANOVAN

VOL. II. APRIL, 1918 NO. 4

The Clouds

Fleecy fields of snowy whiteness,
Bathed in sunbeams, warm and bright:
Floating slowly o'er the heavens,
Drifting in celestial flight.

Peaceful children of the heavens,
Dreamy roamers of the sky,
Lovers of the springtime breezes
That go brushing gently by.

Dainty, silv'ry, iridescent,
Basking in the sun's broad beams,
Smiling at their bright reflections
In the sparkling, glist'ning streams.

Dancing, joyous, dazzling, glowing,
Whiter than the ocean's foam.
Guardians of the azure heavens,
O'er the sky the cloudlets roam.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND, '21.

Poetry and War

By G. A. O'Meara

TROUBLED times have ever been productive of great poetry. In wartime we notice a lack of great prose, but the Muse of Poetry is more than ever alert. The present great crisis is no exception. It is gratifying to note that some of the greatest and noblest principles of life are being emphasized in the present-day war poetry.

To appreciate the real meaning of the terrors of war, we must, after having gazed upon the blood-stained battlefields of Europe, turn our eyes to the tear-stained fields of the homes of wives and mothers. Ada Tyrrell has struck a beautiful note in her poem, "My Son." The mother's thoughts, occupied with her absent boy, naturally go back to the dear, dead days.

"Here is his little cambric frock
That I laid by in lavender so sweet,
And here his tiny shoe and sock
I made with loving care for his dear feet."

But, ah! those days are gone. There is a cold, hard reality to face.

"Where do those strong young feet now stand?
In flooded trench, half numb to cold or pain,
Or marching through the desert sand
To some dread place that they may never gain."

It is a great problem for a mother. But faith will conquer all. There is a Power above the cruelty of grasping princes.

"God guide him and his men to-day!
Though death may lurk in any tree or hill,
His brave young spirit is their stay,
Trusting in that they'll follow where he will."

In the ordinary avocations the mother will ask a high place for her boy. He must stand out as a great man,—a leader. But in war—

"I ask no honors on the field,
That other men have won as brave as he—
I only pray that God may shield
My son, and bring him safely back to me!"

If the cause be a noble one—and ours is—how generously do the American mothers give up their boys! Katharine Tynan has realized this in her beautiful poem, "To the Others."

"Your son and my son, clean as new swords;
Your man and my man, and now the Lord's!
Your son and my son for the Great Crusade,
With the banner of Christ over them—our knights new-made."

With such an abundance of war songs, it is difficult to select all the gems. We must, then, make our choice depend on the importance of the subject. In every great war, there is one figure standing out as the model of all that is noble and heroic. The chaplain stands at the altar and offers sacrifice to the Almighty for the safety of his nation and his "boys." He is in the front ranks during the fray. He encourages the struggling heroes, he prepares them to face the Great Judge, he closes their eyes in death. What a glorious mission!

"In the pale gleam of new-born day,
Apart in some tree-shadowed place,
Your altar but a packing-case,
Rude as the shed where Mary lay,
Your sanctuary the rain-drenched sod,
You bring the kneeling soldier God."
—Winifred Letts.

The pens of those who are or have been at the front have been by no means idle. They look back at bygone days and the Muse will not be still. Tennant, in his "Home Thoughts from Lavente," is well worth consideration.

"I saw green banks of daffodil,
Slim poplars in the breeze,
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March
A-courting on the leas.
And meadows, with their glittering streams—and silver scurrying dace—
Home, what a perfect place!"

"No Man's Land" is a common expression with us now, yet only those who have been there can tell of its terrors.

"What are the bounds of No Man's Land?
You can see them clearly on either hand,
A mound of rag-bags gray in the sun,
Or a furrow of brown where the earthworks run
From the eastern hills to the western sea,
Through field and forest, o'er river and lea;
No man may pass them, but aim you well
And Death rides across on the bullet or shell."
—"No Man's Land," JAS. H. KNIGHT-ADKIN.

"German Prisoners," by Joseph Lee, has a true, Christian ring in it. The soldier meets a group of German prisoners; his first impulse is to insult or scorn them, but when he notices their sad faces and discouraged air he is moved to sympathy.

"How from tired eyes looked spirits broken down,
How each face showed the pale flag of defeat,
And doubt, despair, and disillusionment,
And how were grievous wounds on many a head,
And how your garb red-faced was other red;
And how you stooped as men whose strength was spent,
I knew that we had suffered each as other,
And could have grasped your hand and cried, 'My brother'!"

"Orthodoxy," "The Ball and the Cross," "The Innocence of Father Brown," and numerous other works have given Gilbert Keith Chesterton a right to a high place in our literature. He is the greatest essayist of our age. War has turned him to poetry. "The Wife of Flanders" pictures the desolation wrought by the cruel, unprincipled invaders.

"Must I for more than carnage call you claimant,
Paying you a penny for each son you slay?
Man, the whole world in gold were no repayment
For what YOU have lost. And how shall I repay?
"Unhappy, can I give you back your honor?
Though I forgave, would any man forget?
While all the great green land has trampled on her
The treason and terror of the night we met.

"Not any more in vengeance or in pardon
An old wife bargains for a bean that's hers,
You have no word to break; no heart to harden
Ride on and prosper. You have lost your spurs."

Cecil Chesterton, whom the United States entertained a few short years ago, is actively in the war. He is a private in the Highland Light Infantry, and has written much good poetry. We quote from "France":

"And she seemed broken and they thought her dead,
The Overmen, so brave against the weak.
Has your last word of Sophistry been said,
O cult of slaves? Then it is hers to speak.

"Clear the slow mists from her half-darkened eyes,
As slow mists parted over Valmy fell,
As once again her hands in high surprise
Take hold upon the battlements of Hell."

Austin Dobson brings up a vital question in his poetry. In war times we are naturally looking and praying for peace. But what will peace bring with it?

"'When there is peace our land no more
Will be the land we knew of yore.'
Thus do our facile seers foretell
The truth that none can buy or sell
And e'en the wisest must ignore.
When we have bled at every pore,
Shall we still strive for gear and store?
Will it be Heaven? Will it be Hell,
When there is Peace?
This let us pray for, this implore:
That all base dreams thrust out at door,
We may in loftier aims excel
And, like men waking from a spell,
Grow stronger, nobler, than before,
When there is Peace."

Alpine Wins

By John O'Brien, '19

IT WAS early summer—just at that season of the year when youthful nature is smiling and fresh. Alpine was never so pretty in the period of her existence. The summer breeze that played through the dancing leaves was cooling and welcoming. The blushing flowers and verdant lawns seemed to smile at the innocent frolic of the branches. Nature was indeed bounteous this year in her vesture.

On one of those characteristic evenings that distinguish Alpine, two young people could be seen strolling along the winding path that lay before the college structure. Arm in arm, they walked, talking and smiling into each other's faces. The young man, Harry Boyce, a student at the institution, was deeply absorbed with the charm and sweetness of his companion. He appeared most anxious about her comfort and hence spared no effort to make her feel happy and at home. It was very evident that the visitor, Joan Barow, was equally interested in the words and attentions of her admirer. They moved along slowly and perfectly oblivious to the surrounding beauty of the buildings and the environment. Finally, after they had walked over the roads several times, the young woman evinced signs of weariness, which were sufficient to induce the student to bring her to the college sitting-room. Accordingly, they proceeded at once to the pleasant apartment that was situated in the nearby vicinity. Fortunately, they found the well-furnished room unoccupied. As usual, the motionless keys of the piano invited the attention of the girl, who needed no second invitation to "play something." Whatever her motive might have been in rendering the Marseillaise was unfathomable to the American boy. She played it with such technique and skill that the patriotic blood of the student seemed to answer to the fervent warmth of its affection for the mother-country of his sweetheart.

"Why did you play that piece?" asked the young man, with a smile, after the last note of the selection had hushed into silence.

"Oh, for no particular reason, Harry," answered the girl. "I was just thinking of my poor brother in France and I thought I'd try to be happy in the remembrance of his name."

"So you have a brother in France? Army, eh?"

"Yes, didn't you know that? Why, yes, and it often worries me, for I believe that I shall never see him again," replied the girl. "Something tells me he is going to die in battle."

"Well, that's news to me," confessed Boyce. "I wish I had known that before; I would have enlisted under the French flag myself for your sake and his."

"Foolish boy!" frowned the young woman. "To what purpose? Why should you enlist? France is well supplied, without your having to cross the ocean. You take your degree within a month, then if your own country needs you, go, and I'll go with you. But don't seek trouble until it's at your door."

"Well said, Joan, my dear," agreed the student. "I'll take your advice, though things look pretty bad between Uncle Sam and the Kaiser. But I tell you, if they don't treat us a little better, I'll help to make them respect the white hairs of that old gent that is garbed in the Stars and Stripes."

"That's the spirit, boy," smiled the girl, as she arose from her seat and expressed a desire to go home. Harry, of course, would not oppose her will and immediately made preparations for her departure. The lovers went as they came, arm-in-arm, out into the dusk of evening, down through the winding path to the station. The girl bade her sweetheart good-bye with the ordinary formality of love and sincerity, and boarded the car that moved away swiftly and smoothly into the silent distance. The other returned to his house of studies. He was somewhat downhearted now. His mind seemed to be weighed down with the unhappy premonition of evil. He stalked into the refectory and found that the evening meal had just started. He had no desire for supper, but he

must comply with the rule that demanded at least his presence. As he entered, one of his companions noticed his seemingly discontented mood, which was something very unusual for Harry.

"What's wrong, pal?" asked a smiling, happy-go-lucky-looking sort of chap who was well into a good meal. "She stood you up? Oh, wouldn't come to supper, eh? Well, that was tough, old man! But don't worry; I'll get even with her for you. I'll eat her share tonight and take her out tomorrow night."

"This naturally brought a smile to the face of Harry. He couldn't get angry with his inquisitive friend, because the latter was a good-hearted fellow, more disposed to happiness and ease than to study and labor. Boyce, accordingly, made no reply, but focused his eye on the evening paper that lay on the table. He picked up the daily periodical and ran over the front sheet.

"What's that!" he cried. "What's that!"

The attention of the whole dining-room was attracted by the sudden exclamation.

"What's that! United States declares war on Germany! Volunteer! President Wilson calls for volunteers."

He read the rest in half a mumble. His face became white, his eyes seemed to fill with emotion. 'Twas only a few moments ago that he had promised his sweetheart that he would wait for his degree. But where would his college and his degree be if his country had not defended him and the rights of his alma mater? Promise or no promise, he had more than a promise to Old Glory. How many times as a child had he raised his little hand towards the unconscious banner of liberty and pledged his life for its defense and honor! Now, when the crucial moment came, would he squirm and crawl under the pretense of a cowardly promise to a sweetheart? No! Faint heart never won fair lady. Her love was worthy of the sacrifice. France, her country, was suffering; her brother was there, and he, her lover, must roam over its fields and seek its lurking enemy and crush its head beneath the proud heel of American loyalty and devotion.

While Harry was deeply absorbed in this reverie, the student body had realized that their companion was far off in the land of hopeful ambition. Before anyone could speak with the dreamer, he had turned and was moving with rapid strides towards the door which opened directly before the president's office.

"Degree or no degree," he muttered, as he passed out. He proceeded at once to the room of the reverend director of the institution. The robed president was sitting at his desk. His face beamed with the usual smile of paternal welcome and care. He noticed the nervous condition of the student and arose from his place to meet the worried boy halfway between the door and his busy desk.

"Well, Henry, how are you this evening?" inquired the priest, as he extended his hand to the visitor.

"I'm well, Father, thank you," informed Boyce, "but I've come to tell you I've decided to enlist in the service. It might be foolish, but I can't sit by and see my pals marching away when I have no obstacle to retain me but a promise to my sweet—."

"Ha! ha! So you're going to be a soldier, eh? Why, that's the spirit of '76, boy, that made you a free American. God bless your noble intention, son! Go, by all means. I'll play my part in the sacrifice. Your degree is assured. I'll send it to your mother with my blessing and congratulation."

Harry's eyes began to dampen with the water of joy and gratitude. The reverend president had been a father to him, and more than a father. He had been a friend, a master, and a guide. After a few moments of conversation, wherein the priest advised his parting student on matters of a religious and military nature, the young man bade him an affectionate good-bye.

"Good-bye, son," returned the president. "Take care of yourself. Some day when you come back to us we'll show you what patriotism merits and what courage deserves. Good-bye. May God bless you, my boy!"

Boyce had knelt for the priest's benediction. He kissed the anointed hand and departed silently, struggling to keep back the emotion that was welling up in his heart. He went quietly to his room. On his way he met with no one. His apartment was dark, yet never

before did it seem so welcoming. He was indeed bowed down with a heavy heart. After packing a few articles of immediate need into a suitcase, he hurried the remainder of his belongings within the confines of a large trunk. By nine o'clock he was ready to start. His room was now untidy and unpleasant. He sought his pal, who had misjudged his seriousness in the early part of the evening. He found him in the arms of Morpheus. The college chum soon showed signs of wakefulness and, although he was proud of Harry's move, there was an alloy of regret and sympathy lurking in his congratulations.

"But why go tonight?" asked the mystified sleeper.

"I want to spend the last night with my mother," returned Harry. "I'll enlist tomorrow, and no doubt I'll go to camp at once. And I want to be off when there's none around to make a fuss about my going. I've told none but you and Father. He's perfectly willing, and gave me some good advice which I intend to follow. So, bye-bye, old man. Think of me once in awhile when you are in the Chapel. Take care of yourself, and tend to my things when you get a chance."

The other made the promise to send the belongings of the soldier boy to his mother. They bade farewell, one to start on the road of glory that ends at the grave, the other to the ease and comfort of his peaceful chamber.

As Harry walked through the grounds, the silver moon cast a metallic hue on the trees and shrubbery. Alpine was never so pretty, never so charming as this evening. The very scene seemed to smile with approbation on the student's determination. He reached the main entrance that led him into the public road. He turned for one last look, one smile, one blessing, from his dear old alma mater of many happy hours. He raised his hat to the silent structure and with the devotion of his true Irish-American heart he exclaimed, "Alpine! Alpine! I may never see you again, but may you flourish and grow strong in the beauty of your teaching and the depth of your patriotism!" He turned and soon disappeared amid the frolicking leaves that played before the summer's breeze of evening.

CHAPTER II

In France

Days numbered into weeks and weeks measured into months. The chill of early autumn was already opening hostilities on the warmth and beauty of the lingering summer. 'Twas evening, and the moon was high in the heavens, shedding its silver light on the vales and valleys of fair France. Far off across the lea could be heard the roar of cannon: the laugh of "grim-visaged war." The evening mess was just finished and the whole camp was teeming with the bustle of soldiers, each going in his own desired way. After the turmoil of rushing warriors had ceased, two men appeared before the entrance of the camp. One was a tall, stately man, a French officer—Vincent Sordeaux by name. He was evidently instructing in sentry duty, a novice, who proved to be none other than Harry Boyce.

"Now, look here, Harry," warned the officer, "I'm putting you on the watch tonight because I trust you. I've been hearing strange rumors of attack and I'm prepared for anything. There have been seen moving objects on those hills at sunset; we saw them, so they might try some funny work tonight. Remember, if you need any help, fire three quick shots and I'll be at hand with some of the boys to stand behind you."

The sentry took his orders, saluted, and the official departed. Within an hour the buzz of the camp had been quieted. Silence was beginning to assume its reign. The cool wind that hissed in the distant vale echoed back a tone of warning that night and its perils were approaching. The moon was almost as bright a luminary as the sun, and hence Harry had no difficulty in viewing the quiet and rest of the surrounding country. Back and forth he walked, his musket shouldered, and his eyes and ears eager for the least approach of friend or foe.

"There won't be anything doing tonight," he thought. He looked around again, but all was still, peaceful and happy beneath starlit heavens.

"I wonder how my Joan is tonight," he said to himself. "It is three long months since I've

seen her. It's strange Vince didn't know her brother, Joe. Never heard of him? That certainly got me thinking. Wonder if she deceived me? No! That couldn't be. She's too true. There is something else in the wind."

He stopped and listened. What's that? A form, a German hat? Harry prepared his gun for immediate use. The form was distinctly that of a man. He was approaching the camp with rapid strides, but not directly. He moved on an angle, making for the rear entrance. Harry watched the mysterious figure and moved toward it. Evidently the stranger was unconscious of his being watched, for occasionally he would stop, look behind him, and then hasten with increased rapidity towards the French quarters. The suspense lasted for nearly twenty minutes. Finally, the German-garbed figure was within hearing distance.

"Halt! Halt!" demanded Boyce.

The intruder looked behind him again and started to run in his former direction.

"Halt! Halt! I say. Halt!" shouted the sentry, louder, as he raised his gun.

The other was either unconscious of or impervious to the watching American boy's orders. He did not halt; in fact, he moved faster than before. Harry became cold. Murder stared in his face. "Great heavens!" he thought. "Kill! My duty! I must!"

He fired. The form fell to the ground and a moan of torture sounded in the stillness that followed the explosion of the shot. The fallen man was but two hundred yards away from the sentry. Harry hastened to the dying intruder.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked Boyce rather nervously.

"I'm Joseph Barow, a captain in the French army," gasped the dying man. "If you are a friend, bring the papers which you will find in the hem of my coat—bring them to my general. Tell him they cost me my life, but at that they are dirt cheap, because they may purchase victory for my France."

He gasped. His breast was emitting a little stream of blood. His face was pale and ghostly in the moon's bright rays.

"Friend," he continued in a low voice, as the sentry knelt by his side. "I have but one in the world whom I love—my sister Joan, who lives in America. Find her out and tell her for me that I died at the hands of an enemy who followed me and who saw me cross yonder bridge. He let me come near enough to be disappointed in my hopes of giving my leader the news that tomorrow there will be a storm against our camp, and the enemy is going to try to carry us away." He gasped again and died.

The mien of the dead man became darkened, and, in the dreary light of the moon, the spectral appearance of death was there in all its horror and dread. The sentry gazed half distractedly on the form of the murdered man. What had he done? Killed a friend, ay, more than a friend, the brother of his love! Murdered him most cruelly. Anguish and distress of mind seemed to rend the heart of the half-conscious American soldier.

"Great God!" he moaned, "what have I done? Killed the man I came to defend! Oh, cruel, cruel fate! My Joan, how will you ever forgive me? Joan, Joan, how will you ever forgive me?"

He fell, his head rested on the lifeless bosom of the victim. There he remained, a pitiable object. After a few moments he raised himself. His eyes were inflamed from tears, his face swollen, and his heart frantically beating in his breast. However, he managed to muster sufficient courage and strength to seek the coveted papers. He ripped the seam of the heavy military coat, and there was concealed a small roll of paper neatly folded and tied with a white string. This he seized and then took a hasty glance behind; but all was still. Even the hissing of the distant hills had hushed. The same smiling Diana was in the heavens, with the same pleasant visage of approbation and love. He turned towards his officer's quarters, thrust the papers in the breast shield of his coat, and started in the direction of his commander's tent. He fled with all haste; nobody was seen or heard. Evidently he had destroyed all moving life but his own, and he wished he had died himself rather than to know he had killed his sweetheart's brother.

In a few moments he arrived at Sordeaux' resting-place. He paused before entering, to take one last glance to be sure that all was still. He turned to enter, but before he had taken a

step forward three quick shots were heard, one of which lodged in his side. He screamed and fell headlong into the room of the slumbering official. The signal and the crash of the wounded sentry aroused the sleeping dwellers of the tent. Almost instantly, a score of half-dressed army men were at hand, some armed with rifles, others half conscious of a horrible occurrence. They seized and gently carried the form of the dying man to a ready cot, where immediate medical attendance was rendered. Some of the armed men rushed to the door of the tent, but all was still and quiet without. Suddenly three forms were seen in the distance. They were fleeing. One of the aroused militia spied them and shouted to his friends, "Fire! Fire!" The soldiers obeyed, but when the vapor that was consequent on the explosion had cleared away, nothing indicative of life was visible. The men were at a loss to know whether or not they had hit their game. They returned immediately to their tents, feeling sure that all danger was gone and that they could rest peacefully until the morning. When they arrived at their war home, they found the doctors working on the body of Harry Boyce. The medical attendants had succeeded in stopping the bleeding to a great extent, but they feared the effects of a sudden fright. After an hour or so of hard and scientific endeavor, the surgeon restored the patient to consciousness. Harry's first thought was of Joe Barow. "Where is Vince?" asked the suffering man.

"Here, Henry, boy; what do you want?" answered the officer, in a soothing, gentle manner.

"Vince, I did something tonight that is driving me crazy to think about. I—I killed my sweetheart's brother."

Harry again seemed to be overcome with grief. He sobbed like a child.

"How?" asked the officer, "accidentally?"

"No, deliberately and knowingly," confessed the torture-stricken man. Here he explained before the whole camp the chief incidents of his work. The appearance, the warning, the refusal to obey, the thoughts of murder, the dead man, and the discovery.

"That is too bad," acknowledged Vince, "but, boy, what else could you do? Why do you suppose you were given a gun, unless to use it?"

"But I'm a murderer," explained Harry, "a cold-blooded murderer."

"You are no such thing," chorused the company. "Nonsense! You're a brick, you're a hero."

Harry asked for his coat, which had been thrown in the corner. It was a gory bundle, that gave an unpleasant odor of blood. One of the boys hastened to obey his wish and brought over the garment.

"Look in the breast pocket," directed Harry. This was immediately done, and a small roll of blood-stained paper was found. Vince took it and was about to open it.

"Don't look at that, Vince, give it to the 'Gen.' Tell him that Joe Barow brought it from the enemy's lines. It is a plan of the battle for tomorrow. It cost Joe his life, and would to God that it had cost me mine!"

"Look here, Henry, no such hopes around this place. You did the right thing in shooting, even if it were the General who did not halt when you told him to," explained the officer. "I'll see that these papers are delivered and that you get your reward for this night's deed."

The officer dismissed all but two of his men. These he ordered to stay with the dying man and the attending physicians. Soon all was still and all departed save the appointed ones. Night dragged on, but Harry could not sleep. The efforts of the attendants availed nothing. The doctor was equally unable to induce the hero to sleep. Finally, after a toxicant was administered, the artificial producer of sleep effected its purpose. He slept soundly and easily. The darkness thinned into daylight, and soon the sun was shining in the heavens. Harry slept on; the bleeding wound was well under control. The doctors were hopeful, but the excitement that would follow on any fright or disturbance made vigilance necessary. Finally, the medical men departed, enjoining the sentry's companions to preserve quiet and rest for the wounded soldier.

As the first rays of the full sun brightened the sick chamber of the hero, Vince appeared, carrying a package and a telegram for Harry. The officer at once dismissed the faithful at-

tendants and offered himself as watcher for the sufferer. The new arrival found Harry awake but very weak. As he entered, the patient looked up into the face of his friend, smiled and wiped a tear from his eye with the corner of the bed sheet.

"Mornin'," smiled Sordeaux. "How's things this mornin'? You're lookin' fine, boy. You should have heard what the 'Gen' said when he got your message. There's no limit to your power when you're well. He'll be around sometime today himself. He sent me down to say that he was proud of you and was going to prove it before many hours. Here's a package and a telegram from—from—I don't know the person." The officer handed the envelope to Harry.

"What's in the box?" asked Boyce. "Open it."

Vince at once broke the binding string and was soon occupied with the contents of the package. He found innumerable useful articles: socks, tobacco, candy, and such things as soldiers eagerly desire. The last thing to be discovered was a roll of blue cloth. The official unfolded it and, to the amazement of Harry, there appeared before him a real pennant of Alpine. The suffering man seized the emblem of his alma mater, and devoutly kissed it.

"God bless you, Alpine!" he cried. "God bless you, from your dying boy!"

The officer was at a loss to comprehend the meaning of such an outburst. "Who may this girl Alpine be?" he asked, with an air of inquisitiveness that was intended to offset the sorrow of Harry.

"She's my girl, my mother, my old friend," answered Boyce as he triumphantly raised the Blue and White over his head. "That is the banner of my college in America, the home of my happy hours and boyhood days." He placed the pennant near his heart and turned to the visitor and said, "But you didn't tell me what was in the note. I don't remember what poor Joe said."

"Oh, nothing much," informed Sardeaux, "only they had a certain formation of attack, which might have defeated us if we weren't prepared for it. But they have not a chance now. We'll be there ahead of them, and maybe there won't be some feathers flying! We can fool them this time, boy, and make them realize they haven't been pulling anything over on this crew. Just think all through your good work, Henry. I tell you, the 'Gen.' has his head turned about you. We'll all be taking orders from you soon."

"Maybe," sighed Harry. "I feel that my end is near. I'm getting weaker all the time, but say, Vince, I want you to do me a favor today, will you do it?"

"Do it, eh? Do it? Sure, I'll do anything you tell me. Just say the word and it's done. If I have to get a pill in my lung I will do anything you ask, or break my neck in the attempt."

"Here, then," said Harry, handing Vince the Alpine pennant. "Take this, and when the final drive is made, tie it to Old Glory, the good old Stars and Stripes, and carry them both across the line of battle, as I did many a time on the football field. Take this, for in its folds are concealed my heart and my heart's love. Carry it to victory, and if we never meet again, keep this good old flag in memory of my love for you and France. As he handed the Alpine pennant to the officer, Harry's eyes filled. He coughed to smother a sob. "Vince," he exclaimed, "its colors do my heart good. Blue and white, that stand for loyalty and virtue—which are the blessings of the American soldier. They are the fruits of a good Catholic education that backed the strength of Old Glory and made it powerful and free.

The officer was moved by the eloquence of the patriot. He took the emblem, folded it, and put it into his pocket. As he did so, the forgotten telegram dropped. "Here," he exclaimed, "is your telegram; it slipped my mind."

"Open it," said Harry, rather nervously. The other obeyed. He offered it to the dying man, but the latter requested his friend to read it. Vince again complied with the patient's wishes.

"Dear Har:" he read, "You did not grant my wish, but to prove my love and forgiveness, I'll grant yours. You may expect me in a few days. I have offered myself as a nurse. Goodbye, until we meet. God bless you, my dear boy! Your own Joan."

The officer finished and looked at his friend. Harry's face was white, so white that Sordeaux feared death had come on the reading of the note. But soon Boyce was brought back to consciousness. His eyes were closed, he could not speak. He breathed lightly and slowly; his end was near at hand. Suddenly, a blast of a trumpet told the officer to muster for battle. He thrust the message into his pocket, turned to arouse the half-conscious boy, but his swoon was so intense that Vince feared the least exertion might mean a speedy end. The officer departed for the fray and left the dying man alone.

Off to the war went the heavy-hearted soldier. Harry would never know the glory that was his own. He would never see the light of another day. His bravery would be for him unrewarded, but his name would flourish in the land of laurels and fame. Off went Vince, the Alpine pennant in his pocket and Joan's telegram near his heart.

As Barow's papers had warned, the advancing foe had planned a definite attack. Had the French officials been ignorant of the enemy's intention, the former would have been crushed at the outset. But knowledge is power and forewarned is forearmed. The French army repelled the attack bravely and well. A hard fight ensued. The warring parties surged and ebbed like the raging ocean. The roar of cannon, the flying shrapnel and bullets that terminated in death-dealing hisses amidst the smoke and vapor of the fight, would fill the ordinary soldier with dread and horror. The intruding lines were determined, and so were the defensive. Back and forth they would advance and retreat. The national standards of the participants raged wildly in the thunder of the cannon and the wind. Vince was there, with sword in hand, shouting to his companions, urging them on with yells of patriotism and loyalty. In his excitement he had rushed in front of the American division. Old Glory met his eye and now for the first time he thought of Alpine and the promise to the dying hero.

As if some supernatural power had preordained the incident, he pulled the emblem from his pocket, and as he did so, the American standard-bearer was shot and Old Glory fell into the hands of the French officer. Immediately he pulled out the toptack that held the Stars and Stripes to the pole and fastened the Alpine banner with the butt of his revolver.

"There you are, Henry," exclaimed the officer. "May Joan d'Arc guide us to victory! On, on, boys!" He placed the standard in a firm grasp, and advanced, shouting to his companions, "Victory! Victory! Joan's flag! Joan's flag! Victory! Drive on for your lives, for France, for victory!"

The introduction of the strange colors had the happy effect of inspiring the French troops with unlimited confidence in their leader. They immediately joined the Yankee boys and the combined force of both made a drive that filled the enemy with confusion. The name of Joan d'Arc fired the poilus with courage. "Joan d'Arc!" they yelled. "Victory! Sardeaux! Lead on! Lead on!"

The Teutons' formation was weakening. Here and there could be seen retreating soldiers struggling to withstand the determination of the advancing French lines, but the latter had been tuned to a high pitch of undauntedness, at the sight of the mysterious name, Alpine. On they pushed, shells and shrapnel flying in every direction, men falling on either side, swords, guns of every description, curses, prayers—everything that serves to intensify the horribleness of war. The strife lasted all morning. At noon the invaders had become weak. They were already retreating slowly but surely. Back, back, they were pushed, step by step, each yielding with struggle and hard fight. At last the French rear guard came up. They came with a rush, a yell—and the fight was won. Old Glory, with Alpine nailed to its side, was seen far off in the front. In fact, it was in advance of every other standard. The Stars and Stripes were tattered and torn; yes, but its defendant, the Alpine banner, was whole and entire. At the first retreat of the Teutons, the defendants were filled with unlimited joy and courage. They followed on the heels of the fleeing foe, until the latter had crossed the bridge, leaving behind them the greater part of the German adherents.

After victory had been assured, Vince lost no time in returning to the bedside of Boyce. He

had carved his way through the mess of carrion, through the throng of exulting soldiers, back to the high-road. He carried with him the ruined flag of liberty that had been saved by the unspoiled banner of Alpine. He had great difficulty in making his way through the crowds, who were desirous of seeing the mysterious emblem of Joan d' Arc, that had appeared before them. But, as in the battle, Vince was determined. He pushed the inquisitors aside and disentangled himself from the mob, reached the road and started to run, the banners flapping triumphantly in the breeze. After a few minutes he reached the camp. He made at once for his tent and rushed in, shouting, "Up, up, Henry! Alpine wins! Alpine wins!"

He suddenly stopped. His voice died away, his face became white, his very blood seemed to become motionless. Why? He had intruded into the awful silence of death. Harry, indeed, had died, and by his bedside was kneeling the form of a woman, garbed in white. Her face was buried in the cold, stiff palm of the patriot. She was sobbing as though her heart would break, as though the last hope of happiness and love had faded on the shores of expectation.

The officer paused, raised his hat, and placed his hand on the shoulders of the woman.

"Madam," he asked, "why so sorrowful?"

The stranger arose, and looked at her questioner through her tears. Her eyes were swollen, and her face the image of sadness.

"Sir," she replied, "I am Mademoiselle Barow, sister to the Captain Barow of your regiment. Here," pointing to the corpse, "is my life, my love and my hope. He's dead—but tell me where I can find my brother."

"Your brother!" echoed Sardeaux. He paused. "How did you find your way through the encampment?"

"I asked for Monsieur Barow," informed the young lady, "and I was directed hither. When I arrived here he was alive and conscious. He knew me, for as I knelt by his side he took my hand, kissed it, and cried, 'Joan, Joan, forgive me, forgive me!' 'What, my dear,' I said, 'forgive you for what?' He said no more, but turned his head thus, sighed, and was dead."

Here Joan became hysterical. The officer put his arms around her and helped her to a vacant chair that stood near the hero's bedside. Never before had Sardeaux's adamantine heart become soft. The rage of battle made him furious, but the tears of a woman made him like a child,—weak and powerless. He tried to express his sympathy for the heart-broken girl. "You'll be all right, madam. Your lover was a hero, and only such as you are worthy of him."

"But where is my brother? Take me to him! Please do take me to him!" begged the girl of the soldier, who had proceeded to the door. "Where is Joe? Is he dead? Tell me if he is and by whose hand. Tell me."

The iron-hearted warrior could not withstand the storm of a woman's tears. He turned and faced the prostrate form of the late arrival. He covered his eyes with his hard, rough hand, that was still soiled from the fray. "Your brother?" he said. "Where is he? Your brother! My God, woman! I would not break your heart!" He made for the door and left the fainting Joan alone in her sorrow.



The Music of Life

By Arthur B. Maxwell, '18

"*Dum vivimus, vivamus.*"

MOST people are agreed that life is a very practical and liveable proposition. But like all practical and liveable things its virtue lies, not in swerving from side to side, but in steadfastly pursuing the middle course—"Virtus semper in medio stat." It is true, however, that this course does not always run smoothly; nor is it always a "Paradise of Pleasure," where sunshine and soft music soothe and comfort us all the long day. But its philosophy consists, not in viewing its great course as some dark and gloomy checker-board, where an occasional gleam of brightness flickers across; but rather the contrary, where in company with the poets—

"*To see the world in a grain of sand,*
And all heaven in a flower;
To hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour,"

dissipates any false shadows that might flicker across its bright and sunny surface.

However, it is probably the most natural thing in the world to grow quiet and afraid under the stress of vicissitude. All nature droops and hangs her head before the storm. Even the croaking chatter of the blackbird and the merry redbreast's warble are then stilled. But not even storms can quiet the blithe and challenging notes of the chickadee. So, too, can we who cultivate both brain and heart, and a quick ear, catch the music of men's souls, the joyous notes of laughter above the din and muffled groanings along the road of life. Who knows, but that we may even learn to laugh ourselves? Is it any wonder, when we glance back over the shoulders of time, that we discover the Pagans considered laughter the differentiating quality in man? Indeed, at no time does the gap grow less than when the dog exuberantly wags his tail. So, too, does the infant's first smile evidence the development of reason. Yes, there is nothing more human than a hearty laugh. If this be true,

"*Why should a man whose blood is warm within,*
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?"

Yet laughter has many foes, those sour-tempered laugh-haters, those gloomy "agelasts," who even in merrie England, Shakespeare tells us, would

"*Not show their teeth in way of smile,*
Though Ulster swear the jest be laughable."

But we can safely wager, that the friends of laughter always have and always will exist. Perhaps, even now when so much gloom and so many dreary days are foreshadowed, they are more numerous than is supposed. As regards the control of laughter, as a part of every wise man's self-government and restraint, little need be said. There is "a time to weep and a time to laugh." A keen relish, too, to laugh at his own jokes has often entangled the feet of even the kind-hearted man.

"*Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.*"

Though ridicule be a test of truth, what must be our judgment of him whose solitary boast is

"*I speared him with a jest.*"

Of such a one little need be said. A word to the wise is superfluous, and

"*All fools have still an itching to deride,*
And fain would be upon the laughing side."

As we have said, the panacea—in medio stat: neither in ultimate pessimism nor in superficial optimism. For whom do we shun more than him who believes himself miserable, when he should be happy; or him who thinks misery is happiness? One would kick if a house would fall on him; the other would see a joke in a funeral. So, too, pleasure is not always happiness. We of this enlightened age are above the mere sensual gratifications of the pagan.

"Live while you live the Epicure would say,
And give to pleasure all the livelong day.
Live while you live the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
But in my view, let both united be,
I live to pleasure when I live to thee."

The poet Burns has warned us of the superficiality of mere pleasures—

"But pleasures are like poppies spread:
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall in the river:
A moment white—then lost forever;
Or like the borealis race:
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form:
Evanishing amid the storm."

To impute to anyone the lack of a sense of humor is almost as terrible as an anathema. Yet to lay the merriment of the "Gelast" when discovered, under the scalpel and lens of scientific scrutiny, might also bring a storm of protest upon our own head. We can not say we blame him much either. Such a proceeding, delving as it does into the secrets of a man's heart, robs him of much of his merriment. Laughter is one of man's treasures; a possession to which he should jealously cling; it brings gaiety, entertainment, and good-fellowship into a dull and lonely life; it softens and balances the vicissitudes of boasting youth and narrative old age. There are, however, many excellent men and women who, no doubt, are better off without it; the absence of which inspires others with that proper awe, and preserves them from many follies. The philosopher is a serious man: his work is one of the most arduous and demands concentration; it affords little room for laughter. Even his study of the laughable becomes a dry and prosaic thing.

There is scarcely a philosopher, essayist, or novelist, however, that has not treated the laughable in some manner or other. Yet each one—Aristotle, Hobbs, Lipps, Kant, Kraepelin, Jean Paul, Prof. Bain, Schopenhauer, Addison, Carlyle, Hazlitt, and Lamb—has taken his own particular attitude. We might say that not all agree in the explanations of this phenomenon. Some have made a psychological analysis, delving into its occasions and causes, whether from sense-stimulus: tickling—ticklish areas, or no; others weigh its physiological advantages; others distinguish and differentiate between the comic, wit, and humor; between its manifestations: in the savage; its rudiments in animals, such as the dog's or the ape's manifestation of a sense of fun. But as far as we are concerned, this is neither a clinic in psychiatry, nor a lecture in psychoanalysis, or abnormal psychology. We do not purpose to determine here the pyschic-localizations of the comic, of wit, or of humor. It is not material to us whether they be in the foreconscious, subconscious, or any other conscious. For all we are concerned, it might be up a man's sleeve. In fact, we should be more inclined to consider that this particular psychic-apparatus is located in the region of the "funny-bone."

That there are various degrees and varieties of the laughable all, no doubt, agree. At any rate, we may agree to disagree. But whether we view it in the novel sight of "Topsy" kicking her heels about; or of the Achaen chiefs ridiculing the deformity of "Thersites"; or even those quaint, old-fashioned, naïve sayings of children, we discover a rich and fruitful source of study, no less instructive than amusing.

There are, perhaps, no two words in our language more often confounded than "wit" and "humor." Their divergence has been the source of much discussion and confusion. Indeed, at times it is difficult to draw the line of demarcation. But even the thinnest tissue-paper has its two sides; no one ever saw a piece of paper so thin that it only had one side. Etymology, though not an infallible guide for the correct usage of words, always gives some clue, and throws light on their historical significance; there is always logic behind the mutation of language, whether based on philology or custom. "Wit" is the Anglo-Saxon "witan," to know, wisdom; its early significance is seen in our present word "unwittingly," and also from Shakespeare:

"And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant." (*Winter's Tale.*)

Taken in its extended meaning, "wit" is the faculty of the mind itself. Dryden uses it in this sense:

"Great wits are oft to madness near allied."

In Pope's "Essay on Criticism" it is said to be used in seven different senses. But in connection with our theme it is used in a limited sense, and signifies the faculty of discovering the incongruous, the disagreement of like ideas, or the agreement of apparently disparate ideas.

But "humor" is literally a moisture or fluid, hence,—the humors of the body, which were supposed to have had some influence on the animal spirits and feelings of man. It is obvious, then, that wit is more psychological and involves the faculties of intellect and imagination; but humor is rather physiological, and has to do with the feelings and disposition. The witty man is quick to see incongruous associations of every kind; the humorist is a close observer of the foibles and weaknesses of his fellow-men. Wit is brief, momentary, intellectual, and natural; it may consist in a single brilliant thought. Humor is drawn out, habitual, and in the disposition; it may be acquired; it runs in a vein. Wit has been called a "playful judgment"—"sense in nonsense"—and various other aphoristic appellations. One author basing his authority on Hamlet,

"Therefore, since brevity is the body and the soul of wit,
And tediousness the climbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief,"

says that, "brevity alone is the soul of wit." But brevity alone cannot be the soul of wit, or else every laconism would be witty. Nevertheless, brevity is necessary. So is the incongruous and the unexpected. The question naturally arises, wherein does the technique of wit lie? What causes speech to be witty? We have seen the elements mentioned above. Does it lie in the thought then, or in the mode of expressing that thought? It would seem to be the thought. But if we keep the thought and change its verbal adornment, there is no joke. Then, logically, it must lie in the verbal form, in word- or form-technique.

By reason of this verbal-technique, wit has been divided by some into a threefold division: the condensation of words; the application of the same material; and the double meaning. We have no need here to go into its various subdivisions, but every form of wit falls under these three. De Quincy gives us an example of condensation or fusion of words when he remarked, that old people are liable to "anecdotage." Then, there is the witticism that lies in one and the same word. There was a young man who had gained admission into French society on the strength of his relationship to Rousseau. In fact, he bore his name; but he was red-headed and awkward. A French lady ventured this remark at a social gathering where the young man was present: "Vous m'avez fait connaitre un jeune homme *roux* et *sot*, mais non pas un *Rousseau*." We have the same technique in the repartee an Italian lady made to Napoleon: "Tuttigli Italian danzano si male" (all Itailans dance so badly). He replied, "Non tutti, ma *buona parte*" (not all, but a great many). Hood, the poet, once remarked, that he had to be a lively Hood for a livelihood.

In the application of the same material, first the word is used as a whole and then with some change, either in a division of its syllables or change of order. It seems that the slighter we make the change the better the technique. This technique resembles a saying of O. W. Holmes: "Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust." They tell the story of a candidate for the bar: He was translating a passage from the Corpus Juris: "Labeo ait." "I fall (fail), says he," volunteered the candidate. "You fall (fail), says I," replied the examiner and the examination ended. The student had mistaken the name of a celebrated jurist for a word to which he had attached a false meaning. The technique of the joke lies in the fact that the examiner had used almost the same words in punishing the applicant as the latter had used to prove his ignorance. Our language is replete with words, also, which taken in one sense are full of meaning, but when taken in another become altogether colorless. These are a fruitful source of excellent technique. Take for instance two different words derived from the same etymological root: one may develop into

a word with a full meaning, while the other may become a colorless prefix, and yet both may have the same sound. "Do you call a man kind who remits nothing to his family while away?" asked a friend of mine. "Call that kindness? Yes," replied our companion, "unremitting kindness." "Un" is usually a prefix denoting not, but by adding it to remitting a new and unexpected relation has been established which changes the whole context.

One of the richest and, perhaps, most artistic witticism is the play on words. We do not mean the "pun." A "pun" is merely made *upon* the sound of the word, whereas, a true play upon words attaches a double meaning to one word; juggles and bandies it about, as it were, without wrenching its syllables. It requires an intimate knowledge of the inner meaning of the word, upon which the mind masticates as some rare delicacy. There is an instance of this that was current at the time of the last Napoleon. One of the Emperor's first royal acts was to confiscate the estates of the House of Orleans. The saying went, "C'est le premier vol de l'aigle." "Vol" means both flight and theft. A similar example is given in reference to Louis XV. The King had heard about the keen wit of one of his courtiers and wished to test it. He asked the courtier to make a joke at his (the king's) expense. In other words, he desired to be the subject of the joke. The courtier responded with this clever bonmot, "Le roi n'est pas sujet." Subject also means vassal. The University of St. Andrew in Scotland was very poor in purse, but prolific in the distribution of its degrees. This occasioned Dr. Johnson to remark, "Let it persevere in its present plan, and it may become rich by degrees."

Naïveté, the funny remarks of children, said as they are in all seriousness, but so paradoxically absurd, occasion much merriment and laughter. A little girl of four years had heard her parents speak of a certain Jewish acquaintance as a Hebrew. Later upon hearing his wife spoken of, she ventured the information that she was a She-brew. Naïve speech is naturally closer allied to wit than naïve action. But there is a story told of an Indian at one of our army-posts, that unfolds the naïveté very well and is exceedingly funny. The commander was accustomed to send this Indian to his home with a basket of fruit every day. He, likewise, put a piece of bark in the basket. On receiving the fruit the commandant's wife looked at the piece of bark and said, "All right." One day the Indian had eaten some, and when she looked at the bark she asked for the rest of the fruit. But the next day before eating the fruit, the Indian hid the piece of bark under some leaves.

It has often been remarked, that certain nations have no sense of humor. We think this consequent upon the fact that we do not fully understand their character. It is true that there are classic instances of great wits and humorists in the world. Yet we cannot altogether say they are national. We boast of Shakespeare, Molière, Cervantes, Heine, Dickens, Thackeray, Sterne, Bret Harte, as great humorists. There are no characters in literature that arouse our sense of humor with more relish than Sir John Falstaff, the nurse in Romeo and Juliet, Mr. Pickwick, Micawber, Barkis, Uncle Toby or Yula Bill, yet we think their humor more individual than national. But there is a humor that distinguishes nations as well as individuals. There is a humor as American as the Goddess of Liberty or a traveling side-show; as English as a London fog or the proverbial "i's" and "h's" with their rough breathing; as Irish as "Paddy's Day" or Kilkenny cats. Mr. Chesterton, in his classic example of sitting on one's hat, has clearly brought out this point. It is quite natural that the humor of nations should differ: their trend of ideas, their impulses, and their interests differ. We understand and appreciate it when we understand and appreciate the difference in their characters. Indeed, this appreciation is a fundamental, psychological test of language; it requires not only a knowledge of its notations, but also of its present usage.

Who of us is not familiar with that hilarious absurdity—the Irish "bull"? It is something more than has been said,—"the habit of using figurative and witty language." It is a deep-brooding sentiment, a charming expression of a most amiable trait of character. They tell the story of an Englishman, who had heard so much about Irish "bulls" that he was very anxious to see one. One time when traveling in Ireland, he asked the Irish coach-driver to show him an

Irish "bull." "Well," says Mike, "do you see them cows over there?" "I do," says John. "Well," says Mike again, "that *cow* standing up's the *bull*." We think this emphasizes somewhat the humor of both. Another time Mike had read an advertisement in the paper concerning "reading glasses." He promptly paid the optician a visit. It was not until Mike had tried on all the glasses in the store that they discovered he did not know how to read.

But the American's humor is the humor of the imagination, the humor of exaggeration. It is not philosophical like the Frenchman's; nor has it the uncanny reality and practicability like the Scotchman's. Mark Twain, in relating the experiences of his brother, brings out its specific difference very well. One time his brother had been hurled into the air by the premature explosion of a blast. When he got back he was docked half a day's pay for being away from the job. At another time he had constructed a subterranean dwelling-place. He furnished it with a bed, a table, and a lamp. The roof was a piece of sail-cloth with a hole in the center. The first night a cow that was being driven home fell through the hole onto the table and put out the light. But Mark's brother helped it out and readjusted his quarters. The same thing happened the next night and every succeeding night. On the forty-sixth night Mark's brother *remarked* that the thing was getting monotonous.

We are told that great wits and humorists are the most melancholy of men. Perhaps it is only they that can safely unite the two. The poet tells us that

"Nothing's so dainty sweet, as lovely melancholy."

This is surely not the melancholy that breeds despair, but must be that which every truly happy man possesses. The ancients generally connected these two dispositions. Moderns also give like testimony. Meredith quotes Savage Landor as holding that, "genuine humor, as well as true wit, requires a sound and capacious mind, which is always a grave one." Tennyson notes that humor "is generally most fruitful in the highest and most solemn human spirits." The need of this deep and massive seriousness seems to be borne out by what we know of great humorists. Sainte-Beuve describes the dispositions of Rabelais, Cervantes, and Molière as such. He says that Molière was called the "contemplative" and was wont to be taken with sadness and melancholy when alone. It was remarked of Sheridan that he scarcely ever smiled.

But when we are reminded with what peculiar fascination and charm a new joke offers we forget this sad side of the humorist, if it be such. A new joke becomes an event of almost universal interest. It is passed on from one to another like the news of the latest "drive." Even men of great experience and travel relish the humorous story; in relating the strange places they have seen, the great personages they have met, they never fail to relate the excellent jokes and humorous stories they had heard. It goes a great way in making life liveable. It is twice blest: it blesses not only him that receives, but him that gives.

The Honor of Charlemagne Dudley

By Paul Judson, '20

GEOGRAPHICALLY, commercially, and politically speaking, the little town of Carnsville was in a class all by itself. It was situated right in the center of Montana, and during the holidays, when everybody was home, it numbered seven hundred souls. The most important industry in Carnsville was oil. Nobody ever passed through the town without knowing this because it would be perceived by all five senses at once. The black muddy roads looked like rivers of axle grease; and the tiny stucco finished houses, all with the same kind of bay windows and the same size chimney, like so many oil cans.

There was one thing about Carnsville, however, which, leaving all its other unique features

aside, would have been sufficient to put it in a class by itself. This was its form of government. Nobody in Carnsville voted because nobody wanted to. Old Charlemagne Dudley, the pastor of the church, had been chosen mayor, and everything concerning the public good was referred to "Old Dud," as he was called behind his back. Old Dud owned the general store and managed the postoffice besides his regular duties; and when a circus, a traveling salesman, or anything of the kind came to town, naturally they had to see Old Dud before they could hang up a shingle.

One morning, Old Dud was on his way down to open the postoffice when he noticed a crowd gathered about the bulletin board which was nailed in front of the general store. Feeling that by virtue of his important position, it was his duty to acquaint himself with whatever was of general interest, Old Dud approached and read:—

To Whom It May Concern: Any man, woman or child who has the interests of Carnsville at heart and who wants to hear some startling facts about the past life of Old Charlemagne Dudley, and his scheme to rob the people of Carnsville, come to the town hall on Monday night at eight o'clock! !

(Signed) The man that's got the goods! !

Old Dud's head began to swim as he read it, and he looked around at the others who were reading it,—some for the tenth time. They had not noticed Old Dud's approach and were talking among themselves. "It's a lie that Old Dud's got any scheme," said one old miner. "I don't believe it."

"If I catch the fellow that wrote that," said another, "I'll stick his head down the oil shaft and hold it there so long that he'll sweat kerosene for a month."

"Well," said a third, "nobody believes it, so the only thing to do is to go down to the hall Monday night and as soon as this scoundrel appears, make him swallow everything he says and then kick him out."

It didn't take long for the news to spread and in less than forty-five minutes, nearly everybody had heard about it. It was unanimously decided that the unknown man who signed the notice must have been a stranger who aspired to Old Dud's place, and that he must be very unceremoniously ushered out of Carnsville. The male population divided into groups of about forty, and each group drew up a program of what part it was to play in the ejection. Then the groups "rolled bones" to see which was to have the honor of starting the proceedings.

The notice was discovered on Friday morning. On Sunday, Old Dud preached a most touching sermon on slander and detraction. And he laid particular stress on the punishment which such sins deserve.

By eight o'clock on Monday evening, every man, woman, and child who lived in Carnsville was either in the hall or within a hundred yards of it. Old Dud was just coming up. He was delayed as he had to meet the pay-train and lock up the money in the postoffice; the next day was pay-day for the miners.

Nine o'clock drew on and no one had appeared to reveal the startling fact about Old Dud. Ten o'clock came and the blue sulphur began to die away,—the swearing was not so strong now because some began to entertain a suspicion that it might have been a put-up job.

Ten-thirty came and several began to show signs of leaving. All at once a boy, about eleven years old, came down the road and entered the hall. He was recognized as Duke Powell's boy who had been sent home about an hour before to close up the hen-house which had been thoughtlessly left open in the bustle of the early evening. He carried a letter with him and he said a man had met him by the postoffice and asked him to take it to the hall. He handed it to Old Dud who opened it and read aloud as follows:—

To Mr. Charlemagne Dudley and the Citizens of Carnsville:—

I'm the bo that put up the sign last Friday and I wish to compliment you all on your ready response. I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long but it took me some time to get the back off the postoffice safe. Lest I forget you needn't call for your pay tomorrow. I didn't like to see so much money left unguarded, so I have taken upon myself to guard it for a while. It's

very convenient that you have the postoffice joining the general store for it saved me half an hour. I emptied the cash drawer, except the five dollars' worth of pennies which you may need for change in the morning. I attended the sermon last Sunday and, as I realized that it was all for my benefit, I felt that I was entitled to the collection. After I had taken the money from the rectory I put the key back under the doormat so nobody else will get in before Charlemagne gets home.

I won't tire you any longer except to extend to you all my best wishes for success.

(Signed) The Man That's Got the Goods! !

P. S. I would advise you to get rid of that bulletin board, as it may prove a source of temptation to some other poor bo like me.

The M. T. G. the G.

Fooling Father

By John J. Maguire, '20

"COME on, Dad, let's put the gloves on for a few rounds." Thus spoke Lawrence Coleman Hopkins, Jr., to his father. Lawrence, Jr., had just returned from college for the Christmas holidays. At college, he was more familiarly known as "Bud" Hopkins, one of the greatest fullbacks developed there in years. Bud was likewise acknowledged to be no mean athlete at boxing, basketball, baseball, and track, and, although it is not heralded broadcast, he was also a student.

Lawrence, Sr., had made a name for himself in athletics at the same university several decades before. He still took an active interest in athletics in so far as they did not interfere with the lucrative law business he had built up since leaving college. He was a remarkably well-built man and carried himself with an air of grace and confidence (not over-confidence) which made him a conspicuous figure in any courtroom. Daily indulgence, however, in big black cigars and the fast pace of the modern business man had not improved his wind and he realized this. Consequently, he hesitated before replying to "Bud's" invitation for a friendly bout.

"Well," he said, finally, "I'm not in perfect condition, Larry, but I think I can give you a good trouncing for a few rounds."

"You're on," was "Bud's" reply, and father and son repaired to the little "gym" which Lawrence Hopkins, Sr., had fitted up for his son's use during his high-school days.

They were soon stripped for action and the bout was on. Cautiously, at first, they measured each other; and let me add here, that except for a tinge of gray in the elder Hopkins' well-kept hair, there seemed to be little difference in the makeup of the two men. "Bud," of course, after a strenuous season at football, was in the prime of condition, but the smooth, flexible muscles of the "old man," as he felt out his younger opponent, indicated that he was still capable of taking care of himself just as long as his wind held out. In short, the two men appeared to be perfectly matched and the result seemed to hinge upon the science displayed by either one.

As the bout went on, however, and the action became more lively it became apparent that Dad's wind was not all that it might be. He soon began to puff and blow like a porpoise.

Up to this time the bout had been about even, but now "Bud" began to "put over" some telling blows and one of them sent his fast-tiring father staggering into his corner.

At this point, they were interrupted by the entrance of a rather corpulent personage who greeted them with a friendly grin.

"Pardon the intrusion, Larry," he said to the elder Hopkins. "The butler said I'd find you out here and I didn't bother to send my card in."

"Why, hello, Tom, old man," greeted Hopkins, Sr., between gasps for air; "come right in, I'll be with you in a few minutes. I have everything ready for you to sign."

"No hurry, Larry," replied the corpulent one; "but why call me 'old man'? I should think that would apply more to you after the exhibition you have just put up."

"Yes, dad," chimed in Larry, Jr., "you're not as young as you used to be."

Then he made his exit towards the showers, humming the "Old Gray Mare."

Lawrence Hopkins, Sr., laughed these remarks off lightly, but during his shower and rub-down and while dressing, they ran continually through his mind. He was of a sensitive nature, and although he was loath to admit it, his feelings had been injured, and he resolved that he would some day "show them whether or not he was growing old."

In due time young Larry returned to his studies, and people noticed a change coming over the elder Hopkins. He smoked less of those big black cigars and, subsequently, "cut them out all together." He laid his speedy roadster up for overhauling and walked down to his office each morning in all sorts of weather. He was seen less frequently at his club and his servants wondered among themselves about his "continually haunting" the gymnasium.

He became more and more particular as to his diet and he drank water, hot and cold, in great quantities. In short, he went into strict training.

The months rolled by, as they are in the habit of doing, and once more young Larry's cheery voice resounded through the halls of the Hopkins' domain, for the Easter vacation was now at hand.

But this time a letter from the Dean had preceded him, stating that Lawrence Coleman Hopkins, Jr., was burdened with a "condition" in Astronomy which must be passed off within a week after his return from the Easter holidays.

Father and son had a conference together that night with the result that the younger Hopkins promised to study Astronomy on "certain stated evenings" during vacation.

Consequently, after spending a pleasant Easter Sunday with some friends, Larry dined with his father that evening, and shortly afterwards went to his den upstairs to "bone away" at his astronomy, for this was one of the "certain stated evenings."

Dad remained in the library below conning over some business papers which demanded his immediate attention.

Larry had just propped himself up very comfortably in a great lounging chair with Professor Todd's "New Astronomy" in hand, when the tingling of the phone on his desk brought him to his feet in hopeful expectancy. Nor was he to be disappointed, for the sweet voice at the other end of the wire sent all thoughts of study scurrying into the uttermost recesses of oblivion and inveigled him into making arrangements for a "pleasant little interview," as he expressed it.

Not until he was completely dressed and ready to go out, did the thought of his promises to Dad enter his mind.

"Well," he thought, "I shall make that up some other night."

With this idea in mind he glanced at his calendar. "Well, I never!" he ejaculated softly, "that's one on me. Tomorrow is April Fool's Day. Dad, I know it's a shame to do it, but I think I shall have to April fool you tonight, and, besides, I may get some practical knowledge of the stars by going out tonight."

Thus he soothed his conscience, and singing softly to himself, "Out the window you must go," he suited the action to the words and carefully climbed out onto the veranda roof and thence down the lattice work to the ground below.

As this is not a story of love and romance, we must needs shift the time to several hours later when Larry returns.

He subdued his cheerful whistle as he turned the corner and, advancing cautiously to the veranda, he began to climb the lattice work. The sound of approaching footsteps and an alarming shout told him that he had been discovered. Not wishing to have such a successful ruse brought to such an unsuccessful finish, he took to his heels at once and after clearing a five-foot privet hedge with ease, he thought he had eluded pursuit.

But to his surprise, a dark figure came bounding over the same hedge, the very next instant. Secretly he admired the grace and agility with which his unknown pursuer came "over the top," but this was no time for admiration and before he had time to explain things, the man made a lunge at him and the battle was on. And over that battle, had it been a regularly staged fight, the fans would have gone wild with excitement and the "movie" men would have literally "coined money" with the films.

But it all happened in the dark, with only the stars in the sky for spectators. It was a fierce struggle. The stranger checked an effort at explanation by piling right in with both hands going. To attempt to explain under these circumstances would have been suicidal, for the lad needed every ounce of strength and every trick of science he had ever known in order to cope with his pugnacious adversary. At first, Larry went right after his opponent, thinking he could make short work of him. But time found the man growing stronger instead of weaker, and to his dismay, Larry soon found himself once more on the defensive.

Both men were breathing hard in the dark, and Larry tried to size up his worthy opponent. There was something familiar in the powerful build of the man before him, but he could not make out his features.

Suddenly a blow, "like the kick of a mule," as he afterwards described it, struck him between the eyes just as the purr of a motor and a flash of light announced the approach of a motor car. This staggering blow, followed by a second one, which he had no chance of blocking in the momentary blindness caused by the glare of the headlight, sent Lawrence Coleman Hopkins, Jr., to the "end of a perfect day," as he fell to the ground for the "full count."

When he recovered his senses, sometime later, someone was bathing his eye. The headlights from the halted automobile had lighted up the space around him. He closed his one good eye to avoid the glare. Then he heard a voice talking.

That voice—familiar?—well, rather. It was Lawrence Coleman Hopkins, Sr., who was taking.

"Yes, Tom, you and the lad here called me an 'old man' not many months ago."

"But I've changed my mind, Larry," came back a second voice, which the "fallen idol" recognized as that of the corpulent one of the gymnasium episode. "But why try to murder your only son?"

"Listen, Tom, here's my version. Harry Franklin phoned me and I slipped over on a little business, leaving as I supposed 'young hopeful' here earnestly studying in his room. I was returning just now and saw an intruder attempting to gain entrance to my residence by the second-story method. I called out to him, he ran, and I gave chase. He didn't expect me to clear the hedge and I surprised him. Then a neat scuffle ensued in the dark and I found my 'burglar' a hard proposition to handle. But I stuck to my task and your arrival on the scene disclosed the fact that the youngster had been trying to 'fool father.' The whys and wherefores of his clandestine operation he will probably explain later."

"Well, old man,—no, pardon me, I mean young man,—it looks as though the April-fool stuff did not turn out as scheduled."

At this point a low moan escaped the lips of Lawrence Coleman Hopkins, Jr., as, overcome with emotions of shame and the bitterness of defeat, he lost consciousness for the second time.

Easter Morning

The birds awake, and smoothing ruffled wing
Bid welcome to the fragrance of the spring,
And slowly, gently, joyously they sing:
He's risen! God be praised.

The new-born sunbeams, gladsome, golden, gay,
In graceful frolic dance and laugh and play;
And smiling, glance to heaven, as if to say:
He's risen! God be praised.

The balmy, perfumed, soothing springtime breeze
Floats gently past the busy, buzzing bees,
And softly whispers in the swaying trees:
He's risen: God be praised.

All Nature gaily greets this Easter Day;
And now the distant church-bells softly play,
A-ringing, a-singing, a-chiming far away:
He's risen! God be praised.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND, '21.

THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. II | APRIL, 1918 | NO 4

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"Our Part in the War"

ALTHOUGH it is true that at times a study of statistics may lead to wrong conclusions, nevertheless, they have always been regarded as a fairly reliable basis for certain classes of calculation. Seldom has this been more effectively shown than in the noble response of our Catholic manhood to the country's call in the present war. Leaving behind wives and mothers, sweethearts and sisters, and all that life holds dear, they have come forward with an ardor that has called forth the admiration of everyone regardless of religion or creed. Even the most conservative will acknowledge that thirty per cent. of the men enlisted in the different branches of the service are of the Catholic faith, and there is every likelihood that the proper figure is closer to forty per cent. When one stops to consider that but eighteen per cent. of the American people are Catholics, it is realized that not only are we doing our share but that we are going far beyond.

In the acknowledgment of this fact, there was never a slur on the church more vividly disproved than those reports circulated before the war which told of the lack of loyalty and patriotism on the part of our American Catholics. The "divided allegiance," so frequently dwelt on, has proven a myth; but, sad to say, it required an actual test, provided by the great war, to prove to many the falsity of the statements. All the prophecies of *The Menace* and its contemporaries, the promised revolutions and seizures of government by the papacy, have been overwhelmed in the actual demonstration of loyalty called forth by the most severe test to which a nation might be subjected.

Published at Villanova, Pa., in the months of October, December, February, April and June.
All communications to be addressed to THE VILLANOVAN, Villanova, Pa.

The end has not yet come; undoubtedly there are dark days ahead. But America need have no misgivings about the loyalty of her Catholic subjects; for the great display of patriotism during the first year of the war is only in accord with the spirit of sacrifice which must possess every good Catholic when the life and honor of his country are at stake.

JOSEPH T. O'LEARY, '18.

One Year

THE first anniversary of our entrance into the great war has passed, and with it has come an ever growing appreciation of the magnitude of the task before us. Little did we reckon twelve months ago that we would be called upon to make the stupendous effort which we now see necessary and which must be made before victory is ours.

The casualty lists of the American forces are now being published daily and each succeeding list is longer than its predecessor. Week after week sees the United States being drawn farther into the war and as time goes on it becomes more and more evident that America is to be put to the test, which France, Belgium, Great Britain, and Italy have undergone in the fiery furnace of the great struggle.

But America is not weakening; the American people are not shrinking from the great task which they have been called upon to perform. The spirit which animated the founders of the republic in their fight for liberty is still prevalent and today fills the boys who are fighting for the nation's preservation. The heavy burden is being taken up cheerfully and willingly and hearts are being steeled to face what God and civilization have called them to face. The entire world is placing its trust in America and we will not fail. America's course has been set and there will be no turning back until the great task which we have taken on ourselves is accomplished, no matter what the cost.

JOSEPH T. O'LEARY, '18.

Exchanges

" 'Tis well; go, then, consult the laureled shade.
What answer will the laureled shade return?"

The *Lumina* contains many interesting articles. It is undoubtedly a representative college periodical. The editor is to be congratulated on his calm dispassionate treatment of current topics. "Thirty-five Per Cent." contains much definite information and food for thought. The department of literature is well represented by "Characters in Scott's Talisman" and "Morality of Shakespeare's Tragedies." The latter subject is rather broad for such a brief treatment, but we think the author succeeded admirably in emphasizing his point. The fundamental distinction between the Miracle and the Mystery play, ordinarily lost sight of, might have been brought out to good purpose in the paper, where brief reference is made to the development of the drama. "The Brook" has a strain of genuine nature poetry in it, and excludes false ideas, so easily fallen into, on the subject. "Opportunity" is attractive because of its vivid imagery and sound moral application.

St. Rita's Messenger is always a welcome visitor. It keeps us in touch with the great activity of our missionaries in Manila. The noble work in progress is worthy of the co-operation of all.

"Memory," in the *Boston Stylus* for February, is an ingenious piece of work. The problems of life are hard to realize when viewed abstractly. The author has clothed a great lesson of life in attractive form. The psychological details are worked out admirably. "When Men Yield" is a genuine short story. "Infinite treasures in a little space" best explains our meaning. The

interest is intense up to the dénouement. The essays, especially "On the Street Car," have the real personal element. "The Chapel" is a beautiful piece of poetry. It sounds the fundamental note of the infinite. Its sweet mysticism and spirituality lend it a charm that makes us think of Southwell, Crashaw, and Vaughan. Articles on literary subjects, we think, would improve your columns.

The *Vincentian* merits the attention of its contemporaries. It contains some attractive and thoughtful essays, personal and literary. "Beowulf" and "Esse et Videri" give evidence of experience and study. "Brother-in-law" represents the short-story problem. The characterization is especially worthy of commendation. Evidently the ideal woman of St. Vincent's has no modern, radical tendencies. Rosemary is the Christian woman of the home. Her good influence brings out the moral of the story. The "Personals" column is original and entertaining.

The February *Aquinas* contains a short but interesting sketch on the "Poet-Priest of the South." The quotations are judiciously selected at this crisis in our country's history. "Prayer Answered" has a sweet, simple atmosphere and in an unobtrusive way teaches a great lesson. "Sketches of Men Born in February" is appropriate and praiseworthy, because of the clear evidence of research and labor. Perhaps it could have been improved by a little more individual reaction on the productions of the authors treated. We think that a closer scrutiny of Dickens' viewpoint might relieve his American notes of the epithet "unpalatable," which the author of the articles applies to them. "Our Service Flag" is a fine, patriotic piece of poetry, filled with devotion to country and to the boys of St. Thomas' who are giving the full pledge of their love.

"The same good sense that makes a man excel
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well."

We gratefully acknowledge the following interesting exchanges:

The Alvernia, St. Francis College, Loretto, Pa.

The Aquinas, St. Thomas College, Scranton, Pa.

De Paul Minerval, De Paul University, Chicago, Ill.

The Fordham Monthly, Fordham University, New York.

The Georgetown College Journal, Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

The Laurel, St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany, N. Y.

Lumina, St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Mountaineer, Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.

The Niagara Index, Niagara University, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The Patrician, Aquinas College, Columbus, Ohio.

The Petriculanian, Little Rock College, Little Rock, Ark.

The Prospector, Mt. St. Charles College, Helena, Mont.

The Saint Francis, St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Stylus, Boston College, Boston, Mass.

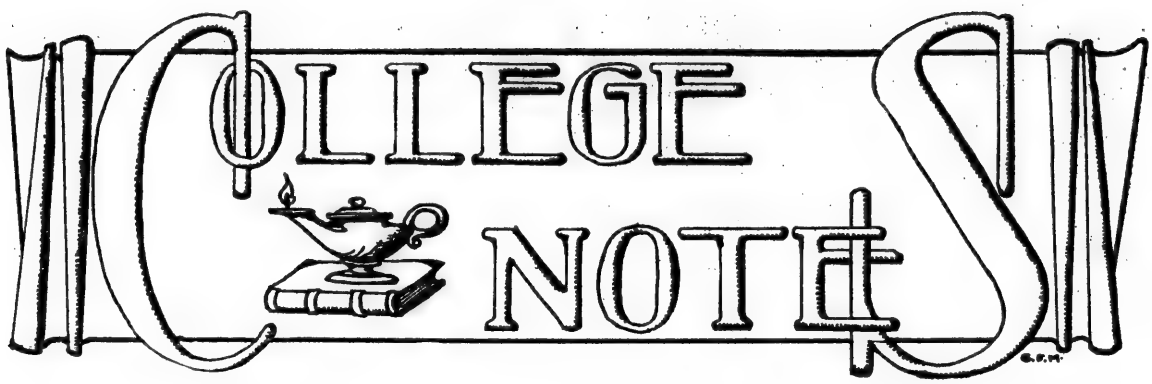
St. Rita's Messenger, St. Rita's Hall, Manila, P. I.

The Viatorian, St. Viator's College, Bourbonnas, Ill.

The Vincentian, St. Vincent's Academy, Newark, N. J.

JAMES J. EGAN, '19.





Retreat

THE Annual Retreat was conducted this year by Rev. Matthew J. Corcoran, O. S. A. On Palm Sunday evening the exercises were opened with Benediction and an instruction. They were brought to a close Holy Thursday morning with General Communion, Papal Benediction and the Renewal of Baptismal Vows.

The eloquent, practical discourses of Father Corcoran commanded the attention of the students during the entire retreat. It was undoubtedly a great success.

Elocution

The classes in Public Speaking, held every week for the college and prep. students, have excited unusual interest. Fr. Fahey, O. S. A., is conducting the college classes. The preparatory students are under the direction of Mr. Caffrey, O. S. A.

A Welcome Visitor

The students of Villanova will long remember, because of the impression made, the recent visit of Rev. J. J. Bloomer, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Elmira, New York. Very tall, straight and rugged-looking, one had difficulty in accepting the statement of the president in introducing him to the student-body that Father Bloomer had been a student at Villanova fifty-six years ago. Father Bloomer in a short address commented upon the many changes which had marked Villanova's progress since his student days. He called attention to the many advantages which the boys of today enjoy over the boys of his generation, and expressed his conviction that Villanova is growing younger instead of older with the passing years; and all her old students vie with those of the present day in being proud of the position she has achieved. The students greeted the remarks of Father Bloomer with resounding applause, and long after he had left, this visit of one who had been a boy at Villanova so many years ago was the chief topic of conversation. There are no more popular visitors at college than the old "grads" who come back to renew old memories and revisit the scenes of their youth. May Father Bloomer come back often is the wish of The Villanovan.

Engineering Society Social

On Friday evening, March 22, the Phi Kappa Pi entertained its members and friends with a smoker and social. One of the features of the entertainment was a boxing exhibition held in the auditorium. There were three preliminary exhibitions of Philadelphia boxers followed by two exciting bouts: the first between the famous "Louisiana" and Al Bowers, the second between Eddie Diggins and Frankie Conway. The clean manner in which the boxers performed evoked considerable praise and was a source of much enjoyment to the spectators.

Selections by the college orchestra, stories by Mr. Coughlin, vocal renditions by Messrs. Kelly, Maloney, Maguire, and Talone, and a well-rendered dramatic recitation by Father Branton of the Augustinian Mission Band, completed the enjoyable program.

One of the surprises of the evening was the unveiling by Professor McGeehan of a handsome picture of Father Dean. This had been enlarged by the Society. Professor McGeehan mentioned Father Dean's work in founding the Society, and the esteem in which he is held by its members. Other speakers of the evening were Father Dean and Paymaster Carey, U. S. N.

Presentation to Vincent Molyneaux

On Tuesday evening, April 9, the eve of his departure to begin his second season with the St. Louis "Browns," Vincent Molyneaux, president of the Epsilon Phi Theta Society, was presented with a handsome umbrella by the members of that society. The gift was suitably inscribed and was presented by Sylvester Benson who spoke, in behalf of the society, of the esteem in which "Vince" is held by its members. He expressed pleasure in the progress "Vince" has made both in studies and athletics. He expressed regret at his departure and assured him a hearty welcome when he returns for his degree in June.

In response, "Vince" expressed his gratitude to the society and to the College in general for their thoughtfulness and consideration towards him during his career here. He regretted having to leave and declared his loyalty and devotion to Villanova.

The Villanovan also wishes, through this column, to assure Mr. Molyneaux that his cheerful disposition, together with his manly qualities, which have made for him a host of friends, will be missed. The Villanovan has confidence in Vincent's ability to make good in the "big leagues" and his career will be closely followed by his numerous admirers at College.

Commencement

The annual commencement will be held on June 11, 1918. Upon this occasion the Diamond Jubilee will also be commemorated. The rounding out of seventy-five years of the academic existence of Villanova will serve to add a more than usual dignity and solemnity to the commencement exercises. On the eve of commencement, June 10, 1918, the reunion and banquet of the Alumni will be held at the college. His Excellency, the Apostolic delegate will preside on this occasion. The following morning he will be the celebrant at a Solemn Pontifical Mass. The address will be given by Rev. John I. Whelan, Ph.D., LL.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y. In the afternoon the customary commencement exercises will be held in the College auditorium.

Engineering Society's Dance

The annual dance of the Phi Kappa Pi Society was held Friday night, April 12, in the Catholic Girls' High School gymnasium, Philadelphia. To say that the affair was a success would be expressing it mildly, and too much credit can not be given to Messrs. Murray, Diggles, Waugh, and Pickett, who formed the social committee. The hall was very prettily decorated with a profusion of college pennants and banners, and a group of flags of the allied nations.

Many of the "old boys" were there and the sprinkling of Army and Navy uniforms added color to the scene. Regan's orchestra furnished music for the dance numbers, the dancing continuing from 8 until 12.

Because of the present state of affairs brought about by wartime conditions, it was deemed inadvisable to hold a formal dance as in previous years, and the function was made an informal one instead.

Fathers Dean, Driscoll, and Hickey were present as were several professors of the Engineering school.

Attractive programs containing the order of dances were distributed and will prove handsome mementos of the occasion.

Thesis

At the March meeting of the Phi Kappa Pi Society, the thesis was read by Joseph Waugh, '20. His subject was "Petroleum and Its By-Products." The paper was well written and showed extensive preparation. Mr. Waugh exhibited numerous samples of crude oils, paraffin, vaseline and other by-products of petroleum, thereby adding greatly to the general interest of the discussion. Historical data and lantern slides depicting various methods of drilling oil-wells were other features which earned the lecturere well-deserved applause at the conclusion of his talk.

John J. Maguire, '20.

ALUMNI NOTES

VERITAS UNITAS CARITAS

Exploit of Lieutenant O'Malley, '16

UNDER the title, "Avoca Soldier Wins High Praise," the *Carbondale Leader* prints the following Washington dispatch which refers to Thomas O'Malley of the class of 1916:

"Washington, D. C., Feb. 27.—Believing that Lieutenant Thomas G. O'Malley, of Avoca, Pa., should be rewarded for his heroic act in saving the lives of three men from watery graves in the Potomac river several days ago, Representative Arthur G. De Walt, of Allentown, asked the war department to institute an investigation and make special mention of the occurrence. In his statement Mr. De Walt said:

" 'There is nothing that so much inspires heoric conduct as an example of such acts by one who volunteers to sacrifice his own safety for the safety of others. At this time, when the morale of soldiers and sailors is one of the prime factors for success all heroic conduct should be specially noted, because it tends to promote the performance of similar acts by all men under command.

" 'It is with this end in view I desire to call your attention to the heroic deed of Lieutenant Thomas O. O'Malley, Co. 1, 50th United States Infantry, now stationed in Potomac Park, Washington, D. C.

" 'It appears, according to the statements made to me by creditable and reputable witnesses, that Ernest Devies, 3313 N street, N. W., Washington, D. C.; William R. Mills, 1238 Union street, N. W., Washington, D. C., and S. W. Mills, 1324 Thirty-sixth street, N. W., Washington, D. C., were placed in charge of the *Seigleman*, a tugboat, caught in the ice, just above the Highway bridge, on the Potomac river.

" 'On Wednesday night, February 13, 1918, the ice broke and the *Seigleman* was forced down the stream and it crashed into the Highway bridge, breaking the smokestack and otherwise damaging the boat. Believing that their positions were precarious and their lives in danger, these men deserted the *Seigleman* and took to an open boat.

" 'They attempted to row ashore, but while making the effort they were caught in an ice floe and forced into the main channel of the river. Huge pieces of ice crashed into the frail craft from all sides, and the men believing their lives in danger, called for help. Lieutenant O'Malley heard their cries, and immediately communicated with them, shouting words of encouragement. He directed his men to call a hook and ladder company of the Washington fire department.

" 'When the latter arrived he requested permission to use a rope and two extension ladders and of these he built a bridge, carrying one ladder, while he walked over the other across the broken ice and rapidly moving waters. In this way he was able to reach the boat in which the three men were seated. Two of them had given up all hope of being saved and were almost unconscious from fright and exposure when found.

" 'Lieutenant O'Malley tied a rope to the bow of the boat, which he had attached to his person, and the soldiers and firemen then pulled the rowboat, with his occupants, to a place of safety.

" 'Owing to the distance Lieutenant O'Malley was compelled to proceed, it being 120 yards, the fact that he had to move from one ice crag to another, often the rungs of the ladder were several feet under water, and that he assumed the perilous task most willingly, and without fear of the result, indicates plainly that he is made of heroic mould—a true type of the American soldier; the kind which has made our army famous in the past and is making it famous during the present conflict.

" 'Lieutenant O'Malley is not a constituent of mine; nor am I indebted to him, nor is he to me, and this letter is written without his solicitation, and is prompted by the desire to inspire others in similar conduct.

" 'Mr. Secretary, will you permit me to respectfully suggest that some special notice of this occurrence be made, as the men who were rescued, and all others who saw the deed, feel that some recognition of this officer's conduct should be given.' "

Weddings

The Villanovan has recently learned of the marriage of Lawrence F. Gilchrist, '15, at Akron, Ohio, on January 22, 1918, to Miss Ruth M. Purdy of the same city. Mr. Gilchrist will continue to make his home at Akron where he has been employed for the last few years. To the newly-weds The Villanovan extends its felicitations.

Deaths

Harry McCully, '74, the notice of whose death appeared in our last number, was not long survived by his brother Charles P. McCully, '71, of Bala, Pa., who died March 8, 1918. The following obituary notice appeared in the Philadelphia *Ledger* of March 9, 1918:

"C. P. McCully, special agent in the office of the general superintendent of transportation of the Pennsylvania Railroad, died yesterday at his residence, 520 City avenue, near Bala.

"Mr. McCully had been in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad nearly forty-seven years, having been first employed as a rodman. He was made supervisor in the Altoona yards on March 1, 1878. In 1881 he was transferred to Philadelphia as chief clerk to the general superintendent of transportation, remaining in that capacity for thirty-five years. In 1916 he was promoted to the office he held until the day of his death.

"Mr. McCully was born at Ardmore, April 2, 1853. He received his education at Villanova College."

Patrick A. Gaughan, of Shenandoah, Pa., who was a student at Villanova in 1874 and 1875, died February 21, 1918. We print the following from the *Standard and Times* of March 2, 1918:

"P. J. Gaughan, one of the foremost business men of Shenandoah, Pa., died at his home in that town, 27 North Main street, on Wednesday evening of last week, following a year's illness of neuritis. He was sixty-five years old and was confined to his home by the disease last winter for four months, but later his condition improved sufficiently to permit him to resume his business activities.

"He was again taken ill on February 14, when he contracted a heavy cold which developed into rheumatism, hastening his death.

"His wife, who was Miss Anna Miles, five daughters, the Misses Ella, Anna, May, Regina and Isabelle Gaughan, and two sons, Joseph and Miles Gaughan, survive.

"He took an active part in every enterprise in Shenandoah and was a charter member of the Knights of Columbus and a member of the Holy Name Society of the Church of the Annunciation, B. V. M. He was the pioneer dry goods merchant of the town, was one of the founders of the Merchants' National Bank, of which he was vice-president; aided in organizing the Shenandoah Light, Heat and Power Company and the Miners', Mechanics' and Laborers' Building and Loan Association, and was formerly president of the Board of Trade."

Play Ball Under Fire

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* of April 11, 1918, contains under the above heading an account of a baseball game in France within range of the big German shells between the 505 and 506 sections of the American Army Ambulance Corps in which Section 506 achieved a victory. John Crane, of Pottsville, who formerly played on the Villanova Preparatory team, pitched for the victors and held Section 505 safe throughout.

Alumni Reunion and Banquet

The Committee, appointed by President J. Stanley Smith, LL.D., to arrange for the annual Alumni Banquet, has decided to hold this important function at the College on the evening of June 10, 1918, in conjunction with the Diamond Jubilee celebration.

His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, will preside and many other distinguished guests, both lay and clerical, will grace the board. All the old favorites will be on hand and many of Villanova's warrior sons.

Notices will be sent to all graduates and former students in a few days. Anyone who ever registered as a student at Villanova will be heartily welcomed and, should any such fail to receive the proper notice, he will confer a favor on the Committee by dropping a line to J. Stanley Smith, Stephen Girard Building, Philadelphia.

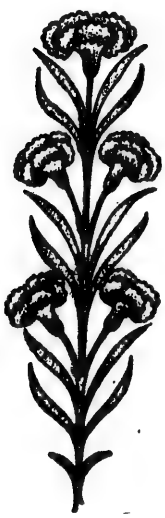
Get together, boys, and help make the Diamond Jubilee an occasion long to be remembered.

Jottings

Rev. M. A. Sullivan, O. S. A., and Rev. Joseph A. Perkins, O. S. A., are awaiting commissions as chaplains in the Navy. Rev. Patrick A. Gallagher, O. S. A., is awaiting his commission as an army chaplain.

Joseph L. Rafter, '09, of Scranton, Pa., who has been professor in history and mathematics at the Scranton Technical High School for the past five years, has recently tendered his resignation to the Superintendent of Schools. He has gone to Washington where he will be assigned to the field service of the War Department for immediate service in France.

Edgar Drach, '18.





SERVICE LIST

Allen, Francis P.—Naval Reserve, Wissahickon Barracks, Cape May, N. J.

Baker, Rev. Charles J. (O. S. A.), Chaplain—First Lieutenant 28th Engineers, A. E. F., France.

Bannon, Joseph—Army.

Barrett, Rev. Francis A. (O. S. A.), Chaplain—First Lieutenant, Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.

Barrett, Harry—Aviation Corps, Ft. McArthur, Waco, Texas.

Barry, Philip A.—Second Lieutenant, Field Artillery, Camp Meade, Admiral, Md.

Battin, Harry C.—Naval Reserve, Naval Hospital, Philadelphia.

Begley, Joseph—Infantry, Anniston, Ala.

Benson, Sylvester R.—Aviation Corps.

Bonner, James—Ensign, Navy.

Brady, Cletus—Lieutenant, Aviation, Princeton, N. J.

Brady, Philip—First Lieutenant, Spartanburg, S. C.

Brady, Francis C.—Army, Camp Meade, Md.

Breslin, Harry—Electrical Specialist, Fortress Monroe, Va.

Brennan, Leo—Engineer Reserve Corps.

Burke, Cyril J.—Aviation, Ithaca, N. Y.

Butler, John B.—Sergeant, Engineering Corps, Philadelphia.

Bryne, Carroll G.—Engineers, France.

Brown, Charles J.—Aviation.

Cahill, L. B.—Ambulance Corps, Overseas.

Cain, Walter—Navy, Second-class Machinist Mate, Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Carnes, Thomas A.—Quartermaster Corps, Naval Reserve, Philadelphia Navy Yard.

Christie, John—Harvard Radio School, Cambridge, Mass.

Coar, Stanley F.—Captain, Infantry, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.

Corbett, Francis—Marines, Jacksonville, Fla.

Conway, Aloysius F.—Ambulance Corps, France.

Conway, Joseph F.—Ambulance Corps, France.

Conway, John—Lieutenant, Ambulance Corps, France.

Coursault, Prosper—Navy.

Courtney, Joseph—Lieutenant, Aviation, A. E. F.

Crane, John W.—Hospital Corps, Allentown, Pa.

Creevan, Maurice—Navy, Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Mass.

Cronin, John—National Army, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Cronin, Edward—Navy, Newport, R. I.

Cummings, Edward—Army, Camp Meade, Md.

Cusick, Bartholomew C.—Ordnance, Perth Amboy, N. J.

Dalton, Thomas M.—Company B, 56th Engineers, Washington, D. C.

Daly, John T.—First Lieutenant, 8th N. Y. Coast Artillery.

Darby, Harold—Coast Artillery.

Devine, Joseph A.—Officers' Training School, Camp Meade, Admiral, Md.

Diebold, Edward—Navy.

Domminey, John V.—West Point Military Academy.

Domminey, Matthew T.—Aviation, Princeton Ground School, N. J.

Donahue, Thomas—Engineering Corps, Camp Meade, Admiral, Md.

Donahue, Dr. William—First Lieutenant, Dental Corps.

Dougherty, Charles—Hospital Corps, Allentown, Pa.

Dougherty, Cornelius—Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps, O. R. C., Washington, D. C.

Dougherty, John J.—Marine Barracks, Indian Head, Md.

Dougherty, Michael—Corporal, National Army, Camp Meade, Admiral, Md.

Dowd, Eugene—Aviation, Houston, Texas.

Drach, Karl G.—First Lieutenant, Quartermaster Corps, France.

Dunne, Frank—Corporal, Camp Upton, Yaphank, L. I.

Dunne, Peter—Sergeant, Quartermaster Corps, France.

Durrschmidt, Henry—National Army, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Easley, Thomas—Engineering Corps, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Ebbert, John—Navy.

Ewing, J. Febiger—Second Lieutenant, Engineers, Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.
Fay, Horace—Infantry.
Feeney, Frank—Naval Reserve, Philadelphia Navy Yard.
Ferrin, William J.—National Army, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Ferry, Frank—Signal Corps, A. E. F.
Ferry, James—National Army, Camp Meade, Admiral, Md.
Ferry, Alfred A.—First Lieutenant, M. R. C.
Fleming, David—National Army, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Flynn, Rev. Clement, O. M. I.—K. of C. Chaplain, Portsmouth, N. H.
Fogarty, Patrick—Naval Reserve, Philadelphia Navy Yard.
Fogarty, Michael—Naval Reserve, Philadelphia Navy Yard.
Fogarty, Richard—National Army, Camp Meade, Admiral, Md.
Franklin, Dr. Melvin—Officers' Reserve Medical Corps.
Frazier, William—103rd Trench Mortar Battery, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.
Fulton, Archibald F.—Second Lieutenant, Engineers.
Gilmartin, Austin F.—West Point Military Academy.
Gilmartin, Rex—First Lieutenant, Aviation.
Goodell, William—U. S. Aviation, France.
Gorman, Charles—Army, Camp Meade, Admiral, Md.
Graney, James—Ambulance Corps, France.
Green, Samuel—West Point Military Academy.
Gutwald, J. Roy—109th Field Artillery, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.
Guy, Walter—23rd Highway Engineers, France.
Haberer, B. Villars—Second Lieutenant, Infantry, O. R. C., Camp Zachary, Taylor, Ky.
Hart, James A.—Naval Reserves, Cape May, N. J.
Hebert, Arthur—First Lieutenant, Medical Corps, Camp Greenleaf, N. C.
Hanlon, Joseph—102nd Trench Mortar Battery, Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.
Hennessey, Edward—Engineers, Fort Slocum, N. Y.
Harris, Fulmer—Army.
Higgins, John—National Army.
Hogan, J. Leonard—O. R. T. C., Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Hooley, Leo J.—Sergeant, Aviation, Camp Kelly, San Antonio, Texas.
Hudson, John J.—Artillery, Canadian Army, Toronto.
Hughes, Paul F.—Second Lieutenant, Infantry, O. R. C.
Johnson, Charles—Aviation, France.
Jones, Dr. J. F. X.—Surgeon, Navy, France.
Kavanaugh, William J.—Senior Lieutenant Surgeon, Navy.
Kane, Thomas—Aviation.
Keenan, Earl—First Lieutenant, Field Artillery.
Kelly, James P.—165th N. Y. Regiment, France.
Kerns, Frank—Infantry, Camp Meade, Md.
Kiley, John P.—Army, Camp Grant, Ill.
Kilduff, E. G.—Navy Base Hospital No. 5.
Klunk, Roy—Second Lieutenant, Infantry, O. R. C.
Kumer, Joseph—Co. B Barracks, Washington, D. C.
Lamond, Matthias—Army, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Lane, James J.—National Army, Camp Meade, Admiral, Md.
Lewis, Edwin—National Army, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Logan, Edwin—Naval Reserves.
Loan, William—Naval Reserve, Philadelphia.
Lombardo, Vincent—Corporal, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii.
Lynch, F. Leo—Naval Reserve, Philadelphia Navy Yard.
Lynch, Stanley—101st U. S. Cavalry, Fort Hancock, Augusta, Ga.
Lytle, James H.—Junior Lieutenant, Navy.
McCarthy, Glen—Second Lieutenant, Ordnance Department, Lawrence, Mass.
McCalley, C. Aloysius—Balloon Division, Aviation Corps, Dayton, Ohio.
McCann, James—Co. E, 103rd Engineers, Augusta, Ga.
McCloskey, Dr. Edward—Captain, M. R. C., Fort Sill, Okla.
McCullian, Edward—810th Aviation Squadron, Speedway, Indianapolis, Ind.
McDonald, Donald C.—National Army, Camp Meade, Admiral, Md.
McEnerny, Daniel T.—Aviation Section Signal Corps, 4th Cadet Squadron, Ellington Field, Houston, Tex.
McGinley, Alfred—Naval Academy, Annapolis.
McGrady, Edward—Field Artillery, Arizona.
McGuckin, Charles H.—Aviation, Naval Reserve, Philadelphia Navy Yard.
McHugh, Joseph—Hospital Corps, Allentown, Pa.
McLaughlin, Charles C.—Ambulance Corps, France.
McNierney, Herbert O.—Second Lieutenant.
McWade, W. C.—C. A. M. C., Western Hangar, Kent, England.
Magee, Richard—First Lieutenant, Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Tex.
Mahoney, Andrew—Naval Reserves, Pelham Bay Park, New York.
Malia, John—Naval Aviation, Miami, Fla.
Malone, John A.—Second Lieutenant, Coast Artillery Corps, Fort Wright, L. I.
Malick, Peter—Engineer Reserve Corps.
Malloy, Harold—First New York Cavalry, Spartanburg, S. C.
Marilley, Ralph—Army Headquarters Regiment.
Martin, Roger J.—Aviation.
Michell, Nicholas L.—Navy.
Miller, James Patrick—Second Lieutenant, Infantry.
Milligan, Bernard—Infantry.

Minnick, Norbert—Petty Officer, Navy, Wilmington, Del.
Montgomery, Charles—198th Infantry, Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.
Mullan, Thomas V.—Quartermaster Corps, France.
Mullen, Thomas—Navy.
Murnane, Joseph F.—National Army, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Murphy, Carroll—Aero Squad, Waco, Tex.
Nassau, Dr. Charles—Major, M. R. C., Jefferson College Base Hospital, France.
O'Brien, George A.—Marines.
O'Brien, George T.—Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala.
O'Brien, Patrick—Signal Corps, France.
O'Brien, Paul A.—Sergeant, National Army, Camp Meade, Admiral, Md.
O'Connell, Thomas B.—Naval Reserve, Philadelphia Navy Yard.
O'Connor, Robert J.—Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J.
O'Leary, John A.—First Lieutenant, Coast Artillery, Fort Kamahamaha, Honolulu, H. T.
O'Malley, Thomas G.—Captain, 50th Infantry, Washington, D. C.
Pallis, Joseph—Yeoman, Navy, Philadelphia.
Penrose, Norman—Headquarters Company, 101st U. S. Cavalry, Camp Hancock, Ga.
Penrose, Ralph—Headquarters Company, 101st U. S. Cavalry, Camp Hancock, Ga.
Perna, Anthony—Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.
Quigley, Robert—Naval Reserve, Wissahickon Barracks, Cape May, N. J.
Quigley, Francis—Naval Reserves, Cape May, N. J.
Quinn, George—First Lieutenant, M. R. C.
Quinn, Martin M.—Co. 1, 74th Infantry, N. Y. G.
Quinn, Paul H.—Co. 1, 74th Infantry, N. Y. G.
Quirk, William—National Army.
Rafter, Joseph L.—Special Auditor, Army, Washington, D. C.
Reagan, Albert V.—National Army, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Reagan, Patrick L.—Officers' Training Camp, Camp Meade, Admiral, Md.
Reap, James A.—First Lieutenant, Camp Upton, Yaphank, L. I.
Reddon, Thomas J.—Co. E, 103rd Engineers, Camp Hancock, Ga.
Riley, Dr. Hugh A.—Captain, M. R. C., France.
Riordan, Francis—National Army, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Roache, John—Navy, Quartermaster's Department, Philadelphia.
Ruddy, Sebastin—Army, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.
Sabbatino, Ralph—Aviation, Mineola, L. I.
Sabbatino, Sylvester—Cadet Student, Naval Auxiliary, Pelham Bay Park, N. Y.
Scanlon, Joseph T.—Marines, Indian Head, Md.
Schmidt, Joseph—Aviation.
Shanahan, William J.—Captain, 102d Regiment, U. S. Infantry.
Shanfelter, Carl—Aviation.
Shaw, James—Quartermaster Corps.
Sherer, Harry—Chief Petty Officer, Naval Reserve, Philadelphia, Pier 19.
Short, Francis W.—Naval Reserve.
Sheehan, Francis—National Army, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Sheehan, John—Engineer Reserve Corps.
Snyder, Clarence J.—U. S. Ambulance Corps with the French Army Parc "B," Par B. C. M., Paris.
Stine, Charles A.—Medical Corps, Fort Myer, Va.
Stoeckle, Charles H.—Aviation, Camp Dick, Dallas, Tex.
Strauch, William—26th Gas and Flame Regiment, France; U. S. Signal Corps, Meteorological Service.
Sweeney, Joseph F.—Master Gunner, Artillery, France.
Thomas, William, Jr.—Navy.
Thornton, John K.—Chief Yeoman, Philadelphia Navy Yard.
Towhey, Harry—Engineer Reserve Corps.
Troxell, Eugene B.—Officers' Training Camp, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.
Voight, Theodore E.—Second Lieutenant, 101st Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Walkinshaw, Charles—Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
Walkinshaw, John R.—Co. F, 110th U. S. Infantry, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.
Walsh, Leontine—Hospital Corps, France.
Ward, David V.—First Lieutenant, Field Artillery, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
Wasilko, John J.—Medical Corps, Fort Slocum, N. Y.
Waters, Donald—Navy.
Waters, Thomas—Navy.
Waring, Rev. George—Captain, Governor's Island, N. Y.
Wherrity, Joseph—National Guard, Co. E, 8th Pennsylvania Infantry, Camp Hancock, Ga.
Wiegand, Walter—Corporal Gunner, 65th Enginer Heavy Motor Tank Service, England.
Williams, Leo J.—Navy, Porto Rico.
Williams, Dr. Robert—Ensign, Naval Medical Corps.
Woods, Joseph P.—National Army, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

(The preceding list contains the names of those Villanova men whom we know definitely to be with the colors. There are many others about whom we have received no definite information. In our next number we will print additions and corrections, and for this purpose we solicit the co-operation of all our friends.)

HERE AND OVER THERE

28th Eng., A. E. F.,
New York, Feb. 4, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

Just a line to bid you good-bye. We did not arrive at Camp Merritt until 10.30 Sunday morning. We reached Weehawken at 1.30 Sunday morning and had a sleep on the train. There were no sleepers so we had to make out the best we could. We all had army rations and used our mess kits and canteens. Some life, but I rather enjoyed it. I did not hear Mass nor could I say Mass on Sunday, and I felt like a heathen.

We are under very strict rules and are not allowed very far from camp. I am in New York for the day with two other officers. It is pretty hard to be so close and not able to go to see anybody. I called up Staten Island to say good-bye to the Fathers there. Father Daley was the only one at home. I was very anxious to say good-bye to Father Reilly but he was out.

If you write address me, Chaplain Charles J. Baker, 28th Engineers, Care A. E. F., France. I will be somewhere in France, so if you address mail that way I will get it sometime.

Tell Mother Phillipine that I am very thankful to her for all she has done for me and that I appreciate those altar cloths ve y much. I will write if I get to France safely.

Part of our baggage left for the steamer today so we will be out on the Atlantic before long. Good bye and love to all.

Yours very sincerely,
CHARLES J. BAKER, O. S. A.

On Board Ship,
28th Eng., A. E. F.,
Feb. 23, 1918.

MY DEAR FATHER:

Thus far we have been sailing toward our field of activity at a moderate pace, due to the fact that we are all looking out for submarines. For the past three nights I have not taken off my clothes and wear a life preserver all the time. We have had delightful weather and the trip has been ideal. I have not been seasick for a moment. Many of the men have, as we have had some very heavy swells and the boat has rolled quite some. I was slightly indisposed for a few days. My room was swamped out due to a bursting water pipe, so I think that I caught cold sleeping in the wet room. Last Sunday I was miserable but it did not stop me from having services. I had Mass at 9.30, at which there was a big crowd and 55 communicants. At ten I had non-denominational services for the privates and at eleven for the officers. I preached a regular Catholic lenten sermon, which was appreciated very much by the officers. Several of them came and complimented me on the services and the sermon.

We are right now in the danger zone and everybody is on edge. We have had fine food and nothing could be better. The weather has been quite mild, owing to the fact that we have taken a southern course. Overcoats are not needed.

Do you remember Karl Drach, Mrs. McDonald's nephew, who was at Villanova? He is a second lieutenant aboard the ship with a number of undertakers and embalmers. Joseph Haas, who worked with Bill McConaghy, is also with this unit. It is called Graves unit. You will receive a postcard telling of my safe arrival just as soon as we reach port. The news will be sent to New York. Just as soon as they receive it the Government will mail the card in New York so that you will know sooner than if I had sent it from this side.

Hoping that all are well, with best wishes to all, I am

Yours sincerely in Christ,
C. J. BAKER, O. S. A.,
First Lieutenant, Chaplain 28th Engineers.

1st Br. Headquarters,
28th Eng., France,
Feb. 27, 1918.

MY DEAR FATHER:

Just a line to let you know that I am on terra firma and very glad of it. While the ocean voyage was very delightful as regards the weather, it was very long and tedious. All lights were out at sundown and so we were in darkness till sunrise. All precautions against submarines were taken. I was not seasick for an instant. I enjoyed the ocean very much. The weather was very mild and balmy, and I did not wear an overcoat after leaving port of embarkation. We were two weeks to the very day coming over. The country here is very beautiful, the fields are all green and the gardens are planted and have a good start. The weather is not so intensely cold, but raw and damp when the sun does not shine. The houses are very well made, all stone and very quaint in their style of architecture. One of the sad sights is that nearly all the people are dressed in black. Then we see the soldiers without legs and so forth. It is enough to make one shudder. Our censorship is very strict so I cannot write many particulars.

I am in excellent health and hope to continue so. Will be pleased to hear from you as mail will not be coming to me very frequently.

With love to all, I am

Yours sincerely,
C. J. BAKER, O. S. A.,
First Lieutenant, Chaplain 28th Engineers.

Hdqs. 1st Br. 28th Eng.,
A. E. F., France,
March 10, 1918.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I have written you several times since my arrival in France and have been wondering whether you received my letters. At present we are still at the place from which we disembarked. I like the place very much and you would, too, as the climate is so warm and balmy. Of course there are no conveniences to speak of. There are no trolley cars in the town; everybody walks. The costumes of the peasants are very queer and quaint.

Today I celebrated Mass at eight and nine o'clock in the Y. M. C. A. hut, and had a fairly good attendance. The troops are coming and going all the time so it is hard to reach everybody as to Catholic service. I have the hours for Mass and confession published at the Y. M. C. A., so those who come there can see the bulletins. As yet we have not a K. of C. building but hope to have one in a short time. There is great need for such huts over here. They call the buildings erected by the K. of C. and the Y. M. C. A. huts.

I will write to you from time to time and hope you will write to me frequently as I have not yet received a letter from the States. All the officers except myself have received mail so it makes me feel blue. Tell all the household and also the Sisters that I am well and happy and expect to be real close to the front in a short time.

Trusting that you will all continue to remember me in your prayers as I need them, for I can only say Mass on Sundays, with kindest regards to all, I am

Yours sincerely in Christ,
C. J. BAKER, O. S. A.,
First Lieutenant, Chaplain 28th Eng., A. E. F.

Aviation Section Signal Corps,
4th Cadet Squadron,
Ellington Field, Houston, Tex.

DEAR FATHER:

No doubt you were more than surprised when you heard that I had joined, or, at least, had been transferred to the Aviation Section. But life is always full of surprises and yours truly cannot be out of the ordinary and, therefore, must also be one of the surprises.

Here I am, away down here going up every day, just like in baseball, but now more in reality. In fact I don't feel at all out of place, being so used to it as a baseball player (notice I didn't say as a pitcher).

I have been flying alone, or *solo* as they call it out here, for the past week—and it's great. I expect to receive my commission in a short time—and then—right across to see what we can do against the Germans. The camp here is wonderful but the work is something to be talked about. We work about twelve to fourteen hours a day and only get one day off a week. No chance at all to play ball. We live in wooden barracks—the best ever—but nothing like dear old Villanova, and I can prove it. The eats are great, too, but we have to pay thirty dollars a month for them. There goes the "Horn," so I guess I will have to close.

Best regards to Father Driscoll, also Prof. McGeehan. Remember me to all. I am yours as ever,

DANIEL T. MCENERNY.

810th Aviation Squadron,
Speedway, Indianapolis, Ind.,
February 20, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

I know that you will be surprised to hear from me at this particular time, but like all the needy I am forced to return to my old friends for aid in my hours of distress.

I have had the good fortune to have been recommended by the captain of this squadron as eligible for admission to the ground school for commissioned officers in the aviation section, but before presenting my application I must have three letters of recommendation as to my character before joining the army. As you knew me for the past five years I thought that you could help me out in this matter and tell the government something of my character and education, or rather my class ratings during my years at college.

I am just a little unfortunate in receiving this at the time I did, as I had been ordered oversea. This will keep me in the country, at least until the war department accepts or rejects my application. I am afraid I am a little young for this particular branch but will give it a battle.

I must say that I took to army life like a duck to water and I like it far better than I ever dreamt of. We were ordered oversea about January the fifth, and only the northern traffic conditions saved us from going on the *Tuscania*. Two of my pals from home who were in Texas with me were on this ship and we were booked to leave the same time, but the fortunes of war were with us.

I left Gene Dowd in Texas and he is thinking of going over the deep almost any day. At present we are assembling and repairing aeroplanes about three and a half miles from Indianapolis. We are stationed outside the Speedway race track where Barney Oldfield made his reputation. I am tipping the scales at 175 and feel like tackling Willard.

Hoping you can grant me the favor asked for and will do so at your earliest convenience, I beg to remain as ever

Your sincere friend,
E. V. MCCULLIAN.

Somewhere in France,
March 4, 1918.

MY DEAR PARENTS:

Since writing to you last week we had the pleasure of traveling two days and two nights in a French train. The men were in box cars. The cars were marked Hommes

40, Chevaux 8. We rode in first-class cars, six in a compartment. They certainly take their time about things over here. The station (chef) master blows a whistle, then the train man blows a little tin horn, then the engineer hangs on the steam whistle and in a few minutes the train starts and how they bump along. I think I am in a permanent place. We arrived here yesterday. The men are busy building bunks today. I wish I could describe the town, but I can't. It is very pathetic and sad here. Every available man is in the army and every woman is in deep mourning. All you see are old men and women. The women do the work. Soldiers of all nations are everywhere. I had to cash a check for $25.00 and they objected very much and only paid me 5 F 50 c for $1.00. On government checks and express checks you get 5 F 70. I am learning to count the money and get along very nicely in the stores with the little French I know. I seem to make them understand me, but I have an awful time understanding them. We are now close to the front and in the line for air raids.

We are in one mass of mud. I live in my rubber boots and in mud up to the knees. I have to censor my own letters and also those of my men. So with my regular paper work and looking after things and censoring letters that you can hardly read, I am very busy. They would not let us cable from the place we landed, but I understand I can cable from here, and I will do so as soon as I get a chance. It rains here all the time and now is snowing; about a foot of snow on the ground. This city dates back to almost 100 years B. C., and is walled. I had my first French hotel experience the other night. They put me in the attic, very nice bed and clean. The bed was on a track on the floor so they could move it easily, I imagine; no heat. The price was 3 F for the room and one-half F for the candle. I find the French book you sent me from Funk & Wagnalls very handy and use it quite often. When I return to the States I hope to converse with you in French. I must close. Am very well. Hope you are the same. Best regards to all. Write often. I am your very affectionate son,

LIEUTENANT KARL G. DRACH, Q. M. C.,
Commanding M. S. T. U., No. 307,
U. S. Military P. O., No. 714,
American Expeditionary Forces, France.

(This address will get me very quickly if the letters get to France.)

Camp Dick, Dallas, Tex.,
Squadron 20.

DEAR FATHER:

I have been anxiously waiting to hear from you. I am at Camp Dick now in an aviation concentration camp. We are being held here until vacancies occur at the flying fields in the south or until, as is my fond hope, the northern fields open. The camp is modeled exactly on the plan of West Point as far as discipline and military formation are concerned. This is a result of advice given by General Pershing. The system here is competitive. By that I mean that, taking no notice of the length of time one is here he must obtain and hold first place among the seventeen squadrons for one week in order to become a priority squadron. These are the first to leave. Calls are constantly coming in for men, but as we are also receiving men weekly from ground schools all over the country, it merely keeps us from becoming too crowded. We are watched from the time we arise at five-thirty A. M., until we retire at night and graded accordingly. Things that seem unimportant ordinarily are serious here. For instance, one man turning his head when at attention may cause his squadron to lose several points at that formation. It is for all the world like a football game and the rivalry is intense. Besides our drilling and classes we have to stand four inspections daily and the way these lily-white inspecting officers look for dust would put old Dutch Cleanser herself to shame.

Our squadron is at present one of five priority squadrons, but when we leave or where we go I do not know. We do no flying here, but are getting a thorough knowledge of the duties of an officer.

By the way, I am now a member of the K. of C. They have been very kind to us, practically turning their magnificent club-house over to us. So when given the opportunity of becoming a member I jumped at the chance, especially when they gave us all three degrees the same day.

I must say that army life has done me a great deal of good. I receive the Sacraments regularly and find this a great help. The life itself healthy, regular, and stimulating, is a powerful deterrent to any false ideas of living. It is impressed upon us that we owe it to our country to take even better care of ourselves than we did before. Personally I never felt better in my life and have gained five pounds since leaving ground school. I lost several pounds there due to the constant nervous strain, but thank the good Lord that is over now.

Write to me Father, please. I certainly appreciate letters from my friends and I must admit that in spite of the activity I get pretty homesick at times. Pray for my mother and myself as we do for you and remember I am as ever,

Your fond and sincere friend,
CHARLES H. STOECKLE.

P. S.—I wish you all the graces and blessings of the Easter season.

February 9, 1918.

FRIEND JIM:

Received yours of the 17th sometime ago, (bancoup) work prevented me from answering sooner.

Since then I have enjoyed a quiet and peaceful trip across the "big pond." Quiet and peaceful in a way, with just enough of excitement to make it interesting. Shortly after leaving the port of embarkation I saw our gunners participate in a target practice and almost immediately all fears that had been lurking in my brain disappeared. To say the least they are marvels of accuracy.

Seasick? Yes, I will be candid and confess. The third day out I lost my dignity entirely, but in a few days I recovered and enjoyed the rest of the trip. Nevertheless cliffs, verdant with green grass and trees were a welcome sight indeed. The old, quaint cities surrounded by high walls, the narrow streets, two-wheeled carts and peasants in clumsy wooden shoes made an interesting picture.

I have not been up to the front yet, but our camp is close enough to it to hear the booming of the guns and the explosion of the shells. At night all windows in our barracks are covered so as not to betray our presence to ever wandering Boche planes.

Our work is entirely with the French. Only a few Americans are in this camp but there are hundreds of French. We eat, sleep and work with them. They feed us very well, but I can't get used to their breakfast. The menu for breakfast is always the same. It consists of black coffee. The French are not in the habit of eating in the morning.

Conversation is still very difficult for me. I sling English, Latin, Spanish, Hog French, deaf and dumb and everything I can think of at them, but they only shake their head in widee-eyed astonishment.

They never serve water at the table, wine being the only drink after coffee. If you are so temperate as to ask for water they laugh at you. The only use they have for "umbrella juice," as they call it, is for washing. So much for the French. This paper they just sold to me in their canteen. Good stationery?

Yes, I think I was in too much of a hurry to join. Over in the States they are handing out commissions to everybody. Here very few are handed out and then you must know something to get one. But I am not kicking. Bull Lowe, the Fordham football player, is here with me. He is the only one I knew when I arrived here. For the present must cease, so au revoir.

CLARENCE K. SNYDER,
U. S. A. Ambulance Service with French Army,
Parc "B," Par B. C. M., Paris.

P. S.—Would be pleased to receive THE VILLANOVAN. Remember me to the boys.

102d Trench Mortar Battery,
Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.,
March 16, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

I received your very kind letter enclosing letter of recommendation and sent it to New York with my application. About that time word came from Washington discontinuing all examinations. Since then that order has been rescinded and an aviation committee established at Camp Wadsworth. I have applied here and expect to be called shortly. As it would be hard now to obtain your letter, if I could trouble you for a duplicate it would simplify matters very much for me.

Joe Sweeney sailed for France about a month ago as an expert gunner in the heavy artillery, after completing a three-months' course at Fortress Monroe. Most likely you know that Jim Kelly is with the 165th Infantry, formerly the old 69th, which the papers have reported to have been in action recently. Was surprised to meet Phil Brady down in Spartanburg the other day. He is a first lieutenant in one of the newly formed pioneer regiments.

I suppose with most of the men away the prospects for Villanova's nine are not especially bright this year, but I imagine that condition prevails throughout all the colleges. Fred Lear has signed with Chicago and stands a good chance of holding down their third sack this season.

Thanking you for your kindness, I am

Yours sincerely,

JOE HANLON.

P. S.—Charlie Montgomery is down here with the 108th Infantry and is making quite a name as a pitcher.



Baseball Prospects

NUMEROUS difficulties have presented themselves in Coach McGeehan's path this season which promise to cut into the usual strength of Villanova's baseball teams, but when one realizes that practically the same conditions exist throughout the country the outlook does not seem so dark. The number of candidates to answer the initial call was not as large as usual but a fair number put in an appearance. They were mostly new men, lacking in experience, and for this reason an almost entirely new team will have to be developed. This, however, has not hampered Coach McGeehan in his efforts and he has had his men working late every day.

There are four veterans of last year's team who still remain as a nucleus for the new nine. Hugh McGeehan, who was elected captain to succeed Charley McGuckin, will again be at third base and, from all appearances, he is as fast as ever. Great things are expected from our new captain. Jim Murray will again be at the initial sack and in the outfield we still have the heavy hitters, Sheehan and Robinson. From these men and the new material available, the Blue and White should have a team which, at least, will uphold all the traditions of Villanova.

Vince Molyneaux, who left recently to enter the big leagues, gave Professor McGeehan some valuable coaching assistance early in the season, and helped to round out the pitching staff in fine style. With Jones and Delohery showing fine form and improving daily, the team will not be found wanting on the pitching end. Jake Sheehan will also be available as a pitcher, as he has gone into the box for Villanova several times during the past few years. Delohery showed up well with the Prep. nine last season. He has a fine supply of curve balls and plenty of speed and should develop into a star as the season progresses. Jones is inclined to be erratic, but under careful training he is rapidly overcoming this difficulty. Marrafinno is making good behind the bat and should hold that position throughout the season. He shows a flash of speed at the bat and on the bases, and proves to be very capable of handling the twirlers. Delaney, Diggles, Talone and McDermott are very likely looking men for the infield, and in the outfield, Amby Brennan and Holbrook are two worthy aspirants.

Conditions at other colleges have caused a number of games to be cancelled and this has changed the schedule considerably. Manager Haughey is still working on it, however, and has several other games under consideration, among them being games with the service teams in the vicinity. The schedule as it reads to date is as follows:

April 9—Haverford, at Haverford.
April 13—Ursinus, at Collegeville.
April 17—Haverford, at Villanova.
April 25—Mt. St. Mary's, at Emmitsburg.
April 26—Mt. St. Joseph's, at Baltimore.
April 27—Catholic University, at Washington.
May 1—University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.
May 3—Catholic University, at Washington.
May 11—Seton Hall, at South Orange.
May 13—Ursinus, at Villanova.
May 21—Mt. St. Joseph's, at Villanova.
May 25—University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.
May 30—Steelton, at Steelton.

Alfred F. Kane, '21.



EUREKA!

I'd write of electricity,
But I fear you'd think it "shocking";
I'd write of heaven's starlit gates,
You'd say that I was "knocking";
I'd write of "Hooverizing" grain,
You'd say "'twas food for thought";
I'd tell you all I know of love,
You'd ask where I was taught;
I'd write about the wide-spread sea,
You'd say it was too "deep";
And so I'll write of N_2O
And laugh you all to sleep.

H. J. W., '21.

* * *

Newell—"May I borrow your tennis shoes?"
Claffey—"Surely, but why all the formality?"
Newell—"Why, I couldn't find them."

* * *

Professor (in English)—"What is an epitaph?"
Jones—"An epitaph is a statement that lies above the one that lies beneath."

* * *

A baseball player that strikes out for himself receives no praise for it.

* * *

First Civil—"What makes the electricals so curious about the work of insulation?"
Second Civil—"I guess it's the natural tendency to rubber."

Delaney—"Why are you forever singing one tune?"
Benson—"Because it haunts me."
Delaney—"No wonder! You're always murdering it."

* * *

"What does the German professor teach?"
"Sedition, abstraction, stultification, and division."

* * *

Prof. (in Physics)—"Describe the incandescent lamp."
Wiegand—"Er—incendo, to burn, and cent, money; why, an invention for burning money."

* * *

"A penny for your thoughts," he cried,
Unto the maiden pensive.
She looked at him and then replied,
"Your habits are expensive;
How free you are of hand and heart,
Your generous offer thrills me through;
But 'twould be robbing on my part;
My thoughts, Henri, were all of you."

J. V. D.

* * *

Holbrook—"Why do they say a person 'laughs up his sleeve'?"
Gillespie—"I suppose that's the most direct way to the funny-bone."

The average philosopher is not so much a shining light, as he is a great candle-stick.

* * *

Prof.—"What is a promissory note?"
Sutherland—"The substance of things long hoped for, the evidence of things unseen."

* * *

Ford—"Can you do this problem, Pete?"
Malick—"Why, a person without brains can do that—here, give it to me."

* * *

It is almost impossible to carry the torch of truth through a crowd without singeing somebody's beard.

* * *

Prof. (in religion)—"You must love your neighbor as yourself. Now, tell me, who is your neighbor?"
Maguire—"One who knows more about your affairs than yourself."

SONG OF THE DOWN-AND-OUTER

(*With Apologies to Tennsyon*)

Broke! Broke! Broke!
With never a friend in sight;
And I'd welcome a fried egg sandwich
With a shout of pure delight.

Make way for the plutocrats,
Who pass by in their big limousines;
And never think as they sneer at me,
That I'd like some pork and beans.

And the wealthy ladies go by,
With their noses held high in the air;
And they favor me in their high-bred way
With a weary, contemptuous stare.

Broke! Broke! Broke!
But hear me ye wealthy few!
I'll bet my coat to a ten-buck note
I'm a blame sight happier than you!

H. J. W., '21.



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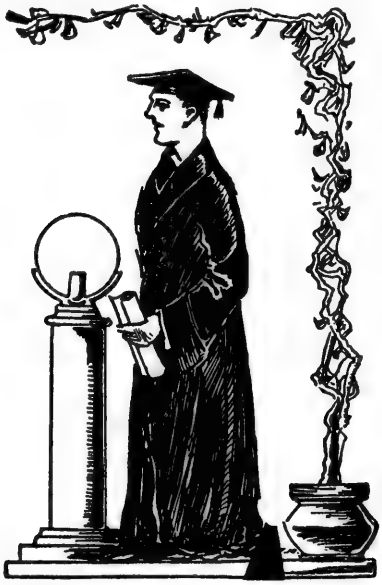
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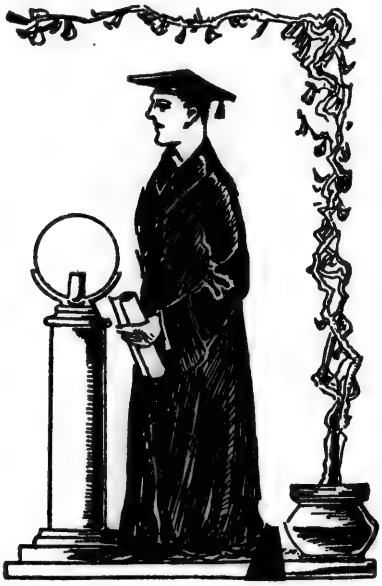
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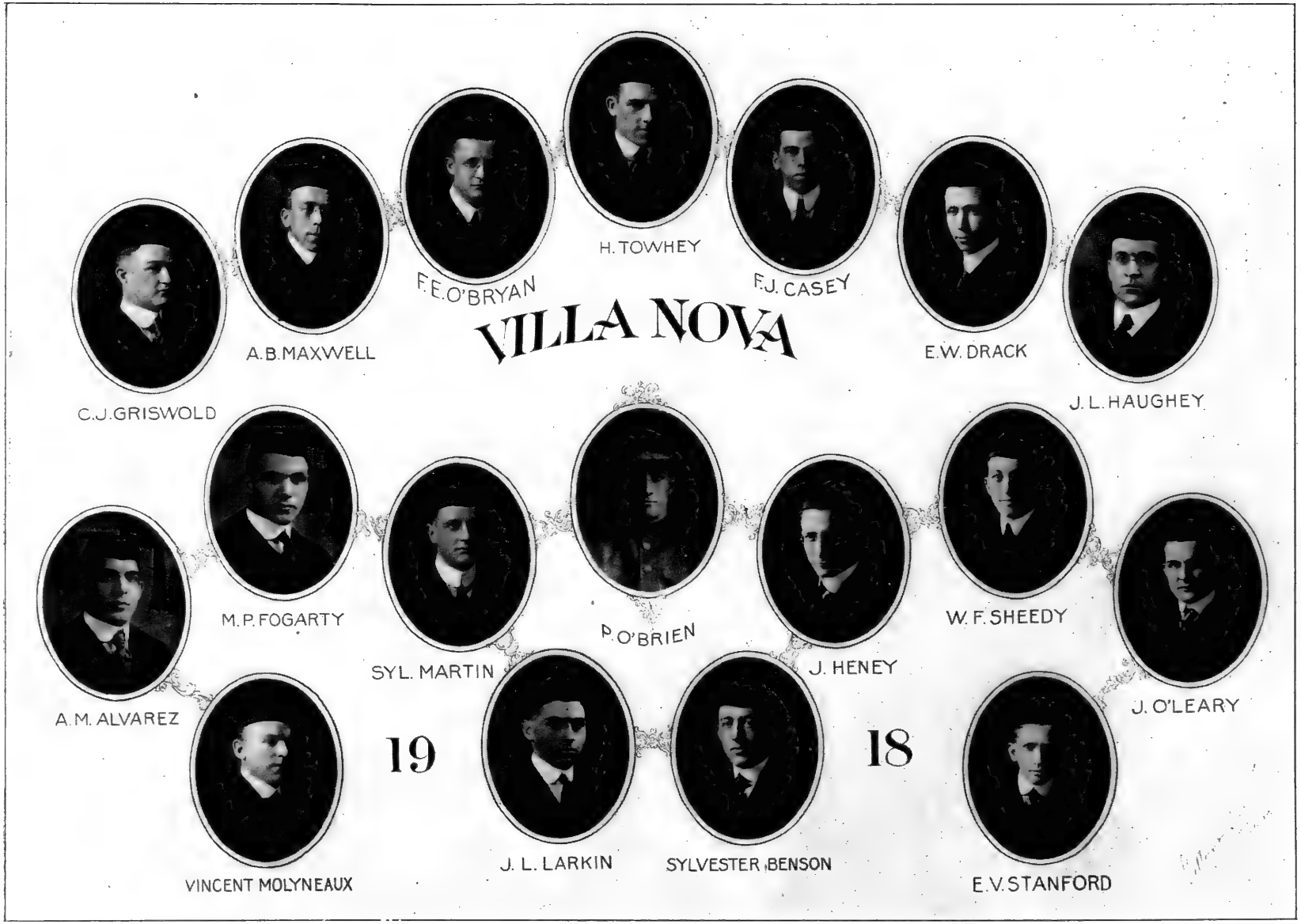
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THE VILLANOVAN

VOL. II. JUNE, 1918 No. 5

Ode to Villanova

Proud, happy Villanova, the poet's faltering pen,
The students' joyous song, the glowing words of men,
All strive to do thee honor, gild thy name,
And offer praise, this day, to thine immortal fame.
Oh! would that Pindar's art, or Virgil's skill were mine
In Classic Ode, of high degree, thy virtues I'd enshrine.
I'd trace and weave around thy brow a wreath of deathless song,
And place thy storied banner amid the starry throng.
But minor bards and humble scribes like me
Must rest content with mediocrity.
Three-score and fifteen years. A lifetime spent
In useful toil; thou shouldst be well content,
As, laurel-crowned in this glad jubilee
You hearken back in loving memory
To by-gone years that sped on golden wings.
What joy and comfort blessed memory brings;
Recalling hopes fulfilled beyond desire,
And fears, cold ashes now, like quenchèd fire.
Tho' old, O Mother! thou still art in thy prime
With years of joy ahead. Sad, hoary Time
Hath touched thee with a gentle, kindly hand;
Thou seemest younger now where thou dost stand
In academic splendor, ivy-clad,
'Midst sweeping, verdant lawns where sunbeams glad,
In laughing frolic dance, and where the breeze
All perfume-laden, flutters in the trees,
Than in those dim-seen, vanished, youthful days
When neither glittering Fame, nor worldly Praise
Were thine, but only Hope and fervent Prayer,
Encouraged thee thy many tasks to bear.
Before thee lies the future—blessed goal
Of promise and of Joy—I see thy valiant soul,
Like some Celestial Spirit clad in light,
Blazing the way through dreary darksome night
And moving ever onward in the trail
Of Galahad in quest of Holy Grail.
Keep on thy way! As thou hast done before,
Do thou throughout the coming years—no more
Could be essayed. And when the fight is won
Thou'lt hear at length the Master's words, "Well done."

HAROLD J. WIEGAND, '21.

Lest We Forget

"Villanova still lives:—Like the stars of the morn,
May she live, may she shine, thro' the ages unborn!"

—E. C. DONNELLY.

SEVENTY–FIVE years has she stood—our Alma Mater. She has rejoiced and sorrowed, struggled and enjoyed periods of repose, but always she has kept her eager eyes fixed on the golden banner in the heavens. She has followed the words emblazoned thereon—"Excelsior". She sees even beyond that to a cross from which shine out letters in glittering diamonds, "In hoc signo vinces."

The occasion of our Diamond Jubilee brings to our halls the old grads. Those who have long since taken prominent places in the race of life meet those who are yet to bring fame and glory to their Alma Mater. The general topic of conversation is advancement. What shall we do? Proposed solutions are numerous, but among them all there is no surer method of advancement than an imitation of the zeal and untiring labors and sacrifices of those who have long since passed away, but whose memories shall ever remain fresh and green. We can only understand the present great results, the great monuments of patience, courage, and industry that we see around Villanova by a consideration of the work of the past.

To every true son of Villanova it should be a pleasure and a journey of love to wander back into the beginnings of our beloved Alma Mater. Were we to go back a few years after the nineteenth century mark, there is no Villanova. It is Belle-Air. On October 13, 1806, John Rudolph, a Catholic merchant of Philadelphia, bought a farm of one hundred acres from Jonathan Miller of Haverford township for $10,000. He afterwards enlarged his farm by four purchases from neighboring tracts of land. Rudolph was born in Philadelphia about 1760 and had served as a lieutenant in the Revolutionary war. When he bought this farm there was an unfinished building on it. He completed it and then moved from town and in remembrance (it is said) of his father's native place, called our present Villanova, Belle-Air.

We, who are so blessed with conveniences in this day, will be surprised to learn that Mr. Rudolph drove every Sunday to Philadelphia to the nearest Catholic church.

The many details of the Belle-Air life we must pass over. Rudolph died March 30, 1838, and was buried at St. Mary's, Philadelphia. In 1841, Belle-Air was put up for sale to take place Thursday, October 14, 1841. The day before the one announced for the public sale, Belle-Air was purchased for $18,000 by Rev. Augustine Kyle, of St. Augustine's, and Dr. Moriarty, commissary of the province. On January 5, 1842, title to Belle-Air was granted to the "Brothers of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine."

At this time there were only five Augustinians in the country: Dr. Moriarty, commissary; Fathers Kyle and O Dwyer in Philadelphia; Fathers Nicholas and James O'Donnell in Brooklyn. Father O'Dwyer, in the fall of 1842 or the winter of 1843, was forced by reason of poor health to go abroad. In the summer of 1843 he returned much stronger and filled with enthusiasm for the great work he had in mind. With him came Rev. Francis Ashe, a priest, and Rev. William Harnett, a deacon, who had made their novitiate and studies in houses of the Order in Italy.

But what is to be done with the great farm of Belle-Air, now Augustinian property? In the spring of 1843, Brothers Dennis Gallagher (Brother John in religion) and Jeremiah Ryan were sent from St. Augustine's to open the house at Belle-Air. This fact is of interest because it marks the *first residence* of members of the order at our present Villanova.

Tradition has it that Father O'Dwyer said mass in the parlor oratory and blessed the new monastery on St. Augustine's day, August 28, 1843. He dedicated the new mission to St. Thomas of Villanova. Thereafter, Belle-Air passes away and we have *Villanova*. On All Saints' Day, 1843, Brothers Gallagher and McDonnell were received into the order under names of John and Thomas.

Now it was necessary to put the new monastery on a canonical basis. This was done at the request of Father Philip Angelucci, Vicar-General of the order, by Pope Gregory XVI, in a brief issued December 22, 1843. The probable date of the opening of school is September 18, 1843. In the *Catholic*, of Pittsburgh, it is stated, that "in 1843 the College began its career" and that "thirteen youths opened the establishment."

We, of Villanova 1918, find it rather hard to understand the sacrifices of comfort the boys of the infant school made. Until the erection of the chapel building in 1844, the students' lavatory was in Rudolph's old wagon-shed. A long wooden trough to hold the basins was set up along the far side of the shed; it was open in front. Water was procured from the pumps some one hundred feet away. In 1844 the new College building (the east wing of the Tolentine Academy) was completed and the students moved from the monastery. In the spring of 1844 the *first prospectus* of Villanova appeared in the *Catholic Herald* of Philadelphia.

Villanova's *first scholastic year* was an exciting one. The Augustinian church of St. Augustine in Philadelphia had been burned in the Know-nothing Riots and all the inmates of Villanova were in constant fear of an attack on the College. Every evening the boys were marched down the Lancaster Pike to Mrs. Rudolph's house to spend the night. That house still stands. It is a stone building on the south side of the Pike about a mile down and almost opposite where, until recently, the Rosemont toll-gate stood.

Shortly after the fire in St. Augustine's, Dr. Moriarty and Father Kyle left for Europe and Father O'Dwyer became Superior of the Missions which position he held till his death, May 24, 1850.

Father O'Dwyer's life was a very active one. He now made additions to the barn—two wings; one for corn, etc., the other for wagons and partly for a gymnasium. In May, Father O'Dwyer laid the corner-stone for the new church. On Sunday, September 1, 1844, the Feast of Our Lady of Consolation, it was blessed and opened by Rt. Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, Ordinary of the diocese. The main hall of this building served as study-hall for the pupils. On Saturday nights the desks were ranged against the wall and the place was made ready for the Sunday service. In this way, Father O'Dwyer passed his summer vacation of 1844.

Classes opened as usual in September, 1844. On Ember Saturday, September 21, 1844, Bishop Kenrick ordained Brother Harnett in St. John's Church, Philadelphia.

When the new term opened February, 1845, Father O'Dwyer began to feel a reaction after his indefatigable labors and the troubles of the past year. He had to erect a new church at St. Augustine's and conduct suits at law against the city of Philadelphia for the recent damages. Father Joseph O'Donnell gave up his mission on Long Island to Bishop Dubois. Father Ashe was in delicate health—(he died March 13, 1848). Father Harnett, just ordained, was convalescing from a severe illness. These four, with Father Nicholas O'Donnell, were the only priests of the order in the country. Under pressure of such circumstances, Father O'Dwyer decided that it would be best and, in fact, necessary to close school temporarily. On February 20 it was announced in the *Catholic Herald* and on the same day Father O'Dwyer called the boys together and announced the closing.

Thus after two years of struggling and laboring, during which time forty-five young men had been in training, Villanova reluctantly closed her doors not to open again till the fall of 1846.

During the summer of 1846 the Fathers decided to reopen. Sunday, September 6, 1846, Villanova resumed her great work of Christian education with Father O'Dwyer, president, and Fathers Ashe and Hartnett assisting him. About a month later Father Kyle returned from Ireland. There were some lay professors engaged. The year was uneventful. On Wednesday, July 21, 1847, the closing exercises were held on the green—just north of the college building (now Tolentine Academy). Rev. James O'Donnell presided and Mr. J. D. Bryant read an essay on "Patriotism". This was Villanova's *first public commencement.*

Three clerics of the order, who had been in Italy in the fall of 1842, returned early in September, 1847. They were Edward M.

Mullen, Deacon; Ambrose A. Mullen, Acolyte; and Patrick A. Stanton, sub-deacon. Edward Mullen was ordained by Bishop Kenrick on Ember Saturday, December 18, 1847. On July 30 of the following year Patrick Stanton was ordained.

A one-story frame building, to serve as a lavatory, was erected at northwest corner of the Chapel in 1847.

The Fathers in the spring of 1848 petitioned the legislature for a charter. On Friday, March 10 of that year, Francis R. Shunk, governor of the state, signed "an act to incorporate the Augustinian college of Villanova in the County of Delaware and the State of Pennsylvania."

The *first seal* of the college was adopted on December 30, 1848—a Bible, cross, crozier, cincture, and a flaming heart pierced with an arrow, without any inscription. On May 18, 1848, Mr. Charles Egan, a native of Ireland, twenty-seven years of age, was received into the novitiate. He was the *first cleric novice* at Villanova.

Commencement of 1848 was held Wednesday, June 19, on the green. There were at least a thousand present. Rev. Edward J. Sourin gave out the premiums and addressed the audience. In this same year the Fathers began the erection of another college building. They planned to put up a wing only. It was begun in 1848 and finished by February, 1849. It was 88 by 55 feet and cost $11,958.77. At the same time Father O'Dwyer had a small one-story stone building erected at the railroad for a college station. At the closing exercises held Wednesday, July 18, 1849, President Father O'Dwyer, among other remarks, announced that the College was free of debt. In the year 1849 to 1850 Father Harnett issued a Prospectus. The courses included: Greek, Latin, English, History, Geography, Mathematics, Rhetoric, Poetry, Natural and Moral Philosophy, and Chemistry. On the second floor of the wing a large and beautiful hall was opened for a library and reading-room. It was opened in free hours and all day on Sunday. Each member paid $1.00 a year. In 1850, the Fathers with the approval of Bishop Kenrick, opened a manual labor school at Villanova for orphans over sixteen years of age from St. John's Orphan Asylum.

But now the light that had burned so brilliantly and unremittingly was flickering. Father O'Dwyer's health failed and he went to Mt. Hope near Baltimore. The chaplain in charge at the time was Rev. John A. Newmann, C. SS. R., afterwards the venerable Bishop of Philadelphia. He gave Father Stanton most edifying details of Father O'Dwyer's last illness. The saintly man insisted on receiving the Holy Eucharist kneeling on the floor. He died Friday, May 24, 1850, at the age of thirty-six.

Father William Harnett succeeded Father O'Dwyer in the presidency. About this time the college regulations were drawn up. We give a copy of them below. They show the strict military training of the Villanova boys of long ago.

"College Regulations

Boys to rise at 5.30;	Recreation to 5;
Prayer at 6;	Studies from 5–6;
Mass at 6.30;	Spiritual Reading from 6–6.30;
Breakfast at 7.30;	Angelus and Supper at 6.30;
Recreation to 8.30;	Recreation to 7;
Studies to 12;	Studies from 7–8;
Examen at 12;	Prayer to 8.30;
Angelus and Dinner;	Bed by 9."
Recreation to 2;	
Studies to 4.30;	

"Silence in

Refectory;	Study Hall;
Dormitory;	Wash Room.'

"Privations

No liquor;	No absence;
No tobacco;	No idleness;
No snuff;	No negligence;
No bad conduct;	No injustice.

Rt. Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, on Sunday, June 16, 1850, administered Confirmation to thirty-five persons; twenty-three were college students, six of whom made their first Communion the same morning. This is the *first time the Sacrament* was conferred at Villanova. Commencement was held on Wednesday, July 17. Bishop Kenrick presided.

On December 17, 1850, Brothers Ambrose A.

Mullen and Charles Egan were ordained by Bishop Kenrick.

In 1851, Commencement took place on July 16. The valedictory was by Master Charles O'Donnell.

There was much advancement in 1852. The Monastery was enlarged by the addition of a stone building making in all 89 by 45. There was also erected for laundry and baking purposes a large two-story house (49 by 24 about one hundred yards east of the barn). The commencement of 1852 was on Wednesday, July 14. The valedictory was by Francis Harper.

The Fathers opened a theological department to candidates for the secular priesthood, in 1853. Among the first applicants were Mr. Farren of Boston, Mass., and Mr. Stack of Pittsburgh, Pa. Dr. Moriarty taught the class in sacred eloquence. In 1853 commencement was held on the last Wednesday of June, and July commencements were abandoned

On commencement day, Wednesday, June 27, 1855, our College for *the first time used the powers* granted by the State to confer degrees. James F. Dooley and Henry C. Alexander received Bachelorship of Arts. Two years later, Mr. Dooley received from Villanova the Mastership of Arts. Rt. Rev. Bishop Neuman, C. SS. R., presided. In 1855–56 Father Harnett was president.

Now the Fathers found it necessary to devote their efforts to the development of their missions. Therefore on commencement day, 1857, the boys were assembled and the closing announced. College remained closed for eight years.

In the fall of 1857, the Bishop of Philadelphia held a retreat at Villanova and, on All Saints' Day, conferred sacred orders on Brother Peter Crane. This was the *first ordination* at Villanova. In the spring of 1865 a second clergy retreat was held at the College.

In 1865, the Fathers decided to re-open the College. In September classes were resumed with Father Abmrose A. Mullen as President. With him were associated Fathers Pacificus A. Neno, Philip Izzo, Francis M. Sheeran, the new vice-president, and Thomas C. Middleton, members of the order recently arrived from Italy. Messrs. Michael O'Farrell, Timothy Donovan, Charles Marsden, John Devir, and Thomas Cullen were candidates for the order.

The ecclesiastical department of Villanova was under the guidance of Father Neno. Father Izzo was master of novices. With Father Neno, who in 1869 received the doctorship, were allied during his sixteen years of regency in the studies Fathers Augustine L'Anaro, Middleton, O'Farrell, Fleming, Nazzareno Proposta, Joseph A. Locke, and Maurice M. Ryan.

On Palm Sunday, 1866, the Passion was sung at Villanova *for the first time.* The chanters were Fathers Izzo, Neno, Middleton. On Thursday, July 29, Father Neno was invested with the master's cap and ring by Dr. Moriarty, delegate of the general. This was the *first time such* a ceremony took place in the province.

In 1869, Father Stanton succeeded Father Ambrose Mullen as president of Villanova. His term was a very prosperous one. In 1869, a gymnasium was erected. It was a frame building 81 by 40 and was fully equipped. Under Father Stanton's administration, college catalogues were published *for the first time*—1871. In 1871, water works were erected at the foot of Mt. Misery. The *first jet* of water reached college reservoir on Wednesday, December 6. Mt. Misery is, of course, known to all Augustinians and most of Villanova's old boys. The boys of today seem to be letting the old name die out. It is the hill on the north side ofthe Pennsylvania Railroad Station, above the old spring-house. "Some time in the early '40's not long after the Fathers had come into possession of Belle-Air, Dr. Moriarty, being struck with the generally forlorn and comfortless look of things around the hill-top christened the place 'Mount Misery'."

Father Stanton, after three years in office, was succeeded by Very Rev. Thomas Galberry, as president. Under this new president, work began on the main wing of the college building (now Tolentine Academy) in the year 1873. The first stone was laid in the trenches on Tuesday, April 1. The cross—one hundred feet from the ground—was raised over the College on Thursday, September 4. On Tuesday, February 3, 1874, the building was occupied by teachers and students. The building has a frontage of 174 feet.

Now there was better accommodation demanded for the faithful. The gymnasium was, therefore, dismantled and the hall fitted up for church purposes. Mass was said for *the first time*, in the new gymnasium church on Sunday, July 14, 1872. On Sunday, September 15, Bishop Wood blessed the building.

A postoffice was opened in the new station at the foot of the college hill in 1872. Mail was delivered at Villanova for the *first time on* Wednesday, November 6, 1872. Under Father Galberry the "Forty Hours" was introduced at Villanova.

On the eve of commencement, Tuesday, June 29, 1875, the alumni met and with Father Galberry, bishop-elect of Hartford, formed an alumni association. Father Galberry left for Hartford, Conn., to take up his work as Bishop, Tuesday, May 7, 1876. Father Thomas C. Middleton was chosen president for the remainder of the term.

At the commencement of 1876 *gold medals* were given out *for the first time.* John E. Crowley was awarded a gold medal for general excellence, and John J. Ryan one for mathematics.

During the following year nothing of importance happened. The straight avenue leading down to the station was cut out and trees planted.

In the summer vacation of 1876, Rev. John J. Fedigan was elected president. During his two years of office many improvements were made. In 1879 the fourth-story was added to the monastery and *steam was introduced.*

In September, 1880, Father Fedigan was transferred to Atlantic City and Father Joseph Coleman succeeded to the presidency. He was president for six years and during that time Villanova made rapid strides forward. At the commencement of 1881, Very Rev. James A. Corcoran, D.D., of Overbrook Seminary, presided. Music was supplied by the College Glee Club.

In the summer of 1881 the custom was introduced of chanting the Psalms at Vespers on Sundays by a double choir of clerics; one in the organ gallery and the other with the rest of the religious in the chancel.

The Fathers now decided to build a new church. In 1883 the present Church of St. Thomas of Villanova was erected. It is a beautiful gothic structure and an evidence of the zeal and labors of these self-sacrificing men. The little oratory in the old monastery parlor was the first step; then came the Church of 1843, the Chapel of 1844, the Gymnasium Church of 1872, and finally the beautiful structure standing at present. On Easter Thursday, March 29, 1883, ground for the new church was broken by Prior Coleman. St. Mark's Day, April 25, the first stone was laid in the trenches; Sunday afternoon, June 3, the Feast of Most Pure Heart of Mary, the corner-stone of the new church was solemnly blessed and laid in place by Rt. Rev. Jeremiah F. Shanahan, Bishop of Harrisburg. Dr. Stanton delivered the dedication oration.

Sunday, November 23, 1884, the cross on the front gable was blessed by V. Rev. Maurice A. Walsh, vicar of the diocese. The sermon was preached by Rev. John P. Gilmore, O. S. A. In 1887, Rev. James J. Blake, successor to Father Coleman who had been transferred to Australia, completed the church. On Sunday, July 3, Most Rev. P. J. Ryan of Philadelphia blessed it. Rt. Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, of Trenton, gave the benediction sermon.

Father Sheeran, for many years professor and vice-president, in 1885 received the degree of Bachelor of Sacred Theology and was elected president of Villanova. During 1889 while Father Blake was procurator the old Rudolph barn was rebuilt. Mr. Durang drew up the plans.

In the long vacation of 1890, V. Rev. Charles A. McEvoy was elected president with Rev. Richard A. Gleason as vice-president. The year after, Rev. Lawrence A. Delurey succeeded as vice-president.

The fiftieth anniversary of Villanova's foundations occurred in 1892. At this time the community consisted of forty-five members, viz.: sixteen priests, ten professed clerics, five novice clerics, four professed lay brothers, six novice lay brothers, four postulants. The students were ninety: fifteen in the ecclesiastical and seventy-five in the collegiate department.

The golden jubilee was a great day for Villanova. The academic celebration took place on Wednesday, June 21, 1893. Many bishops and

clergymen were present. Archbishop Ryan presided. The religious celebration took place on Sunday, July 2, 1893. The Rt. Rev. Thomas McGovern, bishop of Harrisburg, celebrated Solemn Pontifical Mass and Vespers. This was the *first time such services* took place in the history of Villanova. The jubilee sermon was preached by Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A., rector of St. Augustine's, Lansingburgh, N. Y. Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia, assisted at Vespers in the evening. Rev. Charles F. Kelly, D.D., of Towanda, Pa., an alumnus of 1843, delivered an address on Christian Education. The Archbishop also spoke.

Father McEvoy was succeeded as president of Villanova by Rev. Francis J. McShane. At the provincial chapter July, 1894, Father McShane was elected, a new board of directors chosen, and the faculty increased. Many improvements were made under the new president. There was a notable advance in the scientific department in the way of new appliances and improved apparatus.

In 1895, Rev. L. A. Delurey became president. During his administration Villanova made great strides. In 1899 the present imposing structures (College and Monastery) were started. The work was finished and the buildings occupied in 1901. On June 23, 1901, they were blessed.

The old Monastery was now made into a house for the postulants of the order and opened December 8, 1902, under the patronage of St. Rita of Cassia. The old College became an academy for younger boys—Tolentine Academy.

In 1905, Villanova, realizing the need of men trained in the practical work of applied science, opened a school of technology and instituted courses in civil, electrical, and mechanical engineering. The thirteen years of her labors in this field have shown conclusively that Villanova did not overstep the bounds of her ability in undertaking to develop trained, efficient, technical men to take their places among the leaders of industry. At the sixty-eighth annual commencement June 15, 1909, Villanova graduated her first engineers. Lewis Nixon, of New York, naval constructor and ship-builder, delivered the address. The first graduates were John A. White of Williamsport, Pa., Edward J. Kirsch of Rosemont, Pa., civil engineers; and John J. Smith of Altoona, electrical engineer.

Thursday, October 17, 1907, Rt. Rev. William A. Jones, O. S. A., consecrated the Villanova church. Dr. Delurey was succeeded in 1910 by Rev. Edward G. Dohan, S. T. L., O. S. A.

On January 10, 1912, between two and three o'clock while the clerics were at office in the monastery chapel, St. Rita's Hall took fire and was almost totally destroyed. It was soon replaced by a new building. In 1912 the cornerstone was laid and the chapel was blessed on the feast of St. Augustine, August 28.

During Father Dohan's administration the new college hall was opened. Many improvements were also made in the laboratories. A two-year pre-medical course was introduced. It is designed to meet the requirements for admission to the study of medicine. It is approved by the Bureau of Professional Education of the State of Pennsylvania. There is extensive work in Chemistry, Biology, and Physiology.

On May 4, 1912, work was started on a new building for the Professed and the Novices of the order. It is a memorial to Bernard Corr.

Father Dohan was succeeded in 1917 by one whose name had been joined with Villanova's progress many years. Father Dean did not come to us a stranger. Since 1893, with the exception of three years, he has been continually associated with the College in one capacity or another. He has been Professor, Prefect of Studies, and Dean of the School of Technology. His ability as an orator, his attainments in the field of science and mathematics, his business ability and his understanding of boys, assure us that our Alma Mater is in safe and energetic hands.

Villanova's Seventy-fifth Anniversary is a great day for us, when we view the past. Let us not lose sight of the future. If our Alma Mater's history has been so glorious through the whole-souled labors of a few, what should it not be in the years to come when the members of the alumni join their forces and vie one with another in helping along a great work for God, our Church and our Country! May the work of those who have gone before us inspire us to greater, nobler efforts!

Harry's Revenge

By Joseph W. Paquette, '20

THERE was excitement in the camp of the American Expeditionary Force at the front. Machines were wheeled hurriedly from their hangars to their position in the great level field in the middle of the camp, and hastily accoutered pilots were giving them a final inspection before taking to the air. With a bark and a roar one after another rose gracefully from the ground and headed for the few faint specks in the distance which announced the approach of the German raiders. These specks grew quickly into the outlines of perhaps a dozen battle planes advancing with the speed of a hurricane, but not fast enough to overtake the swift little machine that fled before them bearing the distinguishing mark of the American air fleet. As the two squadrons approach, the pursuers are forced to give up the chase in order to meet the relief party, and while the battle goes on between them high above the clouds the returning scout, with his fuel tanks drained to their last gallon, speeds back to the camp. He makes a safe landing amidst the cheers of his comrades who press forward to congratulate him on his safe return.

"Good work, Harry, how did you make out?" asks his engineer as he wrings his hand.

"Oh, so so. I got a few pictures before the Germans got after me and then I had to run for it. Is the colonel up at headquarters?"

"Yes, I guess you will find him there, but he is in a bad humor this morning and I don't think he will give you a very cordial reception."

"No, I hardly think he will, but I have to make my report to him and can't very well avoid the interview. Take care of the machine and I'll see you later."

"A capital fellow, that," said one of the group to the engineer as his eye followed the splendid figure of Harry Roberts moving off towards the Colonel's headquarters. "But I am afraid we will be losing him some one of these days. It doesn't seem possible for a man to take the long chances he does and get away with a whole skin every time. What beats me is why the Colonel lets him take nearly all the dangerous jobs and he the best airman we have."

"Maybe there is a reason," said the engineer. "He has lost his nerve entirely since Roberts was assigned to this division. I guess he is afraid of him."

"Even so, I don't think he would try to throw away the life of the best man we have, and besides I can't see what he has to fear from him. What did he ever do to Roberts, anyway, that makes him so afraid of being paid back?"

"It is hard to get the story straight," said the engineer, "because neither of them care to talk about it. As nearly as I can find out Colonel Wolcott, who as you know used to be an inspector in an aeroplane factory back home, stole a patent from Roberts who was carrying on his experiments there. This is why he is afraid the young fellow has it in for him, but he might just as well save his fears. Harry is too busy bringing down the Germans to bother with him and besides I don't think he is that kind of fellow."

"No, he certainly doesn't seem to be, but then you never can tell. I am afraid I would not have a feeling of very much affection for the man who would play such a trick on me. But look! Here come the two of them together. I wonder what is up?"

They soon found out what had brought the Colonel and Roberts back so soon together. A scout along another sector of the battle line had reported what seemed to him to be the massing of a large number of troops behind the lines, preparatory to making an attack. The Colonel had received a peremptory order from the General to send out immediately a couple

of men to verify this report and, if necessary, to go himself. As the best of the pilots had already gone out to meet the Germans who had chased Roberts in, and he was unwilling to trust any of the inferior men on so important a mission, he had reluctantly decided to go himself with Roberts accompanying him with another machine

To those who knew the story of Harry's wrongs this arrangement seemed almost like tempting fate, for it would take but a single well-directed shot for him to bring down his enemy while flying over the German lines and so pay him back for the theft of his patent. No one could possibly be the wiser for it because his death could easily be ascribed to the enemy. The Colonel had evidently some such thoughts running through his mind, for as he shook hands with his friends before mounting his machine, his hand was seen to tremble and more than once he glanced apprehensively at Harry who was also getting his machine ready a few yards away.

"Into the hands of his enemy," said one of the crowd as the two machines faded away in the distance, and he but voiced the thoughts of most of those present. In fact many of them were already wondering who would be their next Colonel.

To the occupants of the two machines which were now well within the German lines the report of the scout appeared only too true. The only strange thing about it was that there were no enemy planes sent out to drive them back, but they soon found out the reason of this. The Germans had been lying concealed at the edge of a forest and could now be seen rising from the ground one after another and taking a position to block their return. Quick to see the trap that had been laid for them they turned immediately and steered into the midst of their enemies, firing as they went.

By rare good fortune both fought their way through without being hit, but only at the cost of all their ammunition, and then came the race back. The squadron that had attempted to block their way was composed entirely of the slower speed machines which were used mostly for bombing and for that reason had been comparatively easy to get away from. They soon found out, however, that they had other and more powerful enemies to deal with. A half-dozen speedy single seaters were tearing through the air about five miles to their right trying to head them off. Every minute brought them a good three miles nearer safety, but it also brought their pursuers nearer.

The race was along two sides of a triangle with the apex as their common goal. As they came nearer and nearer one of the Germans was seen to shoot out ahead of his companions and by a burst of speed aided by a favorable puff of wind, he obtained a position where it was impossible to avoid him. To attempt to pass would be suicide for he had all the advantage of position and could shoot them both down without any trouble. By clever dodging they might manage to give him the slip but this would take time and allow the rest of the pursuers to come up and with the odds of three to one and not a shot in their guns they would not have the ghost of a chance

When almost within gun range of the German, Harry started to mount to a higher level leaving the Colonel to rush forward to almost certain destruction. Leaving Harry to be disposed of by the rest of the pursuing party, the German airman swooped down like a hawk upon the Colonel but before he could fire the fatal shot a roar sounded above him. Unnoticed, Harry had attained a position directly over him and with all the power of his engine accelerating the speed of his fall he plunged headlong into him. The two machines, reduced to a twisted mass of wreckage, fell like a stone to the battlefield below and the Colonel freed from pursuit sailed back to the safety of his landing grounds.

Under cover of darkness they brought in Harry's mangled remains. In his watchcase they found a picture of the Colonel, a relic of their former friendship, and across the bottom in a firm clear hand was written these words, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Class History

JOSEPH T. O'LEARY, B.S.
"Joe"

"Most radiant, exquisite, unmatchable beauty"

Joe is a Jerseyite from Elizabeth, and the "baby" of the class of 1918. But, although youngest in years, he is far from being the least in achievement. This is attested by his wonderful class record, and his position of Editor-in-Chief on the VILLANOVAN Staff. Joe is a quiet fellow, and seldom lets himself out. He has the depth, though, for all that. Everyone who knows him likes him. Many and varied are his activities, not the least neglected of which is his studies. His specialty, however (and chief delight, apparently), is bossing certain classmates (Harry and Chuck) in repairing electrical fixtures in dormitory and study-hall. In football Joe proved himself a player of rare ability and plenty of fight, in his excellent work on the line. Joe is by no means a misogonist, as is attested by his familiarity and his pranks with some of the fair ones of Garrett Hill—such as exchanging hats with them while engaged in mutual cajolery. Yes, under the guidance of his erudite and sophisticated classmates (also Harry and Chuck), he is rising rapidly in in the social world, and gives promise of becoming one of Villanova's society buds. Joe has ever been a loyal supporter of his Alma Mater and of his class and we wish him every success.

SYLVESTER R. BENSON, A.B.
"Syl"

"If music is the food of love, play on"

After emerging from the wilds of Cohoes, followed by a short sojourn at Fordham, Syl arrived at Villanova, in 1916, and since then has made several "reps". At one time it was thought that Sylvester could stand up and talk with the best of them, and they called him "heart-breaker". In Norristown he was "king" even. But, alas, he has fallen for a woman's charms and some fair damsel, a weeping war bride, will lament his departure "over there" with the aviation.

Syl is some pianist. During his career at Villanova he has actually worn out four pianos, and driven his fellow students to distraction, almost, with Campbell's trombone.

Syl played basketball this winter in a neighboring town, and as a result there is rumor of his nomination for Mayor at the coming election. He essayed pitching, also, but with results rather dubious. At umpiring, however, he attained not a little success, his wonderful resonant "base" voice instilling conviction into the players.

Syl always has a good "line", an "awful" line. Let the Hun beware of the gas attack upon his arrival at the front. He is a modest hero, he admits, and sums himself up to be "Villanova's best-dressed and most popular student." And truth to say, nearly everybody does like him and the class of 1918 is losing a generous hearted and genial friend. May you do as well in all your endeavors as you do with the fair sex, Syl.

EDWARD VALENTINE STANFORD, A.B.
"Eddie"

"Weariness
Can snore upon the flint when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard."

You are wrong. There isn't any significance in that middle name, for "Eddie's" career will land him far from the fairies. This golden-haired graduate in his deep-bass gurgle unblushingly claims Boston as his home town. This, perhaps, is the explanation of his wonderful "bean."

"Stan" is a great fellow for capturing things. Some years ago he captured a scholarship at Boston College. This year he captured his "A.B.", and appendicitis, from which he is but lately convalescing.

"Eddie's" hobby is the art of falling asleep in an unobtrosive manner; any time, every

place, in any posture, and under all circumstances. A picket fence would not phase him in the least—he'd try anyway; and in cases of extraordinary weakness he has been known, "mirabile dictu," to ride his hobby even in Senior Ethics.

"Ed" has this asset in his favor—he is rather backward in coming forward. Not for the world would "Stan" push himself, but when he gets started, then there is something stirring. In elocution he has particular ability. When he orates everyone sits up and takes notice.

"Ed" has ever been a prime favorite at Villanova. A good chum, and a kind friend, he enjoys the esteem of all his classmates, who sincerely regret his departure.

ARTHUR B. MAXWELL, A.B.
"Abie"

"In whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

England claims our hero's birth; Lawrence, Mass., his residence, but Villanova claims his heart. Yes, this diminutive Englishman drifted in from the wilds of Lawrence, and the horrors of the "Shanty Pond" away back in 1911. At first we thought he'd be as dry as dust, but the glints of humor that sparkled in his sunny disposition soon dispelled the London fog in which we had enveloped him. Moreover, this "petit homme" approaches, intellectually, the giantesque in Literature and Rhetoric. Scarcely an issue of THE VILLANOVAN has been completed without some evolution of his serio-comic "cephalis".

"Abie's" hobbies have been many and varied during his college course. During his Greek studies his particular fancy seemed to run on horses, those of the "pony" and "trotter" species. His favorite hobby now, however, is one developed during the Astronomy course—to recline at night upon his window-sill, and through the lulls in the smoke-like haze that begins to arise in those quiet hours, to observe the moon. These latter remarks are to many, an enigma, but to the "wise" they are replete with meanings.

We might add here that "Abie" is a singer of *some note*—just which one, he hasn't been able to discover. His journey through life has been one with many turns and crooks, but now, he seems to have gone no mean distance on the straight path to ultimate success, and some fine day we will see him on a level with Gilbert K. himself—maybe.

JOHN FRANCIS SHEEHAN, B.S.
"Jake"

"Sheehan, mighty Sheehan, was advancing to the bat."

Coming unheralded out of the north, Jake has remained ever since, becoming a member of the class of 1918, our man of mystery. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde fade into insignificance in comparison and we recommend him to Conan Doyle as a fit subject for his next swan-song of Sherlock Holmes.

Bright blue eyes and lips that never convey any more than a sphinx-like smile give you the impression of a man of business. And Jake certainly lives up to that impression, for his quickness of thought and steadfastness in carrying out a decision have given him the reputation of a neu-Charley Schwab. Once his mind is set, all the oratory of a Demosthenes and a Cicero cannot change it.

An athlete of no mean ability, Sheehan has distinguished himself in every line of sport which he cared to follow. As a baseball player he has been one of Villanova's shining lights for the past four years and captained the team in 1916. In basketball he has also made a name, and very few at Villanova have proved his superior at tennis.

Jake's one hobby is curio gathering, and among his best collections is a set of draft cards from the Ridley Park board, which typify every possible stage through which a registrant may pass before his final entrance into the military service. Red cards, blue cards, white cards, and yellow cards, in fact all the colors of the rainbow are there. Jake values this collection very highly and it is reported that he has turned down numerous offers for it.

Known always for his willingness to give aid

to one in need, very popular among those who know him and an exceptionally diligent worker, Jake is bound to become an engineer of merit and will live long in the memories of the Class of 1918.

WILLIAM F. X. SHEEDY, A.B.
"Bill"

"His raptures are
All air and fire."

Bill is one of the big boys of the class. We feel no hesitancy in conjecturing, that this is the chief reason no one has ventured to call him Willie. It might be sufficient, "*en passant*," to mention the Queen City of the Merrimac Valley as his birthplace. Yes, it is no secret. Bill was nurtured upon the strong breezes that waft their way from—

"Where the Spicket river's flowing,
Where the grass and weeds are blowing."

But be that as it may, they haven't affected his mental acumen in the least. On the contrary, they have given him a decided preference for the old classics,—especially the plays of Euripides—so much so, that back in 1916 Bill was awarded the classical medal.

Apart from being a student and an authority on Spanish, Bill holds no mean place on the athletic field. He is most formidable in the backfield of the "eleven", and in the frontfield of the "nine". But his attainments do not end with his physical prowess. As a pianist, he is a marvel. It is said that Paderewski has become so incensed with jealousy and mortification that he refuses to have his hair cut. Yes, sir, it would do you good to see and hear him "tickle off" Owen Berwin's latest. Even our sedate past Presidents, in their frames of gilt, shrug their shoulders and snap their fingers in accompaniment.

We feel the greatest confidence in Bill's future success. So congenial a disposition, so true and trusted a friend, is bound to find it in any sphere. It is with regret, but best wishes, that his classmates and friends see their days together ended.

COLLIER J. GRISWOLD, B.S.
"Chuck"

"O, Sleep, it is a gentle thing."

"Our lad" from the sunny Southland, where the summer's sun makes Carolina's evergreens fragrant with the perfume of the long-leaf pine and the balmy boughs of the balsam." These are his own words and the scenes which they convey are certainly conducive to insomnia. But "Chuck" does not suffer from insomnia, nor does his genial room-mate, Mr. Towhey. No, for they spend most of their free hours arguing as to which one spends the greater time in the arms of Morpheus.

"Chuck" came to Villanova to study electrical engineering, and a long while back announced his intention of following the footsteps of Tesla by specializing in high frequency. At first we were disinclined to believe him, but when we noticed the high frequency of his visits to Bryn Mawr and the neighboring towns, all doubts were laid aside.

At times we are led to believe that "Chuck" is suffering from the wound of one of Cupid's darts. He stoutly maintains the opposite, but there are several records of "lapsus mentis" on hand which strongly favor the affirmative. However, we are willing to take "Chuck's word" in the matter, but we would advise the young lady that her pink stationery was the most damaging evidence in the case.

"Chuck's" habitual good nature has won for him a host of friends during his stay at Villanova and no one's departure will be regretted more than his. A happy disposition that leaves no room for trouble or worry will make him always remembered by his classmates.

JAMES L. HAUGHEY
"Jim"

"By my tooth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights."

This introduces "Jim", the "prefect", and, in spite of the name, one of the best-liked men in the school. Of course, he's pretty old, and

has had lots of experience, hence his father-like admonitions and scoldings to "Sophs" and "Freshies" when they flunk a monthly "quiz". Jim maintains there is no place like Jeddo, Pa., so that must be his home town, poor fellow! However, if he can stand it, we can.

"Jim" studies a bit, writes a bit, and talks two bits especially on the ring artists. He can give you every fine point of every boxer going. He attends nearly every fight and it is rumored that not unfrequently, he does the "Weston" stunt, after missing the last car. In fact all kinds of rumors float around Jim. The latest says he was actually seen going into an eight o'clock class on time. As to the fair sex, nothing doing for Jim anymore. The Bryn Mawr fair sex broke his heart once too often.

As manager of the baseball team this year, Jim worked hard. This aptitude for work, together with his geniality and other good qualities, will eventually land him among our foremost Civil Engineers.

VINCENT MOLYNEAUX, A.B.
"Vince"

"In voices well divulged, free, learned and valiant, and in dimension and shape of stature, a gracious person."

The little town hidden under the great falls of Niagara prides itself on being the birthplace of our well-known classmate and athlete. Some say that Vince was its founder. When he came to Villanova in 1915, he was possessed of a two-fold ambition,—to procure his "A.B." and also a contract on the mound in the big leagues.

Vince is given to many of the "ball-player's superstitions." If, before the fifth inning, the "End of a Perfect Day" is played, he straightway predicts defeat. As 'Varsity pitcher for three years, Vince enjoys an enviable record, and his loss has already been keenly felt.

As a "Hooverite", however, Vince is a fizzle. "A big man needs a big meal" he maintains, and he certainly is not a slacker in this regard.

His unfailing gentlemanly demeanor, his congeniality and untiring zeal are sure to carve for him a niche in the Hall of Fame. His classmates certainly regret his departure.

FRANCIS J. CASEY, A.B.
"Terry"

"Then here's to bould young Casey,
Like a lion did he chase ye
From the Galtees to the Funcheon;
From the Funcheon to the say."

Terry received his name from the hero of Glenanaar—the famous Terrence Casey. From the very beginning, the gods were with him for Terry was born and grew big and handsome (?) in Lawrence, Mass., "cross the Spicket."

Terry manages the Sinn Fein baseball team and is just bubbling over with that old Irish spirit. At present he is all nonplussed over the Irish question. He does not feel self-sufficient enough to step in and dictate his views to England, but if affairs are not managed according to his solution, then let the nations of the world beware!

This pugnacity, however, is only occasionally manifest. As a rule, Terry is quite genial and friendly—we might say exceedingly so, for he certainly can "lay it on" at times. And at others, his taciturnity out-sphinxes the sphinx.

His classmates will miss his pleasant ways and have naught but good wishes for his future.

JOHN LARKIN, B.S.

"O, mistress mine, where are you roaming,
O, stay and hear, your true love's coming."

John L. Larkin lays claim to being a resident of Plymouth Meeting, but this is disputed by Ray Maloney. Ray holds that John lives between Narcossa and Cold Point, and where that is nobody but John knows.

John is a product of the farm, was born and raised thereon, but this does not detract from his abilities or personality. He is of genial disposition, ever ready with a smile and always willing to help the "other fellow". Precision is John's motto. Why he can tell to the potato the amount a ten-acre plot is capable of producing. And so it is with his class-work,—everything is precise and correct.

It is the consensus of opinion among John's classmates that in a few years he will be riding

around in his own auto, for, with his farm spoils and his engineering abilities, he is on the straight path to wealth.

Here's wishing you all the success possible, John, and we are sure that little dame in Conshohocken will feel proud of you when she becomes Mrs. Larkin.

CHARLES MCGUCKIN, B.S.
"Charlie"

"The Harp that once through Tara's Halls."

"Charlie"—a man of many accomplishments, yet the "Harp", "Charlie", or "Mac", as he is variously called, is very modest. He is especially proficient in athletics, and on the gridiron, where his drop-kicking has made him famous; he is a backfield star. The memorable defeat of the Army in 1915 recalls something of his prowess. "Mac" played short on the 'Varsity, and won for himself that other cognomen "Crab", due of course, to his efforts to instil the old pep and fight into the boys. Through all the distraction of athletics, however, it was Charlie's ambition to be an engineer and his studious efforts finally won the coveted degree. Not long ago he heeded the call to fight for Uncle Sam in the Navy Aviation, where his winning manner is already making him a host of friends.

We almost forgot to mention that "Mac" was captain, not only of football and baseball, but likewise of the African Golf Club. Since leaving college, however, we understand he has dropped this alluring diversion. Well, here's to you, Charlie, the best wishes of your class and regrets that we cannot be together "ad multos annos."

ARMANDO ALVAREZ, B.S.
"Chic"

This lovely young gentleman was born in the West Indies. We cannot say very much as to his past life, but from the prints on the walls of his room we can vouchsafe a judgment, fairly accurate, of the many hearts he must have broken down in sunny Cuba. And those mysterious trips to Philadelphia all warrant that even yet his old-time tricks are working. Yes, he has many connections in the city, "cousins", he calls most of them and very engaging ones, too, we presume.

However, for all of his capers with Cupid, Armando is a good student, the most consistent, perhaps, in his class. And as to his popularity, we need but mention his position as President of the Engineering Society. We might also call him the guest-master, for it is he who usually takes charge of the numerous Latin-American visitors to Villanova. Some maintain that this position is due to his wonderful "line" in both Spanish and English. We predict a great future as the reward of his enterprise and know he will be a credit to his Alma Mater.

EDGAR DRACH, B.S.
"Ed"

"Jove knows I love,
But whom?"

"Ed" came to us from Boston "Tech." There is no doubt about that. Formerly he was considered a veritable question-box, but his classmates have succeeded in "bringing him around," also, in ousting that stereotyped, "Now, up at Tech.'

Philology, Etymology, and English Criticism are Ed's favorite "side" studies. In support whereof, one need only recall his innumerable trips to Annapolis, in consultation (he maintains) with a certain "Professor". Dame Rumor, however, has it that Ed's love for the "Professor-ess" far exceeds his attraction for the "Muse", but only a few have the true solution. These ascribe his journeyings to love of "travel", for ever since his arrival here from Cincinnati, Ed has been salesman for a certain Gas Company. "Buy Gasotonic and get more miles."

It is with reluctance that we part with this esteemed classmate. If hard work, earnestness, and congeniality are harbingers of success, then the wishes of the class in Ed's regard will surely be fulfilled and his career will be a real triumph.

MICHAEL FOGARTY, A.B.
"Mike"

"Eager hearted as a boy."

This representative of the Emerald Isle

(Tipperary) came to Villanova from the University of Ottowa in 1916. Although so far from his "nature fields" he doesn't mind it at all. "Distance lends enchantment," he says but judging from the frequency of his nights "out" the enchantment must live somewhere in the neighborhood. Mike, however, will say nothing about her.

It was long before Mike's presence was felt among us—owing to his exceedingly retiring ways. It was in Sophomore elocution that he came into prominence by his pathetic recitation of Mark Antony's oration, his tremolo voice according especially well with the line he knew, "If you have tears to shed, etc."

Mike won an excellent reputation on the gridiron for "fight". Sad to say, however, he had a most unfortunate faculty of getting "all banged up" in every game. For the next few days it was difficult to distinguish which was Mike and which was the plaster.

Mike put the bold Irish spirit into his studies also, and was a well-known plugger. And of all the "tip-top Tipperary men" we know, Mike is one of the very tip-toptest. May his future in Uncle Sam's Navy be as successful as his past at Villanova.

JOSEPH E. HENEY, A.B.
"Jock"

The thirteen inhabitants of Randolph, Mass., have reasons to be elated for it was there that Jack first saw the light of day. He maintains himself that he is proud of his choice. The frequency, however, with which he closes his eyes to that same light, in class hours especially, argues that he started the habit while very young. Vindictive professors maintain that on such occasions Joe is sleeping, but his friends are well aware that he is simply communing with the "Muses", in search of inspiration for still another poem for THE VILLANOVAN.

Despite the fact that Joe was chosen to write the Class Ode, he has (outside the class-room) anything but the dreamy appearances of the poet.

To date, nothing serious has been charged against Joe, except his lack of judgment in choosing his home town. The consideration of his extreme youth, however, and his inexperience at the time, incline us to leniency with him in this regard.

Joe's tastes are very simple. His favorite smoke is whatever you happen to have. His exceedingly even disposition cannot be ruffled—except by those quizzes in Ethics. Owing to his retiring nature, he is seldom engaged in controversy, but, once entered, he has never been known to lose. He has a holy horror, too, of jumping at conclusions, which is easily explained by the fact that he once jumped at the conclusion of a ferry-boat—and got wet. With his smile and his gentle disposition Joe has made many friends, and will be remembered always as a true comrade and a loyal classmate.

SYLVESTER MARTIN, A.B.
"Cal"

"Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes."

"Cal" unblushingly admits old Dutch McSherrystown, Pa., as his birthplace, and yet he has succeeded in mounting the pinnacle of knowledge. Nay, and to his well-earned A.B., "Cal" could easily add an M. D.—if he had time. What with consultations with doctors at the U. of P., where he specialized in bacteriology, his "premed." classes, and fixing that hair, "Cal" hasn't all the time he would like. His bacteriological knowledge, however, has resulted in several idiosyncrasies, e. g., that of torturing a fried egg previous to consumption of the same, dusting off the grease et al., with a portion of bread.

It is a great pleasure to hear "Cal" talk. He is the best conversationalist in the class (and that is "going some"). He can use his tongue for other purposes, also. It isn't all honey, so beware when he is angry.

Sylvester has one strang habit. He chews when he smokes (Sic Aiunt). Hence that other and peculiar sobriquet, which he enjoys (?)—"Bite".

In addition to "Bite's" wonderful knowledge, his wonderful "line" and his wonderful haircomb, we might mention his wonderful room—the best in the house. But the collection of bugs, medicines, test-tubes and "sexcenti et alia

mysteria" on his *piano* is positively uncanny. Nevertheless, the class of 1918 will miss old "Cal's" entertainment, and exceedingly regret his departure.

PAUL A. O'BRIEN, B. S.
"Paul"

"Columbia gem of the ocean."

Paul comes from Marietta, Pa. While toasting his pedal extremities on the big stove of the Marietta store where he was clerk, "Obie" decided to become an electrical engineer. Hence his arrival at Villanova, where at a "Gobble Gobble" meeting he gained immediate recognition as an orator, but for ever after held his peace.

Paul, one of the youngest and the brightest in the class, was the first to join Uncle Sam's forces. (Infantry, Camp Meade.) His characteristic working ability soon raised him to the rank of sergeant, and at the present time he is on his way towards receiving a commission.

Paul was first in his class as a student, and twice won the engineering society medal. He is one of the most deservedly popular boys at Villanova and will long be remembered in the halls of his Alma Mater.

HARRY M. TOWHEY, B.S.
"Old Man Villanova"

Born and bred in the coal fields, Harry soon tired of his native haunts and determined to live abroad. Thus it was that he took up his residence in the nation's playground, which now boasts of him as one of her prominent citizens. Yes, Harry is a loyal New Jerseyite and has spent weary hours explaining to his fellow classmates the splendid work of the anti-mosquito commission in his adopted state.

Harry first came to Villanova in 1911, and after a three-year sojourn in the Prep. School entered the engineering department in 1914. Due to his long residence here, he had become very familiar with the highways and byways of the neighborhood and he always took extreme delight in pointing out to the "freshies" such points of interest as "Hogan's Alley," "Murderer's Row," "The Tower," etc. (We doubt very much if there are many square feet of ground within a radius of several miles, which have not felt the imprint of his shoes.)

Only recently Harry took up dancing as a diversion and this, together with his vocal abilities, has gained him quite a reputation in Villanova society. He has also gained some prominence in athletic circles due to the splendid manner in which he helped to pilot the famous "Neversweats" to a successful season this year.

Harry's aspirations run along lines electrical and he is now an electrical member of Uncle Sam's Engineer Reserve Corps; so, for the present, Dr. Steinmetz need have no worry. But "when the dove of peace flies over the land," we are going to look for big things from him and the Class of 1918 certainly wishes him success in every undertaking. That he will be long remembered at Villanova we have no doubt, for constant association has made him almost an integral part of the place.

FRANCIS EARL O'BRYAN, A. B.
"O'BIE"

"As merry as the day is long."

"O'Bie" comes all the way from Mechanicville, and actually admits the fact. But, if all his townsmen are imbued with the same good nature he himself possesses, then Mechanicville cannot be such a terrible place after all. We mention Francis Earl's good nature,—but we might add that he is the most vociferously jolly man in the class. Usually, in his frequent and unrestrainable cachinnation outbursts, his emergency brake is a handkerchief rammed into his talking machine, while his body shakes, and the muffled machine wheezes like a regular "Henry."

There has always been an air of mystery about "O'Bie,"—but of late conjectures concerning him have increased, owing to the frequent presence of a big stranger automobile. The mystery, it seems, is all the more inexplicable owing to the fact that it is a seven-passenger affair, and much too large for two.

Frank's good nature was always appreciated and we will miss him greatly, for it is a pleasure to call him class-mate.

Last Will and Testament of Class of 1918

WE, the class of 1918, being in good heath, and, despite the professors, of sound mind and memory, drawing near the time of our departure, and not knowing how it may please the faculty to dispose of us under present circumstances, and being therefore desirous to set things in order concerning our worldly estate, for better answering that trust which our late class of 1917 left with us, do make and put into writing this our last will and testament in manner and form following:

To the faculty, we leave our good name and reputation to be held as an incentive to other classes.

To the said faculty, also our mistakes, to be interred by them in a due and fitting manner.

To the class of 1919, we give and bequeath the following:

The dignity of being Seniors.

The VILLANOVAN firmly established and rated as one of the best college magazines.

To the class in Ethics, we leave the passport, "Beh! Beh!"

To the class in Astronomy, we leave the solar system, complete and entire, but sadly disorganized after our noble efforts, also the admonition to procure a mute for the professor.

To the class in Religion, we leave an assortment of brackets, semicolons, commas, etc.

To the tender mercies of the class in History of Philosophy, we leave Old Man Aristotle's Precocious Boy.

To the class in English, we leave a subscription to *Every Week*, the best place to find short stories for class work.

To the class in Sociology, we leave the probability of having still another hour added to the course.

To the class in Church History, we leave our sympathy.

We leave also to the class in:

Bridge and Electric Design—a dictionary of the Profane Language.

Electric Railways—a lot of sunshine for those rainy day quizzes.

Wireless—about five miles of temporary wiring in the laboratory.

Dyn. Lab., Power Plants, Business Law, etc.—a reminder that everything comes to an end.

Roofs and Bridges—a dizzy feeling with the peculiar feeling of having had enough.

Sanitary Engineering—three cases of Sanatogen to nurse you back to health in June, 1919.

Steam Engines—"Old Jumbo". Try your luck.

Philosophy—several bad cases of insomnia.

We leave also to the Class of 1919 the following advice:

For monthly quizzes in Ethics come prepared with two pads and at least four pencils. For regular Exams, besides the above named articles, also a bed and three days' rations.

To the class in Astronomy—leave your knowledge of mathematics outside; otherwise you will have to take the professor's place working problems.

Don't tell the professor in History of Philosophy that you have not a pencil. He always carries a large number of various sizes and colors.

As preliminary training for Church History learn to write with both hands.

Arthur Maxwell leaves his position as "star" of the English class.

F. Earl O'Bryan leaves an essay, entitled "The Gentle Art of Asking Questions, or How to Get the Professor off the Subject."

"Vince" Molyneaux leaves a long list of acquaintances, including the names of many culinary artists.

Stanford leaves a seat in the fourth row of class-room H. The same has served faithfully as a bed and the recipient is requested to treat it with all due respect.

Joe O'Leary leaves the buildings and grounds. It is a habit he acquired during the year.

McDonnell leaves his address and his Church History note-book. The former is to be used in acquainting "Mac" of the meaning of the latter, if it is ever translated.

Paul O'Brien leaves his position as manager-captain of the "Never Sweats". Paul was unanimously elected.

Joe Heney leaves his steady employment of reading the last sentence in Religion class when the Professor has been distracted answering such questions as "Where does the white go when the snow melts? Who make the better husbands, married men or single men?" etc.

Haughey leaves a little poem, entitled "An Early Morning Walk, or Missing the Last Car from 69th Street," also a razor in good condition for it was rarely used.

"Terry" Casey, a manuscript on "The Hardships of Grecian Literature, or Driving a Balking Pony."

"Chuck" leaves his bed, provided he doesn't get a chance to take it with him. He hated to desert an old friend, as is proven by his absence from eight o'clock class.

Towhey leaves the table in the refectory, for which we are thankful. Also a dream-book, worn and dilapidated from use.

Drach leaves his map of the fruit orchards in the vicinity. Handle with care.

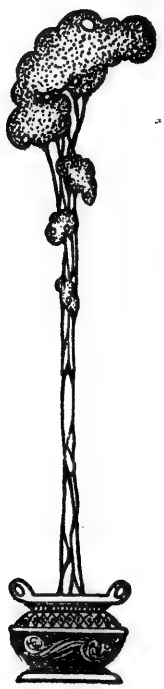
"Jake" Sheehan leaves a perfect collection of absentee slips.

Benson leaves the telephone girls at Bryn Mawr in a happy frame of mind. We advise them to utilize the summer days in resting up for the 1919 conversation drive.

McGuckin leaves the corridor in peace—when he goes out.

Mike Fogarty leaves a well-worn path to Mrs. Cook's.

And we all of us with real regret are leaving behind—"a mighty good school, and a mighty good bunch of fellows."



Valedictory Ode

Farewell, farewell, ye old familiar grounds,
Ye winding walks and sloping grassy mounds;
Thou massive structure, spreading wide thy wings
Of silent stone, to which green ivy clings.
Fair yonder hills with fairer vales below,
Tall, stately trees now bending to and fro;
We needs must bid a last farewell to ye
And humbly seek the final Benedicite.

Farewell, farewell, ye undergraduates,
Ye friends and fellow-students, college mates.
Fill well the places we have left unfilled,
Till well the soil we may have left untilled.
Soon we shall stand upon Time's crowded shore
And fondly trace the steps we made of yore.
And all too soon this day will come to you
When you must leave behind the White and Blue.

And now, my classmates, though in number few,
Comprising not a third of those we knew,
Since first we met within these hallowed halls
And heard the echoes sounding from their walls,
The hour is striking with a solemn chime;
It summons us to heed the passing time
So, fare ye well, forever fare ye well;
But in each heart let love and honor dwell.

JOSEPH E. HENEY, '18.

A Chapter on Eyes

By John F. Burns, '17

Apologies to Lamb's "Ears"

I HAVE no eye.

Mistake me not, reader, nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appurtenances, twinkling ornaments, and (sentimentally speaking) heart-breaking paraphernalia of the human capital. Better my mother had never borne me. I am, I think, rather copiously than delicately provided with those "animi fenestrae"; and I feel no disposition to envy Argus for his plenty, or old man Cyclops for his uniqueness, in those ingenious, all embracing inlets, those indispensable fore-intelligencers.

Neither have I incurred that terrible affliction which would constrain me to "tap" my way through life, "aller à tatons" as our French ally would say. I was never, I thank my stars, in the predicament of the mole or the bat; nor, if I read my horoscope aright, is it within the compass of my destiny that I ever should be.

When, therefore, I say that I have no eye, you will understand me to mean—for paintings. To say that this heart never melted at the spectacle of certain productions, would be foul self-libel.

That picture of "Mother," "The Angelus," "Mother's Darling," "The Praying Samuel," and others, never fail to move it strangely. But when it comes to those chefs d'oeuvre, that ravish only the initiated, that can be appreciated only with a knowledge of anatomy technique, perspective, coloring, foreground, and the like, then I step in to the background.

I even think that sentimentally, I am disposed to the aesthetic in art. But, organically, I am incapable even of a respectable cow. I have been practicing on Mrs. Bovine every day, sketching, erasing, and retracing in solitary corners by myself; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within conjectural distance of her. "You need an eye," they say. "All your cows look like alligators." And one person, upon being privileged to examine my latest cow, actually had the effrontery to say that—it did look *something* like a steam-shovel. And this, when, right under every one of my aesthetic works, I have never failed to place the inscription—This is a cow.

Yet, I am not without suspicion that I have an undeveloped faculty for painting within me. For, when I had been sketching in my artistic and nonchalant way on my friend A's canvas the other day, while he was engaged in an adjoining parlor, on his return he was pleased to say "he thought it could not be the maid." (The latter, through inadvertence or stupidity had once attacked a wet painting with a feather duster.) For, on his first surprise at perceiving my bold and masterful strokes, not dreaming of me, his suspicions had lighted on Jenny. But a grace snatched from a superior refinement, soon convinced him that some being technically, perhaps, deficient, but higher informed from a principle common to all the fine arts, had reduced that canvas to a state which Jenny, even had she wielded, not a genteel feather duster, but a vulgar, ill-bred mop, could scarcely have produced. I mention this as a proof of my friend's penetration, not with any view to disparaging Jenny.

Scientifically, I never could be made to understand just where beauty in art is found; or how Raphael's genius differs from Murillo's; or, for that matter, how the genius of either of them differ from that of my friend G. Mc—, our magazine "artist." Only sometimes, I contrive to guess at a great masterpiece from the outlandish name of the artist, or from its being, to all appearances, most unlikely to be great. Rosetti's "Dreams," for example, is characterized by both of these marks, hence, the reason (to my mind) of its high place in the realm of art. I tremble, however, for my misapplication of the simplest terms of that which I disclaim. While I profess my ignorance, I scarcely know what to say I am ignorant of. I hate, perhaps, by misnomers. Chiar-oscuro, the intricacies of lights, shades, colorings, frescoe,

glass, marine,—all stand in the like relation of obscurity to me. I don't see, however, why all this is going to prevent me from distinguishing a good picture from a poor one. For instance, there is a picture of a dog, and it looks just exactly as I should expect a dog to look. Yet, when I call it a good picture, my initiated friend smiles,—he smiles that exasperating smile of pity, with the subjoinder, "You have no eye." "Now *why* haven't I any eye? Can't I tell a dog from a tree, or a derrick?" But the smile only broadens.

Alas! poor me—and my eye! It is hard, indeed, to stand alone, in an age like this (constituted to the quick and critical perception of all harmonious combinations, I verily believe, beyond all preceding ages) to remain, as it were, singly unimpressible to the magic influence of an art which is said to have such an especial power at soothing, elevating and refining the passions. Yet, rather than break the candid current of my confessions, I must avow to you that I have received a great deal more pain than pleasure from this so cried-up faculty.

I have visited an art gallery with a friend possessed of the "eye," and heard him descant upon "technique," "detail," "theme," and the rest. And all the while—yes, it is but too true—all the while I have been longing for a good old "funny sheet." I must confess even to a full-length representation of Slim Jim in my den. My friend does well to point out the beauties of some stolid-faced ancient. But give me old "Slim" dancing his capers to the consternation of the Dingville "force." And then "de vay dem doo blasted Hans and Fritz can fool mit der old Cap!" These are *real* pictures, within the compass even of a child. They need no accompanying title and explanation. But—may I prefer a Katsenjamer Kid to Landseer's "Alone," or to Dunerger's "Naughty Child"? Woof! A mortal sin in aesthetics! But, no! It is my superior acuteness in detecting beauties, nay, masterpieces, even, to which the "eyed" world has hitherto been blind.

I deny not that upon first entering an art gallery I have experienced something akin to pleasure. But, afterwards, followeth the languor and oppression. It is then, that acting upon my own higher cultivated and rarely surpassed instincts of art, I fly to Foxy Grandpa, Mutt and Jeff, and all the rest. I take refuge in those unpretending assemblages of common-life representations; and thus, the Purgatory of the Enraged Artist becomes my Paradise.

Something like this change have I experienced during evening parties at the house of my good friend "A.," who, himself a finished artist, has converted his drawing-room into an art gallery. When my friend launches into one of those exhaustive expatiations on the wonders of this or that favorite, I am *for the time*,

"Wrapt above earth, and possess joys not promised at my birth."

But, when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive, still pouring in fresh inundations from that sea of oil, and water and paint,—or from that Roman and French, Flemish, Holland, Dutch, English, and what not ocean of painting combined, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated ride those Arions,—Raphael, Da Vinci, and the rest with their attendant Tritons, Millét, Murillo, Van Dyke, Reynolds, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but cast me again into the depths, I stagger under the weight of beauty, reeling to and fro at my wit's ends, and finally take refuge once again with Little Nemo, or the Newlyweds, and acknowledge for the nonce that there is some probability, very slight mind you, that for painting,—I have no eye.

Retribution

By Harold J. Wiegand, '21

CROUCHING within the damp, uncomfortable interior of an empty packing-box, the hunted criminal listened to the last sounds of his pursuers fainting away in the distance. As he lay hidden, panting from his flight, his excited mind journeyed back over the events of the past few weeks. His whole body trembled and a cold terror seemed to seize him as a certain scene in San Francisco was vividly portrayed to his mind. In terrified fancy he saw lying before him a gruesome figure, with a dark crimson stream gushing from the breast, and a deadly white face staring ever at him with wide, accusing eyes. Fearfully, his mind reviewed his discovery, his flight, his skulking through the back streets of the western metropolis, his shipping on a sailing vessel to Hawaii, finally his landing at Honolulu and the landing likewise the following day of a squad of detectives with warrants, descriptions, and rewards for his capture. He thought of the sleepless, foodless days and nights preceding this night, when, his hiding-place having been discovered, he had fled to the wharves, pursued by police, and he hated the world with a vehement, murderous hatred.

Cautiously, the fugitive drew himself from the box, and gazing carefully around the silent wharf, walked slowly along the sea-front. He glanced at the rippling, moonlit waters and longed for the courage to throw himself into the sea and end his miserable existence. But he was afraid; fearful of a terrible punishment awaiting the murderer. A sweeping gaze along the water-front gave him a glimpse of a motorboat secured to the wharf. With a soft laugh, he descended into it, started the engine, and, with the severing of the cable, he was off into the night.

The feverish brain of the half-crazed criminal knew not whither the boat was being propelled; he cared not what its destination might be—he sought only freedom from pursuit.

The peaceful night was very beautiful: the luminous moon reflected on the placid sea its soft, mysterious light from the majestic glory of the diamond-studded sky. But the occupant of the little vessel speeding across the water gave little heed to the beauties of nature, for out of the sea he could discern a ghastly face whose burning eyes stared ever at him.

The fever now took full possession and produced a horrible delirium in the semi-demented murderer. His clammy hands relinquished their hold on the wheel and the boat sped on without a guide. The fugitive lay in the bottom of the vessel, tossing about in his delirium. His face became swollen, his tongue protruded from a dry mouth, and his eyes stared with a hideous light at the pictures his delirious fancy conjured up before him. He saw the interior of a house in San Francisco, he saw a blood-stained knife, he saw the sweet, sad face of the murdered man's widow, he saw the electric chair waiting to receive him; but always he saw the ghastly face and the accusing eyes.

Day broke, the golden sun smiled cheerfully from the azure depths of the cloudless heavens into the emerald face of the mighty Pacific, but still the fever raged within the tossing figure in the speeding vessel.

The sun sank beyond Makapun Head and the little ship left Oahu behind, while the murderer lay nigh unto death within. Three days and three nights passed away, and with them passed the fever. On a cheerful, smiling morning, the criminal, weak and thirsty, opened his eyes and gazed at a beautiful verdant shore fast slipping by. Weakly he turned the wheel and in a few moments the boat was beached on the beautiful island of Molokai. With an effort he rose from the vessel and, staggering, made his way to a bubbling stream, in which he plunged his head and slaked his thirst.

For a while he lay on the bank; then, rising, he started through the woods in search of food. He soon reached a clearing and beheld before him a strange crowd gathered around their morning meal. The fugitive's first impulse was

to flee to the beach, but the pangs of hunger could not be resisted and he walked unsteadily toward the group.

They received him in dismal silence, but, caring not about his reception, the man was soon eagerly partaking of the food. One of the company, with evident difficulty, held out to him a portion of meat, and as he was about to receive it, the criminal saw with amazement and horror that half the man's hand was gone. He glanced around at his strange companions for the first time, as he had previously been too engrossed in eating to notice them particularly. A hideous scene met his horrified gaze. Many of his fellow-diners had no limbs, in some the eyes and noses were missing, and to the others a horrid disease had given emaciation in forms too revolting to imagine. Dimly, but with terrible force, the the murderer perceived that he was among the lepers of Molokai. With a scream of terror he leaped from the assemblage and ran through the woods with all the strength his fever-weakened limbs could muster, while the hideous croaking laughter of the doomed lepers mocked him. "Leprosy!" he cried. "Leprosy!" and, sobbing aloud, he reached the beach.

To his indescribable dismay, he beheld a small speck far off and saw that the tide had swept the boat out to sea. With a moan of anguish he ran into the sea and endeavored hopelessly to reach the disappearing vessel. Several strokes the criminal took, a thin white streak sped through the water, a black fin appeared, there was a horrible scream, a brief struggle, and the water was dyed crimson with his blood. And as the terrible teeth of the shark tore at him, the last thing he saw was a ghastly face, whose accusing eyes gazed unpityingly on his death agonies.

The Robin

I hear thy song at break of day,—
A song to banish care away,
A song to teach me how to pray
To God, our Master.

And then you smooth your feathered crest,
And gently swell your crimson breast,
As slowly sailing from your nest,
You mount the faster.

I hear thy song at twilight gray,
While waiting for the end of day,
Among the leafy trees you play,
And strive to cheer me.

Ah, Robin! thy sweet melody
Is like a breath of heaven to me:
That heaven where I hope to be
When Earth reclaims thee.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND, '21.

THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. II | JUNE, 1918 | NO. 5

STAFF

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EDGAR DRACH, '18.....Alumni
JAMES J. EGAN, '19.....Exchanges
JOHN J. MAGUIRE, '20.....College Notes
ALFRED F. KANE, '21.....Athletics

REV. JOSEPH A. HICKEY, O. S. A.....Faculty Director
JAMES J. EGAN, '19.....Business Manager
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JOHN W. JONES, '20.....Asst. Advertising Manager
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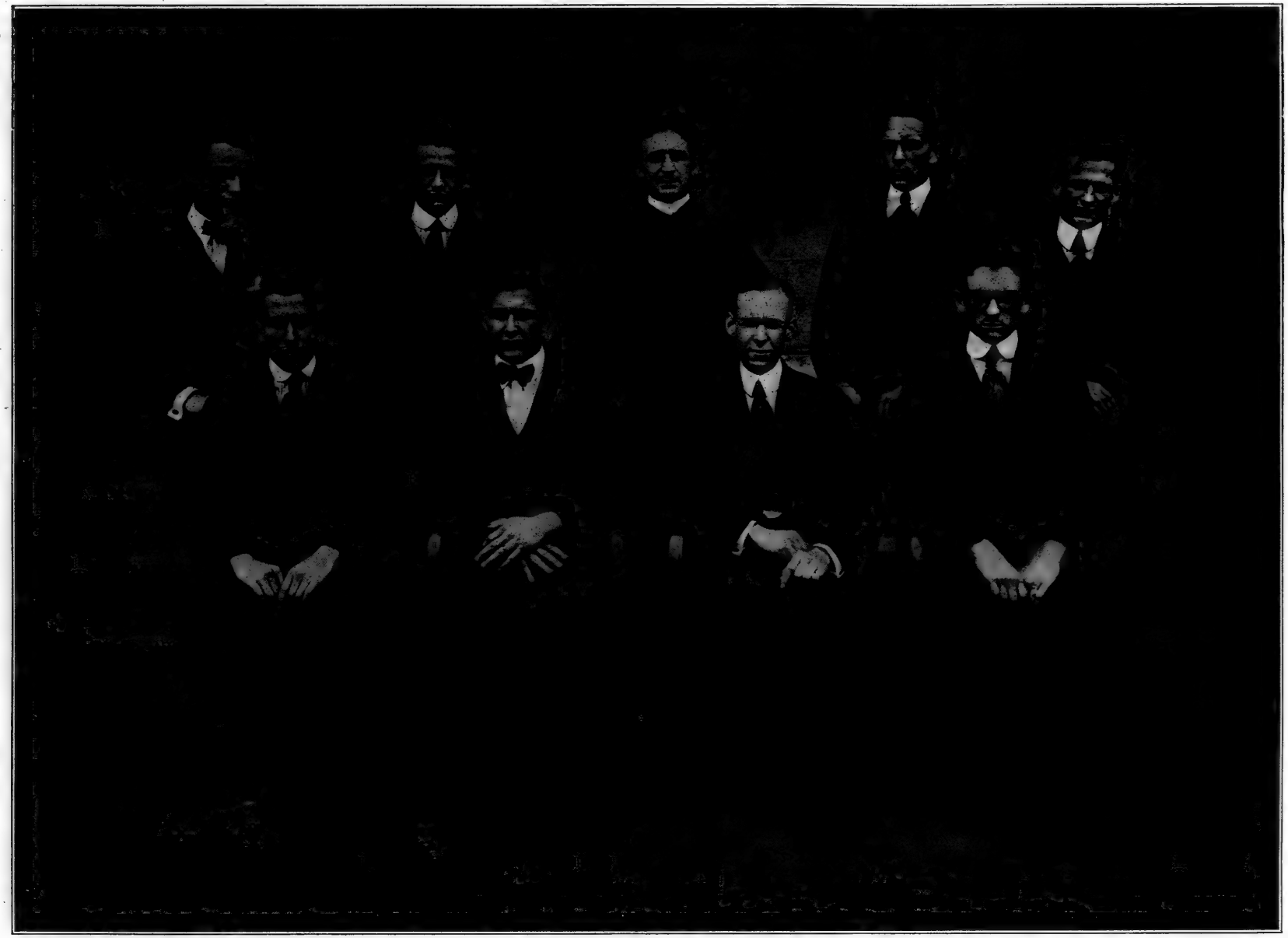
Our Diamond Jubilee

THOUGH occupied with great and momentous problems, great events in the life of our Alma Mater urge us to turn aside and reflect on her toils, her labors, and her triumphs. This year we place upon her brow a crown of diamonds. For seventy-five years, Villanova has labored in the great work of educating our American youth to take his place in the ranks of great and good men, to prove his loyalty to God, his country and his fellowman. Surely we have reason to rejoice, for the path of our Alma Mater has been one of trial and sacrifice. From the smallest beginnings she has arisen to the highest pinnacle of success and fame. Today these thoughts are in the heart of every Villanova man and he is filled with just pride for dear old Villanova.

The little band of men who laid the cornerstone of our great educational institute had by no means an easy task. Unseen forces from time to time retarded their every effort and at times seemed to threaten our Alma Mater's very existence, but indomitable courage triumphed and before many years our founders were happy in seeing the new institution established on solid foundation.

Our hearts thrill with joy when we think of the vein of heroism and courage that runs through the course of Villanova's history. We are celebrating the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the beginning of this work. Those who have been instrumental in bringing about Villanova's glorious success justly claim today, our respect, our love and our congratulations. As loyal sons of Villanova we have a debt to pay. The practical way of manifesting appreciation for our warriors is the redoubling of our efforts in behalf of our Alma Mater. JOSEPH T. O'LEARY, '18.

Published at Villanova, Pa., in the months of October, December, February, April and June.
All communications to be addressed to THE VILLANOVAN, Villanova, Pa.



STAFF OF THE VILLANOVAN—1917-1918

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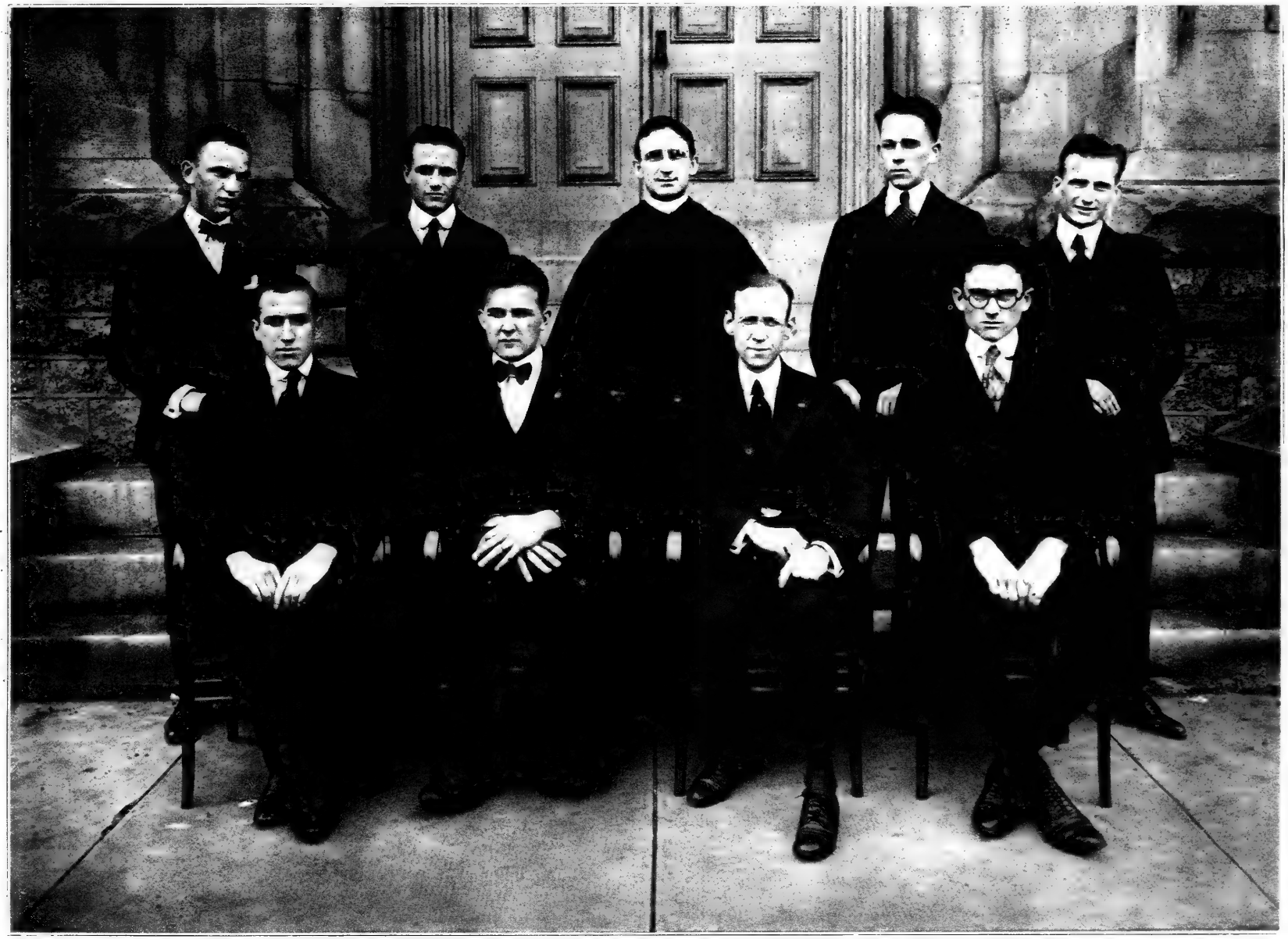


Our Diamond Jubilee

THIS [illegible] occupied with great and momentous [illegible] events in the life of our Alma Mater [illegible] to turn aside and recall [illegible] her trials, and her triumphs. This [illegible] place upon her brow a crown of [illegible] years, Villanova has [illegible] of erecting our [illegible] place in the ranks [illegible]

[illegible] no means an easy task. Unseen forces from time to time retarded their every effort and at times seemed to threaten our Alma Mater's very existence, but indomitable courage triumphed and before many years our founders were happy in seeing the new institution established on solid foundation.

Our hearts thrill with joy when we think of [illegible] courage that runs [illegible] Villanova's history. We [illegible] Diamond Anniversary of [illegible]. Those who have [illegible] about Villanova's [illegible]



STAFF OF THE VILLANOVAN 1917-1918

Our Honored Dead

"To live in hearts
We leave behind, is not to die."

THEY sleep! Long ago "taps" sounded over their graves; the roll was called and no answer was heard save a sigh of sorrow from a loyal heart. With sweet resignation, yea, with a joy that only Faith can give, the ever-busy pens were laid aside, the well-worn books closed forever. Their influence can never die. "They that instruct many to justice, shall shine as stars for all eternity."

Were we to become so hard as to forget Villanova's heroes of the past, the very stones, the trees, the walks, the architectural monuments of devotion and love, would arise in one accord to remind us of their noble work and our rank ingratitude.

There is a clear method of procedure open when one attempts to trace Villanova's external history. We can settle with more or less accuracy almost every event of importance to our Alma Mater. But who of us can trace her spiritual history? Who can tell with anything but speculation the story of a soul? From results we may truthfully infer that the story is a good, a noble one; but none, save God, can understand the details of that inner life.

To go back in spirit to the dark, struggling days of 1842 seems an easy matter, if we simply try to realize the buying and selling of property, the founding of churches and colleges; but there is a greater, deeper lesson behind this catalogue of events. Our founders possessed energy, undaunted courage, and the true spirit of sacrifice. What though all their work at first seemed doomed to failure? A few years after the erection of one of their churches in the City of Brotherly Love, they gazed upon a mass of ashes and ruins. The infant college was guarded lest the bigots fulfill the threat they had made of demolishing it. The struggles, the growth in poverty and want, the period of war—these things can only be imagined.

We are sure of this. They of the past are our heroes. To them we owe the Villanova of today. To imitate their virtues, to make their influence continue to live in the Villanova of the future, is our work. Will we accomplish as much in the future as they did in the past five and seventy years? May they live in our hearts and our lives and our work, for that "is not to die". Requiescat in pace.

JOSEPH T. O'LEARY, '18.

Our Graduates

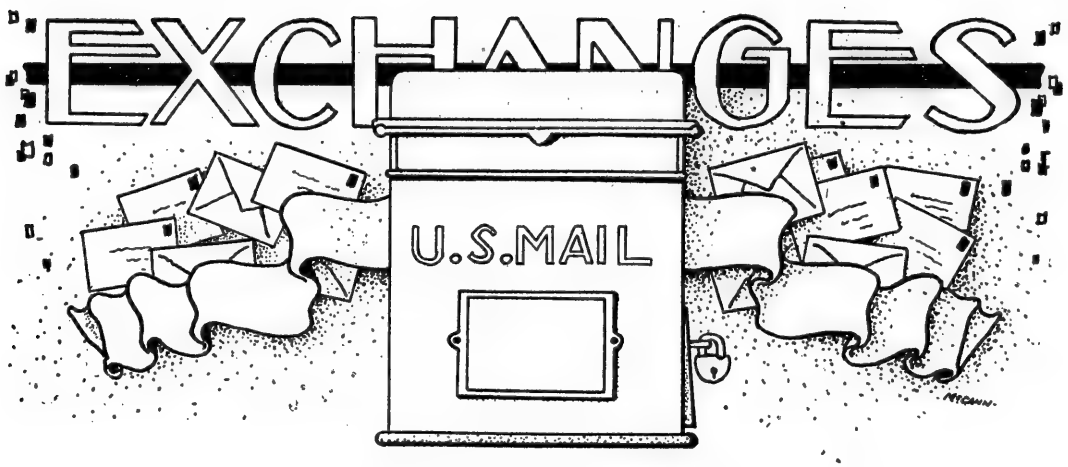
"But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

IT is with reluctance that we bid farewell to the graduating class of 1918. We rejoice with them on their success. May the future hold for each of them places of trust and honor!

THE VILLANOVAN will lose some of her most staunch supporters and energetic workers with the passing of the Class of 1918. The same spirit of loyalty that has animated our efforts while in college, we feel sure will be manifested by us as members of our alumni. It is not sufficient support, it is not loyalty to Alma Mater, to give nothing but a smile of approval to her works. We want wide-awake, live members; loving, devoted sons; generous, self-sacrificing workers.

While struggling to climb the ladder of fame and success, let not a Villanova man forget Villanova's enterprises. Our part is as necessary as another's. We are responsible to a great extent for her advancement. Has she been a generous, kindly, fostering mother to us? Are we, Class of 1918, to be called her loyal children? By our fruits we shall be known.

JOSEPH T. O'LEARY, '18.



"These are the themes that claim our plandits now,
These are the bards to whom the muse must bow."

Exchange columns are attracting more than the usual attention in the world of college journalism. Some very sound principles of literary criticism are being emphasized in the latest issues of our contemporaries. That this is necessary, one may readily see by a perusal of the exchange columns in some of our college publications this year. The spirit shown tends only to discourage budding genius and to ridicule all attempt at individual thinking. Just criticisms are always welcome but trite, flippant "talk" is as harmful and distasteful as it is small and cowardly. An honest exchange editor will give a just appreciation of an author's attempt; he will make his criticism be what every just criticism must be, "the reaction of the reader's mind on the work of the author." If his own thinking is not based on the fundamental principles of justice and manliness, his only alternative out of respect due to his college is to resign. An editor who goes so far as to base his adverse criticism on a passage distorted by himself, and punctuated to suit his own argument, followed by an array of meaningless epithets hurled at the innocent victim is unworthy of consideration and deserves no refutation.

"Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote."

We are in hopes that the coming year will find editors alive to the best interests of college journalism, with learning and justice to light the way.

The Irish American number of *The Laurel* contains a splendid article on James II. The historical facts are accurate and the style of expression is clear and entertaining. It reminds us of John Banim's masterly portrayal of this character in "Boyne Water." The many beautiful poems are worthy of commendation for their delicacy of thought and diction, and their correct and pleasing numbers. "Daddy's Service Flag" and "The First in France to Die," are the best.

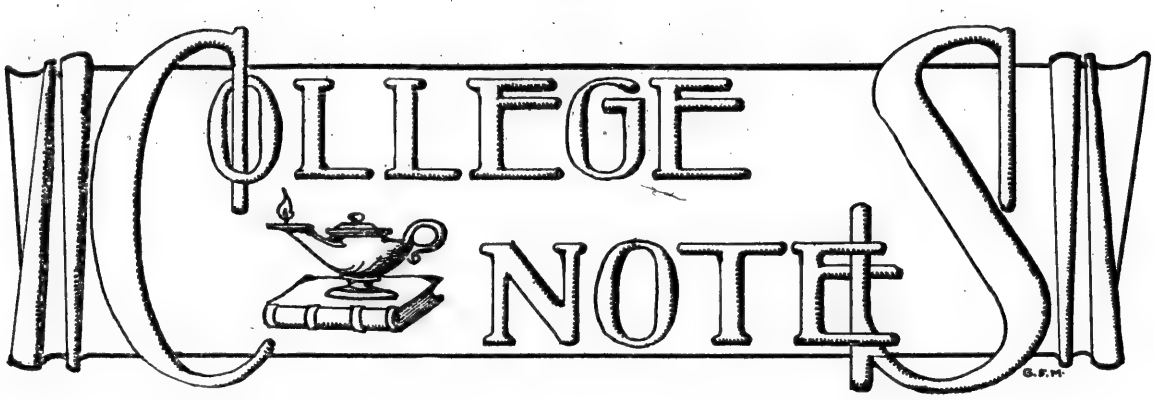
The essays in *The Solanian"* are exceptionally thoughtful and practical. The author of "Is the College Journal Worth While?" brings up an interesting question and solves it in a judicious, business-like way. The conclusion reached is, that, while a college magazine is rarely a money-maker, it is always a paying proposition.

Loyalty to country, and the Church's teaching and practise in this regard are patriotically and forcibly discussed in *The Catholic Patriot.* "Samuel Johnson" gives evidence of much thought and deep insight into the life and work of that great critic.

De Paul Minerval for April. The exchange column attracted our attention. It is worthy of the highest commendation. Without having recourse to any "mere personalities," the office of Ex-editor is discussed in a logical and scholarly manner. We congratulate you!

"Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine."

JAMES J. EGAN, '19.



Euchre and Promenade

The Euchre and Promenade, Thursday evening, May 16th, for the benefit of the Athletic Association was a decided success. The gymnasium was used for card-playing and was taxed to its utmost capacity. Numerous handsome and useful prizes were contested for, the first prize being a week's vacation to Atlantic City.

The large dining-room was thronged with couples who danced to the strains of Villanova Jazz Band under the leadership of Sylvester Benson. The orchestra won the approval of all present and its popularity was attested by their general applause and their reluctance to leave at the conclusion of the eighteenth dance number.

Lecture

On Friday evening, May 17th, an illustrated lecture on "Russia and Its Uplift" was delivered by Dr. George Benson Hewetson, a former Episcopalian minister.

Mr. Hewetson is a forceful speaker, with a spark of genuine wit, and gave many interesting sidelights into the life of the Russian peasants, the trials of the Emperor and the situation of Russia in the present crisis. His lecture was well received by the audience and it gave an insight into the forces which have contributed to the Russian debacle.

Sophomore Class Dance

The Class of 1920 is to hold a Dance and Reception in the gymnasium on Friday evening, June 7th, at which the Senior Class will be the guests of honor. The Villanova Jazz Band will furnish the music and it is expected that the affair will be the biggest social event of the year.

Engineering Society

At the May meeting of the Phi Kappa Pi, the following nominations were made for the officers for the coming year: President, James Murray, '20, Roman Mayor, '19; Vice-President, Joseph Waugh, '20, John Maguire, '20; Secretary, Joseph Gillespie, '20; Sergeant-at-Arms, Harold Blanchfield, '21.

During the month a well-attended tour of inspection was made to the Barrett Manufacturing Company in Philadelphia, manufacturers of coal tar products and tracing paper. The party was in charge of Professors Humphrey and Sweeney. An efficient guide was furnished by the Barrett Company, and those who made the trip were enthusiastic over the opportunity afforded them of making a second trip in the near future.

On Tuesday evening, May 28th, the annual banquet was held in the club room. The large number in attendance gave evidence of the increased activity the society has displayed this year.

During the evening, Mr. Devlin entertained with amusing stories and recitations, and Messrs. Murray, Pickett, and Talone rendered pleasing solos. Prof. Charles A. McGeehan was toastmaster, and the principal speakers were Fr. Dean, Fr. Driscoll, Prof. J. M. Coahran, President Alvarez, and the presidents of the various classes. Fr. Dean was presented with one of the handsome new pins adopted by the Phi Kappa Pi, Prof. McGeehan making the presentation.

Joseph Waugh, '20, was awarded the medal and cash prize for the best thesis during the year.

Taken all in all, it was one of the best affairs

of the kind ever held by the society. Villanova spirit ran high throughout the evening and the banquet was brought to a fitting close by the singing of the Alma Mater.

Epsilon Phi Theta Society

At the June meeting of the Epsilon Phi Theta Society, the following officers were elected for the coming year: James J. Egan, '19, President; Leo A. Delohery, '21, Vice-President; Thomas L. Holbrook, '20, Secretary and Treasurer.

Ordinations

The Revs. John Harris, George A. O'Meara, Howard Grelis, Charles Melchior, and John Sparrow were elevated to the priesthood by Bishop J. J. O'Connor, at Hoboken, N. J., Thursday, May 16th.

Thomas B. Austin, Ruellan P. Fink, John P, McGuire, John S. O'Leary, James Simpson, Albert Starr, Peter Hufnagel, Joseph Bartley, Thomas McLeod, Emil Misson, Francis Diehl and Michael Hopkins were ordained Deacons.

John F. Burns, William V. Donovan, Joseph Hyson, Christopher McGrath, Albert O'Loughlin, Hugh O'Niell and Thomas Rowan received Minor Orders and Sub-deaconship.

Commencement was held this year on Tuesday, June 11. It was an event of unusual interest because of the celebration of our Diamond Jubilee. His Excellency John Bonzano, the Papal delegate, honored us by presiding. U. S. Senator Joseph E. Ransdell, of Louisiana, delivered the address to the graduates. Unique in the history of Villanova was the conferring of the degree of Bachelor of Arts on two Sisters of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart. These are the first graduates of our Extension Course. The degree of Doctor of Jurisprudence was conferred on Thomas Riley Marshall, Vice-President of the United States. Senator Ransdell and the Belgian Minister M. E. de Cartier received the degree of Doctor of Laws.

The following received the degree of Bachelor of Arts: Sylvester R. Benson, Francis J. Casey, Michael Fogarty, Joseph E. Heney, Vincent L. Molyneaux, Arthur B. Maxwell, Sylvester Martin, Francis E. O'Bryan, William F. Sheedy, Edward V. Stanford.

The degree of Bachelor of Science: Collier J. Griswold, Armando M. Alvarez, Edgar Drach, James L. Haughey, John L. Larkin, Paul A. O'Brien, Joseph T. O'Leary, John F. Sheehan, Harry Towhey.

The program for the exercises was as follows:

Monday, June 10:

6.00 P. M. Raising Service Flag.
6.30 P. M. Alumni Meeting.
7.30 P. M. Alumni Banquet.

Tuesday, June 11:

9.00 A. M. Solemn Pontifical Mass, celebrated by His Excellency John Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate.
1.00 P. M. Commencement Banquet.
2.30 P. M. Commencement.

Address to graduates by U. S. Senator Joseph E. Ransdell of Louisiana.

A complete account of the Commencement and Diamond Jubilee Celebration will be given in the Special Jubilee Number, which we hope to publish early in July and which will be mailed to all our subscribers. John J. Maguire, '20.

ALUMNI NOTES

VERITAS UNITAS CARITAS

Visitors

Among former Villanovans who visited here during the month are: Cyril Burke, Tom McCormick, Charles McGuckin, Jack Cronin, Leo Lynch, Pat Fogarty, Mike Fogarty, Frank Goodwin, Harry McDonald, Lieutenant "Feb" Ewing, Thomas Carnes, John Butler, Nick Michel and Sylvester Sabbatino.

Wedding

A very pretty wedding took place on Saturday, June 8, at the Church of Our Mother of Good Counsel, when Edward J. Dougherty, '12, was married to Miss Mary E. Doheny, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick H. Doheny of Haverford.

The Villanovan extends to the happy couple its best wishes and felicitations.

Ordinations

The Rev. John J. Lucitt, '14, was raised to the Priesthood in the Cathedral at Albany, N. Y., Saturday, May 25, 1918. Rev. M. A. Lavey of Laurel Springs, N. J., acted as the sponsor at Father Lucitt's ordination.

To Father Lucitt The Villanovan extends its most cordial "ad multos annos".

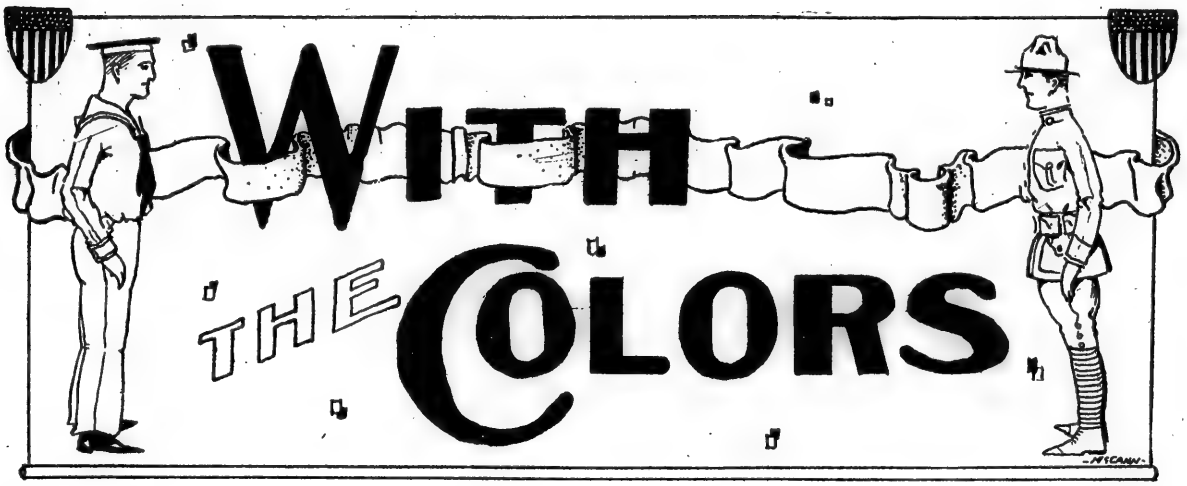
Alumni Banquet

The Alumni Banquet was held Monday evening, June 10, at 7.30 in the College dining-hall. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate was present. Fond memories of dear, old bygone days must have filled the hearts of all present, for the occasion of our Diamond Jubilee brought back many of the old grads. Not the least gratifying was the presence of many of our boys in the khaki and the blue, who have entered the service to bring peace to the world. The evening was made interesting by many well-known and accomplished speakers. Our old friend and alumnus, Father Plunkett, was selected as toastmaster, and in his usual witty way he did credit to the position.

The old Villanova boys coming from a distance spent a few enjoyable days at the College, and recalled with much pleasure their boyhood college days.

The following replied to toasts: Rev. Jas. T. O'Reilly, O. S. A., "Villanova Fifty Years Ago"; Charles D. McAvoy, "Villanova Twenty-five Years Ago"; Rev. Jas. J. Dean, O. S. A., "Villanova To-day"; Captain George J. Waring, "Villanova in the Service." Before the banquet the President of the Alumni, J. Stanley Smith, presided at a short business session. Further details of the banquet will be published in the special Jubilee number which we plan to publish in the near future.

Edgar Drach, '18.



Our Service List is here given with additions and corrections. The first list contained 203 names.

ADDITIONS

Adair, Le Roy William—Machine Gun No. 1, Canadian Army, Sussex, England.

Adair, Sylvester J.—Quartermaster Department, Transport Service, A. P. O. 705.

Bender, Philip A.—Company A, 15th U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.

Boney, Maurice A.—Ordnance Department, Fort Slocum, N. Y.

Brennan, Frank—Wireless Operator, Boston Navy Yard, Mass.

Corcoran, Michael P.—Second Lieutenant, M. O. R. C.

Corish, Peter J.—Company H, 30th U. S. Infantry, A. E. F

Daly, Leo M.—Captain, Lower Lake District, Texas.

Donahoe, James F.—Receiving Barracks, Second Naval

Donovan, Joseph—Camp Devons, Ayer, Mass.
District, Newport, R. I.

Dougherty, James—Naval Reserves, Philadelphia, Pa.

Flannery, Patrick J.—U. S. A. School Aerial Photography, Rochester, N. Y.

Flett, John H.—Transport Division, Air Production Depot No. 2, Air Service, A. E. F.

Forst, Arthur D.—Auto Repair, Boston, Mass.

Gallagher, Rev. P. J. (O. S. A.)—O. T. C., Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.

Gillespie, W. Irving—Navy.

Gutwold, Clyde—A. E. F.

Hanrahan, John M.—206th Machine Gun Company, A. E. F.

Jones, Charles—Ambulance Corps, Camp Crane, Allentown, Pa.

Kearns, Thomas—Naval Reserves, Cape May, N. J.

Kerns, Chas. J.—National Army, Camp Meade, Md.

Kelly, John C.—K. C. Secretary, Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.

Kirsch, J. Ignatius—Company 3-B, Engineers Officers' Reserve Training Camp, Camp Lee, Va.

Lynch, Matthew A.—Camp Meade, Md.

McCarthy, Eugene P.—Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala.

McCarthy, James—Second Lieutenant, O. R. C., Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J.

McCabe, James J., Jr.—Supply Company, 5th U. S. Marines, A. E. F.

Maguire, Frank—Aviation, Houston, Texas.

Murphy, John—14th Co., Wissahickon, Cape May, N. J.

Murphy, Denis, Aviation, army.

Murphy, Jeremiah—National Army, Camp Meade, Md.

Murphy, J. Charles—Camp Meade, Md.

Murray, James F.—Engineer Reserve Corps.

O'Donnell, John—Naval Reserves, Philadelphia, Pa.

Perkins, Rev. Joseph A. (O. S. A.)—Chaplain, Navy.

Purcell, Francis, 2nd Lieut., R. O. M. C., Bellevue Hospital, N. Y.

Reeves, John P. R. O. T. S. (recommended for Second Lieutenant).

Sheridan, Edward--Army.

Staudenmeier, Charles W.—Camp Meigs, B-26, Washington, D. C.

Whittaker, Benjamin—Major.

Yeager, William—Quartermaster Corps.

Yudusky, Wm.—Naval Reserve.

CORRECTIONS

Barrett, Harry—73rd Aero Squadron, Call Field, Wichita Falls, Texas.

Benson, Sylvester R.—School of Aeronautics, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Cronin, John—Naval Officers' Training School, Norfolk, Va.

Coar, Stanley J.—Captain, Camp Jackson, Greenleaf, S. C.

Dougherty, Michael J.—Officers' Training Camp, Camp Meade, Md.

Easley, Thomas H.—Company B, 29th Engineers, 26th Division, A. E. F.

Hogan, J. Leonard—Second Lieutenant, Camp Devons, Ayer, Mass.

Logan, Edwin F.—Barracks E, Bay 9, Pelham Bay Naval Training Station, N. Y.

McCalley, C. Aloysius—School of Military Aeronautics, Columbus, O.

McCloskey, Edward—Major, M. O. R. C., Fort Sill, Okla.

McEnerny, Daniel T.—Second Lieutenant, Aviation, Ellington Field, Houston, Texas.

McGuckin, Charles H.—Naval Aviation, Washington, D.C.

Michell, Nicholas L.—U. S. S. North Dakota, Care Postmaster, New York.

O'Brien, Patrick A.—Naval Aviation, A. E. F.

O'Brien, Paul A.—Officers' Training Camp, 1st Battery, A. A. 47, Camp Meade, Md.

O'Connor, Robert J.—Second Lieutenant, Engineers, Camp Lee, Va.

Regan, Patrick L.—Second Lieutenant, Camp Meade, Md.

Sabbatino, Sylvester—Ensign, Pelham Bay, N. Y.

Shanahan, William J.—Captain, 102nd U. S. Infantry, A. E. F.

HERE AND OVER THERE

In France, Somewhere,
In Active Service with the
American Expeditionary Force,
April 14, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

Inspired by the advent of spring which always makes a fellow feel optimistic and reminiscent, my mind wanders back o'er the sea and settles on dear old Villanova. Not that it is only now that I've thought of my Alma Mater, for on the contrary, the memories of the good old by-gone days ring in my mind quite often, but the feeling suddenly came to me that I should let my former guides and advisors know of my whereabouts and incidentally tell them a few things about this Great Game.

I am lying on my humble bunk just now, in a rough and crude barracks, just a few kilometers behind the front-line trenches. At present, we are in immediate reserve and may be called any minute. Our regiment has only been out of the trenches a couple of weeks and getting a little rest. They call it rest but the army's conception of rest is not what Webster states. Kipling in his famous Gunga Din aptly terms this life, viz.: "It's always double-drill and no canteen." However, we are just as well off, because were we permitted to lie around idle, we might become distracted and forget our original purpose in coming here.

Life in the trenches is everything that has been written about it, and then some. Mud, rats, muck and water are the primary sources of inconvenience. Then, of course, the "receptions" of the Huns. In our sectors they fired and directed at us everything known to modern warfare: the various forms of gas—chlorine, phosgene, mustard and lacrymatory; all sizes of shells, especially the trench mortars; shrapnel and gas shells; and they always had a flock of aeroplanes flying above us. But we more than held our own and, in fact, quite often made them forsake their trenches. In one of our raids "over the top", we found that their front line and support line were both deserted and they probably had retreated away back to reserve lines.

There are always three lines of defense—the front-line trenches which, of course, are as near the German lines as possible; the second-line or the support trenches back a couple of hundred yards, and then the third-line called the reserve. The trenches are ordinarily about as deep as five or six feet. Some places they vary and when any deeper, fire-steps are built.

Duck-board or crudely thrown together bits of board make paths for us in these trenches. They are used because of the ever-present water. We live in dugouts about forty feet below the surface. Bunks are down there where we rest whenever the opportunity permits. We don't get much sleep when in the front lines because there is always something going on when all must be on the job. When we do sleep at all, it is in "equipment H", as the boys term it—shoes and all, even with the gas masks at gas alert. With all the gas they shoot over at us, they aren't meeting with much success because the U. S. boys have learned to adjust their masks pretty fast. You are supposed to put a mask on in five seconds but I'll say that I put mine on in "nothing" a couple of times. It's an awful sensation when you get that gas alarm at midnight while lying down in a dugout. The boys do move then.

Our outfit has been shaken up quite a bit lately but those things must be expected. Just as soon as we get filled out again, we will take another crack at the Dutch.

You might be in doubt as to what outfit I'm with and when I enlisted. The lure of the call got me simultaneously with the President's declaration of war. At that time, I applied for a commission at Plattsburg—you recall the letter of recommendation you wrote for me. Things didn't break just right and while hanging around waiting, I got disgusted and enlisted as a buck private with the old 69th of N. Y. After a brief stay in camp on Long Island we were shipped over here and were among the

first National Guardsmen on French soil. Our division, the 42nd or the renowned Rainbow Division, is the cream and pride of America's National Guards and so far has lived up to all expectations. We are in the first U. S. Army Corps, so you can readily see there aren't many ahead of us. Hank Gowdy, the Braves' former fence-buster, is in this division with the 166th of Ohio. They are in our brigade, too, and we see him quite often.

The morale of our troops is splendid, in fact never better. All the boys are full of "pep" and enthusiastic. They are typically American and want to get to work on the Kaiser as soon as possible and get this fuss over with. The French marvel at this spirit, because they are contented to hang back and let things go as they may.

Don't credit the newspaper stories of the Expeditionary Forces' intemperance and immorality. They are all positively false and do us a grave injustice. All the boys are walking the straight and narrow path and, personally, I never was more sensible. How is the VILLANOVAN making out? If possible, I would like to get a copy of it.

Taps are being sounded now and I must conclude. With best regards to all at Villanova, I beg to remain as ever,

Respectfully yours,

JIM KELLY, '15,

Corporal, Co. F, 165th Infantry, A. E. F.

810th Aviation Squadron,
Speedway, Indianapolis, Ind.,
May 13, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

I was delighted to receive your invitation and to hear of your ordination. It was the first word I heard of dear old Villanova since last June.

Tell all the boys for me not to worry about donning khaki as it is the finest thing in the world. I never felt better in my life and very, very anxious to get over sea and take a chance with the Hun. The only fault I find here is lack of action. Too much technical work and my nerves are aching for a chance to go across. I applied for a transfer to the tanks on Thursday. The Major says he admired my nerve but couldn't see any sense in wasting a fine technical education. However, in the last ten days they pulled 132 men from here and I am praying each day to get in the next detachment and you can aid me if you will.

I wasn't crazy to get into the army but now that I am in it I want to go the limit. A suit of khaki will instil fighting blood in the most reserved.

I met Gene Dowd and Frank Maguire while in Texas but they were the only Villanova sons I ran across. I see Father Baker is a chaplain. I surely do admire him and I would like to meet him on the other side.

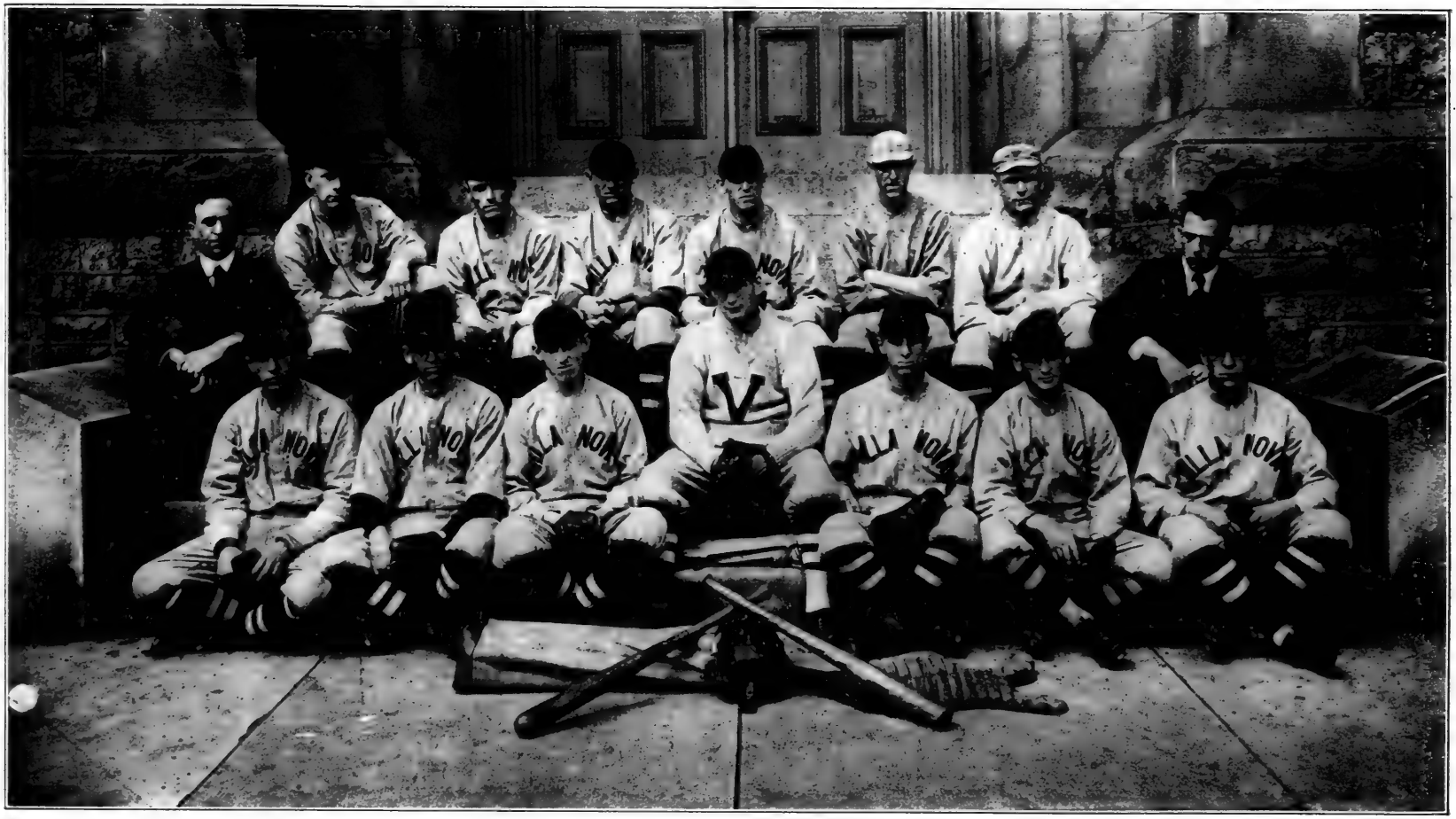
At present I am a Master Signalman which is the highest honor an enlisted or drafted man can obtain. I am captain of the Post baseball team which seems to be a job wished on me every place I go.

Don't forget to tell H. McGeehan that I am in the army and rooting for his success. A word from him now and then about old Villanova would be greatly appreciated.

I sincerely hope that you will remember me in your prayers and every other son of the dear old Alma Mater that is engaged in this struggle of making the world safe for democracy. Wishing you success in your role, I beg to remain as ever your sincere friend,

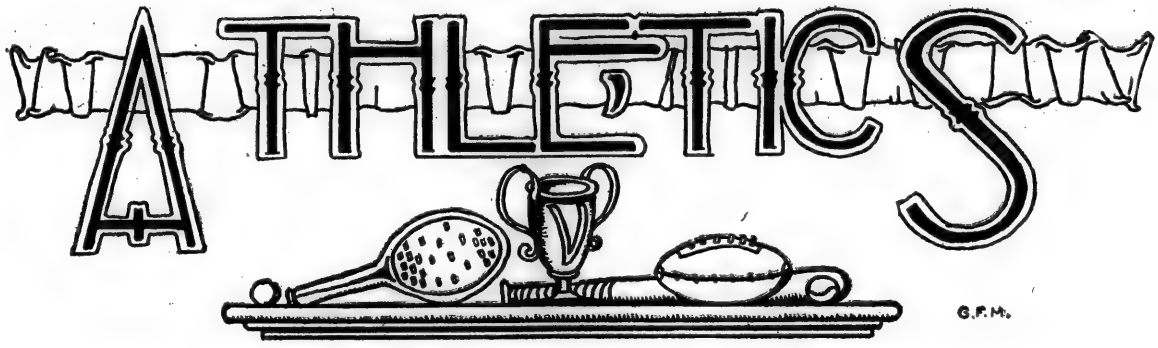
E. V. MCCULLIAN.





VARSITY BASEBALL TEAM, 1918

Top row, left to right: Haughey, manager; Murray, Brennan, Jones, Delaney, Holbrook, Prof. McGeehan, Coach; Benson, assistant manager.
Bottom row, left to right: Robinson, Sheehan, McDermott, Hugh McGeehan, captain; Marraffino, Delohery, Diggles.



BASEBALL

Due to many cancellations occasioned by the suspension of athletics at many of our colleges, the 'Varsity has been unable to play all of the scheduled games. The following are the games which had been played up to the time of going to press.

Villanova, 19; Haverford, 4

April 17th—The 'Varsity opened the season at home in a very encouraging manner when they humbled the Haverford nine in a seven-inning game, score 19–4. Delohery made his début as a college twirler and lived up to expectations. His "spitter" was working to perfection and before Coach McGeehan decided to relieve the young pitcher in the fourth inning, six opposing batters had fanned and but three had connected safely. Jones relieved Delohery and showed a fine brand of pitching. Robinson and McGeehan were the stars at bat, totaling seven hits between them.

Villanova	4	5	1	0	4	5	19	13	4
Haverford	0	0	0	1	0	3	4	4	11

Villanova, 7; Mt. St. Mary's, 15

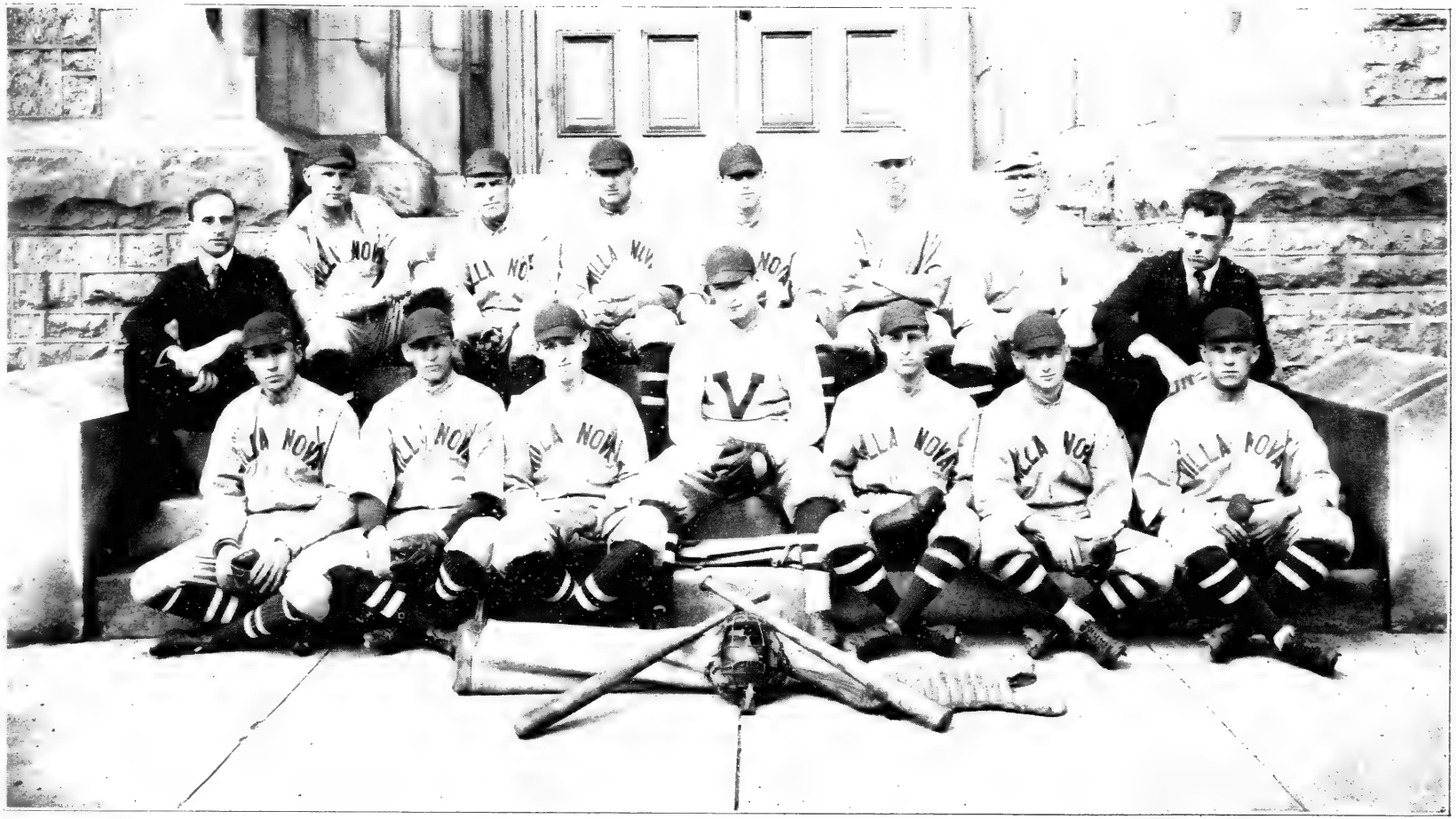
April 25th—In the first game away from home the 'Varsity came out on the short end of a 15 to 7 score with Mt. St. Mary's nine at Emmetsburg, Md. Delohery pitched for the blue and white and was touched for thirteen hits. The game was put on ice in the initial round, when the locals put three counters across the rubber, after Villanova had counted once in their half. The game was featured by the spectacular fielding of Roche, the Mountaineer leftfielder, and the hitting of Leo Brennan who accounted for three hits, one being a circuit clout.

Villanova	1	0	3	0	2	0	0	0	1	7	9	4
Mt. St. Mary's	3	6	2	0	1	0	3	0	0	15	13	3

Villanova 6; Mt. St. Joseph, 1

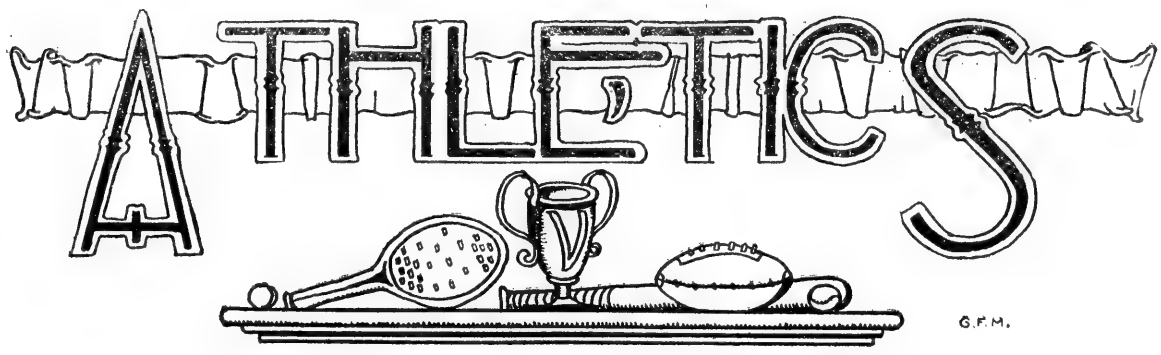
April 26th—Overcoming the effects of their defeat of the previous day the 'Varsity nine battled their way to victory over the Mt. St. Joseph's team at Irvington, score 6–1. Jones was the slab artist for Villanova, and easily conquered the opposing batters; he had a great supply of speed and perfect control. The Irvington tossers succeeded in getting eight hits, but Jones kept them so well scattered that he was very seldom in danger. Villanova hit Kneisch hard, Murray and Marrafino being the chief offenders, each getting three hits, one of the little catcher's being for the circuit. Jones was in rare form and held the opponents scoreless up to the ninth inning, when successive hits by Houck and Kneisch netted the home team their lone tally.

Mt. St. Joseph	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	A.
McDermott, 2b	4	0	0	1	2	1
McGuire, 1b	5	0	3	5	0	0
Smith, ss	3	0	0	2	2	1
Berger, lf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Mario, 3b	3	0	0	0	0	0
Atherton, rf	4	0	2	2	0	2
Houck, c	3	1	2	8	1	0
Kneisch, p	4	0	1	0	0	0
Zazzali, cf	1	0	0	2	0	0
Gannon, cf	4	0	0	5	0	0
Totals	34	1	8	27	5	4



VARSITY BASEBALL TEAM, 1918

Top row, left to right: Haughey, manager; Murray, Brennan, Jones, Delaney, Holbrook, Prof. McGeehan, Coach; Benson, assistant manager.
Bottom row, left to right: Robinson, Sheehan, McDermott, Hugh McGeehan, captain; Marraffino, DeGohery, Diggles.



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Villanova	4	5	1	0	4	5	—19	13	4
Haverford	0	0	0	1	0	3	— 4	4	11

Villanova, 7; Mt. St. Mary's, 15

April 25th—In the first game away from home the 'Varsity came out on the short end of a 15 to 7 score with Mt. St. Mary's nine at Emmetsburg, Md. Delohery pitched for the blue and white and was touched for thirteen hits. The game was put on ice in the initial round, when the locals put three counters across the rubber, after Villanova had counted once in their half. The game was featured by the batting of Roche, the Mountaineer leftfielder, and the hitting of Leo Brennan who accounted for three hits, one being a circuit clout.

Villanova	1	0	3	0	2	0	0	0	1— 7	9	4
Mt. St. Mary's	3	6	2	0	1	0	3	0	0—15	13	3

Villanova 6; Mt. St. Joseph, 1

April 26th—Overcoming the effects of their defeat of the previous day the 'Varsity nine battled their way to victory over the Mt. St. Joseph's team at Irvington, score 6–1. Jones was the slab artist for Villanova, and easily conquered the opposing batters; he had a great supply of speed and perfect control. The Irvington tossers succeeded in getting eight hits, but Jones kept them so well scattered that he was very seldom in danger. Villanova hit Kneisch hard, Murray and Marsilio being the chief offenders, each getting three hits, one of the little catcher's being for the circuit. Jones was in rare form and held the opponents scoreless up to the ninth inning, when successive hits by Houck and Kneisch netted the home team their lone tally.

Mt. St. Joseph	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	A.
McDermott, 2b	4	0	0	1	2	1
McGuire, 1b	5	0	3	5	0	0
Smith, ss	3	0	0	2	2	1
Berger, lf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Mario, 3b	3	0	0	0	0	0
Atherton, rf	4	0	2	2	0	2
Houck, c	3	1	2	8	1	0
Kneisch, p	4	0	1	0	0	0
Zazzali, cf	1	0	0	2	0	0
Gannon, cf	4	0	0	5	0	0
Totals	34	1	8	27	5	4

Villanova	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Robinson, cf	4	1	2	2	0	0
Sheehan, ss	5	0	0	3	0	1
McGeehan, 3b	5	0	0	0	2	0
Murray, 1b	5	1	3	7	0	1
Delaney, 2b	5	0	1	1	2	0
McDermott, rf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Marifino, c	4	2	3	17	1	0
Diggles, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Jones, p	3	1	0	0	7	0
Totals	39	6	11	27	12	2

Villanova	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	4	0	—6
Mt. St. Joseph	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1

Two-base hit—Robinson. Homerun—Marrifino. Stolen bases—H. McDermott; McGuire, 2; Atherton, 2; Houck. Base on balls—Off Kneisch, 1; Jones, 1. Struck out—by Kneisch 3, by Jones 8. Umpire—Brockman.

Villanova, 2; Catholic U., 3

April 27th—The 'Varsity journeyed to Washington, D. C., with an even break on the trip this far, but were doomed to suffer defeat at the hands of the Catholic U. nine, 3 to 2. The game soon developed into a pitcher's battle between Sheehan and Kendrick, the latter having a trifle in his favor. Sheehan proved himself as capable a pitcher as he is an outfielder, when he held the heavy hitting team from the Capitol to six hits. The home team won the game in the fourth inning when Schwartz hit a fast one for three bases with one man on. Marrifino and Diggles accounted for Villanova's two runs in the third, when each clouted the ball for three sacks. Captain McGeehan played a stellar game at third accepting five hard chances without an error. For Catholic U., Schwartz was the all-around star.

Catholic U.	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Duffy, lf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Dong, 1b	4	0	0	11	1	0
Rooney, 3b	4	1	2	1	2	1
Schwartz, 2b	5	1	2	1	5	2
Roach, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Glascott, cf	4	0	1	2	0	1
Cashman, ss	4	0	1	3	2	1
Carroll, c	4	0	0	6	1	0
Kendrick, p	3	1	0	0	1	0
Totals	34	3	6	27	12	5

Villanova	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Robinson, cf	4	0	1	2	0	0
Sheehan, p	4	0	0	0	5	0
McGeehan, 3b	4	0	1	2	5	0
Murray, 1b	4	0	0	12	0	0
Brennan, lf., ss	3	0	0	2	1	1
Delaney, 2b	3	0	1	2	1	1
McDermott, rf., lf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Marrifino, c	4	1	1	2	2	0
Diggles, ss	3	1	1	2	1	0
Delohery, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	2	5	24	15	2

Catholic U.	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	x—3	6	5
Villanova	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0—2	5	2

Villanova, 14; Ursinus, 0

May 6th—Villanova traveled to Collegeville, Pa., and overwhelmingly defeated the Ursinus nine, score 14–0. The game was a fiasco throughout, for with Delohery in the box for the Blue and White, the home team did not have a chance to score. Delohery was in fine form, fanning nine men and giving but two passes; his delivery was solved for but three hits, while his teammates mauled Isenberg for fourteen, including four doubles. The game was sowed away in the first inning, when Sheehan and McGeehan singled and Murray and Brennan followed with two doubles, scoring three runs. For Ursinus, Hefren played a fine game at second base, while Sheehan for the 'Varsity took in six chances without a mishap. Delaney also played well in the field for Villanova.

Villanova	3	0	2	6	3	0	0	0	0—14	14	1
Ursinus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0— 0	3	6

Struck out—By Isenberg, 8; Delohery, 9. Base on balls—Off Isenberg, 8; Delohery, 2. Two-base hits—Murray, Brennan, Robinson, 2; Sheehan. Umpire—Griffith.

Villanova, 3; Catholic U., 2

May 3rd—The Catholic U. nine traveled from Washington, D. C., in an endeavor to duplicate their victory over Villanova of a few weeks previous, but when the game was over they were on the short end of a 3 to 2 score. Once again Jones displayed a fine brand of pitching, allowing the visitors five hits and fanning five. The 'Varsity was first to score; in the fourth Sheehan got on, on an error and immediately stole second, and scored on McGeehan's double. In the ending of the ninth the score stood two

all; Leo Brennan got to first on an error, Delaney struck out, and Joe McDermott hit one that was labeled for three bases but he had to go no further than first, as Brennan had scored the winning run on the hit. Captain McGeehan's hitting featured the game, the third baseman getting a triple, double, and a single in four trips to the plate. Delaney fielded well, and McDermott hit well, one of his hits bringing in the winning run.

Catholic U.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Duffy, lf	0	1	1	0	0
Long, 1b	0	0	7	1	0
Rooney, 3b	0	0	1	0	2
Schwartz, 2b	0	0	0	2	0
Roche, rf	0	0	2	0	0
Glascott, cf	0	1	1	0	0
Cashman, ss	1	1	3	1	2
McCarty, c	1	2	9	0	1
Togo, p	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	2	5	25	6	5

Villanova	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Robinson, cf	0	0	1	0	0
Sheehan, ss	1	0	2	0	0
McGeehan, 3b	0	3	1	0	1
Murray, 1b	0	0	11	0	1
Brennan, lf	1	0	1	0	0
Delaney, 2b	1	0	1	3	0
McDermott, rf	0	2	1	0	0
Marrifino, c	0	1	9	2	0
Jones, p	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	3	6	27	9	2

Three-base hits—McGeehan, McCarty. Two-base hits—Cashman. Struck out—By Jones, 5; Togo, 8. Base on balls—Off Jones 1. Wild pitch—Togo. Double play—Togo to Long. Umpire—Boone.

Villanova, 7; Ursinus, 1

May 13th—In a vain attempt to wipe out the effects of their defeat on May 6th by the 'Varsity, the Ursinus nine traveled to Villanova, and were once again humbled by the Blue and White. Delohery was again called upon to face the team from Collegeville, and again proved himself an obstacle to the sluggers from Ursinus. The spit-ball artist had his moist ball breaking in fine style, and before the dust had settled ten opposing batters had fanned and but five had managed to connect safely. Villanova clinched the game in the first stanza when Robinson led off with a double, went to third on Sheehan's infield out and scored on McGeehan's hit to the outfield. McGeehan scored on Murray's double, the latter also scoring on Brennan's single. With Delohery pitching in such fine style these three runs were sufficient to win the game. The hitting of Brennan, getting a homer and two singles in four trips to the plate, featured the game.

Villanova	3	0	0	1	0	2	1	0	x—7	11	3
Ursinus	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1	5	3

Villanova, 7; Camp Dix, 3

May 19th—The soldiers of Camp Dix received a severe jolt when they encountered the Villanova nine at New Jersey. The soldiers had met and defeated many fast teams, including the Philadelphia Athletics and the University of Pennsylvania nine, but quickly succumbed to the terrific onslaught of the Blue and White nine. Jones, the 'Varsity pitcher, gave a rare exhibition of twirling, and though touched for nine hits by the soldiers he always tightened up when in danger; he was especially effective in the pinches. Villanova scored in the very start, when Robinson hit the first ball offered by Williamson out of the lot for a home run. The hitting of Thompson was a main feature of the game, the soldier catcher getting four hits in as many times at bat. With the exception of Thompson, Jones had the Camp Dix team baffled. Owing to a mishap, Captain McGeehan was forced to catch in Marrifino's place during the early part of the game, and he handled Jones's breaks with comparative ease. Delaney played a fine game at second, accepting many difficult chances without an error.

Villanova	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Robinson, cf	1	1	0	0	0
Sheehan, ss	1	2	2	3	3
McGeehan, c., 3b	2	2	11	0	1
Murray, 1b	0	2	8	0	0
Brennan, lf., 2b	1	1	0	1	0
McDermott, rf	1	1	3	0	0
Delaney, 2b	0	0	2	3	0
Diggles, 3b., 2b	1	0	1	0	0
Marrifino, c	0	0	0	0	0
Jones, p	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	7	9	27	8	4

Camp Dix	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Donnelly, cf	0	0	2	0	0
Butts, 2b	2	2	1	0	1
Thompson, c	0	4	9	0	0
Bates, 3b	0	0	0	0	1
Maxton, rf	0	0	1	1	0
Henderson, lf	0	0	5	1	0
McDonald, 1b	1	2	8	0	0
Kramer, ss	0	1	0	1	0
Williams, p	0	0	0	2	0
Brown, p	0	0	0	0	0
*Bousewan	0	0	0	0	0
**Brede, 1b	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	3	9	27	5	2

*Batted for Williams in seventh.
**Batted for Henderson in eighth.

Camp Dix	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	0—3	9	2
Villanova	1	2	2	1	1	0	0	0—7	9	4

Villanova, 5; Camp Crane, 6

The 'Varsity journeyed to Allentown to cross bats with Uncle Sam's men at Camp Crane and, after a hard uphill battle, came out on the small end of a 6 to 5 score. The game proved very exciting and interesting throughout, for when the ninth frame was completed the 'Varsity were neck and neck with the soldiers, only to lose out in the tenth. Though Jones was hit safely twelve times, he should have been credited with another victory, had his team-mates given him proper support. With one out in the tenth and the score standing five all, one of the khaki boys got to first, stole second, and scored on an error by McGeehan, bringing in the winning run.

Villanova	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Robinson, cf	1	2	1	0	0
Sheehan, ss	0	1	3	3	0
McGeehan, 3b	1	1	0	2	2
Murray, 1b	0	0	12	1	2
Brennan, lf	0	1	0	0	0
McDermott, rf	1	1	3	1	0
Delaney, 2b	0	1	2	1	0
Marrifino, c	1	0	7	1	1
Jones, p	1	2	0	6	0
Totals	5	9	*28	15	5

*One out when winning run was scored.

Camp Crane	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Tate, ss	1	0	4	3	2
Dunne, rf	0	1	2	0	0
Hall, c	1	1	5	2	0
Emerick, lf	0	1	1	0	0
Rowe, 3b	1	3	0	2	2
McMullin, cf	1	2	1	0	0
Adams, 1b	1	2	12	2	1
Manhart, 2b	1	0	4	3	1
Buxton, p	0	2	0	4	0
Leahey, p	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	6	12	30	18	6

Villanova	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	1	0—5	9	5
Camp Crane	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1—6	12	6

Two-base hits—Robinson, Emerick, McMullin. Adams. Struck out—By Jones, 5; Buxton, 2; Leahey, 3. Base on balls—Jones, 7; Buxton, 5; Leahey, 2. Umpire—Schneider.





BALLAD OF AN OLD-TIMER

"O tempora! O mores!" the learned student said.
Life's modus operandi is going to my head.
'Cum una voce, so it seems, the world has but one thought,
"By vi et armis only can the worth-while things be sought."

That "Vincit omnia veritas" nobody now will hold.
It's "vive le roi!" in these sad days, and the king they mean is "Gold".
The auri sacra fames has driven Truth away.
And "suaviter in modo, et fortiter in re."
Is said of "rarae aves" in these prosaic days.
When men are tout-a-fait engrossed in this wild money-craze.
"The tempora mutantur et nos mutamus too"
They say, and tell me they know more than Horace ever knew.
Sans pem and sans reproche I cried "You have no wisdom, men!"
"The summum bonum of this life is much beyond your ken!
Quid rides, stulte, sine re? You know not why you laugh.
Do you, you stupid parvenu dare take me for a calf?
I am a learned classicist, a 'studious' man,
My learning brings me far more joy than money ever can."
"Ningu no en la casa!" I heard somebody say.
"Descende in Avernum!" I cried, and turned away.

H. J. W., '21.

Newell—"How near did you come to the right answer to the third problem?"

Claffey—"Two seats away."

* * *

Delaney—"I wish this war would end, don't you, Syl?"

Benson—"Well, I don't know; I'd hate to think of going to school again."

* * *

Drach—"Chicago is a Swift city."

O'Leary—"Yes, but there are more (Armour)."

* * *

Some women do fancy work of all kinds and others don't fancy work of any kind.

* * *

Fogel—"You'd have to go a long way to *find* a better cigar than this."

Gillespie—"Maybe so, but I know where I could *buy* one."

* * *

Shopkeeper (to traveling salesman)—"Can't give you an order; quite overstocked."

Salesman—"Let me at least show you my samples."

Shopkeeper—"Spare yourself the trouble. I can't look at them."

Salesman—"Then, will you allow me to look at them myself. It's three weeks since I've seen them."

Johnnie Pickett—"I want a dime to give a lame man, Bill."

Bill Pickett—All right. Who is the lame man?"

Johnnie Pickett—"Oh, he sells tickets at the movies."

* * *

Mac—"She was as irresistible as a five-dollar bill on a sidewalk."

Spike—"You simply had to pick her up, huh?"

* * *

Prefect—"Did you notice the beautiful sunrise this morning?"

McDermott—"No; I never stay up as late as that."

* * *

Fritz had just laughed aloud in History class. McKenna then quoted: "'Loud laughter bespeaks the vacant mind,' says Shakespeare."

Fritz retorted by citing: "'Every man is a liar,' says St. Paul."

* * *

Granahan—"Times have changed. A war can't be won nowadays without money."

McCann—"Name one that ever was."

Granahan—"Why, the American people fought for years and achieved their independence after they had given up their last sovereign."

A Pennsylvanian boasts that he makes a soap that would "wash a solitician's character as white as snow." There must be a good deal of "lye" about that soap.

* * *

Wiegand—"What became of that poem, 'The Turtle Dove,' I sent in?"

Editor—"Oh, we put that in a pigeon-hole."

MY LONG DISTANCE GIRL

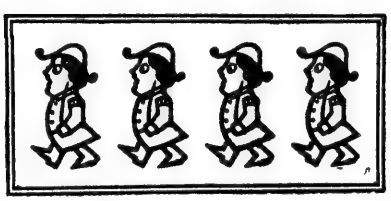
I see you nearly every day
In the railway car,
And like the humble publican,
I worship from afar.

Your sparkling eyes of deepest blue
Are full of mystery.
My heart within me seems to leap,
When'er you smile at me.

Your hair, a glittering mass of gold,
Reflects the sun's bright beams:
I see your charming, sunlit face
In all my fondest dreams.

The poets say that distance lends
Enchantment to the view;
Perhaps that is the reason why
I "fell" so hard for you.

H. J. W., '21.
JAMES J. EGAN, '19.



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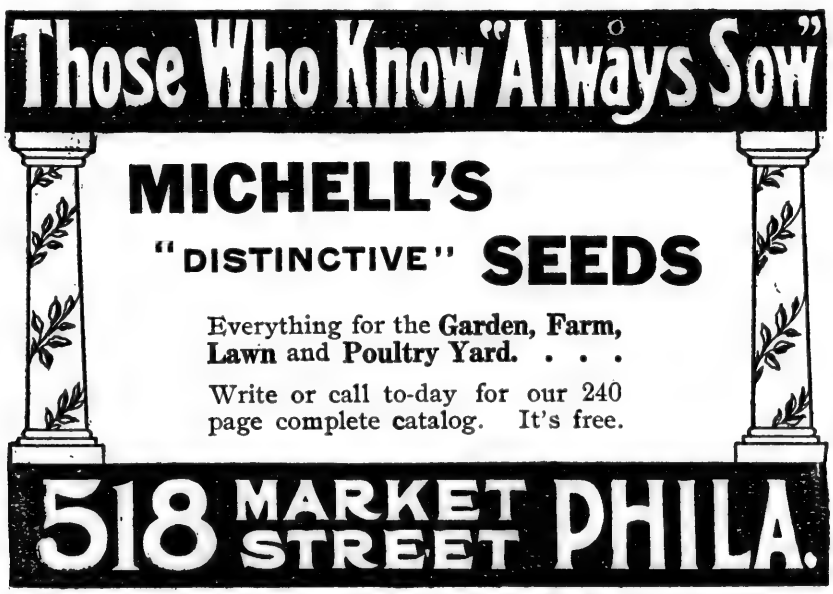
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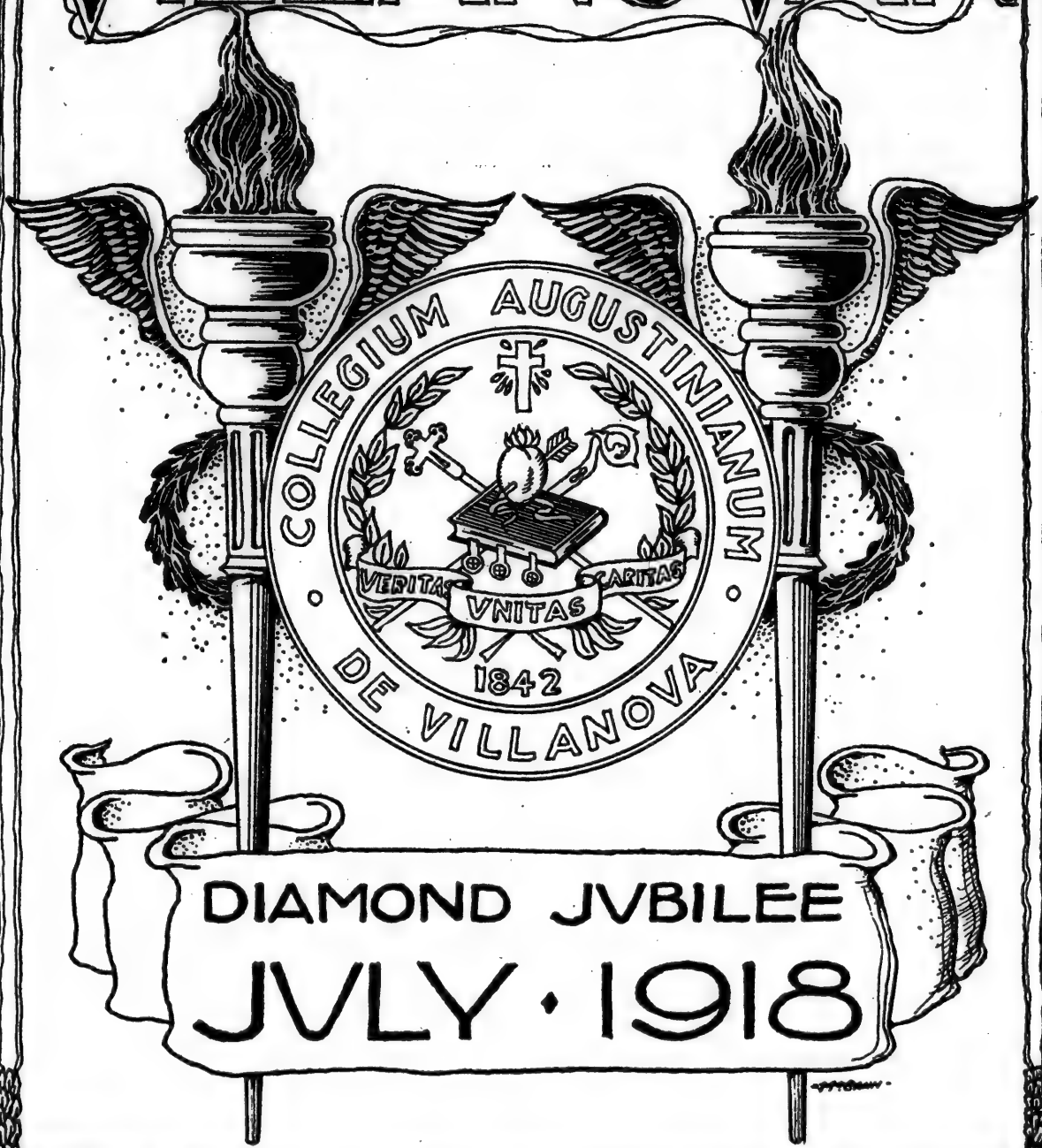
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THE VILLANOVAN

VOL. II. JULY, 1918 No. 6

Diamond Jubilee Ode

Loudly the bells are ringing,
Sweetly the birds are singing,
Brightly the sun is flinging,
A glow over land and sky;
Gay is the students' meeting,
Warm the Fathers' greeting,
Proudly all hearts are beating,
Made one by scholastic joy.

Joy to Villanova, joy!
This day her Diamond Crown is won,
And Alma Mater's every son rejoices.
From far and near, resounds a cheer;
From Church and State
From small and great,
From Graduate, of cap and ring,
From Pope and King,
From Over There, from everywhere,
A "Salve" or an "Ave" comes
In divers tongues and voices.

And all because a Crown is won
In guerdon of a race well run,
Of giant labor, quietly done,
Of worth without alloy.

Three-quarters of a century of fame
Linked with pure monastic glory!
Hence her claim,
That her record and her name be entwined
And enshrined in epic story.

To this scene of diamond splendor,
With affection strong and tender,
Gather we this summer morning
'Neath the sunshine soft adorning
Towers and spires of church and college,
Types of faith and human knowledge
That bespeak a source divine.
And as mem'ry backward ranges
We are awe-struck at the changes
Which grey time has interjected
Since the plan was first projected.
How the "mustard seed" has thriven!
How the Gard'ners all have striven!
Since the primal impulse given
From an Augustinian Shrine!

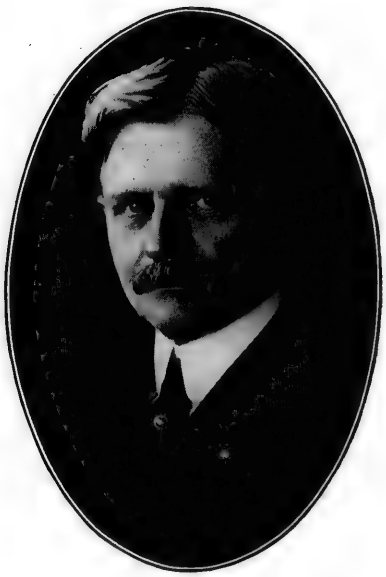
Broad were the minds that planned
Your outlines when first unfolding,
Brave were the hearts and grand
Believing, tho' not beholding.
And still as you blossomed and twined
In mystical meaning and moulding,
An equal measure of Heart and Mind
Was ever your growth upholding
Till the Founders' thought
Stood forth enwrought,
And "the greening was lost in the golding."

And now as the gold makes way
For diamonds of purest lustre,
Let us of the later day
More fondly around her cluster.
Be it ours to stand by her side—
No matter what foes opposing—
Till the gates of the future open wide
Her Century's dawn disclosing.

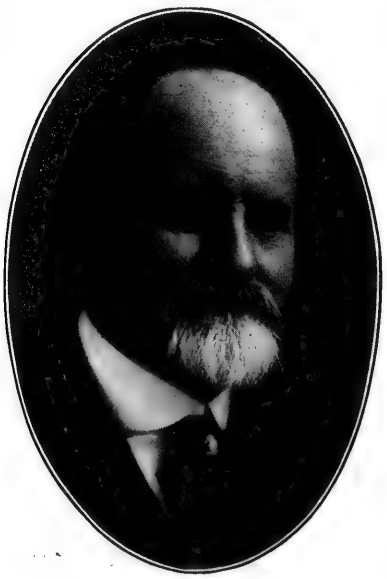
MICHAEL J. LOCKE, O. S. A.



His Excellency Archbishop John Bonzano, D.D., Apostolic Delegate.—Courtesy of *Catholic Standard and Times.*



Hon. Thomas Riley Marshall, J.D., Vice-President of the United States.



Hon. Joseph E. Ransdell, LL.D., U. S. Senator from Louisiana.



His Excellency M. E. de Cartier, LL.D., Belgian Minister to the United States.

Presiding Officer and Recipients of Honorary Degrees at Commencement Exercises June 11, 1918.

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With affection strong and tender,
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Our Jubilee

THE year 1918 will long remain a memorable one in the annals of Villanova. It marked the culmination of seventy-five years of academic effort in the cause of Christian education and witnessed a celebration which has been unrivalled in the long history of the College. Though, because of the exceptional circumstances of war-time, no elaborate plans had been made for a formal celebration of the Diamond Jubilee, the result achieved could scarcely have been surpassed. Certainly, it was all that could be wished for, and far exceeded all expectations. The exercises began with the alumni reunion and banquet, June 10, and were brought to a fitting climax with Solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated by His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop John Bonzano, D.D., on the morning of June 11, and the Commencement held on the lawn in the afternoon of the same day. The spirit of joy, and of loyalty and devotion to Alma Mater, was everywhere in evidence; and the Faculty, students, alumni and friends of Villanova had abundant reasons to rejoice and feel proud in the honors shown to their beloved institution on this occasion. Graced by the presence of the Apostolic Delegate and the three Right Reverend Bishops, Philip R. McDevitt of Harrisburg, John J. Monaghan of Wilmington, and Michael J. Hoban of Scranton, with His Excellency Thomas Riley Marshall, His Excellency M. E. de Cartier, the Belgian Minister to the United States, and the Honorable Joseph E. Ransdell, United States Senator from Louisiana, the recipients of honorary degrees, the Commencement of 1918 will ever stand out as one of the most notable in the history of Villanova. It had another unique distinction in that degrees for the first time were conferred upon women: Sister M. Cosmas and Sister M. Dolora of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary receiving the A. B. degree.

The distinguished gathering of clergy and laity, the large number of alumni and friends, all combined to add lustre to the occasion. The weather, too, was ideal, so that nothing happened to mar the pleasure of the day. The presence of sons of Villanova clad in army khaki and navy blue, the degrees conferred on graduates "in the service somewhere in France", the spirit of the various addresses, added the touch of war and brought out the loyal patriotism of the Catholic college.

The scene on the lawn in the quadrangle of the College, with the service flag as the background, and the stars and stripes and the flags of the Allied Nations floating in the breeze, furnished an ideal setting and brought out the beauties of Villanova, which never showed to better advantage: the lawns, the trees, the flowers,—all seemed to realize that it was an occasion for rejoicing and bedecked themselves in brightest array. Altogether, it was a memorable day—one never to be forgotten.

The following is the program of Commencement exercises:

MARCH

Invocation.....RIGHT REV. JOHN J. MONAGHAN, D.D.
Bishop of Wilmington

Salutatory.....EDWARD V. STANFORD, A.B.

BAND

CONFERRING OF DEGREES

Valedictory.....JOSEPH O'LEARY, B.S.

BAND

Address to Graduates
HON. JOSEPH E. RANSDELL, LL.D.
United States Senator from Louisiana

BAND

Address.....HIS EXCELLENCY E. DE CARTIER, LL.D.
Belgian Minister to the United States

Address
HIS EXCELLENCY THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL, J.D.
Vice-President of the United States

Benediction
HIS GRACE MOST REV. JOHN BONZANO, D.D.
Apostolic Delegate to the United States

STAR SPANGLED BANNER
Music by Villanova College Band

Degrees Conferred

The honorary degree of Doctor of Jurisprudence was conferred upon Thomas Riley Marshall, Vice-President of the United States. The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Joseph E. Ransdell, United States Senator from Louisiana, and M. E. de Cartier, Belgian minister to the United States.

Other degrees conferred were:

Master of Arts—Rev. James P. Brice, Jeremiah J. Fogarty, Rev. Walter F. Gough, Rev. Howard A. Grelis, Rev. John J. Harris, Rev. John H. Hughes, John J. Kelly, Rev. Charles J. Melchior, Rev. John J. McCabe, Rev. John A. McCloskey, Rev. Cornelius F. McGinty, Patrick J. O'Brien, Thomas G. O'Malley, Rev. George A. O'Meara, Sylvester F. Sabbatino, U. S. N., and Rev. John A. Sparrow.

Civil Engineer—John J. Sweeney.

Electrical Engineer—James R. Koch.

Bachelor of Arts—Sylvester R. Benson, Francis J. Casey, Michael P. Fogarty, Joseph E. Heney, Sylvester J. Martin, Arthur B. Maxwell, Vincent L. Molyneaux, Francis E. O'Bryan, William F. Sheedy, Edward V. Stanford, Sister M. Dolora, Sister M. Cosmas.

Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering—Armando Alvarez, James L. Haughey, John L. Larkin, Charles H. McGuckin, John F. Sheehan.

Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering—Edgar Drach, Collier J. Griswold, Paul A. O'Brien, Joseph O'Leary, Harry M. Towhey.

Gold Medal for Evidence of Religion, presented by the President and Faculty, Henry A. Caffrey, '19; gold medal for Philosophy, presented by the Very Rev. Charles M. Driscoll, O. S. A., Provincial, to William F. Sheedy, '18; gold medal for Classics, founded by Mrs. William F. Harrity, to Thomas J. Blessington, '20; gold medal for Mathematics, founded in memory of Bernard Corr, to Peter J. Malick, '20; gold medal for Excellence in Engineering, presented by Albert W. Strecker, to Joseph O'Leary, '18; gold medal for English Literature, presented by F. W. Steinbock, to Edward V. Stanford, '18; gold medal for Engineering Thesis, presented by the Engineering Society of Villanova College, to Joseph T. Waugh, '20; gold medal for Christian Doctrine, Preparatory School, Arthur A. Malone, Prep. '18; gold medal for Christian Doctrine, Tolentine Academy, Byron DeGuire.

Preparatory Certificates—Ferdinando L. de la Barra, Alexander J. Christie, Hugh V. McGeehan, Duardo L. de la Barra, Robert W. Connelly, Thomas J. McGrath, Thomas P. Mullen, Joseph J. Burke, Michael A. Grieco, Arthur A. Malone.



Salutatory

By Edward V. Stanford

JUSTIFICATION OF THE AMERICAN CAUSE

TODAY the members of the class of 1918 receive with cordial hearts, you, our steadfast friends, and our distinguished guests. With an especial fond remembrance of self-sacrificing efforts on their part, through which we have been enabled to receive the blessings of a Christian education, we welcome our fathers and mothers. True the stress of war has dimmed our preparations to receive you on this occasion of our diamond jubilee, but it has not lessened the warmth of our greeting. The needs of war have depleted the ranks of our class, but those absent ones, though separated by distance are here in spirit to salute you. War is uppermost in our minds today as it has been every day since we first heard its clarion call. Let us turn, then, to our country and take into consideration the justification of her policy.

The United States is a country eminently fitted to sustain a hardy, peace-loving race. It shares within its limits almost all the varieties of climate to be found on our globe. It links the snow- and ice-covered lands of the North with the rolling prairies and plateaus of the South. It participates in the fertility of the fields and plains of Europe and scorches beneath the torrid suns of a Sahara. In a word, it embraces within its limits everything capable of satisfying the different and varying wants of men. For this reason it is a country by its very nature suitable to separation and non-dependence from the peoples of Europe. There is embodied in our well-known Monroe Doctrine a policy of abstension from European alliances. Such a policy has ever been held sacred and faithfully lived up to by our government. Thus we have lived in a God-blessed prosperous land, which only a peace-loving upright nation could tenant and bring to so high a state of prosperity. But now it would seem that this policy has been summarily cast aside and we have entered into a most terrible war, as far from our spirit and genius as it is from our shore. How, now, can we explain so radical a departure from our cherished ideals? What can we say for this unprecedented shattering of our foreign policy? The Monroe Doctrine never contemplated such an exigency as we find today. No one could have foreseen the contingencies we have had to face. Even if our present policy, which we are forced to use under the strongest provocations, can be proven contrary to the time-honored tenets of this service-worn document, which we utterly deny, it must not be annulled.

We have entered this present struggle only after weighty considerations, and with deep-felt reluctance. We were compelled to undertake our own self-defense, we had an obligation to humanity to uphold the standards of civilization and democracy. The integrity and safety of the Republic demanded war, and what other possible way lay open to us, other than the avenue of war?

A formal declaration of war, it is true, issued from the congressional chambers of our government, but war had, in fact, been declared already in the determination of patriotic citizens throughout this broad land on account of the overt acts of the Imperial German government. Our declaration was nothing more than the acceptance of the challenge of that government. We met it fearlessly, yet not impulsively, but with calm deliberation. Our foes by their diplomatic intrigues with our nearest neighbors, by their contemptible insidious operations in the midst of our industrial institutions, by their intolerable system of espionage within our own confines and in the very offices of our government, manifested only too clearly their intent with regard to the United States. When their invasive operations on the seas against our merchant marine began, with the loss of life and property to American citizens, their policy could no longer remain in doubt. Even in the face of these manifest hostile intentions, the American people were for a long time reluctant

to believe that Imperialism contained any trace of menace for them separated, as they thought, by a broad expanse of ocean, and free as they were from entangling relation with European governments. We wanted peace and we knew we could rely on the prudence and wisdom of our government at Washington to maintain it, and not to enmesh us needlessly in the conflict. In the pursuance of our peaceful ideals we had become a shining mark for the humor and jest of nations. Some radical people even referred to us as the laughing stock of Europe. We bore all with an unheard of national patience until the integrity and honor of the Republic was at stake, then our great country rose in her might without any shrinking, without any hesitation. Time and ever increasing evidence to the contrary made our war with the autocratic German imperative, if for no other motive than the primary duty of national self-defense.

There is another cause underlying and justifying America's entrance into the war. It is not a personal cause—it is the cause of humanity, a defense of the peaceful democracies of the world. This is an ideal justification, to be sure, but it is an ideal for which our country has done so much in the past to realize. Will she now suffer the spread of this ideal to be impeded by the brutal arms of a fiendish autocratic cult? Will she suffer this ideal as embodied in herself to be threatened with ultimate destruction? Every drop of patriotic red blood coursing through the hearts of her brave defenders emphatically answers, no. The world in the words of our sterling President must be made safe for democracy. No sacrifice is too great to make this democratic spirit of justice prevail over the imperial injustice of military-mad Germany. To uphold these high ideals and principles we are offering up the supreme sacrifice of the flower of our young manhood on the altar of war.

These are the causes that have convinced the American people, with a conviction born of experience, that their cause is just. Every ounce of prevention has been expended in the fruitless attempt to bring our foes to reason. But now, since that great pendulum of public opinion has been rudely swerved from its arc of peace into that of war, there is no stopping it, no changing it, until the militaristic principle that might is right is crushed to the earth and there arises from the dust of its ruins a principle consistent with the freedom and peace of the world, that right alone is might.

This is the spirit that animates the great body of the American people, this is the spirit of our colleges, this is the spirit of Villanova. Every throb in the pulse of the nation finds a sympathetic response within these hallowed precincts of Alma Mater. Her heart beats in unison with the great national heart of our country. The rumble of the march of countless ranks of khaki-clad lads is heard even here, and vacant seats testify to the trueness of the sound. Alma Mater is doing nobly in making us God-fearing, patriotic sons, instilling into our minds the duty of self-sacrifice for God and country. We acknowledge our debt of gratitude to her and we want you to appreciate as we do the great work she is doing in this crucial test of the nation. With such a spirit permeating our broad land, who can doubt even for a moment the outcome of this great conflict, who can question that a cause so just and so necessary to humanity will come to naught before the brigand arms of a ruthless and reckless foe.

Conferral of Honorary Degrees

By Joseph W. Paquette, '20

In presenting Hon. Thomas Riley Marshall for the degree of Doctor of Jurisprudence, Rev. F. A. Driscoll, Vice-President of Villanova, said:

"But three times has Villanova conferred the honorary degree, Doctor of Jurisprudence, and then only to men of international repute, Grover Cleveland, William Howard Taft, and the distinguished jurist, Judge Gray. And now a fourth name is to be added, one well worthy of such recognition, the name of one who ranks in achievements, prominence and importance, second only to our gifted leader, Mr. Wilson. Father President, I take great pleasure in presenting to you the Honorable Thomas Riley Marshall, Vice-President of the United States, for honorary degree of Doctor of Jurisprudence."

Rev. James J. Dean, O. S. A., President of Villanova, conferred the degree in the following words:

"Vice-President Marshall:

"Seldom, indeed, has the degree, Doctor of Jurisprudence, been conferred and then, only upon men who have stood in the forefront of civic progress and who have served largely to mould and shape the destiny of the nation. To wear with dignity the honors which have served to grace the brow of a Cleveland and a Taft requires no small measure of distinction and demands a record of achievement that will not dim with passing years. That you, the second citizen of the land, presiding officer of the highest legislative body in the world, have merited this honor is the unanimous judgment of our Faculty and, therefore, I take great pleasure in conferring upon you the degree, Doctor of Jurisprudence."

Hon. Joseph E. Ransdell was presented for the degree of Doctor of Laws by Rev. F. A. Driscoll. Father Driscoll spoke as follows:

"We have with us today, a member of the United States Senate, a man distinguished even in such a body. This alone would merit any recognition we could give. We also honor him as a friend of Villanova, as an ardent ally and devoted champion of those Catholic ideals, to which our lives and institutions have been consecrated. Allow me then, Rev. President, to present the Honorable Joseph E. Ransdell of Louisiana for the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws."

In conferring the degree, Rev. James J. Dean, O. S. A., the President, said:

"Senator Joseph E. Ransdell:

"It has been the custom of Villanova College for many years to confer honorary degrees upon men who have merited well and have distinguished themselves in the world of letters and science, or the service of God and country. That you, Senator Ransdell, more than measure up to these requirements is a truth which needs but to be expressed to meet with unanimous approval. High in the councils of the government, foremost in support of our worthy President, a leader in every movement making for success in the great struggle wherein we are engaged, yours is a task that is onerous and a responsibility that is intense. We deeply appreciate your coming here today to honor us on the occasion of our Diamond Jubilee and we take pleasure in conferring on you the degree, Doctor of Laws."

Rev. F. A. Driscoll, O. S. A., in the following words, presented for the degree of Doctor of Laws, the Belgian Minister, His Excellency, M. E. de Cartier:

"While we knew Belgium was a nation faithful in the great mass of her population to God, so upright in her patriotism, so noble in her King and Government, we did not know she was a nation of men to whom heroism was a natural virtue. Because of a plighted word, because right must needs come before might, the land of the royal Albert, the saintly undaunted Mercier, has been sorely tried, her sons have been stricken down in field and fortress, her cathedral walls calcined with shell fire, her universities ravaged, their treasures pillaged or destroyed.

In spite of these things and many more she has remained imperturbable in her self-control, never yielding so as to cry 'this is too much,' but rather out of the hideous womb of war, she has emerged a unified and triumphant nation. In her cross she has found a crown, in her ignominy undying glory. What then is our pleasure to have the representative of such people grace this occasion, how keenly we appreciate the opportunity to honor him and through him to honor them. How gladly we seize this chance to offer our gratitude, our sympathy, our admiration to martyred Belgium. I take great pleasure, therefore, in presenting His Excellency, M. E. de Cartier, Belgian Minister to the United States, for the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws."

Father Dean conferred the degree. He said: "Words are but a faint medium for expressing our joy at being able to greet and to honor the representative of that nation which has sacrificed everything but honor in defense of right and justice. There is not to be found in history's pages words more inspiring or prophetic than those uttered by the heroic King of the Belgians when hurling defiance at an unscrupulous foe: 'I have faith in our destiny. A nation which defends itself commands the respect of all. Such a nation cannot perish. God will be with us in a just cause. Long live independent Belgium.' With pleasure, then, do we honor today the official representative of that intrepid people, as well for his own intrinsic worth as because of the ideals for which he stands. Upon you, Monsieur de Cartier, do we confer today the degree, Doctor of Laws, first because your own labors are deserving of such recognition; secondly, because you stand before the world as the accredited spokesman of the heroic Albert and the indomitable Mercier. To them and to you, their representative, we pledge our treasure, our honor and our life's blood."



Vice-President Marshall receiving degree from the hands of the Apostolic Delegate upon presentation of the President, Father Dean.—Courtesy of Philadelphia *Public Ledger.*

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Vice-President Marshall receiving degree from the hands of the Apostolic Delegate upon presentation of the President, Father Dean. Courtesy of Philadelphia Public Ledger

Valedictory

By Joseph T. O'Leary, '18

THE class of 1918 stands today on the threshold of its Alma Mater to say a farewell in virtually the same form and with the same ceremonies and environment that have characterized the Commencement Days of all the classes that have gone before us. We are about to take leave of a fostering mother who has watched our activities and directed them as she has done for all her other collegiate offspring in the past and you who are gathered here in friendliness and compliment to us, and we ourselves can see only what has been seen before, the usual program on this usual occasion. But as we look beyond the portals how vastly different is the vista spreading itself before the gaze of this class from that of any other sent forth by this institution. Whereas in the past, the graduates of fair Villanova have looked forward into a world awaiting its members with cordial welcome, with eager invitation upon its lips to come and enter into its peaceful exhilarating competitions of life, the class of 1918 looks out upon that selfsame world, indeed, but broken now by the earthquakes of strife, the disordered elements of war. We do not pass out as they did to enter a world of peace and prosperity. No, ours is a sterner mission. We are to take our positions in life in a time of struggle when civilized humanity strives to throw off the shackles of oppression and free itself forever from the danger of a greedy autocracy. Yes, greedy for that domination that would enable it to crush the rest of mankind under its conquering heel. Yes, the fanatics of Germany would crumble up civilization at their feet and blot out all, blot out God himself and then develop their hegemony on the ruins of the world.

Happily German plans have not proven to be the realities which their designers had hoped they would be. The cold mathematical calculations of their military bureaucrats failed to take into consideration many points. With their truculent methods it did not seem possible that their foemen were not afraid to die. Their brain, obsessed with the magnitude of German military might and terror, could not conceive possible the marvelous defense by brave Belgium of its national honor, the noble sacrifices of France in withstanding the first onrushes of the war-mad Teutons, the wonderful sense of justice which prompted England to risk her all in the gage of battle.

Now our beloved country is in the midst of the world struggle. We, too, are engaged in the fight for liberty and we have pledged our lives, our fortunes, our all to the cause of victory. More than a year has passed since this pledge was given and how well we are doing our part is being shown by daily evidence. To America has been assigned an important role in the great drama and we dare not fail. So, we are not shrinking from the task. We will not turn back. America has given her word and that word will be fulfilled, cost what it may on the battlefields of France.

This, then, is the condition which faces the class of 1918 as we pass forth from the hall of Villanova to the bigness of the world: the universe in the throes of a seeming disaster, the earth rocked from pole to pole by the fanatic ambitions of an irresponsible government, ambitions which have had their origin in the depths of the most vile iniquities, a government whose watchword is international lawlessness, a government whose ruthlessness has made her lose all sense of reason and justice, whose boldness has become so great that she finds complacency in her own degradation. This is the country with whom America is engaged in a fight to the death, an enemy so insidious and vicious that the mind cannot conceive another possible step that she might take in her descent of the ladder of treachery.

And we are rising to the occasion. The blood of our forefathers is still coursing through our veins. The spirit of Washington, of Jackson and

their long line of successors is still alive within and cannot but one day be triumphant over America's foe, the enemy of mankind.

Reverend Father President, Members of the Faculty, Classmates of 1918—these are the serious problems, momentous difficulties confronting us in our commencement celebration. Consideration of the dark side of the world may seem out of place in the lustre and triumph of the celebration of our Diamond Jubilee. But do not our ideals relieve the picture? Today we part and never before in her seventy-five years of instilling high, noble and patriotic ideals into her sons, has Villanova had greater responsibility in sending forth her children. Many have already donned the khaki or the blue. Most of us will do so 'ere many days. We feel that we are going forth with at least fair equipment. Not that we claim already pre-eminent success. We realize that today our great work begins. While learning the ways of virtue and loyalty to God, while acquiring knowledge along our various lines of instruction, we are grateful today that Villanova and her loyal band of workers have taught us another great and noble lesson. She has taught us love and devotion to country; she has trained us just as the Divine Master did his disciples in the days of old, "to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." To you, therefore, Reverend Father President, and Members of the Faculty, we bid adieu. Long dilatations on your merits and your affections will not avail anything. As the tree is known by the fruit, so we promise you that we will go forth and with the fervor, zeal and loyalty taught us by Alma Mater bring forth fruit for God, for country and for fellow-men, that we will strive to reflect credit on you and your great work.

We, the class of 1918, today with our hearts heavy at parting but elevated and courageous for the work before us, bid the undergraduates adieu and urge them on to greater efforts for Alma Mater, that when they are called upon to give a helping hand to the cause of democracy, they, too, will be adequately prepared. When the dove of peace again settles on the land, America will stand as a nation pre-eminently great, as a nation that has done her part toward the crushing of tyranny and the uplift of our democratic ideals.



Rt. Rev. John J. Monaghan, D.D., Bishop of Wilmington, who delivered the invocation at the Commencement Exercises.

What the Nation has a Right to Expect from the Catholic College Graduate

Address of U. S. Senator Joseph E. Ransdell Before the Graduating Class of Villanova College, June 11, 1918

YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:

You are privileged to live in the most interesting and important period of the world's history. Practically every country on our planet is engaged in the awful war now devastating Europe and Asia, or is so closely connected with it as to feel its effects very disastrously.

Never before has the United States sent its soldiers to fight on the soil of Europe, and we are rushing them over now very rapidly—over 200,000 last month. Every resource of our great Nation of a hundred million people is being used to help our Allies crush out the terrible autocracy of Germany, which menaces with destruction the rights of free people everywhere. Democracy and government of the people, by the people, and for the people is in great danger.

We are making heavy sacrifices for the inestimable blessing of human freedom. Countless wealth is being poured out like water—over sixty millions a day, over twenty billions a year—and thousands of the best boys in our land are giving their precious lives.

Our Lord and Saviour made the supreme sacrifice of his life on the Cross to save men from sin. "Greater love hath no man than this—that he give his life for his friend." Jesus gave His life for our sake—for your sake and mine, my young friends—to save you and me from the perversity of our evil desires, and to make us heirs to the Kingdom of Heaven.

In the great war now raging, America in emulation of the divine Nazarene, is giving its treasure and its life to make the world a better place to live in for ourselves and for the people of every nation under the sun; to free mankind from the cruel yoke of tyranny and oppression which Germany seeks to impose upon them, and to give each person, people, and state, the inalienable right of individual liberty and self-government.

In prosecuting this war, we at home are surrendering many personal rights, such as wheatless days, shortage of food, restrictions of various kinds on our liberty, public control of private property, fixing prices on sundry articles, enormous increase of taxes, etc.,—temporary loss of freedom in order to insure its permanence. But these slight inconveniences are as nothing compared to what our boys are doing "over there"—making the supreme sacrifice of their sweet young lives to free the world, and establish peace on earth.

An elderly Frenchman, mourning for his son who was killed on the Western front, said recently while lecturing on the French spirit, that the French had always believed in educating a man to be a man first and then an engineer, and that that was the strength of France. God grant that this old man is correct, for France has given many evidences to the contrary by her cruel persecution of the Church, and the wide-spread doctrine of atheism among her people. Our own Republic has many sins of materialism to answer for. We had to a great extent forgotten God. Many of us worshipped the golden calf, and less than forty per cent. of our people professed any form of religion. The world was drifting rapidly towards very dangerous shoals when God, in His wisdom, permitted this war to purge it of wickedness and folly. The process will be slow and very painful, but the result will be most beneficial. Our own beloved land will emerge from the conflict greatly chastened, with a contrite heart, acknowledging its God and trusting in Him.

Our purpose in entering the war was noble. We went into it to preserve our free institutions at home, to maintain on the high seas the rights we have enjoyed as free men for more than a century, to drive out the enemy and restore freedom to Belgium, Northern France,

Roumania, and Poland, to prevent the overthrow of Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, Greece and other lands, to maintain the principles of democracy and crush out autocracy and to insure all nations, large and small, the right of their own people to rule themselves.

Our captain in this mighty struggle, President Wilson, is the foremost man on earth. His voice is the most potent for weal to mankind. A great orator once said it was "glorious to follow Napoleon Bonaparte even as a conscript." The American people, in their proud freedom, are glad to follow Woodrow Wilson, and believe he will lead them to glorious victory, and the fruition of all their hopes.

This is an age of intense materialism and marvelous growth in art and science. I am not yet sixty but I have seen the birth and growth of the modern bath-room, sleeping and dining car, refrigeration, telephone, wireless telegraphy, phonograph, submarine, aeroplane, electric light, X-ray, and improvements, too numerous to mention, in surgery, chemistry, medicine, metallurgy, and many other arts and sciences.

The fetich of efficiency seems rampant in the land, and its virtues has affected some of our great institutions of learning to the practical exclusion of everything else. I am sure that Villanova has not sinned in this respect and feel that along with proper training of the head she has taught the heart so thoroughly that her sons can be relied on as well-balanced Christian men, able to hold their own in the fields of art and science, and also in those of religion. Efficiency is fine in its place, if properly co-ordinated with morality, but we see in Germany a terrible example of remarkable efficiency coupled with very bad morals—in fact, with an apparent lack of any kind of morality. The mental and physical side of the German people seems to have been developed to the highest degree. It is difficult to conceive greater success in a scientific, industrial, and purely material way than Germany has enjoyed in the last half century, but has she taught her people to be men first, and then engineers? Unfortunately for herself and the world she has not. Her teaching has been on the material side; not on the moral. She has made marvelous human machines, but not men of soul with good hearts and honest principles.

The Spartans of old, led by Lycurgus, became a nation of wonderful soldiers, while ignoring the better things of life, such as were inculcated by Solon to the Athenians. So Germany under Frederick the Great, Bismarck, Wilhelm II, and her materialistic philosophers who taught that the end justifies the means—that might is right, has become the greatest war power on earth, but has lost her moral nature, and descended to the lowest depths of cruelty and brutality. The great success of Germany in the war proves that she has reached the summit of human efficiency. Never was there anything to equal it. But the awful deeds and heartless crimes committed by her soldiers with the Kaiser's approval during this war—the most savage and barbarous in many ways which the world has ever witnessed, —demonstrates that a nation may have its mind and body developed to the highest degree, while its heart remains wholly untutored and as savage as that of lions and tigers in their native jungle.

Germany has given extraordinary education of a material kind to its people. They are taught to lead in every branch of art, science, and industry; to excel in every kind of human endeavor, especially the science of war; to become the most proficient people on the globe; and to imagine in their pride that they could dominate all mankind. This cruel and false philosophy has brought terrific sorrow in the world. At the cost of two hundred billions of treasure and five millions of human lives it will finally be crushed out, and the world made "safe for democracy."

Many of my hearers will doubtless enter the Army or Navy and it is fitting to remind them that our Government makes most generous provisions for the care of their families while they are fighting, and for the future maintenance of themselves and their loved ones. One of the best and wisest laws ever passed by Congress or any Legislature on earth is the War-Risk Insurance Act which carries many noble and generous provisions for the benefit of soldiers and sailors and their dependents.

It provides that every enlisted man in the Army and Navy shall make an allotment out of his monthly pay for the benefit of his wife and children, if he has any, and that he may volun-

tarily make allotments out of his pay for the benefit of dependent relatives other than wife or child, and that the Government shall supplement all such allotments, compulsory as well as voluntary, with an allowance, and that these payments shall be made monthly by the War-Risk Insurance Bureau.

Since December 20th last, when the first of these allowances and allotment payments were made to the families of soldiers and sailors, the War-Risk Insurance Bureau has written and mailed nearly three million checks representing the disbursement of more than $75,000,000. More than seven hundred thousand of these checks, aggregating over $16,000,000 were sent during last month.

In the case of an enlisted man who has a wife and children, or a wife alone, he is, under the law, obliged to set aside up to one-half of his pay—which will be $15.00 a month for the private in the army while serving in this country and $16.50 while serving abroad—to support his wife and children. The Government will immediately upon his doing that give his wife, if he has a wife alone, $15.00 per month. If he has children in addition, he will not be required to pay more than half of his pay to his wife. If he has a wife and one child the Government will pay them $25.00 a month; if a wife and two children, the Government will pay $32.50, and will give $5.00 for each additional child while the husband is serving in the army. Allowances are also provided for dependents other than wife and children.

In addition, if the man is killed and he has a wife and children, or widowed mother, the Government will provide compensation for the wife or mother, so long as she remains unmarried, and support for the children until they become eighteen years of age. These payments range from $25.00 for a widow alone to $57.50 for a widow and four children. If the man is totally disabled the Government will make a fixed monthly payment to him ranging from $30.00 a month to $75.00 a month if he has a wife and three or more children. Should he be so helpless as to require a nurse or attendant, he will be given up to $20.00 additional. Should he lose both feet, both hands, or both eyes, or be permanently bedridden, he will be paid $100.00 a month whether he is a bachelor or married.

If a man is injured in such a way that he cannot resume the occupation or trade in which he was engaged when he entered the service, the Government of the United States, at its own expense, will re-educate that man to some form of occupation for which he will be capable and which will enable him to spend the remainder of his life in useful work, helpful to himself and contributing to his own happiness. That is a very important provision.

If the Government re-educated a disabled man to a new occupation and he earns money, no matter how much, because of his new occupation and because of his own effort, the Government will continue to pay him the full amount he is entitled to for his disability. All that he earns belongs to him in addition to what the Government pays him.

Moreover, this Act also provides that every soldier and sailor, in addition to the allowance and allotment and compensation benefits of the Act before referred to, which are extended without cost to all soldiers and sailors alike, may apply voluntarily for, and take out not less than $1,000 nor more than $10,000 of insurance to protect his family or dependents in addition to the compensation benefits mentioned above, in the event of his death; and for his additional protection in the event he becomes totally and permanently disabled. The rate charged by the Government for this insurance is from $6.50 per $1,000 at the age of twenty-one, to $8.20 at the age of forty-one; from $65.00 to $82.00 per year for $10,000 of insurance. If a soldier of twenty-one desired insurance in the Penn Mutual or any of our big insurance companies, it would cost him $58.00 per year $1,000, and that with a guarantee for only one year. This would mean $580.00 per year for $10,000 instead of $65.00. This war insurance can be carried after the close of the war at the same rate. It is a magnificent business investment and every soldier and sailor should take advantage of his country's noble generous justice to the full extent of $10,000 of insurance.

The War Risk Insurance Act was passed October 6, 1917. At the close of business on

June 7, 1918, it had written $18,642,113 of this insurance, representing 2,248,790 applications for the average of $8,290 each.

This represents a larger amount of insurance in force than is carried today by the twenty largest life insurance companies in the world combined, and a larger amount than was written by all the life insurance companies, including fraternal beneficiary associations, in the United States during the year 1917. This insurance is still being written in large amounts, averaging approximately one hundred millions a day.

In the great world war the sons of Villanova are bearing their full part—245 of them being already in the service—and the Class of 1918 will nobly sustain the College record when called to the colors or to duty elsewhere. Young men, your country expects you to win this war, and you must do everything in your power to win it. Do not hold back until someone invites you to act, but be leaders—not mere followers, nor laggards nor slackers. If the Army or Navy needs you—and both of them need many additional men—do not wait till drafted but enlist voluntarily, or at least offer your services. Perhaps, you can serve better as a soldier of industry aiding in producing food, or clothing, or munitions, or ships, or any of the innumerable things needed for the successful conduct of the war. If so, serve in that capacity, always showing a good spirit—willing to do your best. All of us cannot be military men. Only about two millions out of our one hundred million inhabitants are now enlisted in our fighting branches, and it is just as essential to keep things moving normally for the remaining ninety-eight million civilians, though, of course, we must give the best of everything to our soldiers and sailors. You have a wide field before you, and your training at Villanova has prepared you to meet whatever tasks are assigned to you as brave, true, competent men. Your Alma Mater expects the best of you, and you will not disappoint her.

What can you do as educated Catholics to help your country in this crucial period? A great deal, my young friends. You can show by your daily lives and the faithful performance of every duty that your College has instilled in you the loftiest sentiments of patriotism and religion; that you have been taught to love and obey the laws and constituted rulers of your country, and to show your fealty if necessary by cheerfully giving your lives at their behest; that you recognize the rights of everyone to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and are ready to assist in assuring these blessings, not only to the people of our free United States, but to the oppressed of all nations; that you abhor the false doctrine of the materialists that the end justifies the means, and that might is right; that you believe in honesty, justice, and fair-play between nations as among individuals; and that you glory in being devoted sons of the Catholic Church, true to her teachings, and better citizens because her loyal children.

Your opportunities and advantages in this fine College have been unusually good, and more will be expected of you than of those less favored. You have had ten talents and must return more than the man with one. In this worldly age many temptations will assail you. Be sure to remain faithful to the teachings—human and divine—imparted to you here, and never cause the blush of shame to any of your beloved professors. I cannot hope to add anything new, but trust you will permit me out of my years of experience to emphasize the precepts of your College on a few points.

In advance let me ask pardon for even supposing that any of you are in need of my suggestions. At all times, and under every circumstance you must be truthful and honest. One falsehood, one little lie will often get one into serious trouble, and frequently necessitates a dozen or more lies to explain the first. As the poet Burns so well expresses it, "Oh what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive." A lie is such a contemptible thing; so small, so unworthy of a gentleman; so useless and so apt to breed disgust not only among associates but to the inner consciousness of the person himself. Conscience makes cowards of us all. We cannot escape conscience, and even if all mankind should approve us, in spite of our deceptions there is one person—ourself—whose good opinion we must retain if there is to be any peace when we retire at night and seek repose in sleep.

I have often been asked to give a letter of recommendation to someone desiring a posi-

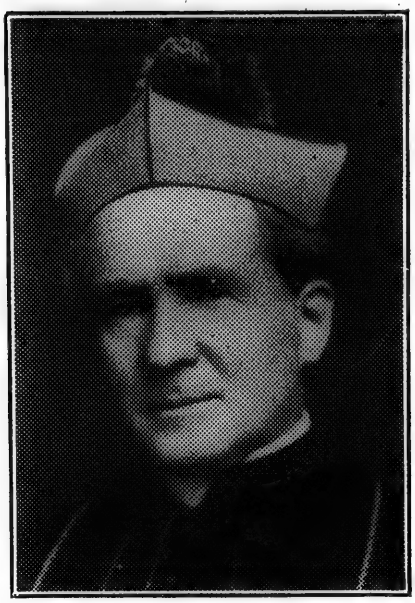
tion, and it was so gratifying to me and helpful to him if I could say that he was strictly truthful and every statement made by him could be relied on implicitly. Truthfulness is one of the principal attributes of good character.

As to honesty, I am firmly convinced, entirely aside from the moral principle—which should make one honest because it is right and just—that "honesty is the best policy." This is an old saw which you have heard often, but it is undoubtedly true. Some dishonest folk—not thieves in the ordinary sense but individuals, corporations, or nations who fail to recognize the property rights of others—may thrive for a time, but their ill-gotten gain will confer no permanent benefit. A day of reckoning will come and great sorrow—often deep disgrace—will overtake the one who has stolen from his neighbor or defrauded him in any way.

I practiced law for many years and came in contact with various kinds of dishonesty. In the long run it did not pay so far as my experience went, and I believe that the unanimous opinion of thoughtful men is that while violators of the Seventh Commandment sometimes appear to prosper, they are certain to be punished eventually and severely.

Having spoken of truth and honesty, let me tell you a true story from my own life of the value of prompt attention to details especially in answering letters. When quite a young lawyer in Louisiana I received a letter from Theodore Harris, President of the Louisville Banking Company, of Louisville, Kentucky, asking a number of questions about a certain cotton plantation near my home on which his bank held a ten thousand dollar mortgage. By dint of three days' hard work I secured the desired information and replied fully. Nothing was said about a fee in my letter, though I felt that at least fifteen dollars had been earned. The next mail brought a very grateful letter from Mr. Harris saying I had given information he had tried in vain for several months to secure, having written to several persons who did not answer his letters, complimenting me highly, and promising to give me any business his bank might have in my locality. This pleased me so much that I said nothing about the fifteen-dollar fee. In about twelve months the bank sent me for foreclosure suit the ten thousand dollar mortgage note, and after a contest in the courts for about a year the property was sold under the mortgage and bought in by me for the bank. I then acted as agent in leasing the plantation for ten years, and finally sold it. My fee for the foreclosure suit was $1,000, for leasing, paying taxes, etc., an average of $150.00 a year, or $1,500 for the ten years, and for the final sale $350.00, making a total of $2,850, all due to promptness in answering the first letter, and paying strict attention to the business that followed.

In conclusion, let me beg of you, young gentlemen, on this commencement day of your new lives to start out with the high resolve that you will maintain through life the good character you possess now and will always give good example. Many eyes are upon all Catholics because it is known that their Church teaches them so thoroughly—educating the heart, head, and hand—and expects so much of them. If they fall into the ditch it gives greater scandal than for the ordinary man to lose his path and stumble. This is especially true of young men educated in such a college as Villanova with its high curriculum and fine moral influences. You are started from Alma Mater today well trained in intellect and with the mark of good character stamped upon your brows. Preserve it at all hazards and carry it to the grave as your choicest possession. No words can portray the value of good character, which the immortal orator, Sargent S. Prentiss, says, "is and ever should be a wall of strength to its possessor, and a seven-fold shield to him who bears it." Good character is everything, and without it life is not worth living.



Rt. Rev. Michael J. Hoban, D.D., Bishop of Scranton, who assisted at the Pontifical Mass and Commencement Exercises.



His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate accompanied by V. Rev. Charles M. Driscoll, Provincial and Rev. James J. Dean, President of Villanova, in procession of Commencement Day.—Courtesy of Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

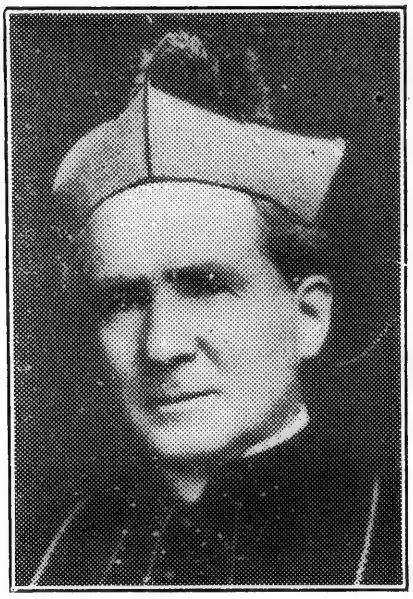
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His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate accompanied by V. Rev. Charles M. Driscoll, Provincial and Rev. James J. Dean, President of Villanova, in procession at Commencement Day. Courtesy of Philadelphia *Public Ledger*

Address

By Hon. Thomas Riley Marshall, J.D., *Vice-President of the United States*

Your Grace, Distinguished Dignitaries of the Church, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the few remaining moments of this interesting occasion it will not be possible for me to prove myself worthy of the very unusual and distinguished honor which you have conferred upon me. Perhaps it is fortunate that the time is so short; otherwise I might prove that I am wholly unworthy. It is, however, proper for me, gratefully and if possible, graciously to thank this ancient and honorable Christian institution for the degree of Doctor of Jurisprudence this day conferred upon me.

I had hoped, within the quiet precincts of an institution dedicated to Christian scholarship, to escape for one day from the noise and tumult of the war in which our people are engaged. I find it is not possible. Even here its great horrors have penetrated. This leads me to say that I am not at all alarmed about its final outcome. The American people are easy-going, slow to anger, but when once aroused they are terrible in their might. The war will not end save in a triumph for American arms.

There is, however, a matter about which I am deeply concerned and that is, what shall be the leadership of the future? For, regardless of the form of government from the most absolute monarchy to the freest democracy, men always have been and always must be led. We are hoping and believing that wars shall cease with the termination of this one. We are blind to the history of civilization, however, if we assume that they can end by mere statecraft. Nothing is more fallacious than to assume that the conscience is an unerring guide. One of the weaknesses of the Republic has been its teaching that men are entitled to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. If it were possible for me to revise this much-abused statement, I should make it to read that men are entitled to worship God without the interference of churchly authority, for in this manner I would impress upon every human being the necessity to worship God in order to have right thinking and right acting and thus bring about permanent peace.

I am not, myself, entirely convinced that, under all circumstances, we have the right of private judgment. Attacked with symptoms of appendicitis, I shall not endeavor to ascertain the truth by sending for a plumber. Conscience never was and never will be an infallible guide. It must be educated along right lines in order to constitute such a guide. The German conscience believes that the individual German should be honest and truthful and just in all his dealings with the representative of the Belgian Government now seated upon this platform but, when it comes to the collective conduct of the German people toward the Belgian people, treaties are "scraps of paper," murder, rapine, destruction of sacred and art treasures, and terrorism are perfectly legitimate. They do not rest as wrongs upon the individual conscience of the individual German nor does the German Government have an entity and a conscience which will be punished in any other way than by the force of arms.

Thus it appears to me that the hope, the absolute hope, of permanent peace in the world must come from the training of the conscience of the individual man along right lines. I have, therefore, always held it to be the duty of the parent to train the child to understand as much his responsibility to God and to his fellowmen as his responsibility to his family and to himself.

The permanent peace of the world is to be assured when the conscience of each individual is taught that there is no distinction between right and wrong whether applied to the relations of man to man or nation to nation.

It follows that in a land of religious liberty, where there is not and never shall be any state church, I look with favor and gratification upon Villanova College and all its kind, where a liberal education consists not only in book learning and in physical prowess but also in the teaching of those humanities which will impress the young man that God is in all and over all; that

he cannot hold His laws as binding in the relation of man to man and hold them to be in abeyance in the relations of state and state.

I hope that everywhere in America each educational institution will devote part of its time to the training of the future leaders of society and government to believe that nations are only individuals in the aggregate and that what is just and right between individuals must be just and right between nations; that what constitutes crime and wrong and injustice between men also constitutes crime and wrong and injustice between states.

Do you ask me if in this manner I hope to make a world democratic? If so, I answer "Yes" and "No" for, by the very constitution of society the aristocrat will always survive, always the world will be ruled by the best, or by that which claims and pretends to be the best. Therefore, I am hoping that, as there was One who brought upon himself the envy, contumely and scorn of humankind because He sought to serve His fellowmen; Who dragged His cross along the Via Dolorosa and was crucified between two malefactors; Who was both son of man and Son of God, both aristocrat and democrat, the future, through Christian education, will furnish to the world a rule of genuine aristocrats because they are the greatest democrats, because our sole purpose will be the purpose of the Great Teacher of Mankind—to go about doing good. May He, without Whose approving smile our labor is all in vain, be roundabout this ancient and honorable institution so long as it shall continue to teach faith in God, love of country and good-will toward humankind, even as the mountains are roundabout Jerusalem.



Vice-President Marshall delivering his address.
Courtesy of Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

Address

By Hon. Thomas Riley Marshall, J.D., *Vice-President of the United States*

Your Grace, Distinguished Dignitaries of the Church, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the few remaining moments of this interesting occasion it will not be possible for me to prove myself worthy of the very unusual and distinguished honor which you have conferred upon me. Perhaps it is fortunate that the time is so short; otherwise I might prove that I am wholly unworthy. It is, however, proper for me, gratefully and if possible, graciously to thank this ancient and honorable Christian institution for the degree of Doctor of Jurisprudence this day conferred upon me.

I had hoped, within the quiet precincts of an institution dedicated to Christian scholarship, to escape for one day from the noise and tumult of the war in which our people are engaged. I find it is not possible. Even here its great horrors have penetrated. This leads me to say that I am not at all alarmed about its final outcome. The American people are easy-going, slow to anger, but when once aroused they are terrible in their might. The war will not end save in a triumph for American arms.

There is, however, a matter about which I am deeply concerned and that is, what shall be the leadership of the future? For, regardless of the form of government from the most absolute monarchy to the freest democracy, men always have been and always must be led. We are hoping and believing that wars shall cease with the termination of this one. We are blind to the history of civilization, however, if we assume that they can end by mere statecraft. Nothing is more fallacious than to assume that the conscience is an unerring guide. One of the weaknesses of the Republic has been its teaching that men are entitled to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. If it were possible for me to revise this much-abused statement, I should make it to read that men are entitled to worship God without the interference of churchly authority, for in this manner I would impress upon every human being the necessity to worship God in order to have right thinking and right acting and thus bring about permanent peace.

I am not, myself, entirely convinced that, under all circumstances, we have the right of private judgment. Attacked with symptoms of appendicitis, I shall not endeavor to ascertain the truth by sending for a plumber. Conscience never was and never will be an infallible guide. It must be educated along right lines in order to constitute such a guide. The German conscience believes that the individual German should be honest and truthful and just in all his dealings with the representative of the Belgian Government now seated upon this platform but, when it comes to the collective conduct of the German people toward the Belgian people, treaties are "scraps of paper," murder, rapine, destruction of sacred and art treasures, and terrorism are perfectly legitimate. They do not rest as wrongs upon the individual conscience of the individual German nor does the German Government have an entity and a conscience which will be punished in any other way than by the force of arms.

Thus it appears to me that the hope, the absolute hope, of permanent peace in the world must come from the training of the conscience of the individual man along right lines. I have, therefore, always held it to be the duty of the parent to train the child to understand as much his responsibility to God and to his fellowmen as his responsibility to his family and to himself.

The permanent peace of the world is to be assured when the conscience of each individual is taught that there is no distinction between right and wrong whether applied to the relations of man to man or nation to nation.

It follows that in a land of religious liberty, where there is not and never shall be any state church, I look with favor and gratification upon Villanova College and all its kind, where a liberal education consists not only in book learning and in physical prowess but also in the teaching of those humanities which will impress the young man that God is in all and over all; that

he cannot hold His laws as binding in the relation of man to man and hold them to be in abeyance in the relations of state and state.

I hope that everywhere in America each educational institution will devote part of its time to the training of the future leaders of society and government to believe that nations are only individuals in the aggregate and that what is just and right between individuals must be just and right between nations; that what constitutes crime and wrong and injustice between men also constitutes crime and wrong and injustice between states.

Do you ask me if in this manner I hope to make a world democratic? If so, I answer "Yes" and "No" for, by the very constitution of society the aristocrat will always survive, always the world will be ruled by the best, or by that which claims and pretends to be the best. Therefore, I am hoping that, as there was One who brought upon himself the envy, contumely and scorn of humankind because He sought to serve His fellowmen; Who dragged His cross along the Via Dolorosa and was crucified between two malefactors; Who was both son of man and Son of God, both aristocrat and democrat, the future, through Christian education, will furnish to the world a rule of genuine aristocrats because they are the greatest democrats, because our sole purpose will be the purpose of the Great Teacher of Mankind—to go about doing good. May He, without Whose approving smile our labor is all in vain, be roundabout this ancient and honorable institution so long as it shall continue to teach faith in God, love of country and good-will toward humankind, even as the mountains are roundabout Jerusalem.



Vice President Marshall delivering his address
Courtesy of Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

Pontifical Mass

Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated on Tuesday morning in the College Chapel. The long procession slowly wended its way from the main entrance of the Monastery—the alumni, the student-body, the graduating class and candidates for degrees in caps and gowns, the scholastics, brothers and priests of Villanova, the visiting clergy and distinguished guests, the ministers of the Mass and the venerable representative of Our Holy Father, the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop John Bonzano, D.D.,—while the glorious strains of "Magne Pater" rang through old Villanova's halls.

The beautiful chapel was elaborately decorated with red and white roses and myriads of flickering candles. V. Rev. Charles M. Driscoll, O. S. A., the Provincial, assisted His Excellency, who was the Celebrant, while Rev. James F. Green, O. S. A., President of St. Rita's College, Chicago, Ill., was Deacon of the Mass and V. Rev. John B. Leonard, O. S. A., Prior of Villanova Monastery Sub-Deacon. The Deacons of Honor were Rev. James T. O'Reilly, O. S. A., of St. Mary's Church, Lawrence, Mass., and Rev. Edward G. Dohan, O. S. A. of St. Joseph's Church, Greenwich, N. Y. Rev. George S. Walker, O. S. A., and Rev. Charles J. Melchior, O. S. A., were the Masters of Ceremonies. In the Sanctuary were the Rt. Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, Bishop of Harrisburg, and Rt. Rev. Michael J. Hoban, Bishop of Scranton. A beautiful musical program was rendered by the Villanova College Choir.

Among those present in the sanctuary, in addition to many Augustinian Fathers, were Monsignors Turner, Crane, Murphy; Fathers Gough, Flood, Carey, Hickey (of Brooklyn); Father Dominic, Rector of St. Michael's Monastery, West Hoboken, N. J.; Fathers McCabe, Maloney, Cowley, M. C. Donovan, Walsh, S. J. Martin of Conn., A. J. Plunkett, Parker, P. A. Daly, John Thompson, M. C. Gormley, Naylon, McGinnis, Campa, W. O. Howard, D. H. Donovan, Kelleher, John Lucitt, Mellon, Sullivan.

The Jubilee sermon was to have been delivered by Rev. John I. Whelen, '93, Ph.D., editor of the *Brooklyn Tablet*, but in his absence due to illness, the Rev. James J. Dean, O. S. A., President of Villanova, assumed the role of preacher.

Jubilee Sermon

By Rev. J. J. Dean, O. S. A.

"And going up into one of the boats that was Simon's,
He desired him to draw back a little from the shore.
And sitting He taught the multitude out of the boat."—St. Luke 5: 3.

IT has been well said, my brethren, that a work of genius is a work for all time; a work produced, if you will, in ages long since past, yet so close to the human heart that it seems but the expression of yesteryear. So, in the greatest of all works of genius, the inspired Word of Almighty God, there is not a passage and scarcely a word but conveys a message and teaches a lesson even today. There is, too, a marvelous wealth of meaning in the order which Mother Church gives to her gospel lessons, scattered like pearls of great price throughout the ecclesiastical year. Search the pages of Holy Writ as you will and there appears no text, no passage more directly applicable to the event of this morning, than the few words we have chosen from the gospel of next Sunday.

"Going up into one of the boats that was Simon's." How wonderfully simple, yet how prophetic these words! Jesus Christ still continues to abide in the bark of Peter (who was formerly Simon) and still pilots the apparently frail vessel safe and sound between the Scylla of passion and the Charybdis of unbelief. "He desired him to draw back a little from the land"; away from the harassing pressure of the multitude, away from the strife and the stress of the world, away from the eddying currents that converge round the shore, out into the deep waters that know no tempest and harbor no derelicts. "And sitting He taught the multitude out of the ship." And so he continues to teach the multitude throughout the ages, to teach them from an atmosphere that is beyond the reach of taint and corruption, to teach them from the placid waters of truth and virtue, to teach them principles that are ever ancient yet always new.

What more ideal from an educational standpoint than to sit at the feet of God's anointed and to imbibe from consecrated lips not merely the principles of a divine faith but also the elements of secular knowledge; to listen to the inspired word spoken gently amid surroundings that breathe serenity and peace, and to delve into scientific lore under the guidance of those whose practical belief gives them a true perspective? What better preparation for life's journey than to dwell for years along the shores of the placid ocean of truth, building stoutly and strongly, before launching out into the deep waters, with their uncharted shoals and their varying currents?

It would be entirely out of place on an occasion of this kind to condemn or even to criticise any system of education, be it secular or religious. You have heard oft-times of the dangers that ensue to the community as well as to the individual from godless schools. Suffice it to say that so impartial an observer as George Bernard Shaw has publicly declared that unreligious education is necessarily irreligious education, and that any system of mental training which excludes religion is psychologically and pedagogically foreordained to failure. Common sense tells us that, in spite of our boasted liberty of thought and conscience, we have no right to think what is evil, no right to say what is not true, no right to do what is morally wrong. Knowledge of good and evil is undoubtedly a prime requisite for virtuous conduct, but it is by no means the only requisite. Training of the mind does not necessarily imply strengthening of the will, nor is character the inseparable companion of education. The physical evils which result from a life of sin are none the less real because of the victim's knowledge, neither is his resisting power increased by the revolting examples set before him. Knowledge does not insure man against the evils of unrestrained passion; Christ alone can save the world and make men free. Surely then there is little to be hoped for

from a system in which ethical culture has displaced religion and a suggestive hygiene has taken the place of time-honored moral principles.

Neither is it our purpose to enter upon a defense or an attempted justification of the Catholic educational system. That system is an established fact and the evident results more than repay the sacrifices we are so often called upon to make. It is a fundamental principle in ethics that the right to educate the child belongs primarily to the parents; hence we cannot but view with alarm the socialistic tendencies which manifest themselves so strongly today in the matter of State control of education. We hold that God has laid upon the parents a solemn obligation to bring up their children in the ways of truth and justice; to train them to become not mere cog-wheels in a great machine, but free and responsible beings with a definite work to do and a positive destiny to attain. What sacrifices the Catholic educational policy represents! Sacrifices alike of priest and people and the constant oblation of those noble men and women who, under the vows of religion, give their all in order that Mother Church may have a cleft in the rock and a cave in the mountainside to train her little ones in the knowledge that leads to God. And yet the system is well worth the sacrifice, not alone because of the results obtained, but, even more, because of the principle for which it stands.

It is sometimes asserted and occasionally by men of seemingly sober judgment, that the development of the Catholic school system is due primarily to the Church's desire to keep the masses in ignorance of historical truth and to stifle that scientific investigation which some imagine might lead to an uprooting of long-accepted and fundamental beliefs. We are led to understand that popular education owes its beginning to the so-called Reformation. As a matter of fact, the common school systems of the present day have nowhere attained to the degree of perfection that characterized the Catholic schools of the pre-Reformation period. Even our highest educational institutions are not yet abreast of the average Catholic University of the Middle Ages. Only a short time ago the American Medical Society advocated measures for the improvement of the study of the healing art which brings the course into exact accord with that laid down by Pope John XXII in a Bull issued February 18, 1321. Unfortunately we have not yet sufficiently developed to place the study of law on the high plane advocated by this supposed enemy of progress and enlightenment.

Do you know that the best historians of the present generation have established beyond shadow of doubt the fact that the wonderful progress of the last few centuries was not only not inspired by, but was actually retarded at least one hundred years by the religious upheaval of the sixteenth century? Practically all of our modern ideas are in reality not modern at all, but are daily being re-discovered hidden away in the musty manuscripts of the old monasteries, so ruthlessly pillaged and destroyed. Not only did the Church never hinder the search after knowledge, but on the contrary she has always been and still is its foremost defender and its most powerful patron. There is not a single branch of art, literature or science whose basic principles were not laid by a Catholic religious or a devout Catholic layman, men noted alike for their child-like faith and their remarkable originality and independence of thought; men who not only met with no opposition from their ecclesiastical superiors, but whose work was rendered possible only by the hearty support and the co-operation of those very Churchmen who have been too often looked upon as the implacable foes of the dissemination of knowledge. On reading the records of the old convents, now being brought from their seclusion, one cannot help marveling at the wonderful intellectual power and the prophetic insight of those men who have been so frequently regarded as the enemies of culture and enlightenment. Only too often is the credit for remarkable discovery or invention given to someone who can justly lay no claim thereto, whilst the real hero lies hidden in the recesses of some Middle-Age cloister. It calls to mind rather forcibly some beautiful lines recounting the hardships, followed by lack of appreciation, of the explorer who goes beyond the edge of cultivation, where trails run out and stop:

"Well I know who'll take the credit—all the clever chaps that followed—
Came a dozen men together—never knew my desert fears;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water-holes I'd hollowed.
They'll go back and do the talking. They'll be called the pioneers.

"They will find my sites of townships—not the cities that I set there,
They will rediscover rivers—not my rivers heard at night.
By my own old marks and bearings they will show me how to get there,
By the lowly cairns I builded they will guide my feet aright.

"Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one single acre?
Have I kept one single nugget? Barring samples? No, not I.
Because my price was paid me ten times over by my Maker.
But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy."

Verily, the world does not appreciate the wonderful advances along educational lines that were made in an age which has long been slanderously termed an era of intellectual bondage and of moral depravity. Is it any wonder that De Maistre should refer to history as "that conspiracy against truth?"

The present worth of any system, however, does not depend upon the antiquity of its origin; neither is it determined by the wealth of illustrious names that blazon its path through the ages. That which has nothing but antiquity to recommend it, may be deserving of reverence and respect; yet we do well to pray that its end may be peaceful and its last days not without honor. The important thing, the only thing worthy of consideration, is the present-day efficiency of the system. What we want to know is this: Are we equipping men and women for the battle of life? Do we send them forth armed with the most approved weapons and skilled in the tactics of the day? Or, rather do we urge them meekly onward to tilt with windmills of their own construction and, in their Quixotic zeal, to derive their inspiration from an intellectually myopic Sancho Panza? And in reply we dare assert, my brethren, without fear of contradiction, that the very trend of events demands that type of mental and moral training which is given today only in our Catholic schools and colleges.

It is not enough in this, our day to limit parental and religious control of education to the years of childhood, to learn under proper supervision those truths only whose knowledge is necessary to eternal salvation. Something more is required. Upon the great body of Catholic laymen depends in great measure the welfare of both Church and State. We must stand as a unit; an insuperable barrier against the onrushing tide of intellectual anarchy and the threatening avalanche of a false economic socialism. If we would be true to our trust, we must know the Catholic attitude toward those fundamental problems which now occupy the public mind. We have a philosophy that is the outgrowth of the noblest efforts of human reason, enlightened by divine revelation and enriched by the experience of centuries. To know that philosophy and to apply its principles to the questions of the day is the task for which our educated laity should be fitted; and nowhere can that philosophy be learned to better advantage—if at all—than in our Catholic colleges and universities. Hence there devolves upon our people an obligation to support morally and materially those institutions of higher learning of which we are so justly proud. Hence the duty of parents and guardians of youth to direct those committed to their care to educational centers where their faith will not be put in danger nor their moral character exposed to undue peril.

To provide an institution of this type was the motive which impelled the good Fathers of Saint Augustine to establish the College whose Diamond Jubilee we celebrate so auspiciously today. Intellectual development, will strengthening, soul culture,—these are the purposes which underlie the Villanova system; these the principles which have spelled success; these the ideals which, translated into reality throughout the passing decades, find their fullest expression in the splendid outpouring of her faithful and

illustrious sons on this, Alma Mater's day of joy and triumph.

Diamond Jubilee! Seventy-five precious years, every one a jewel of priceless value! What a crown of glory! What a diadem of surpassing brilliance! Time does not suffice to trace, even in outline, the glorious history of Villanova, the wonderful development from the dwelling house of 1843 to the magnificent structures which now greet the eye, the evolution from the first small class of enthusiastic youth to the university courses and the splendid attendance of today.

What memories cluster round these hallowed precincts! Much that was priceless has been engulfed in the wake of progress, yet enough remains to constitute a shrine and to provide a place of pilgrimage. The walls still stand which once re-echoed the genial greetings of an O'Dwyer and a Hartnett; resounded with the burning eloquence of a Moriarty; were rendered more lightsome by the kindly cheer of a Mullen, a Stanton, a Galberry and a Fedigan; were sanctified by the simple zeal of a Coleman, a Sheeran and a McEvoy. Others there are, yet active in the vineyard of the Lord, who have labored zealously and well to raise Villanova to her present pinnacle of success. Their names, too, are written large on history's scroll and their memory is held in benediction. For them and for all who in any way have added lustre to these diamond years, whether they be among the living or already passed to the great beyond, let us breathe today a fervent prayer. They have builded better than they knew. May they receive their just reward and may their labors not be rendered vain nor their heritage diminished by passing years.

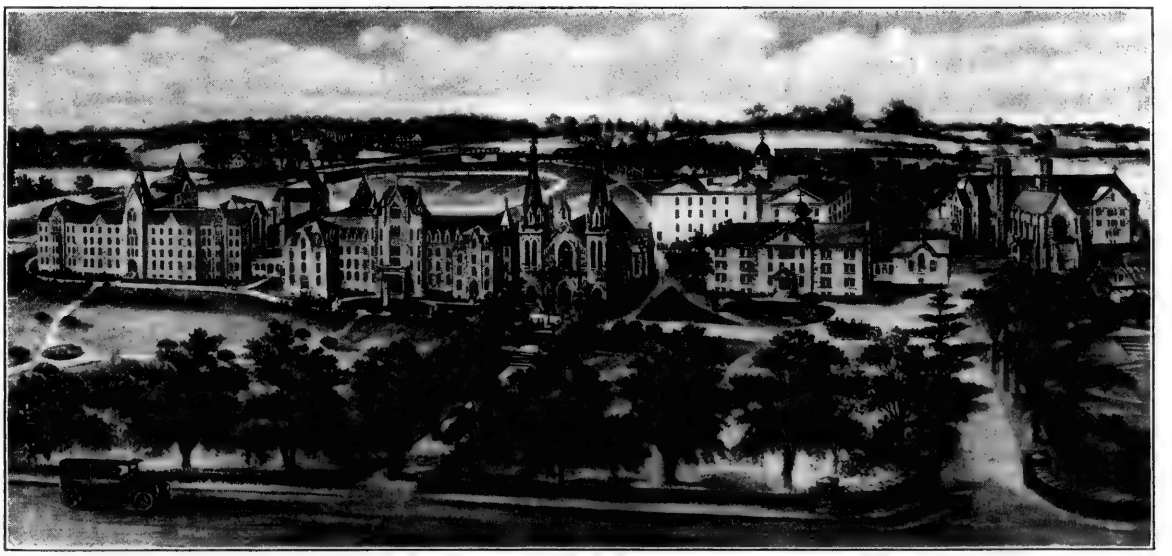
The future? God alone knows what it holds in store for that Villanova which we love so well. May she continue to prosper is the fervent wish of all who know her best. Yea, may the giant strides of nearly four-score years be but as a measuring unit for the advances which shall have come to pass before her centenary shall dawn upon the horizon. God has, indeed, his wondrous ways, yet He accomplishes his designs through human agencies. Ours it is, under Providence, to say what the coming years shall bring. Hence, while we bid you welcome this morning and ask you to rejoice with us, we also bespeak your hearty co-operation and your zealous support. Generations of illustrious names bear witness to the greatness of the past; a broader sphere of influence and a wider field of action are tokens of even greater success n the future.

Hail Villanova! Your sons greet you today in the hour of your rejoicing. They invoke with all the fervor of which their hearts are capable the intercession and the guidance of that illustrious Saint from whom your title is derived and under whose patronage your aims have been achieved. St. Thomas of Villanova, intercede for her! Obtain for Alma Mater the grace that these groves, God's temple, sanctified and consecrated by piety and zeal, may be rendered still more holy and may ever serve as a rallying point for truth and justice. May these classic shades, removed as they are from the stress and strain of a busy world, always afford a haven for that teaching Christ who bade Peter to draw back a little from the shore in order that He might instruct the multitude in tranquillity and peace.

Villanova! God bless you!



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Villanova Today—1918.

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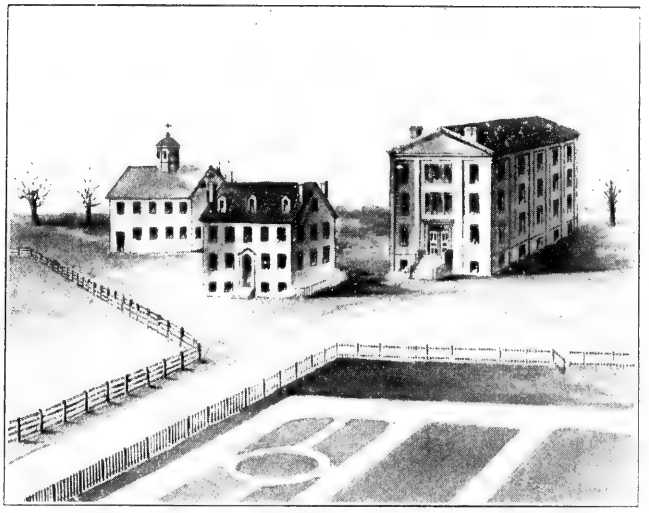
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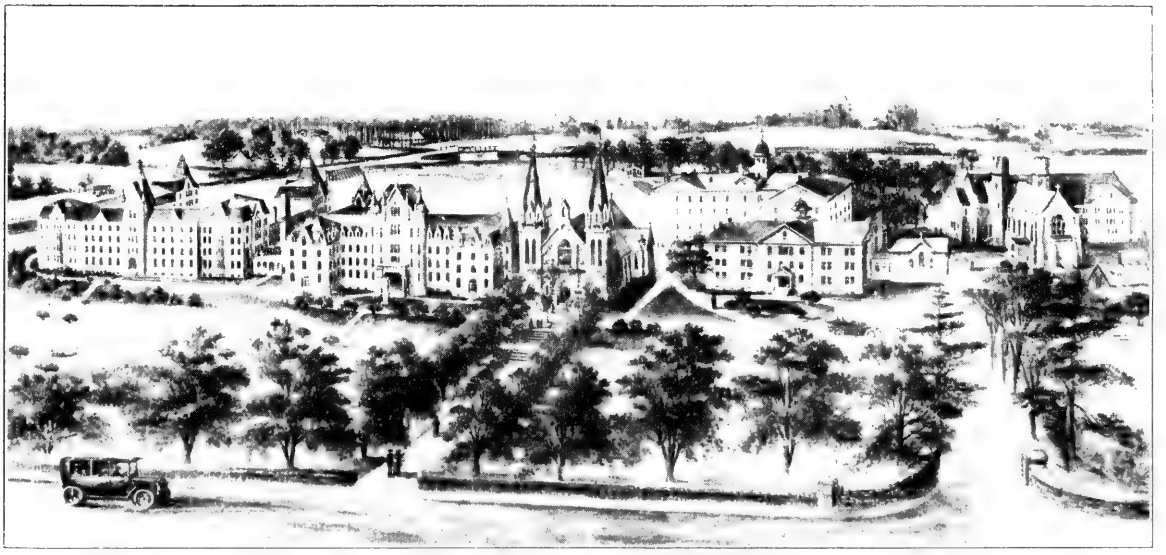
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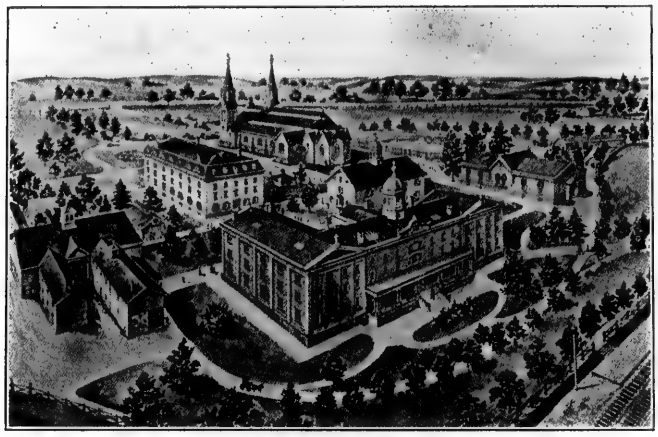
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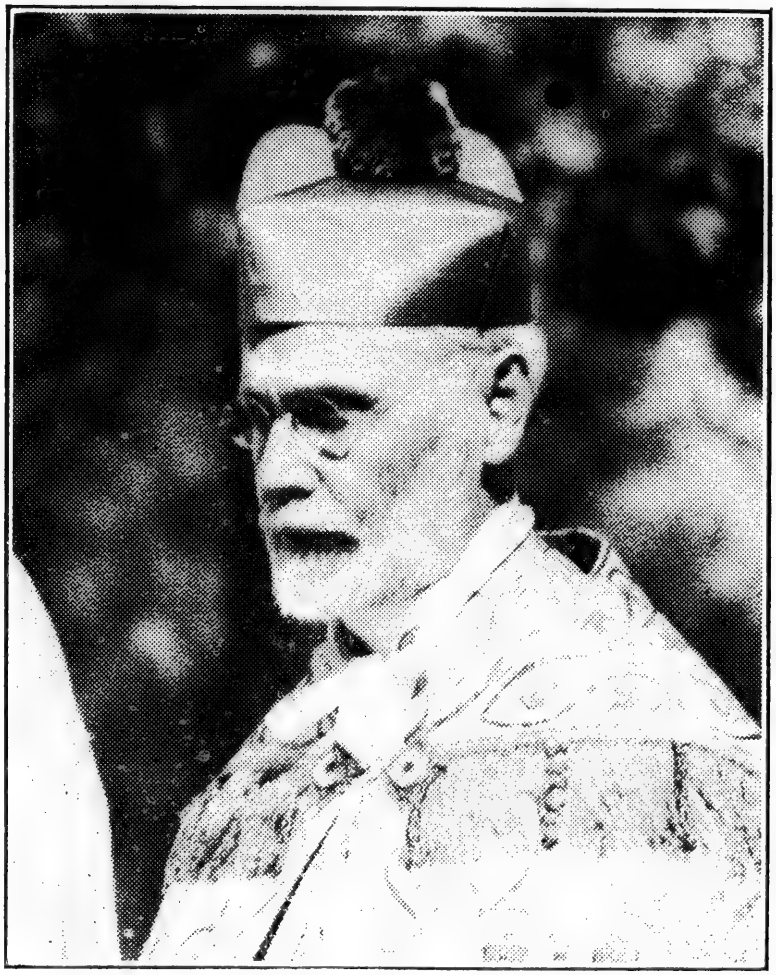
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Villanova Today — 1918.



Villanova in 1893.



Rt. Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, D.D., Bishop of Harrisburg, who was present at the Pontifical Mass and at Commencement.—Courtesy of the *Catholic Standard and Times*.

Alumni Banquet

ON Monday evening, June 10th, the college dining-hall was the scene of a gathering that Villanova's sons will not soon forget. The presence of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Bonzano, the humorous reminiscences of the toastmaster, Rev. A. J. Plunkett, the old "grads" and the newest members of our Alumni, the music by the college orchestra and the many stirring speeches, all united to make the evening a memorable and enjoyable one.

Rev. J. T. O'Reilly of Lawrence, Mass., spoke for the "Boys of Fifty Years Ago." "Villanova of Twenty-five Years Ago" was represented by Charles D. McEvoy, '98. Father Dean responded to the toast "Villanova of Today." Rt. Rev. Mgr. H. T. Drumgoole, Rector of Overbrook Seminary, spoke on the "Spirit of Catholic Education." "Villanova in the Service" was answered by Rev. Chaplain Waring. Professor Charles A. McGeehan, '12, spoke most eloquently and forcibly of the Spirit of Villanova and the Jubilee Slogan. Tom Reap, coach of the football squad, proved in earnest words that his plans for helping Alma Mater are just as practical as are his methods of building up a football team. Rev. James F. Green, O. S. A., President of St. Rita's College, Chicago, Ill., represented our Alumni from the West.

Father Plunkett proved a most popular toastmaster. His frequent sallies of wit, the many personal and local allusions to the Villanova of his days which interspersed his remarks, his keen appreciation of the spirit of Alma Mater, the deep feeling to which he frequently gave expression in phrases of sublime oratory—all combined to endear him to the hearts of his hearers—and the frequent applause which punctuated his remarks showed that he was faithfully interpreting the sentiments of all.

The dinner itself was a most enjoyable one well worthy of the art of the steward, Mr. Zimmerman. The College boys, who acted as waiters, received many congratulations on the excellent service they rendered. The music furnished by the College "Jazz Band" added to the enjoyment of the evening and contributed greatly to the patriotic and college songs which interspersed the program. The high-class entertainment furnished by "Joe" Kelly, Jim McCool, and Dan McElbratton was much appreciated by the guests as the repeated encores testified.

Toasts

In his opening remarks, Father Plunkett spoke as follows:

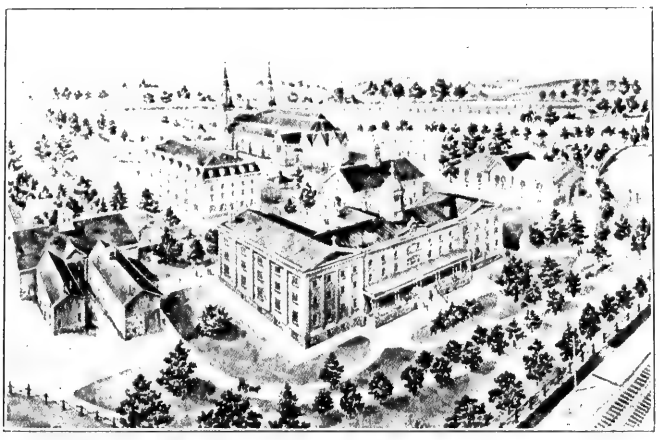
"Before opening up the flow of Jubilee Oratory, I wish to offer two resolutions, to which I ask your unanimous consent. We, the Alumni of Villanova assembled in Jubilee Banquet, resolve: First that none but the saints go to heaven. Second, we resolve that we are the saints. At any rate we are the saints for tonight, as Villanova is our paradise.

"Fair Villanova!
We loved thee and oh! we love thee still;
The world to wreck may crumble,
But the flames of love we bear thee
Flash out, as ruins crumble.

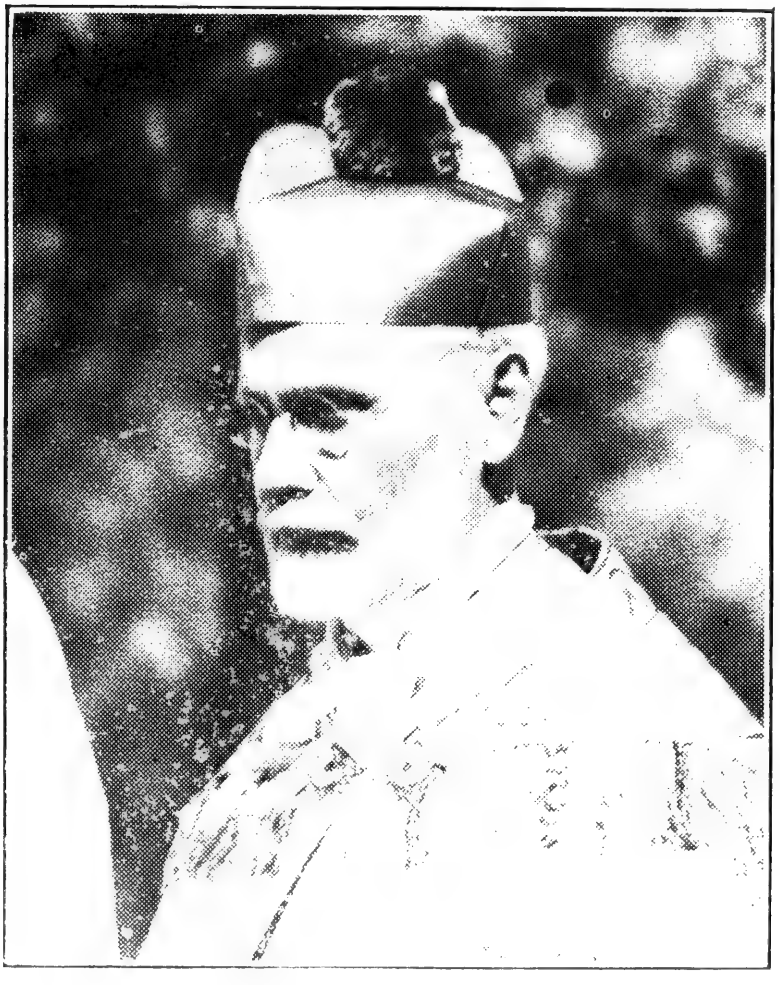
And on the air a song is swelling such as ne'er was heard before, a song of Villanova!—the fairest of Alma Maters to us. Unsurpassed in art and science, unmatched in fame and love, we salute thee, Villanova, on this thy newest birthday. Nor spot nor wrinkle mars thy fairness in the ageing of the years. Youth seems to be thy portion forever, and beauty wanders everywhere. And here are found our boyhood dreams,

"God's quiet truth, and silent woods,
And narrow paths that sundown paints,
In all the gorgeous colors of the world.

"From the humble beginnings of a boys' school, to the splendor of a full-grown university, Villanova has developed in power and influence. During seventy-five years has she raised her voice and called the youth of the land to come to 'Belle Aire,' her first sweet name, and sip the Olympian nectar of scholarship. They came in ever increasing numbers, and from the encrusted goblet she held to their lips, did they



Villanova in 1893.



Rt. Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, D.D., Bishop of Harrisburg, who was present at the Pontifical Mass and at Commencement. Courtesy of the *Catholic Standard and Times*

Alumni Banquet

ON Monday evening, June 10th, the college dining-hall was the scene of a gathering that Villanova's sons will not soon forget. The presence of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Bonzano, the humorous reminiscences of the toastmaster, Rev. A. J. Plunkett, the old "grads" and the newest members of our Alumni, the music by the college orchestra and the many stirring speeches, all united to make the evening a memorable and enjoyable one.

Rev. J. T. O'Reilly of Lawrence, Mass., spoke for the "Boys of Fifty Years Ago." "Villanova of Twenty-five Years Ago" was represented by Charles D. McEvoy, '98. Father Dean responded to the toast "Villanova of Today." Rt. Rev. Mgr. H. T. Drumgoole, Rector of Overbrook Seminary, spoke on the "Spirit of Catholic Education." "Villanova in the Service" was answered by Rev. Chaplain Waring. Professor Charles A. McGeehan, '12, spoke most eloquently and forcibly of the Spirit of Villanova and the Jubilee Slogan. Tom Reap, coach of the football squad, proved in earnest words that his plans for helping Alma Mater are just as practical as are his methods of building up a football team. Rev. James F. Green, O. S. A., President of St. Rita's College, Chicago, Ill., represented our Alumni from the West.

Father Plunkett proved a most popular toastmaster. His frequent sallies of wit, the many personal and local allusions to the Villanova of his days which interspersed his remarks, his keen appreciation of the spirit of Alma Mater, the deep feeling to which he frequently gave expression in phrases of sublime oratory all combined to endear him to the hearts of his hearers and the frequent applause which punctuated his remarks showed that he was faithfully interpreting the sentiments of all.

The dinner itself was a most enjoyable one well worthy of the art of the steward, Mr. Zimmerman. The College boys, who acted as waiters, received many congratulations on the excellent service they rendered. The music furnished by the College "Jazz Band" added to the enjoyment of the evening and contributed greatly to the patriotic and college songs which interspersed the program. The high-class entertainment furnished by "Joe" Kelly, Jim McCool, and Dan McElbratton was much appreciated by the guests as the repeated encores testified.

Toasts

In his opening remarks, Father Plunkett spoke as follows:

"Before opening up the flow of Jubilee Oratory, I wish to offer two resolutions, to which I ask your unanimous consent. We, the Alumni of Villanova assembled in Jubilee Banquet, resolve: First that none but the saints go to heaven. Second, we resolve that we are the saints. At any rate we are the saints for tonight, as Villanova is our paradise.

"Fair Villanova!
We loved thee and oh! we love thee still;
The world to wreck may crumble,
But the flames of love we bear thee
Flash out, as ruins crumble.

And on the air a song is swelling such as ne'er was heard before, a song of Villanova! the fairest of Alma Maters to us. Unsurpassed in art and science, unmatched in fame and love, we salute thee, Villanova, on this thy newest birthday. Nor spot nor wrinkle mars thy fairness in the ageing of the years. Youth seems to be thy portion forever, and beauty wanders everywhere. And here are found our boyhood dreams,

"God's quiet truth, and silent woods,
And narrow paths that sundown paints,
In all the gorgeous colors of the world.

"From the humble beginnings of a boys' school, to the splendor of a full-grown university, Villanova has developed in power and influence. During seventy-five years has she raised her voice and called the youth of the land to come to 'Belle Aire,' her first sweet name, and sip the Olympian nectar of scholarship. They came in ever increasing numbers, and from the encrusted goblet she held to their lips, did they

drink deep. And jewels of learning, and wisdom, and piety fell from her lap. Jewels not to be worn for the finger's adornment, but to be deep set in the heart's embrace; the profoundest knowledge of God; the sanest love of country; the gentlest charity for the brethren.

"For the brethren has she defended the equality of all men singly and collectively in the sight of God; that all men are called to be the brothers of Christ, and heirs to his inheritance; wherefore, each man and every man has rights sacred to himself, and on which none may trample without injustice. For the protection of the country she has proclaimed as basic truth and obedience, the very seedlings of law and order. For God has she taught a knowledge, a love, a service which have moved her thousands of sons to bow low before divine majesty and adore. Sons has she enrolled in the humanitarian arts to serve their fellowmen. Sons she has given the country as leaders, legislators, patriots. Sons has she ordained to offer sacrifice to God and to proclaim abroad the beauty of His love.

"Among these last none in higher reverence than he who is to address us on 'Villanova of Fifty Years Ago.' We may say of him that his years are well nigh measured by the years of our college. In early boyhood he came to this charmed spot, when Villanova was but in the making. And as she waxed strong and great with the passing of the decades, so did he grow in wisdom, and influence, and benevolence as he went about doing good among his fellowmen. Gentlemen, it is a distinct pleasure to introduce to you, the Very Reverend James O'Reilly, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Lawrence, Mass."

Father O'Reilly's speech was filled with reminiscences of the old days, Villanova's days of infancy. The sketches of the Villanova warriors, an outline of the college schedule of days gone by, the many little anecdotes of college pranks, and the story of Villanova's trials and triumphs, all illumined with the glow of a personal experience, afforded great pleasure, not only to the younger members of the Alumni but also to the few survivors of "Fifty Years Ago."

At the end of Father O'Reilly's speech the toastmaster asked all to arise and drink a toast to the President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, which was done amid cheers.

In addressing his Excellency, the Papal Delegate Archbishop Bonzano, Dr. Plunkett paid a splendid tribute to the Holy See. He said: "In these days strife and hatred, such as has not visited men since the breaking up of the Roman Empire, have spread their ominous wings over the affairs of men. The world seems to rock as it gathers rebirth and reorganization. Each day seems as if tipped in the scales of a hundred years, and each nation wots not of the morrow. 'Tis well, aye, 'tis a sign of God's mercy and providence, that in the midst of this mighty turbulence there stands a power unmoved and unshaken: a power that trembles not as nations totter, but waits in patience till the time is ripe for tempering force and the violence of force, and stabilizing society once again. That power is found beyond Tiber's bank in St. Peter's chair in the Vatican. 'Tis personified in Benedict Fifteenth the glorious pontiff, Christ's representative on earth, and on whom the eyes of the world are gazing, and on whose untroubled sentence hangs the fate of nations. Not from vast armies and mighty navies, not from worldly pomp and wealth does this world-embracing influence come, but from the matchless spiritual energy laid by Christ in the Fisherman's Ring. That great head of Christ's great Church is represented at Villanova tonight by his personal delegate, who rejoices with us in celebrating this Jubilee Anniversary. Archbishop Bonzano brings with him, so to speak, the warm personal greetings and blessings of the Holy Father to Villanova. The honor thus shown us is very great. In return I wish to say ever so modestly that in the whole wide world of Christendom, there are no more faithful sons to the holy Church than the sons of Augustine, the Augustinian Fathers who conduct Villanova. And there are no more docile children of the great White Shepherd than the sons of Villanova here gathered, or scattered throughout the world. Of a truth I may say that Villanova is Villa Roma."

Father Plunkett then proposed a toast to the Holy Father Benedict Fifteenth, and his Delegate Archbishop Bonzano, which was drunk standing and with much enthusiasm.

The callow youth who came to Villanova in the fifties and sixties made way for the stalwarts of the seventies and eighties; but it was not till Villanova had been introduced to the lads who discovered her in 92–93 that she began to doll up in real earnest. It was in her Golden Jubilee year,—and who of us can ever forget it,—that we, "me and me likes" poked our snub noses inside her doors and pryed them open to a great future. We entered that year seventy-two strong and overran the college with our piracy. We found a remnant of the old guard of the medieval days of the college who went down before the onslaught of our radicalism. And from that year the glory of Villanova became assured. Among the pirates of that year was he who is to speak to us on "Villanova of Twenty-five Years Ago." He was one of us whether in a raid on the store-room, or an onslaught on the apples in the church cellar. We loved each other then and we hold sacred our friendship now. Gentlemen: Hon. Charles D. McAvoy, '98, of Norristown, Pa.

Mr. McAvoy's speech appears in another column of this issue.

In introducing Rev. Father Dean, who spoke to the toast, "Villanova of Today," the toastmaster said: "A while back I told you that I am in the pig-raising country. I do not mind informing you how it happened, particularly as it may be of interest to the younger clergy here present. Some years ago I was assigned to a certain pastor as assistant of whom it was said, 'sanctum et terrible nomen ejus.' In much fear and trembling I wrote the Bishop begging another assignment, and saying 'audivi multa de hoc viro, quanta mala fecit sanctis tuis assistentibus." To which the good bishop made reply, 'Carrissime Plunkett exi in Sharon ubi invenisti multa, sed non multum.' And in the words of the immortal Bill Shanahan, 'exivi mortuus fractus.' From which I learned the lesson, that when you have hooked a fish you never consult it about the garnishing of the platter. Now we have hooked a big fish for the next toast, 'Villanova of Today,' so big that he needs not the garnishing of an introduction. He has been a part of Villanova during the past twenty-five years, having been one of those who entered in the Jubilee year. On account of his years we might call him the baby president of the college, but because of his great ability we may say of him that he represents the best traditions of a noble line of men. In years to come may it be said of Father Dean 'quanta bona fecit Villanovae'."

Father Dean in earnest, energetic words outlined the efforts of "Villanova of Today,"—the many improvements intellectually and materially, the extended courses, the competent officials, the untiring efforts of a learned corps of teachers. The standard of loving labor raised by his predecessors, he said, was still being courageously upheld. In glowing words he pictured a greater, more glorious Villanova of the future.

Rev. George Waring, Chaplain in the United States Army, was called upon to answer to the toast, "Villanova in the Service," in the absence of Captain Stanley Coar whose duties prevented his coming. In introducing Father Waring, Dr. Plunkett said:

"America we love you and long may you live. Only yesterday America looked up from her laughter and industry to gaze on a world ablaze with war. And as she looked on horrified she felt her nerves twitching and her muscles hardening, and she sought where the justice of the cause might lie. Having found it, she, with the impetuous courage of youth, threw her unmatched strength into the struggle. She put on the armor of battle, and drew the ancient sword of Bunker Hill; nor shall it be ensheathed till truth and justice sit in judgment upon wrong and falsehood. The call to arms went forth. And Villanova heard the call and sent her sons two hundred and fifty strong. And Villanova's sons are in the danger zone. They are to be found where the bullets hiss and the shrapnel shrieks; where the boys feel the hot breath of fleeing death, and grip their breasts in riven agony. And if, perchance, any Villanova men ever forgot their God over here, over there God comes to them and helps them to die. It is fitting, therefore, that we should hear somewhat of the service in which so many Villanova men are enrolled from one who for fifteen years has done so much spiritually for the lads in the army. He is the Captain Chaplain who has given the chaplain's flag to every camp, and who com-

posed the text-book used by the Government in the training of the chaplains and who today is the War Vicar-General of the bravest army in the world."

One who has been for years in close touch with our boys in the service, who "has lived the life that they live" and closed their eyes in death, could naturally answer such a toast with credit to himself and our college. Nor were we disappointed in Father Waring. Forcibly and with true American spirit he pointed out the duties of Catholic college men to our country. The pledge of loyalty and love of country demanded of every man, he said, was being amply paid by Villanova boys in the army and navy, in training and on the bloody battlefields of France. He urged a sacrificial devotion to the Stars and Stripes of America and the Blue and White of Villanova. At the end of Father Waring's speech a toast to the Villanova boys in the service was drunk amid resounding cheering.

The toastmaster related a decidedly humorous incident between an Irish man and a German, from which he drew the interesting conclusion that while the Irish have a prejudice against the English they don't want any German aid in licking her. They reserve that privilege for themselves. And if the non-Irish world would only realize this fact the Irish question would be settled in a day. For the Irish have a susceptible heart. Give me a man or a race with a heart. We hear so much about men's stomachs, and their livers and their nerves that we seem to have forgotten the most important organ of all, the heart. Now the next speaker has a heart and it is always in the right place. He is a scholar, a gentleman, a kind master of youth as his years of work as a rector of Overbrook Seminary bears abundant witness. Gentlemen, the Rt. Rev. Mons. Drumgoole.

Monsignor Drumgoole spoke on the "Spirit of Education." His concern, he remarked, was not how we had thought or acted in the past but what our thinking and acting would be in the future as a result of the great struggle in which we are engaged. He emphasized the necessity of a training of the hearts of our college men.

Charles McGuckin, naval aviator, who spoke for the Class of '18, was introduced as one of the greatest drop kickers in the football world, but he had given up drop kicking on the gridiron that he might drop bombs on the Kaiser.

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Professor McGeehan's speech will be found elsewhere in our columns.

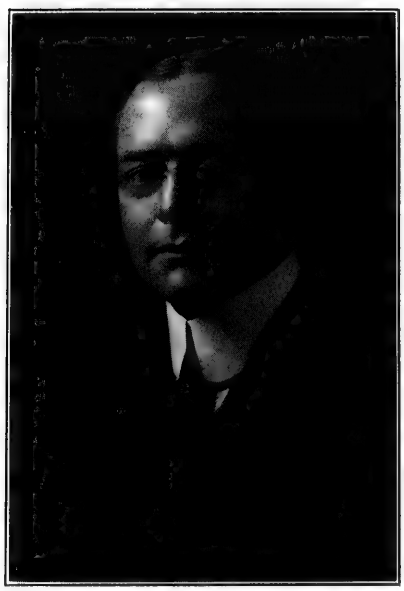
In introducing the final speaker of the evening, the toastmaster said: "While at Villanova Tom Reap was a coach, now he is striving to put some of the 'pep' into the shipbuilders that he used to put into the college squads."

In terms of true loyalty, Tom Reap urged every Villanova man to give a practical demonstration of devotion to Alma Mater. He asked each alumnus to take an interest in sending students to Villanova. If each member of the Alumni, he remarked, would send one boy to the halls of Alma Mater, there would be necessity for more extensive buildings.

The banquet closed with the singing of Alma Mater. The guests remained over night, occupying quarters in the Senior wing where report has it they passed a "quiet" night, despite the efforts of the younger alumni to revive ancient dormitory traditions.

The following were present: His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate Most Rev. John Bonzano, D.D.; Rt. Rev. H. T. Drumgoole; Very Rev. Charles M. Driscoll, Provincial; Rev. James J. Dean, President of Villanova; Rev. F. A. Driscoll, Vice-President; Rev. Charles P. O'Neill, Prefect of Studies; Rev. A. J. Plunkett, Toastmaster; George Barr, James Batten, George Buckley, Father Branton, Father Brice, Rev. F. F. Commins, O. S. A., Rev. R. F. Cowley, M. F. Carmody, L. Tucker, Father Daniel Driscoll, Father Devir, Rev. Dennis H. Donovan, Walter F. Drueding, Rev. B. E. Daly, O. S. A., Daniel Donovan, Rev. Edward G. Dohan, O. S. A., Father Egan, T. J. Fitzgerald, Rev. Daniel Fogarty, O. S. A., Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, Rev. John P. Fahy, O. S. A., Rev. C. J. Ford, O. S. A., Father Green, Father Grelis, Father Griffin, C. A. Haas, Jr., Thomas J. Higgins, Father Harris, Father Howard, Father Hughes, Father Hasson, Father Hickey, Wil-

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J. Stanley Smith, LL.D., President of the Alumni Association.



Rev. A. J. Plunkett, Ph.D., Toastmaster at the Alumni Banquet.

In response to the toast, "Villanova Twenty-five Years Ago," Charles D. McAvoy spoke as follows:

I am sure it was an intended kindness that led those in authority to go over the hills into an adjoining county and invite me to come here tonight, and answer to the toast of "Villanova Twenty-five Years Ago." The subject was truly inspiring, and while deeply appreciative of the kindness, I very much regret that I did not have sufficient time to prepare an address fitting the occasion.

This is the Diamond Jubilee, and a glad and glorious event, and we are once more gathered within the hallowed precincts where we spent the most pleasant days of our youth.

In a period of twenty-five years, Villanova in keeping with the country has made wonderful progress. The institution founded and fostered by the Moriartys, O'Dwyers, Blakes and Galberrys has been carefully nurtured, expanded and widened by the McEvoys, McShanes, Delureys, Dohans and Deans, and these latter in keeping with the times, have not only extended its curriculum, but to them belongs the credit of so broadening the sphere of human instruction, that today Villanova is one of the foremost colleges in Eastern United States. To those in charge of the destiny of Villanova for the past twenty-five years, all of us can with hearty accord truly say, you have fought a "good fight" you have "kept the faith." You have perpetuated the noble ideals and the pure inspiration of the founders. You have not only educated the intellect, but you have instructed the heart and the will of man along true Catholic lines, and have enabled him to fulfill his mission in the world, and to attain his destiny. In these days in what some term "modern thought", many institutions educating the intellect neglect the heart and will, and as a consequence, we find today many men of brilliant intellect, whose minds have been developed at the expense of their hearts, and who by reason thereof are shut out from the bright sunlight and the pure atmosphere of the higher and nobler life for which man was created, and instead of being an instrument for good to society, they are a menace and a danger. Religion it was that gave us our civilization with its pure and holy firesides, and it is religion that must safeguard and conserve it.

In these days of strife and death, it is well that institutions of this kind in accordance with true Catholic education and thought have developed, not only the intellect, but the heart and will, and when the end comes, as it must come, this instruction will find a prominent place at the peace-board, and will be the means of a re-adjustment among Nations along safe lines.

In twenty-five years, Villanova has made marvelous progress. Its extended courses, its new buildings, its enlarged accommodations and capacity have been wonderful, and I am safe in saying, that no institution in this section of the country has so progressed.

About twenty-five years ago, it was my good fortune to come from a small country school and enter into the larger sphere of college life, and during my period of five years here, the recollections and memories have been the most pleasant of my life. How we grew to dislike prefects and prunes, and with what glee we recall the embarrassment and discomfiture of the prefect whose ticket was only good to Bryn Mawr, and who without funds endeavored to jockey his way to Villanova. What pleasure it gave us to say under our breath this limerick—

"Sing a song of six cents,
Prefect in a stew,
Ticket good for Bryn Mawr,
Tries to make it do.
Conductor, cruel-hearted,
Wastes no time in talk—
'Pay the other six cents,
Or get out and walk.'
Six cents, six cents,
A kindly hand has passed,
Then the panting prefect
Freely breathes at last."

After years of struggle with a selfish world in which all of us have had our successes and reverses, many of us today awaken pleasant memories when we take up time-worn VILLANOVA monthlies and turn to the famous "Splinter Column," and our thoughts go back to "Cape May Idyls," and John and Andy, Nick

and Eddie and the rest. Sacred memories of dear friends.

We all remember the feminine opinion of the Philosophers of '94:

"Kenny wouldn't laugh,
Murphy wouldn't smile,
Fields wouldn't giffle,
And it wasn't Whelan's style.
Welsh was as solemn,
As a half a ton of coal;
You couldn't tickle Kerr,
With a ten-foot pole."

or the famous wash-house scare of '93:

"The laundry girls in awful plight
Gave us a scare the other night;
They ran up here with dreadful tale
Of murd'rous burglars on their trail.
'Twas such a dreadful, horrid thing
We hardly knew what help to bring;
But John D. with baseball bat
Ran down to knock the rascals flat,
While Father V. in his alarm
Pull'd out a gun and shot the barn.
To Walter C. we gave a stick,
He vow'd he'd make those burglars sick;
To Father L. we gave a gun,
He said: 'No, no, I'd shoot someone.'
When all were ready for the fray,
The burglars were ten miles away."
The saddest feature of the case
Was Annie's fainting from the chase;
'They has poor Sal,' she faintly said,
And then fell over, almost dead.
Go tell the tale where'er you can
That 'hins has more pertection' than
The four poor girls who got the fright
From burglars bold at dead of night."

Even our dissipations are remembered according to these lines:

Those happy days of sunny June
Have passed, alas, forever;
When two of our boys in the pale, sweet moon
Did some of their dear friends bring
To listen for fun while they did sing
Of friends forgot, oh, never!
To a mighty one the tale was told
And he says, "never more, never more"
Shall the heroes of that march so bold
Go o'er that hill while they tell a tale
And sing of "brown October's ale"
For he says, 'tis o'er, 'tis o'er.

If some of you are not careful, I believe that tomorrow morning you may have to wander o'er the hill, and for your information let me say that Rube's is still in the old place.

Let us hope that Villanova will continue its great course, that it will train not only the intellect, but the heart and will of its students and instruct them, not only in arts, science and engineering, but in their duty to their God and their country. In that lies her strength and the hope of race and country. Education along these lines will calm the spirit of unrest that has seized upon the minds of men, and stem the torrent of irreligion that is making sad havoc today and bringing calamity to the world. Onward, then, in this glorious work must be Villanova's career, and under the strong hands of those who nurtured her course in the past, must be entrusted the course of the future. Onward, for Christian civilization and peace to all mankind. Onward, still onward, in fidelity and loyalty to the memories, the labors, the sacrifices, the talents and principles of the great and good men,—her founders,—

Onward speed thee, Alma Mater,
In thy mission, heaven-born.
Past's bright glories round thee clinging,
Present's plaudits loudly ringing,
Heartfelt love thy children bringing,
Thy honored name adorn.

Onward, ever, star of knowledge,
Light of nations! Guide of youth!
May thy rays illume ages,
Lustre shed o'er history's pages,
Guide the steps of future ages,
Supernal star of truth.

On then, dear old Alma Mater,
On where waits thee fame's bright crown;
On to glories, on to triumphs,
On to win a world's renown.

And we who are assembled here tonight to commemorate her Diamond Jubilee in gratitude for what she has brought us, let us pledge ourselves to be always true sons of Villanova's teaching, and with one accord give thanks in the words of the beautiful poem of the lamented Miss Donnelly written for the Golden Jubilee.

Oh blest be the day, when the sun's golden ray,
First shone on the shades, Villanova revealing!
Like the sunrise that shone on King Memmon's
famed stone
Awaking a strain full of fervor and feeling!
Grave doctor and sage
In that long-vanished age,
Their record inscribed on our history's page,
While the sons of St. Austin, with tears and with
toil,
Their altars uprear'd on this prayer-hallow'd soil!

Their altars, their school, where the Monk's kindly
rule
With Virtue and Wisdom form'd loyal alliance—
Guiding youths (now grown gray, or at rest 'neath
the clay),
To the fountains of Faith, and the well-springs of
Science!
Ah! should we not claim
For its guardians, the fame,
That linger'd, of yore, 'round each love-lighted
name;
The perfume of sages and saints passed away,
Still hovers around Alma Mater today!



The Spirit of Villanova and a Jubilee Slogan

By Prof. Charles A. McGeehan, '12

WE are told that we can do anything we want to, if we want to hard enough. The truth of this statement is brought home to us on all sides every day of our lives. The enormous masses of men, who comprise the great army of the United States, being banded together in so short a time, the cantonments, cities springing up in a night, as it were, are proofs of this fact that if we want a thing and want it mighty hard, that thing will be done. The wish closest to the heart of every Villanova man is the progress of Alma Mater. He wants to see her in the front rank of the world's greatest institution of learning and to have her receive the recognition which she always deserves.

While we are gathered here tonight let us question the meaning of Villanova. Surely it does not mean the buildings, great masses of material placed here by the skilled hands of builders. Destruction of these would not destroy that which is dearest to all of us. These could be builded again. No, Villanova is more than mere heaps of stone and wood, it is that which binds us together as nothing else can. We are just one big family working for the common good of all. Yet we may divide this family into two parts: those who are on the inside toiling daily for the success of the institution, and those on the outside who are known to the world as Villanova men.

Now that you have returned to these halls once more and are bent on going back to happy days of youth, you like to feel that you are boys again and would take pleasure in cutting loose as in the days of yore. Yet as you go about with hearts as young as they once were, I am going to ask you to view the surroundings with older eyes. You will see, perhaps, that to which you gave but little thought when you were students. At every turn you are met by black-robed men, men grown old before their time, men who are bearing the burdens of all of us. They are not striving for a collection of this world's goods; hard labor now will not assure them comfort or pleasure in after years. They give one hundred per cent. of themselves so that our men may be distinguished from the masses. True, this is a time of sacrifice and he who refuses is dubbed a slacker. But surely men who give their all for the welfare of others, not for a time, but for life, are making the noblest of sacrifices. They may not suffer from shell shock, but they do from teachers' trembles. At the first streaks of dawn we find them at the altar praying to God that our work and theirs may be well done. Next we see them in the class room developing the minds of younger men, fitting them for the big things in life. After this we meet them on the campus. Not satisfied that our men are spiritually and mentally equipped, they look to their physical training as well. Their success in the spiritual development is proclaimed by the fact that the finger of scorn is seldom, if ever, pointed at a Villanova man. We have been told tonight of the unsolicited tribute to Villanova efficiency when, in the presence of a brother alumnus, an officer of the Bureau of Standards in Washington said that he knew little of the college except that her men could do things. Another mark of their success in the development of men mentally is the fact that all our men are at present pursuing the work for which they were here prepared. If you care to know how their physical training has succeeded, just tread on the toes of one of them. Surely these men have wanted to and wanted to hard enough.

Now let us question the efforts of those on the outside. At gatherings of this kind one often hears the remark, "Why, there's John Blank, he never misses a banquet, he is surely loyal to the Old Place." Still, on second thought, one wonders if John is such a loyal fellow after all. Loyalty means unity and unless he is with us three hundred and sixty-five days every year, he is not a true son of the Mother who fostered him and cared for him while he was here and will make every endeavor to help him while he lives. To return one day in a whole year for the

pleasure of meeting the old boys again and to talk over old times is a fine thing for Mr. Blank, but it can hardly be considered as sufficient to stamp him as a loyal son.

The Banquet Committee has this year adopted a slogan and they wish that it be carried away by every one of us, "Let Every Man Pledge a Student." You are asked to let these words burn themselves into your minds so deeply that the scar will forever remain. If every man will leave this banquet hall tonight wanting the success of his Alma Mater and wanting it hard enough, Villanova will go over the top with her colors flying, long ere the next jubilee.



Flag Raising

VILLANOVA'S sons are well represented in our great struggle for world democracy. Though many of her sons were absent from the Jubilee Celebration, some facing the fire of the Hun and perhaps giving the supreme test of their devotion to Country, Villanova was not unmindful of them. In honor of these lads, who, having proved themselves worthy children of Alma Mater are now showing their worth as stalwart sons of our beloved Country, the Senior Class on Monday evening, June 10, 1918, presented a service flag to the College. Collier J. Griswold, '18, in the name of his class in patriotic words, presented this beautiful emblem of sacrifice. Rev. James J. Dean, President of the College, in words of loving appreciation and sincere esteem for the boys in the service, received the gift. While two of our Villanova boys in the blue of sailors held the flag aloft, V. Rev. Charles M. Driscoll, the Augustinian Provincial, blessed it. Every heart was filled with pride and joy, and every eye dim, as the flag floated to the breeze and the college orchestra struck up the noble strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner." One who has seen service, who knows the life and sacrifice of our soldiers and sailors, Rev. Chaplain George J. Waring, Captain in the 11th U. S. Cavalry and Vicar-General to Bishop Hayes, then gave a stirring oration.

In presenting the Service Flag, Collier J. Griswold said:

FATHER PRESIDENT:

Patriotism does not consist in idle boast or bombast. It finds its correct expression not in words alone but in service—in that service which is based upon a true love and appreciation of the benefits of country, obedience to which is a virtue, and sacrifice in whose interests a duty.

The service it demands is not limited to wealth and property. It extends to life itself. Where there is a willingness to expend oneself in the interest of one's country, there does the virtue of patriotism exist in noble proportions.

True to the teaching and traditions of loyaltys inculcated in them by their Alma Mater, two hundred and forty-five of Villanova's sons have generously made this offer of service to their country, prepared to shed their blood and sacrifice their lives, if need be, in her cause. The class of 1918 deem it a great honor today to be permitted to present to you the service flag which commemorates their noble devotion which shall remain to us all as an inspiration to emulate them in loyalty and service.

Father Dean in accepting the flag spoke as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE CLASS OF 1918:

It gives me the utmost pleasure to accept at your hands and in the name of the College this beautiful token of your esteem for Villanova, this splendid tribute of respect for those of her sons who have gone before you into the service of our beloved country. We are deeply moved by the spirit which prompts this action, and we base our appreciation not so much on the intrinsic value of the flag which you present as on your evident grasp of the principles we have striven to impart and your fidelity to the ideals for which this emblem stands. When we see it floating proudly to the breeze in the calm and quiet of a summer day, our hearts will instinctively breathe forth a prayer for those whom its stars so vividly portray and who may at that very moment be engaged in the shock of battle, amid the glare of the rockets and the shriek of the bursting shells, spending every ounce of their strength and pouring forth their life-blood, if need be, in defense of principles that are sacred and liberties that form the natural heritage of a people who bow the knee to none save Divinity itself. Should the God of Battles require of them the supreme sacrifice, even then our hearts will be filled with a holy joy; not mere earthly gladness, but that exaltation of soul which must arise when we realize that the sons of Villanova can and do rise beyond petty ambition and personal interest in defense of the hearths and altars of their country.

Let me pledge, too, your loyalty and that of all here present, to that standard which in a few moments shall wave from the summit of yonder taff. Who can gaze upon those broad stripes and bright stars without feeling his heart beat

faster and the blood course more quickly through his veins? Does not your imagination carry you, even now, across three thousand miles of intervening space to the heights whereon that flag floats defiantly amid the din of battle and the shock of contending armies, inspiring and inspiriting a soldiery irresistable because conscious of the justice of the principles for which it fights. Does not your heart enthuse over the wonderful symbolism contained in these majestic colors? Red, emblematic of the blood of martyrs; white, typifying sincerity of purpose; bright stars on an azure field, harbingers of hope to the oppressed of all the earth.

As you gaze upon these standards, gently wafted by the summer breeze amid surroundings that breathe serenity and peace, open wide your hearts for an influx of that Villanova spirit which prompts this gift today. A spirit which instils in the very soul of every youth committed to her care a chivalrous love for those two maidens fair under whose banners every knight must be enrolled and at whose beck and call every hero must accept the gauge of battle;—the one, old as the centuries, yet ever young; the light of truth illumining her countenance; the scars of battle gleaming on her brow like diadems of surpassing glory; her fair form girt with the shield of faith and wrapped in the mantle of virtue; the infallible Church of God. The other, strong with the vigor of youth; her features resplendent with the very joy of living; her eyes darting forth a message of freedom to the oppressed of all the earth; her hand holding aloft the torch of liberty; her wondrous presence shielded by an emblem—Old Glory there—which has never yet been trailed in the dust, and which, with the help of men like you, never will; Columbia, Queen of the Western Sea.

Never forget that your country has given to the world the basic principles of human freedom. While float the Stars and Stripes, these principles are safe; when hauled down in surrender, tyranny shall resume its sway. Yours it is to determine the result. Which shall it be? We are now engaged in the most titanic struggle history has ever known, bent on safeguarding the doctrines of liberty and extending their application to peoples less favored than ourselves. Stand ready, then, to give your life's blood, if necessary, in so holy a cause; for, upon you, young men and others like you, it rests to see that "government of the people, for the people and by the people shall not perish from the earth."

Gentlemen, I thank you.

German War Preparations

By Chaplain George J. Waring, *Captain 11th Infantry, U. S. A.*

GERMAN success in the Franco-Prussian War fired the ambition and imagination of Bismarck, hence, he planned to dominate the world and began to train the German people to carry it on and to sustain it. They, the Germans, prepared under cover by training men to develop the science of warfare. For forty years they taught their people such trades as would the most surely accomplish their sinister object.

Engineering, chemistry, the sciences and especially espionage became the most ardently cultivated among them. Men were taught to be professional spies. They spied not only on their own people but on the unsuspecting citizens of other nations. They went to every country of the world and secured positions of trust. It mattered nothing what kind of employment they obtained so long as they were able to accomplish their purpose of securing secret information and transmitting it to their home government. In 1908, while I was in Rome, at the hotel I saw a number of well-bred Germans employed as waiters. The head-waiter was a man of culture and refinement. He spoke fluently English, French, Italian, Spanish and German. When I questioned him regarding his menial position he explained that he used this means of obtaining proficiency in languages. I believed him then but now I know that waiting on tables is one of the best methods of obtaining information by espionage.

How the War Was Precipitated

The Imperial Government of Germany planned the world war but did not wish to precipitate it until everything was in full readiness. To keep other governments in ignorance of her plans, she, by her autocratic methods of ruling, passed public laws of expenditure but spent much larger sums in secret manufacture of necessary implements for warfare. This she did so as not to arouse the suspicion and antagonism of foreign powers. She kept her agents in every Capital of the world, whose chief business was to thwart any legislation which would tend to develop their military or naval forces. France, which had every reason to suspect and dislike Germany, was overrun with spies who succeeded in keeping the German government fully informed regarding every move which France made toward strengthening her military position. For years, France tried to extend the period of compulsory military service from two to three years, but always was blocked by some unseen hand. Finally, only when the great national spy scandal which was marked by the dramatic incident of Mme. Caillaux, the wife of a member of the French Cabinet, slaying the editor of *Figaro*, one of the biggest of the Parisian Journals, was exposed the plot to sell French military secrets to Germany. The whole matter was responsible for a tremendous wave of popular feeling which swept through France and resulted in the bill for the extension of compulsory military training being passed. Germany knew then that the handwriting was on the wall, and began immediately to find some plausible excuse for stirring up the tidal wave of war which has threatened to drown the very soul of civilization in a sea of blood and tears. She grasped at the opportunity afforded by the assassination of the Archduke and Archduchess of Austria in 1914, to bring on the war.

Circumstances Compelling U. S. to Enter

America was shocked beyond measure at the cold-blooded manner in which the iron heel of Prussia stamped out the lives of innocents in the mad effort to climb to the pinnacle of world domination. Our hearts bled when we read of the horrors to which the unoffending people of Belgium were subjected. We were indignant when we heard of the savage methods which the Germans adopted to accomplish their sordid ends. Kultur was indeed unmasked when we found that they were sinking ships on which our fellow citizens were traveling in the pursuit

of their lawful business and we were aroused to bitter anger. Still we were told by pro-Germans and their co-workers the pacifists, that America was not included in the German plan. We were told that we were the innocent victims of circumstance.

America's Desire For Peace Frustrated

But President Wilson and his close advisers knew better. For a long time before he felt it was safe to take the people into his confidence, he was aware of an organized plot which was directed from Berlin and carried out by the official representatives of the German government in Washington, either to force us into the war or reduce us to a state of national servitude. With admirable patience, Mr. Wilson suffered the taunts and the wanton insolence of the very people whose lives, property and citizenship he was defending and protecting by his silence. None could have spoken with greater force and more telling effect, but that was the very thing that would have served the enemy best. He knew Prussia had planted spies in every department of our Government and that they were endeavoring to disrupt the peaceful relations among our citizens by pitting them against one another. He knew that a large secret propaganda was maintained by Germany's official agents to hamper our shipping and to strike terror into the hearts of our people by causing fires and explosions, and by sinking undefended ships. He knew also that the Imperial Government of Germany, while officially maintaining friendly relations with our Government, had secretly endeavored to form an offensive alliance with the governments of Japan and Mexico for the purpose of dismembering our country. But in spite of these facts, Mr. Wilson also knew that we were unprepared to defend ourselves, if Germany suddenly turned loose upon us her organized bands of reservists and their numerous sympathizers who infested our country from end to end. So without complaint, he bore all the insolence of his fellow countrymen until he was fully ready for action. He was quite willing to let his future conduct vindicate him. To avoid a semblance of preparation of war against Germany until it would be safer to admit it, he concentrated the national guard from every state in the union on the Mexican border and even sent General Pershing into Mexico to bring Villa out dead or alive. While General Pershing did not accomplish that object, he, nevertheless, fulfilled his mission because he made an army of trained soldiers from undeveloped raw material and sent them back to their own states to be in readiness for any emergency which might arise from the declaration of war.

Peace Loving America

We did not desire nor seek this war. We are not a warlike people. We love peace and always have maintained it except when we have been forced to fight for freedom, justice and honor. The original colonies under the leadership of the intrepid George Washington, an Englishman in everything except birth, wrested this land from serfdom and gave it freedom. The sacred document, the Declaration of Independence, has made the United States the haven of opportunity for the oppressed peoples of every other nation of the world. Unhandicapped by ancestry, unshackled by tyranny, every citizen, yea, and every alien resident of this great country, has been blessed with an opportunity for the development of his latent talents for the utmost benefit of himself and his fellow citizens.

About sixty years ago, the citizens of this country, holding different views in reference to the great question of slavery, settled once for all that this nation, whose chief birthright is freedom, shall never tolerate under it any system of slavery. In 1898 when our beloved President and martyr, William McKinley, saw the people of Cuba oppressed, he sent our military and naval forces to drive from their coasts and this continent their tyrannizing masters and made them a people free and independent and gave them an opportunity to work out their destiny as a nation. It has been always the spirit of our people to revolt at tyranny. It was only natural, then, that when we saw the little land of Belgium invaded and overrun and when we heard the stories of the terrible treatment to which her citizens,—men, women and children,—were subjected, that our sympathy went out to them. As we saw the Central Powers of Europe

gradually overrunning other undefended nations and we realized that their ambition was to control the entire world, America included, we felt that it was our sacred duty to bind ourselves together under our great President, Mr. Wilson, and to go forth to contest the right of any foreign nation to rob us of our blessed birthright for which our forefathers fought and bled and died.

Our Inheritance

The Constitution of the United States guarantees to all citizens freedom of life, of liberty and protection in the pursuit of happiness.

We gained that inheritance through blood and sorrow and tears. Through blood and tears we have held it to the present time. It is our part to preserve it for posterity and if it is only through blood and tears that we may bring it inviolate to future generations, then must we all be glad to give that blood and shed those tears.

Germany cannot possibly win this war for it is inconceivable that a great free people can be blotted out of existence. Suppose that by some freak of chance Germany could take this country; then I hope that when she comes here to get it there will be no American alive to go under her yoke. And should such a terrible calamity take place that this generation is to transmit to posterity an inheritance less glorious than we received, I hope that that page in our history will be writ in our blood.

Villanova's Heroes

We are gathered together today to dedicate a flag to the perpetual honor and glory of Villanova's sons who have gone to fight, to bleed and to die, if need be, for our country. This great institution has many glories to her credit. She has raised up many men whose illustrious records have shone forth in every walk of life, reflecting glory upon themselves, their Alma Mater and their country. Today three hundred of her present and former student body are fighting in the ranks of Uncle Sam. Over one-third of this number have won commissioned rank. This is a record that any institution might well be proud of. The stars in this service flag will constantly recall to our minds what those whom they represent are doing for us. They will also remind us of what we must do for them. Whenever we see this flag floating from the mast top let us make it our sacred duty to enter the Church and, kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, ask Almighty God to preserve our brave fighting comrades in life and limb and, when the great battle for democracy has been won, to restore them to their homes and to us unscathed in soul, in mind and in body.

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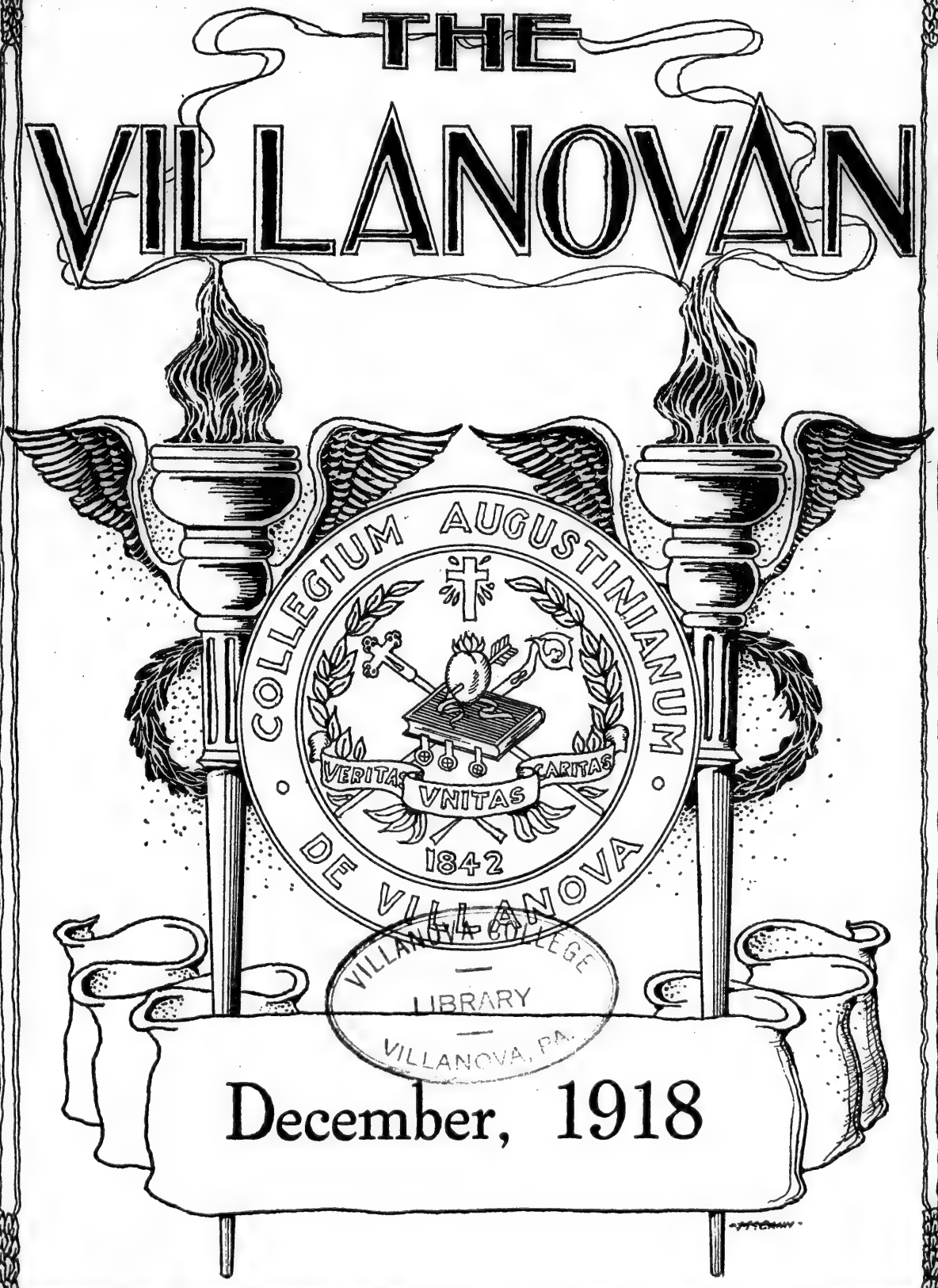
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THE VILLANOVAN

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VOL. III. OCTOBER, 1918 No. 1

"Autumn"

Summer lies dead, and while the dirges toll,
Cool autumn has emerged from summer's grave,
And laughing, frolics o'er the harvest fields;
Amidst the whirling heaps of gold-red leaves,
The sun's bright rays, like fairies, dance in glee;
From out the north, fierce Aquila's cold blasts,
Foretelling coming winter's cruel storms,
Like hellish fiends shriek through the swaying trees,
And whistle, mourning, past the gathered corn,
That stand like death itself in yonder field,
Where not long since, majestic living stalks
Had waved and nodded in the summer sun.
Not somberly, in gloomy, silent black,
But in artistic hues that please the eye,
Does Nature mourn warm, fragrant summer's death;
She beautifies the trees, that long for sleep,
With gorgeous robes of scarlet and of gold;
Beneath her touch, the wilted wayside weeds,
Despised, forlorn, grow beautiful again:
As absolution glorifies the soul
Deep-sunk in sin, and makes it heavenly.
All autumn's cherished jewels,—the zinnia,
The cosmas, aster, gold chrysanthemum,
To better summer's roses and sweetpeas
In fragrance and in brilliance now do strive;
Some birds not yet gone south from winter's cold,
Among the falling leaves still trill their songs,
Reviving summer in their warbling notes.

O Autumn! thou art but the interval
Between fond summer's drowsy, perfumed days
And cruel winter's piercing wind and snow,
But fairer far art thou than winter drear,
Or gentle summer, or the fragrant spring,
In thine array of gorgeous color tints,
Thy virile mirth, and naked solitude.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.

40164

The S. A. T. C.

THE Student Army Training Corps is raised under authority of the Act of Congress, approved May 18, 1917, commonly known as the Selective Service Act, authorizing the President to increase temporarily the military establishment of the United States, as amended by the Act of August 31, 1918, and under General Order No. 79 of the War Department, dated August 24, 1918, as follows:

"Under the authority conferred by sections 1, 2, 8 and 9 of the act of Congress authorizing the President to increase temporarily the military establishments of the United States; approved May 18, 1917, the President directs that for the period of the existing emergency there shall be raised and maintained by voluntary induction and draft a Student Army Training Corps. Units of this Corps will be authorized by the Secretary of War at educational institutions which meet the requirements laid down in Special Regulations.

The object of establishing units of the Student Army Training Corps is to utilize effectively the plant, equipment and organization of the colleges for selecting and training officers, candidates and technical experts for service in the existing emergency.

The Student Army Training Corps consists of units established by the President in qualified educational institutions which fulfill the requirements laid down in these regulations.

The members of the Student Army Training Corps at an educational institution will form a single unit for purposes of instruction. Such unit may consist of one or more sections according to the type of educational training given.

The sections of the Student Army Training Corps and the educational requirements for the establishment of the same are: The establishment of a collegiate section may be authorized at any civil educational institution which requires for admission to its regular curriculum, graduation from a standard, four-year secondary school or an equivalent, and ordinarily provides a general or professional curriculum covering at least two years of not less than thirty-two weeks each. It must have a student attendance sufficient to maintain a collegiate section of a Student Army Training Corps unit with a strength of at least one hundred men. The establishment of a Vocational Section may be authorized at any institution having an adequate shop or laboratory equipment and a staff of instructors capable of giving approved vocational training of military value.

Unless the conditions mentioned above are met and the institution, in the opinion of the Secretary of War, is capable of efficiently carrying out the prescribed work a unit will not be established. It is also the right of the Secretary of War to discontinue any unit should he consider that the proper standards are not being maintained.

Eligibility to the Student Army Training Corps is limited to registrants under the Selective Service Regulations who are physically fit to perform full or limited military duty and who have had at least grammar school education or its equivalent. The collegiate section will include those who have graduated from a standard, four-year secondary school, or have equivalent educational qualification. The vocational section includes those who have had grammar school education or its equivalent.

Upon admission to the Student Army Training Corps a registrant becomes a soldier in the Army of the United States. He is subject to military discipline at all times.

Members of the Student Army Training Corps will be placed upon active duty status immediately upon their induction. The Committee on Education and Special Training will enter into contract with educational institutions for quartering, subsistence, and instruction of the members of the Student Army Training Corps unit.

From time to time in accordance with the needs of the service and the qualifications of th individual, it will be the policy of the Government to assign members of the Student Army Training Corps to (a) an officers' training camp, (b) a non-commissioned officers' training school,

(c) A Depot Brigade, (d) to continue in certain cases such technical or special training as the needs of the service may require.

The preference of registrants who are voluntarily inducted into the Student Army Training Corps as to the branch of the service which they ultimately enter will be given consideration except where military needs require a different course.

The Student Army Training Corps is administered by the War Department through the Committee on Education and Special Training of the Training and Instruction Branch, War Plans Division, General Staff, assisted by an advisory educational board, together with educational directors, district educational directors, and special advisers.

The War Department will provide an officer of the army, active or retired, to serve as Commanding Officer in each institution at which a unit of the Student Army Training Corps is established and, so far as practicable, additional officers will be provided in proportion to the strength of the unit.

The Commanding Officer and other officers assigned to duty with units of the Student Army Training Corps will, in their relationship to the institution, observe the general usages therein established affecting the duties and obligations of members of the faculty and other academic instructors. Officers will not, without permission of the Secretary of War, undertake any institutional or administrative duties in the institution other than those connected with the work of the Student Army Training Corps.

It is the duty of the Commanding Officer, and of the other officers assigned to duty with units of the Student Army Training Corps, to enforce military discipline. Nothing in these regulations is intended to confer on the Commanding Officer authority over purely educational matters.

The Student Army Training Corps is a corps of the U. S. Army. Members of it will be trained for the line and for the different staff corps. Their educational programs will be shaped to prepare various groups for particular duties in accordance with the needs of the service. The Student Army Training Corps will be organized as infantry under the Tables of Organization and the fundamental infantry training common to all branches of the service will be given.

The instruction in the Collegiate Section will be partly military and partly in allied subjects which have value as a means of training officers and experts to meet the needs of the service. Eleven hours a week will be devoted to military subjects, including practical instruction (drill, etc.), theoretical military instruction, and physical training.

Forty-two hours will be devoted to allied subjects, including lectures, recitations, laboratory instruction and the necessary preparation therefor. Each hour or recitation will ordinarily require two hours of supervised study.

In the case of students who have pursued for at least one year studies which form part of the program for the Chemical Warfare Service, the Medical Corps, the Engineer Corps, the Ordnance Corps or other technical branches of the service, the Committee on Education and Special Training may authorize a reduction in the hours of military instruction to not less than six hours per week. This reduction must be made good by the substitution of a corresponding number of additional hours of instruction in approved technical subjects.

The allied subjects will ordinarily be selected from the following list: English, French, German, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Psychology, Geology, Geography, Topography and Map Making, Meteorology, Astronomy, Hygiene, Sanitation, Descriptive Geometry, Mechanical and Freehand Drawing, Surveying, Economics, Accounting, History, International Law, Military Law, and Government.

The program of study in allied subjects must include a course on the underlying issues of the war.

The uniform of a member of the Student Army Training Corps and his allowance will be that of a private soldier and will be furnished complete as far as practicable. The number and kinds of arms and equipment to be issued will, so far as practicable, conform to those prescribed for the Army.

Members of the Student Army Training Corps will wear, with the service hat, an olive drab

cord. They will wear as collar insignia a bronze disk bearing the letters U. S. Acting non-commissioned officers will wear the Chevrons prescribed for non-commissioned officers of the Army.

Villanova offers to the S. A. T. C. men courses in Engineering, Pre-medical Course, and a Chemical Course. There are also courses in Infantry, Field Artillery, and Heavy Artillery; Air Service; Ordnance Corps and Quartermaster Corps; Signal Corps; Motor Transport and Truck Service.

There are 274 men registered, four of whom are sailors.

"Get Behind the Man Behind the Gun"

Can't you see Old Glory waving o'er the battle-line?
Red and White and Blue a-streaming where the bullets whine;
Can't you see the gallant Yankees rushing to the fray,
Fighting, slaying, dying for the good old U. S. A.?

CHORUS

The Yankee boys are fighting on to victory,
They're laying down their lives for home and liberty;
To die they're not afraid,—but they need your aid,
They need your help—they'll do the rest—to beat the brutal Hun,
So do your level best for our cause is heaven blest
Just step in line and get behind the man behind the gun.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.

Induction Day

OCTOBER first had been designated by President Wilson as Induction Day in all the colleges of the Student Army Training Corps. The elaborate ceremonies which had been planned for that occasion at Villanova had to be somewhat curtailed owing to the influenza epidemic which had already reached the College and the day previous had gathered a victim from the ranks of the candidates who had come to Villanova. In consequence the ceremonies were brief and informal. They were none the less impressive in their simplicity. The three companies standing at attention on the college lawn while they faced the flag and recited the oath of allegiance presented a picture long to be remembered. The address of Father Dean with its feeling references to the boy who had just closed his eyes in death, a willing victim in spirit at least in the cause of his country, the orders of the day and the various messages, all combined to give to the occasion an air of solemnity which left a lasting impression on those who witnessed it. The salute to the flag raised to the strains of the Star-Spangled Banner rendered by the Corr Hall Band was inspiring to devotion and loyalty.

Lieutenant A. B. Scott, Commanding Officer, read the following message from our President to the S. A. T. C.:

"The step you have taken is a most significant one. By it you have ceased to be merely individuals, each seeking to perfect himself to win his own place in the world and have become prominent in the common cause of making the world a better place to live in.

"You have joined yourselves with the entire manhood of the country and pledged, as did your forefathers, 'Your lives, your fortunes and your sacred honor' to the freedom of humanity.

"The enterprise upon which you have embarked is a hazardous and difficult one. This is not a war of words: this is not a scholastic struggle. It is a war of ideals, yet fraught with all the devices of science and with the power of machines. To succeed you must not only be inspired by the ideals for which the country stands, but you must also be masters of the technique with which the battle is fought. You must not only be thrilled with zeal for the common welfare, but you must also be masters of the weapons of today.

"There can be no doubt of the issue. The spirit that is revealed and the manner in which America has responded to the call is indomitable. I have no doubt that you, too, will use your utmost strength to maintain that spirit and to carry it forward to the final victory that will certainly be ours.

"WOODROW WILSON."

The pledge of allegiance is as follows:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and the Republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible with liberty and justice to all."



The Prisoner of Chillon

By Arthur B. Maxwell,

"Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art."

BYRON, without doubt, holds a unique place among the seven greatest poets of the early nineteenth century. His bold and dashing genius has been universally acknowledged. Yet, no other English poet has experienced such "a strange union of opposite extremes" in public sentiment. The forebodings of the malignant elf have been, indeed, fulfilled.

A certain critic has said that his character has been stamped upon his works in so remarkable a degree that we cannot, therefore, neglect his biography. We do not altogether believe that Byron has been ultimately understood; but—

"He is now at rest!
And praise and blame fall on his ears alike,
Now dull in death."

And we do not purpose to turn back the pages of his private life. We are wisely admonished by one who fully realized the duty of an author to "give praise liberally for whatever shall merit praise, but never praise indiscriminately; display the good with pleasure, hide the bad, and let it not be remembered but with compassion." We have, consequently, chosen a work which exhibits none of those regrettable indelicacies, but which exemplifies the remarkable genius of the man.

He tells us that he was not thoroughly acquainted with the history of Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon, at the time the poem was written. He wrote it at the time he was detained by stormy weather in the little village of Ouchy, the port of Lausanne, on the northern shore of Lake Geneva. The lake is crescent-shaped; its southern shore extends forty-six miles around the French Department of Haute-Savoie; its west, north and east shores, fifty-two miles long, bound the cantons of Geneva, Vaud, and Valais; the city of Geneva hangs on the southwestern extremity; the Chateau de Chillon on the eastern end, between Clarens and Villeneuve. This region has been the mecca of hundreds of tourists and celebrated travelers. Chillon can be seen for miles. Surely, that poet is little to be envied, whose muse would not respond to the great white walls of that ancient castle: surrounded, as they are, with all the wild grandeur of the Alps; with massy waters which mirror Mt. Blanc's thousand years of snow; to the "appeal from tyranny to God," which re-echoes from that double dungeon of walls and waves!

François de Bonnivard was a Swiss patriot and scholar of the sixteenth century. For his espousal of the Genevese cause, he incurred the enmity of the Duke of Savoy. He was captured and imprisoned for two years. Later he was captured by robbers and handed over once more to Savoy, who confined him without trial in the dismal dungeon of Chillon from 1530–1536. He was finally liberated by the Genevese and Bernese; and returned to Geneva, where he was rewarded with a pension and high office. He died in great honor.

Byron has woven a very beautiful story around these circumstances. He was of a noble and aristocratic family, yet the spirit of democracy burned within him, for

"Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind,"

and he endeavored to celebrate the courage and virtues "of a citizen of that republic, which is still proud of the memory of a man worthy of the best age of ancient freedom."

He has imagined Bonnivard the last of a great and illustrious family, every one of whom has endured for their faith. The patriot himself narrates the story—

"We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire and two in field,

Their belief with blood have sealed:
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast
Of whom this wreck is left the last."

He has pictured all the horrors of that dungeon, its damp and massive pillars, its rings, its chains, with great vividness. Surely,

"*That iron is a cankering thing,*
For in these limbs its teeth remain."

And now, even the light of day, so long shut out, is painful to his eyes.

The picture of the three brothers in their chains is a sad and powerful one. They could not move nor see one another. But they attempted as best they could mutual cheer and comfort—

"*With some new hope, or legend old,*
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
A grating sound."

The youngest, the image of their mother, was the constant worry of the others. But strange as it seems, the hunter, who would gladly have stood before the world in battle, died first. His spirit withered with every clank of his chains. The request to lay his body where the day might shine upon his grave is most touchingly portrayed. The decay of the youngest life is a beautiful passage; perhaps, the most tender in the poem.

The story has a great realistic power which grips one's very soul. Every clank of the chain, every groan of despair, and every roll of the waters without, is made real. The author has a good grasp of the fundamental ideas in literature—infinity, democracy, and external nature. There is a beautiful figure, stroke, or sentiment in nearly every line, which has been brought out with the master touch of a genius.

The author has shown a remarkable insight into human nature. It would seem at first glance that the logic of the plan is broken in the second stanza. But this divergence, like others, has a deep psychological significance, which is explained by those almost unexplainable jumps the mind takes on the least suggestion.

"*Three were in a dungeon cast,*"

suggests,

"*There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,*
In Chillon'd dungeons deep and old"—

and the interior description of Chillon, which comprises the second stanza. So, too,

"*He was a hunter of the hills,*
Had followed there the deer and wolf"—

takes the mind of Bonnivard to the outside world; to the massy waters which struggle outside Chillon's walls; to the wanton winds; to the happy sky.

There is a great psychological stroke in—

"*I listened, but I could not hear—*
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I know 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I called and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him."

The same point is illustrated when he was lured by the carol of the little bird that recalled him from his "blind, boundless, mute, and motionless" stupor,

"*Which neither was of life nor death,*"

to climb up to the window, to view once more the mountainside; the wide lake; the blue Rhone; and the little isle. They but served to increase his misery.

"*And I felt troubled—and would fain*
I had not left my recent chain."

He had lost all hope of freedom; every one he loved was dead; his brothers' graves were in his dungeon—

"*And the whole earth would henceforth be*
A wide prison unto me."

Byron does not go into the mysticism of Wordsworth, yet he draws infinite lines very well.

"My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side."

There are also other differentiations in the poetry of these two English poets, which enables us to locate each with precision. In describing nature Wordsworth follows Cowper, and considers it in little details; Byron follows the eighteenth century James Thomson, and treats it in large aspects. In all of Wordsworth's poetry there is an atmosphere of repose; Byron has excitement and agitation—

"The fire which on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle."

* * *

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime."

Byron is a good rhythmist; better than Wordsworth. He also has more beauty than the "Lake Poet," but this is, no doubt, due to the principles laid down in the Observations, prefixed to the second edition of "Lyrical Ballads." It is with regret that we view the failings of Byron. Would that he had received that judicious and prudent training, so necessary for great and powerful minds! His life was a sad and troubled one. He realized that much of it had been misspent. Yet—

"Men we are, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed away."
—Wordsworth.

It was Southey who invented and applied the word satanism to Byron. It is true that Byron teaches despair rather than the faith of Wordsworth. Nearly all the nineteenth century writers preach pessimism. But Byron's pessimism is rather from experience than theory. He was not an ultimate pessimist, nor is he so much satanic as expressive of remorse from sin. While he did not seek the ultimate solution, he was on the way: he found relief in external nature.

"Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring."
—(Childe Harold—Canto III.)

So, too,—

"Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars,
And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
He had been happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the link
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its brink."—(Childe Harold—Canto III.)

His works were remarkable in number despite the trend his reputation had taken. Indeed, his muse had been quickened by it. He attempted various forms of verse and meter; but does not excel so much as an artist as in the portrayal of his own experiences; and in theoretical style. He admired artists very much, especially the great artists of the eighteenth century. He realized his limitations and kept within them. Others were unable to get this correctness and technique; and concluded, therefore, it was useless. Yet they succeed best themselves when they disregard the principles they have laid down in their "poetical dictions."

The letters of Byron are straightforward, but do not have the simplicity we discover in Cowper's. "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan" (a bitter comic poem) rank foremost among his poems. The "Hours of Idleness" is his poorest. But the "Prisoner of Chillon" is, without doubt, his very best story. It is indeed strange that it has never received the high rank among his works, that its beautiful sentiments, its wonderful imagery and strokes, its realistic power, and fine selection of circumstances and diction accord it.

"Yearning"

I yearn for the fragrance of roses again,
For the leaves bursting out on the trees,
For the smell of a summery shower of rain,
And the kiss of the springtime's warm breeze.

I long for the song of the robin at dawn,
And the glint of the glow-worm at night,
For the sweet-smelling velvety grass on the lawn,
And the buzz of the bees in their flight.

I yearn for the odor of newly plowed earth,
And the sight of a blue sky above;
I long for the spring, for all Nature's rebirth,
I yearn for the springtime,—and Love.

H. J. W.

The Truth

By Harold J. Wiegand

FROM my earliest childhood I have been subject to dreams and horrible nightmares. Only those who have been affected with these dreadful phantasms can realize the depression into which the mind is plunged under their influence. I recall with horror my awful dread in soul and body on regaining consciousness in the middle of night, hanging over a cliff—a precipice with a sheer drop of six hundred feet. This terrible incident, occurring in my fifteenth year while we were living in Tennessee, naturally produced in me an intense terror of somnambulism and dreams. I could not sleep for many nights and my health was in a very bad condition until we came back North.

For many years I lived in fairly good health until my peace of mind became greatly disturbed by a succession of strange and horrible dreams in which I was pictured in most terrible and fearful situations. In one dream I would be wavering between life and death on the topmost peaks of Mount Everest; in the next I would be struggling for air in a fearfully dark, narrow dungeon in the bowels of the earth with strange, disgusting vermin and slimy, noisome creatures creeping and crawling over my inert figure; in another I would find myself bound by iron chains amidst a terrible, devouring flame which enveloped me and transformed my body in an instant to a black, charred, lifeless cinder; and in yet another I would be vainly struggling against the unconquerable power of a mighty whirlpool, which sucked my feeble body down into its horrible maw in the inconceivable depths of a mighty sea.

At last, realizing that these horrible phantasms of my imagination were making of me a mental and physical wreck, I decided to consult an eminent brain specialist, Dr. Arnold Marvin, for many years president of the Cerebral Institute and author of several masterful works on the regulation of the mind and hypnotic suggestion. After several futile attempts to discover his whereabouts, I at length learned that he had gone with two attendants for a protracted stay in the Maine woods.

I am unmarried, and, having been without other family connections for six years, I was free to travel to Maine where I finally found that the doctor's residence was some distance east of Ashland, on the Aroostook River. The people of Ashland regarded him as a rich, eccentric bachelor and bothered little about his lonely habitation in the midst of the woods. My arrival and desire for information about the specialist was received with thinly veiled suspicion by the authorities, as it was well known that Dr. Marvin was wealthy. The fact, however, that I did not attempt to hide my intention of paying the doctor a visit was in my favor, and they permitted me and my guide, John Corton, to traverse without molestation the great pine woods which intervened between the town and my destination.

Two days and night we traveled through the forest, hunting and fishing for our meals, and sleeping in the open with the blue vault of heaven overhead and the gentle breeze wafting the sweet scent of the pine to our nostrils. On the third day we came to an opening in the woods in the midst of which stood a large but unpretentious mansion. I sought admission and after some delay I was brought into the presence of Dr. Marvin, a man, I should judge, of about sixty years. He greeted me courteously and evinced great interest when I had explained the object of my visit. After examining me, he decided that I should stay there for several weeks, at the end of which time, under his treatment, he trusted I would be perfectly well.

For a week, together with the guide, I resided at his house, taking the doctor's treatment and undergoing examination every day. I enjoyed myself hugely in that time, hunting, fishing and walking through the green glades and pungent pine woods. One morning, after the usual examination, the doctor decided to hypnotize me as a climax to the treatment. I demurred for some time, but realizing that this was necessary to

bring about complete recovery and that I was in the hands of one of the world's greatest brain specialists, my objections were put aside, and he fixed the following day for the experiment.

The next day, June 15th, at about ten o'clock in the morning, the doctor conducted me to his private room, and bade me sit in one of his comfortable chairs. As I trembled with fear at the strange experience I was about to undergo, the doctor attempted to reassure me, and sitting opposite, he extracted from a case a small, round and singularly bright object, on which he ordered me to fix my eyes. I did so: the glittering globe possessed a powerful fascination for I found that I could not turn my gaze from it,—I was attracted to the globe as a bird is fascinated by the glittering, staring eye of the snake. An intense terror seized me; I would have screamed aloud but that my tongue was frozen and my lips dry. Like a statue of marble I was riveted in the chair gazing at the globule, when suddenly darkness sprang around me, the blood froze in my veins, my head sank to my bosom, my whole body and mind became inactive, inert, lifeless.

* * * *

I was awakened, standing in a cold sweat, by a blood-curdling scream that rang hideously through the house. Trembling, I gazed, horrified, around the room. Before me, motionless on the floor, with blood issuing freely from a wound in his breast, lay the doctor. Speechless with terror and amazement, I gazed on this awful scene. I saw with horror the signs of a struggle in the room,—on the doctor, on myself. With a choking sob I looked hesitatingly at my right hand. Clutched in my hand was a bloody knife,—my knife,—my hand,—my crime! The red steel dropped to the floor from my nerveless fingers as the guide and the two servants dashed into the room, and I fainted.

When I regained consciousness, my hands were securely bound, and I was lying on the couch in the doctor's study. I learned from my attendants that, being in a remote part of the building, they heard nothing until the terrible scream rang through the house, when they had rushed in and found me standing, with a bloody knife, over the dead body of Dr. Marvin. When I fainted they placed me on the couch and Corton, having bound me securely, hurried to Ashland for the authorities.

At length Corton arrived with five officers. The guide had explained to them the doctor's death, and his statements were verified by the servants. In vain I explained to them that I was under hypnotic influence when the man had been killed. Corton and the servants knew nothing about that and they carried me, weeping, from the house and began the two-days' journey to Ashland. When we reached there I was immediately conveyed to the prison to await trial for the murder of Dr. Marvin. Those days and nights spent there were days and nights of unimaginable misery. My body shrank and my mind almost succumbed under the dread thought that, although my soul and mind knew nothing of it, my hand had committed murder.

Yesterday my trial was held. My prayers, my explanations, my pleadings, and exhortations came to naught. Before the grim witness of circumstantial evidence my defense fell away to nothing, and in a very short time the jury announced the verdict, "Guilty". Although I had been expecting it my brain reeled, my limbs trembled, my face shook convulsively, the blood ceased to course through my veins, and my whole system was shattered by that awful word. And even as my soul sank and my body revolted, the judge,—my judge, spoke clearly the words, "Murder in the first degree!" and I plunged unconscious to the floor.

And here I am, in this narrow cell, a murderer shut off from the outside world,—a danger to the human race. The only liberty they allow me, innocent before God, is to pen the truth,—truth that shall never be believed. Soon I die, and why? Because a dead man cannot speak and a prisoner is not believed.

Joan of Arc

By John F. O'Brien, '19

THE story of the Hundred Years' War, its causes, its principal characters and salient features, its end and result, all join to produce one of the great tragedies of history. To take a comprehensive glance of the whole, and observe the fatal issues and fortunate successes of the participants arouses an interest and awakens a curisoity that urges us to serious study and examination. But here it is not our intention to take any such view, or to attempt any complete discussion of a favorite event or character. We shall merely select one from this century of strife who, to our mind, is the most prominent and beautiful.

Reputed historians have long since discussed every incident of battle that is recorded in this long hostile period. The characters, their actions, motives, authority, success, have all thoroughly passed the examination of assiduous biographers, apologists, and poets. As every drama has one central figure that merits our admiration for virtues and honorable office, so this period is not lacking in this regard. To make a fair selection of the most worthy man who entered on the stage of the Hundred Years' War would necessitate a deep and authoritative knowledge of a whole century's history. The most distinguished critics of this period would find difficulty in placing the crown of "hero" on the head of one individual. However, there is one who is supremely eminent among the famous women of this war, one whose name ranks high above any other of her sex, one whose name shall live in sacred memory in the hearts of civilization, whose name shall never be recorded in the book of the forgotten dead.

Who may this singular character be,—her name, her fame, and why does she come in this hour of fray? Her royal name is lost, her deeds have raised an imperishable monument to her fame. She comes to restore what a hundred years' strife could not bestow. Her maiden name was Joan of Arc and her home is with the Blessed.

The cause of this long struggle can be traced back to the mere ambition and pride of kings. Philip of Valois ascended the throne of France, not through direct procession but by an indirect claim. At the same time Edward of England had pretentions to the French sceptre, basing his right to the throne on the direct lineage of his mother. Of course he prudently refrained from urging this argument too forcibly, for he was conscious of the ancient Salic law that denied the crown to the female issue and which would, therefore, weaken his right to be ruler of England. However, he had become incensed at his brother king for several reasons. Philip had treated him with a spirit of mastery. He had given sustenance to Bruce, a man hostile to England. At last the English king openly declared war on France. He proceeded at once to invade French territory and for a time enjoyed success against the unprepared nation. Although Philip made some semblance of resistance, he was not deeply concerned with the situation. Thus started the great century of war. The belligerent operations did not occupy one continuous period of activity. Victories led to treaties, short breathings of peace were experienced in times of the most desperate struggles. The Duchy of Brittany was a trophy of long dispute and bloodshed, but finally England became mistress of the situation. The army of Edward was for the most part well trained and united. This quality has been asserted of England's troops all through this century of war. Hence we can easily understand why Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt were the rewards of small effort against the undisciplined and disloyal troops of France.

The French people were becoming desperate. The courts had been ruled by unprincipled kings. The royalty had fallen into all sorts of vice and disorder and it remained for James Legrand, an Augustinian monk, to stand before a sinful court and remind them of God's vengeance on Sodom and Gomorrah. But the men

who listened were deaf to his teachings. They promised to reform—but it was only a promise and never to see actuality. The "Reign of the Charleses" followed. It was a burden more than an uplift to the poor and the oppressed. The Duke of Burgundy had raised a deadly fief against the Armarnags and the consequence was a siege of periodical destruction and bloodshed. France's difficulty threatened her very existence, and the last hope of restoring prestige and dignity was fading away. The sun of France's happy day was setting, bloody and cheerless, and the night of ruin and blindness was falling.

It was the darkest hour. Yes, but the darkest hour precedes the dawn of a brighter day. Far off from the scene of actual warfare slept the tranquil town of Domremy. Far off to the East the news of the conflict had filled these inhabitants with love and devotion for their king. Domremy, with its pretty dales and shady forests, where innocent children romped and frolicked with glee, was unheard of in the busy centers of war and royalty. These people were simple country folks who loved God above all things and their neighbor for His sake. They were a peaceful, hospitable people who dwelt in charity.

"Their best companions, innocence and health,
And their best riches, ignorance of wealth."

The springtime of Domremy was the most beautiful and refreshing time of the year. The sweet smell of the groves, the pure air of the meadows, the noisy harmony of the singing birds and the laugh of the happy children, all added to the charm of that smiling village. Springtime had come, with all these and many other pleasures. May, the fairest month of the year, was passing by. Close to the forest sat a maiden unconscious of her lover's approach or of the beauty of the scene that surrounded her. She was rapt in prayer, her eyes cast down; a picture of maiden modesty and saintly sweetness. There she sat, alone with God. Her lover was watching her from the skirt of the woods. He thought she looked like an angel of Heaven, rapt in ecstasy before the great white throne of the Almighty. He watched her with love, he would not break her solitary communion with the Omnipotent. He watched her in silence, when lo! a form, a ghostly form of whiteness rose over her head. Would he rush out and save her? He could not; his muscles had become iron-bound and trembling, his voice was lost in the silence of fear. He watched her with a death-like stare. Nearer and nearer came the spirit. At last it took its position directly before the praying virgin.

The maiden raised her head, smiled slowly, and then fell on her knees. Her face became radiant and her smile seemed a beaming reflection of celestial beauty. Suddenly her face lost its pleasant aspect and took on an air of humble submission. No voice was heard. The birds still sang in their unconscious way and the cool breeze of morning frolicked like the children in the lea. At last a faint, sweet voice broke the spell that had bound the speechless suitor. It was the sound from maiden lips. "But I am so young, so inexperienced; how can I lead an army or ride horses, or mingle with men?" A silence followed. The kneeling girl bowed her head and then spoke again. "But if God commands, I obey." She raised her eyes, signed herself with the sign of the cross and at that instant De Comte, her lover, gained strength and courage to rush from his concealed post.

"Joan, Joan," he cried, expecting to see her faint and grow pale. But Joan was calm, collected, and smiling. Never had she seemed so pretty before. She told her lover of her visitor. It was an angel from Heaven commanding her to garb herself in the robes of warfare and lead the army of France to victory and to crown her king. De Comte was amazed at the intimation, but Joan's strange attitude of determination and assurance told him that he had intruded into the presence of the Omnipotent and he had dared to touch one of His angels. He believed his sweetheart and although he was a gentleman of honor and she a simple peasant, from that hour till his last Joan gave orders and he obeyed. Here was the power that none could resist placed in the simple child of Domremy.

Joan lost no time in preparing to obey her heavenly visitor, even though her father had threatened to drown her if she showed any inclination to follow the wishes of God's messenger. But in opposition to the Almighty

decrees, how weak is the opposition of man! Finally, after great difficulty and ill treatment, Joan was presented to Baudicourt, governor of Vaucouleaurs, the valley of pretty flowers. He was a man of broad military experience, and hence Joan's story naturally produced an attitude of "pity and scepticism." He suggested the lash for such presumption and falsehood. Humiliated, rejected, and laughed at, but not broken in spirit, Joan returned home to an enraged father. Yet, in the face of all opposition and contempt, she persisted that faith had told her that God would use her in the appointed hour.

After months of waiting, her voices again found her in prayer. They told her to go once more to Vaucouleaurs and this time she would be received. She went and as truth said, so was it done. The governor received her with attention and pleasure. She had convinced him by her revelations of the English victory in the battle of the Herring that she was chosen by God. He had no difficulty in finding men to accompany her on her perilous journey. In fact, two of Baudicourt's most intimate friends were willing to vouch for the "girl's sincerity" and offered themselves as supporters of her cause. These were Jean de Noveloncont of Metz, who proved a most loyal adherent to Joan, and Bertrand de Pontengy who also rendered honorable service to her.

After several days of travel, Joan reached Chinon where Charles was holding his court. The news of her arrival spread like wildfire through the city. The people welcomed her with joy and blessings, but the court was slow in showing its appreciation and co-operation in her task. The king, influenced by the sceptical Archbishop of Rheims and the treacherous and jealous La Tremoille, put off her audience. But patient persistence always overcomes stubborn rejection, and finally the "Peasant Girl" was admitted into the court.

By this time Joan had become hardened to refusals, obstacles, trials, and ill treatment. She had resolved that no difficulty would oppose her. She entered the tinseled court of "useless butterflies" in her usual calmness and simplicity, undisturbed by the glare of jeweled robes and golden decorations. The palace chamber was crowded with lords and ladies of the first rank, all curious to see this "dreamer of the farm lands" and to witness her confusion before the stare of jeweled royalty.

But their hopes were shattered and their anticipated entertainment frustrated. There sat the queen haughty and erect, garbed in the folds of ermine and plush, the "round and top of sovereignty" on her head. Beside her sat an impostor, a stage king, with a stage-like grin of power on his face. Would Joan kneel before shis crowned actor and reveal her secret? If the did her cause was lost and she would die in ruin and disgrace. Her companions feared they had been deceived. The royalty could scarcely wait for the peal of laughter that would mark her blunder. The maid followed by her faithful servants approached the throne of the queen, made a profound obeisance and then turned to the king's place. A smile brushed over the court, it affected even Joan. They had attempted to deceive her, but she had perceived their deception and turned and looked out into the throng of whitened faces. No smile could be seen now, save on the face of her supporters in whose hearts was awakened confidence and trust. Why the sudden change in the facial expression of the surrounding lords? They had tampered with an angel of God and their deceit was exposed to the world. Down through the crowds walked Joan turning and looking into every man's face. Suddenly she saw the visage of her king. He had disguised himself as a courtier, but not with sufficient skill to deceive the eye of God who told His heroine where the royalty was concealed.

Joan fell on her knees before the amazed monarch who dared to deny his identity and who declared the "crowned pretender" her sovereign lord. But the maid could not be further deceived. Her persistency convinced Charles and his court that her mission was genuine and their evil design merited shame and embarrassment. Joan drew her king aside while the court was buzzing with expressions of admiration, love and praise. She told him of her mission, God's command to her, her message to him, his reward, and the future state of France. As a sign that the God of Heaven, the Searcher of all hearts, had sent her she mentioned a secret that was

"buried in the king's heart" of which no other but God and himself had any knowledge. He was aware that a qualm of conscience had blighted his happy hours—but how had this ignorant peasant girl discovered it?

"You fear the legitimacy of your birth," whispered Joan. "Fear it not—you are God's choice, and I will bring you to Rheims, where you shall be crowned king of France." Indeed that was the touchstone of Charles' unhappy years. Now, he believed, and he wished to prove that trust by support.

Although he was strongly inclined to her, he desired to consult the governing minds of France. Accordingly, Joan was sent to the University of Portiers where she was examined and re-examined by the sharpest intellects of the realm. After weeks of labor they decided that "human wisdom could not fathom her simplicity," and they acknowledged their belief that she was a messenger of God. They admitted there was "no guile in her heart" and they were convinced that she was a good Catholic girl of sound faith. Hence, they urged Charles to support her, lest France be lost by the rejection of "God's holy one."

At once the king complied with their decision and by public proclamation Joan was declared commander-in-chief of the armies of France. This news started fires in the heart of every Frenchman. The people had unqualified confidence in the "Child of Domremy" and needless to say the king's action was accepted with approbation and promise of support. The people were true to their trust. Money, provisions, soldiers, everything and anything that is conducive to belligerent use was supplied in abundance. In a short time a creditable army was mustered hear St. Loup, the nearest fort of the enemy; here Joan appointed her staff and attendants. She chose for her confessor Pasqueral, an Augustinian monk, who proved a loyal and pious father to her.

Before opening the operations, Joan offered protection to the English invaders if they departed in peace, but her charity was answered by scorn and insult. She then designed her banner on which were inscribed the words "Jesus, Maria." Metz brought her the famous sword which had been concealed for years beneath an altar in the Church of St. Catherine. Now the blow was to be struck. Insult had been added to injury; a crushing defeat was the reward of such tyrannous cruelty. Within a week St. Loup fell an easy prey to her well-directed arms. By this victory she won the title of "Maid of Orleans."

In a few days operations were resumed against St. Augustine's monastery,which had been taken from the Augustinian Fathers. The English used this location as their supply center and at the same time it served as a formidable defense for Orleans. The Monastery was soon conquered. This victory was followed by a more brilliant one at Tourelles which opened the passage to Orleans. The following sun saw the English flee from their long-treasured trophy of war, the city of Orleans. The news of Joan's victory spread like the wind. It reached the ears of Charles who lost no time in coming to Tours, where he had determined to reward his "virgin general."

Of course, the trappery of court accompanied the king. He prepared a great reception for Joan, and awarded her with the enviable title of Madame du Lis. But what is this high-sounding name to the plain Joan d'Arc? The honor faded as the breath that made it, but the memory of the poor peasant girl of Domremy lives on forever. However great and impressive were the honors and attentions showered upon Joan, there was a hesitancy in granting her the only request she made. Her former opposers were still in power and naturally they questioned and misinterpreted her every design. Charles had promised to grant her anything she would ask. "Do not be afraid, my child," he urged the timid Joan, "name your desire, and it is granted."

"That you will come to Rheims to be crowned," answered the girl.

"To Rheims? Impossible, my general! We march through the heart of the enemies' country!" exclaimed the frightened king. "Oh no, impossible, anything but that."

It has been observed that the "we" was decidedly editorial. The king was considering his personal security first. He could not think of quitting his "tinsel dwelling." But who can withstand the force of patience and prayer?

After months of waiting, Joan was permitted to clear the way for Charles and she led his consecrated person to the temple of Rheims. She had defeated the foe and now had conquered the hostility of the court. With the assistance of her loyal staff, La Hire, Alencon and Dunois, she made preparations for another engagement. A few weeks gave the city of Jargeau, and its haughty defender, the Duke of Suffolk, as a third trophy of valiant courage and indomitable will to the French army. She had responded to her enemies' pride in the memory of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, by her three more brilliant victories, one of which is recorded among the decisive battles of history.

Meantime, Charles had set out with twelve thousand men. Joan met him at Troyes and on the sixteenth of June, led him to Rheims where he was crowned king by the Archbishop of the Cathedral.

Joan's appointed task was now completed. She desired to return to Domremy, but the court denied her the desire. The winter passed and springtime again warmed the hills and vales of France. The victories of Joan had raised the courage of her soldiers to unlimited heights. The soldiers had absolute confidence in her guidance, and hence when she called for volunteers in the middle of May, to take the city of Compiegne, there was little difficulty in mustering substantial military strength. This was to be her last battle, as she foretold.

The engagement started and after a desperate struggle, Joan's men were losing territory, step by step. They had retreated slowly, but with desperate fighting, to the bridge that crossed the Oise. This passage was uplifted at the critical moment by the order of Guillaume de Slavy, the governor; whether he did this through treachery or error, historians have not decided. With a few faithful followers, Joan fell a prisoner to Jean of Luxemburg, an adherent to the seditious Burgundy. She was brought to Margay, and later to Arras, Crotoy, and finally to Rouen, where she was bound in irons, tried by an ecclesiastical court, accused of every conceivable wickedness, and burned at the stake on the 30th of May, 1431, at the old market place.

This is a resumé of Joan's military life. It covered a period of two years, yet, during that brief time, she gave to the world an example of maidenly virtue joined to the courage of a hardened warrior, which produced a most extraordinary character. Her life, her difficulties, her fortunes and failures, each in their own way, are subjects for serious and long study. The peculiar actions of the participants of the Hundred Years' War, and the strange circumstances in which they were placed are to some degree intelligible. We can admire the courage of the French army and the bravery of her enemy. We can appreciate the noble personages who guided the destinies of each nation. We can pity the sufferers; despise the treacherous; love the heroic, and honor the good. We can forgive every act of injustice, cruelty, barbarism, and shame that the warring nations may have performed. But all our pardon and willingness to forgive can never explain the reason for Joan's ignominious end. It is hard to understand why man should wish to torture a young woman but nineteen years of age, why force her through a trial of court, condemn her and lead her up a mount of faggots, tie her to a post and burn her to death. Why did not France froth with wrath upon learning of Joan's captivity? Why did not Charles, the maiden-crowned king, strive to free her? Where was his gratitude, where his love, respect and appreciation for her services? Why did God permit such a tragedy? Why did He allow her to be captured, when He knew she was to suffer such a cruel fate? These are the questions that are teeming with interest. They are answerable, and their answer redounds to the glory of God.

Why should God permit such a death for so virtuous a child? How puerile the question appears when compared with others of like nature. Was not the purest of virgins shrouded with a mantle of sorrow? Did not Monica's tears flow, and Rita's brow fester with corruption? Can we forget the pains of the half-devoured martyrs? Why this death for Joan? Perhaps it was because she was to be numbered among the vessels of election, because she hated her life in this world, and sought a more blessed life. Perhaps this was her manner

of "purging her sins away" before she entered into the judgment hall of God. Is it not likely that she died in this disgrace that the truth might shine brighter when emanating from a dark falsehood? She suffered because her crown was to be attained only through the passage of fire and sword.

This is sufficient reason for understanding the cruelty and the indifference of men. But there are other reasons that might mitigate their culpability. The English nation had been at war with France for generations and hence there was a natural inborn hatred against the hereditary enemy. The great victories of Crecy and Agincourt had made them proud, and when failure and defeat met them, they were filled with jealousy and the desire for revenge. They were morally certain that France had secured the co-operation of a demon, in the person of Joan of Arc, and that fact raised their ire to a more sturdy position. The law demanded "the roasting of all satanic tools," and hence they were anxious to capture this "instrument of darkness" and see her burn in the agony of torture. Of course when the opportunity came to satisfy that savage passion, they were impervious to any appeal of humanity or reason. They believed they were doing God and their country a service, particularly since the prominent Churchmen of her own land seconded their intention. These prelates openly condemned her and handed their victim to the secular authorities, who were thirsting for her blood. Hence we can see a psychological reason that seeks our commiseration.

As for France and its king, little can be said. It is harder to conceive the justification or the satisfactory reason for their ungrateful neglect. The proletariat and the peasantry were the only elements which resented the injury. But they were helpless against the unconcern of the court. Again, the nation was reeking with internal strife, and although many Frenchmen of prominence were convinced that Joan was an "instrument of darkness", there were many more among the educated and influential who were sure of her sanctity and purity.

To turn a retrospective light on the trial and characters therein concerned would interest the most insipid mind. To examine into the charges, witnesses, proceedings, cross-examinings, would require more space than is at our disposal. But the whole trial was well branded by Jean Lobier—one of the few principled men who dared to oppose the court—as an "illegal trial, a disgrace to Ecclesiastical jurisprudence." This is a comprehensive observation, but it is sufficient to embrace all the wrongs that "illegality" might entail. Joan was denied the right of a counsel; she was kept in a prison guarded by corrupt men. She was cross-examined and unfairly cajoled, she was deceived and frightened into contradiction, which the minds of these "benevolent Judges" interpreted as lies.

In a short time the seventy articles of condemnation were framed, each a falsehood so opposed to the actuality that any un-Christian judge would have destroyed the paper that was contaminated by their formulation. The "articles" not only distorted, falsified, changed the meaning of words, but deliberately interpolated phrases and clauses that suited the acquisition of the end. They not only condemned her actions from childhood up to the last, but dared to assert that her "voices" were whisperings from hell and that she was a "foul monster disguised as a maid." They branded her as a rebellious child to her Church because she refused to submit to its words. If there was ever an unjust sentence uttered, this was the most flagrant of all, for history attests that the "victim of Rouen" had repeatedly asked to be brought to Rome, where she could lay her case before the Pope and ask his decision. But, as one might suspect, she was denied this right, since she had already been subjected to greater wrongs.

It might be difficult to find a parallel case of injustice with which to measure the "trial of unfairness." We have no observation to offer in the action of Cauchon or on the "honorable decision" of his colleagues. It is sufficient to compare the papers of this trial with the judgment of the Rehabilitation, wherein every one of the charges is not only refuted, but branded an abominable lie, a disgrace to jurisprudence, and a blot on the brow of Cauchon.

Although France was dormant and partially indifferent to Joan's fate, her death reanimated the old-time noble spirit of chivalry that had

lived in France. The King, who was weighed down by trials of court and nation, gave little heed to the crying oppression of his people and the re-establishment of Joan's unblemished name. But justice and beauty of character will always demand recognition even in this world, and hence Joan was destined to be to the world a model of nobility of soul. The popular trend of unfavorable attitude towards Joan was turned to the other extreme. At the request of Joan's mother, Pope Calixtus ordered an investigation into the life and trial of Joan of Arc. Charles appointed Guillaume Bouille, the dean of the Cathedral at Noyan, to conduct the process. The duties of this dignitary fell into the charge of Jean Brehal, a Dominican friar, a man of honor and uncompromising determination. He was convinced that Joan was numbered among the blessed, and this conviction urged him to seek the truth and nothing but the truth. He was the supreme head of the Rehabilitation, and after six years of study, gathering evidence, and examining witnesses personally acquainted with the maid, he concluded with substantial and solid proofs that Joan's visions were from Heaven, that she was a genuine legate of God.

Meantime, the memory of the "Child of Domremy" had aroused the nobler qualities in Charles. He had sprung from his lethargy. He believed his angel-deliverer had set him on the road to honor, wherein he had slumbered despite her devotion and sacrifice. But now he determined to prove that he had been worthy of her protection and support. He had marched against his hereditary foe and defeated him in battle after battle. In 1442, Charles was undisputed master of the south of the Loire. The victories of France awakened the soldiers with the same spirit of loyalty that took Orleans and Jargeau. Rouen, Bordeaux, and finally Castillon, where Talbot fell in 1453, crowned the bravery of the French army. By that fall, the foreign grasp on France was cast off forever, and the Hundred Years' War ended with a brilliant victory for Charles.

Joan had now come into her own. Statues were erected to her memory in every center of France. Charles had become a merciful, loyal monarch, devoted to education and the uplift of his people. But where do we locate the credit for all these turns of fortune, this restoration of happy firesides, this planting of virtuous king? Can it be to the penitent king? Can it be asserted of the military force that crushed the foe? Can it be the loss of courage in Henry's army? No, it was none of these. It was the cruel fate of Joan! Had she not died as she did, the memory of ingratitude on one side, and the thoughts of savage torture on the other would never have warranted the Rehabilitation which strengthened the courage of the French army and made the king a man of self-respect. Was it not her death that appeased the wrath of God and restored the French to His favor?

As for Joan, little can be said other than words of highest commendation and reverence. Like all extraordinary characters, she was not appreciated and the worst enemies were those of her own household. Notwithstanding the uncharitable view of Shakespeare, the prejudiced theme of Voltaire, or the unfounded condemnation of modern Cauchons, we have only to turn to fair-minded historians, and these not Catholics, to find her represented unblemished in her virtue, saintly in her actions, a forgiving, generous, unselfish, magnanimous woman, who united the simplicity of maidenhood to the power of authority. She was at once a child and a leader of exceptional ability. She knew full well the arts of concentrating quickly, of directing swift and hard blows, and above all, she was endowed with an invincible tenacity of purpose. She was a thorough-going Catholic of unshakable faith, with a solid devotion to her Voices and the Saints, who guided her.

She has been looked up to as one of the most extraordinary characters in history. Surely, no other member of her sex has assumed the role which she was called upon to play. Her name stands among the foremost in the records of immortal women, for she has passed through the "fire of war, maltreatment, and conflagration." This chaste, pure maid of Orleans has restored to France what sin and corruption had lost; she was the saviour of her people; she laid down her life that they might live.

Hence, we can understand, while taking the retrospective view of the whole tragedy, why God selected the purest of France to be an immo-

lation for His glory. She was human, and weakness can be imputed to her, and hence she must pass through her purgatory while on earth, that her triumphant entrance into eternity might be sooner and more glorious. How marvelously the Almighty conducted the whole affair! Strange are His ways and unsearchable His reasons. She had imitated the Saviour of the world. Her father had sought her life, she had confounded the doctors, she had been rejected by the ancients and the people of the court, she had ransomed her countrymen from the bondage of oppression, she had been captured and sold into the hands of her enemies, she had been tried and unjustly condemned and she had died an ignominious death before the eyes of the public. When she was dead, the unburned heart that bled for France, fell into her ashes and was concealed from the sinful gaze of her murderers. As she lived and died, so was she crowned, and that crown is the undying admiration and love of the human heart and the joys of eternal bliss.

Lest we forget, every tragedy of life has its recompense. As the virtuous rejoice, so the wicked lament. Cauchon, Courcalles, Lorselleur, Luxemburg, La Tramoille—who are these honorable men, if honor may be shrouded in unprincipled, selfish creatures? These are the names that caused the slaughter of this sweet young maid of France. These are the names history offers to posterity as the villains of this great tragedy. These are the names that will flourish with the sacred memory of their victim; but she shall live with the radiant crown of virtue adorning her brow.

However, before condemning these individuals to the "rack to punishment," let us turn to the "chief mourner" of this catastrophe. We would rather ask the maid to pronounce the sentence of condemnation on the heads of her murderers, so that their confusion may be aggravated by the judgment of their victim. But what is her sentence?

As she has already imitated the Crucified of Calvary, so in this instance, she is inclined to mercy and forgiveness. When some of her judges and torturers had witnessed the malice of their crime, they struck their breasts in remorse and repentance. They believed they had burned a "Saint of God" and hence they turned to her for one word of pardon from her roasting lips.

What were her words in answer to these awe-stricken men? She forgave them with the charity that springs from a true Christian heart, with the sincerity that holds sway over a pure and upright soul, and with the joy that echoes the happiness of Heaven. This was the crowning deed of Joan. Her victories, glories and praises are all the achievements of human endeavor; they flourish and attract the attention of men, but her supernatural deed of virtue which marks her as a saint of heaven is the life-giving principle to the memory of her fame.

For Joan of Arc there is one fact which has been observed, even by the most antagonistic, that argues the proof of her simplicity and openness. Wherever she entered, she always preserved a decorum befitting a maiden; in all her words, actions and relations with her subordinates, she always approached them with the attitude of a child. She was not naturally precocious, but her superior wisdom in the management of her duties is the direct indication of her authority from God. She was His instrument, His vessel of choice, to bring about the greatest blessing that ever befell France. Her "untaught wisdom" was the marvel of philosophers, her "unfathomable genius" the wonder of her companions and the destruction of her enemies.

We could compare Joan to the immortal Napoleon, but even he, although his name ranks among the first of his profession, is incomparable with the bashful "child of Domremy." Where can we find a leader that can boast of winning a decisive victory at the age of nineteen years? Not even the "captive eagle of St. Helena" can contribute such an achievement to his glory.

Finally, we may turn to the attitude of the Church, relative to the life and actions of Joan of Arc. Under Pius X, of loving memory, Joan's name was numbered among the Blessed of Heaven. This act confirmed the decision of the Rehabilitation.

Today the name of Joan of Arc stands for all that is pure and noble in maidenhood. It is the name which has won the devotion of France

and the admiration of the world. She is a model for the virtuous and the brave; she has given us "an example" of self-sacrificing love of a creature who answered the call of her God; she was the martyred spouse of Christ, a lily of purity which permeated the corruption of the court with her influence of sanctity, truth and sincerity. She was a chosen daughter of God, a Saint of the Catholic Church, a credit to her people, and a charm in the notion of chivalry.

"Over in France"

Over in France, the wild snow is driving,
Over in France, 'mid the battle's loud roar;
Over in France, my loved one is dying,
Yearning for peace he ne'er had before.

Over in France, the wintry winds clamor,
Over in France, the lily lies dead;
Over in France, my loved one is dying,—
God! how quickly the snow has turned red!

Over in France, there is mourning and weeping,
Over in France, there is battle and blood;
Over in France my loved one is dying,
Stretched in the trench's foul, slimy wet mud.

Over in France the cannons are roaring,
Over in France, 'mid the mad, ceaseless strife:
Over in France my loved one is dying,—
Proudly for us has he given his life.

Over in France the sabers are gleaming,
Over in France, where death is a jest;
Over in France my loved one is dying,
God grant the world may soon share his rest!

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.

Telemachus

ENGLISH literature has been enriched by many translations from other languages. Among the foreign contributions to our literature, Dr. Hawkesworth's translation of Fenelon's Telemachus holds a high place; and rightly so.

It would be a mistake to confound the authors of the seventeenth century in France with those of the same century in England. The Restoration Period in England is filled with literature of a frivolous, repulsive nature. The immoral, loose spirit of this time has influenced, more or less, many authors in the following ages. A long development, a thorough training in fundamental thinking was required before Restoration characters were entirely eliminated.

The authors of the seventeenth century in France are rather to be put side by side with England's eighteenth century authors. The great French orators of this time have just claims to places among the men who have made world classics. For sweet simplicity in style and profundity of thought, hardly another author of this time has surpassed the great Fenelon.

It is our purpose in this brief paper to discuss some important points in Fenelon's Telemachus. When the Duc de Beauvilliers became governor of the children of Louis XIV in 1869, he at once secured Fenelon as tutor to the eldest of these, the Duke of Burgundy. Fenelon, though the child was proud and ill-tempered, went about his task with his usual zeal and energy. One of his methods of training this youth was to write books containing great lessons. Telemachus is, therefore, a great political work adapted to present to a youthful mind, under the guise of pleasant fiction, lessons of great moment in politics and the life of a ruler. It is a didactic epic, and is a combination of Homer's Odyssey and Xenophon's Cyropaedia.

The abstract things of life are often very hard to comprehend, and certainly impossible to be appreciated without a concrete image. Fenelon excels in bringing in an image at once pleasing and helpful. He was an artist of description and imagination. The scene he portrays of Elysium illustrates the point; Elysium, or Heaven, is brought before our mind with all the idea of eternity, yet supported by finite images to aid our weakened understanding. Our senses naturally comprehend the scene, yet behind the concrete image is a beautiful truth quite distinct from the scene. All the good in mortal life is retained in the life of the blessed, but at the same time all the woe and the revolting side of life is delicately eliminated. The passage to which we have referred is very long, but a few illust ations will make the points clear. "Telemachus advanced toward these kings, whom he found in groves of delightful fragrance, reclining upon the downy turf, where the flowers and herbage were perpetually renewed." Here we should note the force and thematic bearing of the word "perpetually." If the joys of Heaven were not perpetual, then Heaven would not be Heaven. Fenelon also makes a psychological point here. Man is continually longing for something higher; the more good he gets the more he desires; it is a perpetual longing. To give further proof of the statements made above we need only follow the same passage. "A thousand rills wandered through these scenes of delight, and refreshed the soil with a gentle and unpolluted wave; the song of innumerable birds echoed in the groves." Here we see that the soil never lost its vitality, and the rills that watered it lacked that prerogative of earthly life—pollution. Far from this Elysium were all strifes and contentions; peace was the continual burden of the songs. "Neither war that thirsts for blood, nor envy that bites with an envenomed tooth, like the vipers that are wreathed around her arms and fostered in her bosom, nor jealousy, nor distrust, nor fears, nor vain desires, invade these sacred domains of peace." In life hope is one of our greatest consolations, yet it is often only a consolation in disguise; the stern reality of danger and sorrow is all the more keen when it finally

shatters the fruitless hope. "From these seats of tranquillity all evils fly far away; death, disease, poverty, pain, remorse, fear, even hope—which is sometimes not less painful than fear itself—animosity, disgust, and resentment, can never enter there." * * * "Their joy is superior to the wanton levity of mirth; it is calm, silent, and solemn; it is the sublime fruition of truth and virtue." * * * "They have all the gladness that is inspired by wine, without either the tumult or the folly."

The true greatness of Fenelon lies in his deep sympathy and his love of innocence and simplicity. What a depth of sympathy there is in the following quotation! "But he did not content himself with deploring the evils of war; he endeavored to mitigate them. He went himself from tent to tent, affording to the sick and dying such assistance and comfort as they could receive; he distributed among them not only medicine, but money; he soothed and consoled them by expressions of tenderness and friendship, and sent others on the same errand to those whom he could not visit himself." There are two kinds of sympathy that we experience in this life; one we get from those who stand outside and look; but the genuine sympathy is shown by those who come into our suffering, and suffer with us. The latter is Fenelon's mode of sympathizing. "My sufferings have been more than another could endure; but I was instructed by necessity, and she teaches what otherwise could not be known. Those who are without suffering are without knowledge." Sympathy with youth is the sign of a great soul. Too often we find those who have passed the youthful age losing entire sight of its perils, its trials, and its problems. Fenelon knew that there were moments in which the youthful heart saw only a dark and dismal future, and that the situation was a real one. "How wretched a period of life is youth! Wherefore did the gods, who cruelly sport with the calamities of men, ordain them to pass through that state which is divided between the sports of folly and the agonies of desire? Why is not my head already hoary, and why do not my steps falter on the brink of the grave? Why am I not like Laertes, whose son is my father? Death itself would be sweeter than the shameful weakness of which I am now conscious."

The scene picturing the flocks of Admetis shows the simplicity and innocence that Fenelon loved. "The pipes of the shepherds now rendered them more happy than kings; and those uncorrupted pleasures, which fly from the palace, were invited to the cottage. The shepherdesses were followed by the Sports, the Smiles, the Graces; and adorned by simplicity and innocence. Every day was devoted to joy; and nothing was to be heard but the chirping of birds, the whispers of the zephyrs that sported among the branches of the trees, the murmurs of water falling from a rock or the songs with which the muses inspired the shepherds who followed Apollo. The gods themselves became jealous of their happiness; they now thought the obscurity of a shepherd better than the splendor of a deity, and recalled Apollo to Olympus." In the "Golden Age" the author pictures to us a country so blessed that there was a perpetual spring and autumn and a double harvest. "This country also contains many mines of gold and silver; but the inhabitants, happy in their simplicity, disdain to count silver and gold among their riches, and value that only which contributes to supply the real and natural wants of mankind."

Let us now look at Fenelon, the constructive artist. The examples given are selected from an inexhaustible source, and must not be looked upon as solitary. The following sentence illustrates a clever unity. "Leave me again to the billows and the rocks. Let me be dashed to pieces and swallowed up in the deep; but preserve my son!" The subtle scale is again and again employed by our author. Here are three beautiful examples.

"As a flower that blooms in the morning, fills the air with fragrance, and then gradually fades at the approach of night, loses the vivid brightness of its colors, droops, withers and at length falls with its own weight, so the son of Ulysses was sinking insensibly into the grave." Again, when Arcesius in Elysium speaks to Telemachus, "Thus transitory is man like a flower that blooms in the morning, and in the evening is

withered and trodden under foot, but we must note that it is in the morning that it blows; it enjoys its short life for a day, and in the evening meets its fate—it is trodden under foot."

"It was like an emanation of truth and wisdom, that like a subtle flame pervaded the most secret recesses of his soul; it moved and warmed him at once, and he felt his heart, as it were, dissolved by a divine energy not to be expressed, by something that exhausted the fountain of life."

Nor is Fenelon's work without dramatic power. The combat between Telemachus and the lion is very strong. Strength is derived from the arrangement of words, and the situation is brought vividly before the mind by the figures used. "Three times I threw him, and he arose three times, roaring so loud that the utmost recesses of the forest echoed." Many of the dramatic parts are made doubly impressive by thematic repetition and apostrophe. Thus, "I quit these scenes, and stay only to bid them farewell. Farewell, my grotto! Ye nymphs that haunt these dewy fields, farewell! I shall bear the sullen sound of these inexorable waves no more. Farewell, ye cliffs, where I have shivered in the tempest and been drenched in the rain! Farewell, ye rocks, whose echoes have so often repeated my complaints! Farewell, ye sweet fountains, which my sufferings embittered to me! and thou uncultivated soil, farewell! I leave you; but to my departure be propitious since I follow the voice of friendship and the gods!"

In its very aspect, Fenelon understood the problem of life, and gave a solution. The modern specimen of fashionable, masculine womanhood might well blush in the presence of Fenelon's Antiope. "Antiope is all gentleness, prudence, and simplicity; her hands do not despise labor; she looks forward with a provident forecast; she provides for contingencies; she dispatches pressing affairs with silent expedition; she is always busy, but never confused, for everything is referred to its proper time and place. The elegant regularity of her father's household is her glory—a nobler distinction than youth and beauty.

The depth of a mutual and sincere friendship is seen in that existing between Telemachus and Philoctetes. The great charm about it is that it is an earned friendship, for, at first, Telemachus was repulsed by Philoctetes. Fenelon understood and sympathized with a true friendship. "But could the sacred ties of friendship be forgotten? Could I attempt the life of Philoctetes? My love for him can cease only with my life; into his breast will I breathe my departing spirit, and to his care will I confide my ashes."

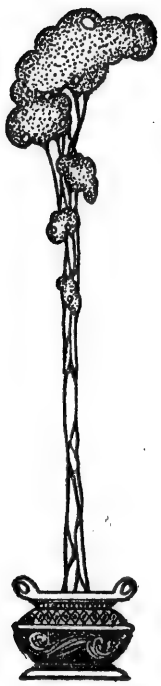
These are some particular aspects of life. Now we want a more general norm. Fenelon comes to our aid again. He shows just how far our pursuit of glory may go and be lawful. If the following passage could be applied in all its details to life, our earth would be a modern Utopia; yet the virtues enumerated are not too high for any one and all necessary.

"Be careful, my son, to avoid precipitation even in the pursuit of glory; for glory is to be acquired only by waiting in patient tranquillity for the moment of advantage. Virtue is more revered in proportion as she appears to be quiet, placid, and unassuming. As the necessity of exposing yourself to danger increases, so should your expedients, your foresight, and your courage. Remember, also, to avoid whatever may draw upon you the envy of your associates, and never let the success of another excite envy in you. Give praise liberally for whatever shall merit praise, but never praise indiscriminately; display the good with pleasure, hide the bad, and let it not be remembered but with compassion.

"Never decide in the presence of old commanders, who have all the experience that you want; hear their opinion with deference, consult them, solicit the assistance of the most skilful, and never be ashamed to attribute your best actions to their counsel. Lastly, never listen to any discourse which tends to make you jealous or mistrustful of other chiefs. Speak your mind to them with confidence and ingenuity. If you think their behavior to you has been exceptional, open your heart at once, and tell them why you think so. * * * If their insensibility is so

gross that the rectitude of th's behavior is lost upon th m, you will at least have gained an experimental knowledge of what may be expected from them; you will order matters so that you will have no more contest with them during the war, and you will have nothing to reproach yourself with on their account. But above all be careful never to drop the least hint of your displeasure before the sycophants who are ever busy to sow jealousy and division."

In fine, we would say that Fenelon is a master not only of style, in which he joins a sweet simplicity with a noble elegance, but also, of what is more important—life and ideas. A depth of thought and profound experience is clothed in a beautiful garment of language. The language is an instrument for the correct expression of the thought. The pen that composed so deep and charming a work as Telemachus must have been guided by a soul at once beautiful and full of love and sympathy for fallen humanity.



Moonlight at Plattsburg

'Tis night, and on the placid lake
The gentle moonlight gleams.
The while I rest upon the shore,
And still my sad heart seems
To see naught in this bright scene save
A background for my dreams.

The wavelets murmur on the beach,
The fragrant night-breeze whines,
And like a maiden's sigh I hear
The rustle of the pines;
And over all the gorgeous moon
In golden splendor shines.

The stars are cold and blue and clear,
And fairies seem to play
Upon the waves and 'midst the rocks
Where vagrant moonbeams stray;
But I can only dream and sigh;
My heart is far away.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.

THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. III | OCTOBER, 1918 | No 1

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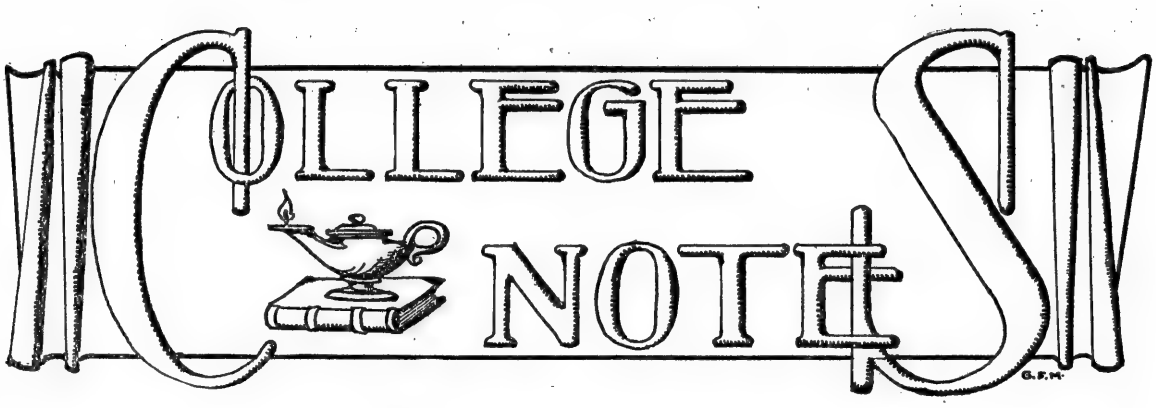
The S. A. T. C.

WITH the establishment of the Student Army Training Corps, Villanova becomes a definite part of the organization developed by the United States Government for the winning of the war. Her co-operation in this great purpose is now direct and all her resources, energy and equipment from now on will be devoted to this one end. Hitherto she has sought to instill into the hearts of her students the lessons of loyalty and of self-sacrificing obedience in the cause of patriotism. Henceforth she will assist not alone in the formation of character but in the development as well of that practical knowledge and training which is necessary for successful soldiers. With her noble traditions of loyalty behind her and the consciousness of having answered every call of duty in the cause of her country and of having given her support completely and unreservedly to every measure of the Government during the seventy-five years of her existence, Villanova can be relied upon, as she enters into this new phase of her existence, to play the part assigned to her with fidelity, loyalty, and efficiency. The enthusiasm shown by her Faculty, students and alumni well indicates the sincerity of her purpose, and the splendid equipment and educational facilities she possesses furnish a guarantee of successful endeavor as a Student Army Training School.

Published at Villanova, Pa., in the months of October, December, February, April and June.
All communications to be addressed to THE VILLANOVAN, Villanova, Pa.

Our Subscribers and Friends

THE October number this year has been much delayed, chiefly owing to the influenza epidemic which has been raging throughout the country and from which Villanova has also suffered. We feel sure that, under the circumstances, our subscribers will overlook this delay. This year we plan to issue the usual five numbers. Despite the great increase of publishing costs, our subscription rates will remain the same. We hope, however, that our subscribers will not neglect to mail promptly to us their renewals. The existence of the VILLANOVAN depends upon the students, alumni, and friends. If we have the same generous cooperation which they have shown us in previous years we need have no fear for the future. In this connection, too, we would like to say a few words about our advertisers. They are all friends of Villanova and respectable business men. Read their names over carefully and give them the benefit of your patronage. You will make no mistake. At the same time you will be assisting the VILLANOVAN.



CLASSES were resumed in the Classical and Academical Departments on September the 18th. The S. A. T. C. classes opened on the 22nd,though induction did not take place until the first of the month.

Changes

The old students on their arrival at College missed their former Prefect of Studies, Father O'Neill. He had been for a long time a teacher and friend of the boys. In his new work as a member of the Augustinian Mission Band we wish him great success.

The loss of Father O'Neill as Prefect of Studies is recompensed for by the presence of Father F. A. Driscoll in that position. Father Harris has succeeded Father Driscoll as Prefect of Discipline.

Father Fagan, formerly stationed at St. Rita's College, Chicago, Ill., has returned to Villanova as a member of the Faculty. Besides teaching other subjects he will assist Father Fahey in conducting the Course in War Issues in the S. A. T. C.

We are pleased to note, on our Faculty, the presence of Prof. Slavin and Prof. Braun, two engineering professors. They have our entire confidence and good wishes as they are our own graduates.

The course in Military French is being conducted by Professor Paul Caty, a veteran of the French Foreign Legion and Canadian E. P. Professor Caty is exceptionally well qualified to do this work as he has had actual experience in the trenches for the past two years.

Professor Conway, of Chestnut Hill, has also been added to the Faculty. His long experience in radio work assures us of his success in the engineering school.

Summer School

For the first time in her history Villanova conducted summer courses at the College. Courses were given in Philosophy, Sociology, Literature, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Experimental Psychology, Algebra, Geometry, Mechanics, Analytics, German, Latin, and Trigonometry. Classes opened on July 1st and were brought to a close on August 8th. Great enthusiasm was manifested by both teachers and students and the school was a great success.

Plattsburg

Villanova was among the first colleges to send her quota of men to the training camp at Plattsburg. Professor Charles A. McGeehan represented the faculty at the camp. The students who attended were Francis A. Murphy, who completed the course of training successfully and, declining a commission, was sent back to Villanova as an instructor. He qualified "good" in machine-gun work. Edward Diggles received his commission as second lieutenant in the infantry and has been assigned to Camp Grant, Ill. James F. Murray also was commissioned and is now instructing at Williams College. Joseph McCarthy and Harold Blanchfield, both second lieutenants, have gone to Camp Grant, Ill. Charles J. McCarthy is second lieutenant in the infantry and instructor at Cornell, Ithaca, N. Y. William McBride, second lieutenant, has been assigned to Clarkson Technical School, Potsdam, N. Y. Leo Brennan, second lieutenant in infantry, is at the New York University. Joseph Ford is second lieutenant in infantry and has been assigned to New York Homeopathic College. Alfred Kane, Romolo Talone, Joseph Gillespie, and Harold J. Wiegand

have returned to Villanova as instructors, and recommended for the O. T. C. Felix Maguire was recommended for second lieutenant in infantry but declined in order to pursue his engineering course at Villanova. He is recommended as instuctor in the infantry. David Farley was sent from Plattsburg to the Small Arms Firing School at Camp Perry, Ohio, and has been recommended as an instructor at Villanova.

Fourth Liberty Loan

Villanova went over the top with the Fourth Liberty Loan. The students of the S. A. T. C. demonstrated by their subscriptions that they were willing to co-operate in every possible way with the Government in its efforts to bring about a victorious peace. The response which greeted the stirring addresses of Father Dean and Lieutenant Brown delivered to the students on the drill grounds October 19, 1918, was gratifying to the officials of the College and to Commanding Officer, Lieutenant A. B. Scott. It indicated that the boys had caught the right spirit. Over $16,500 in subscriptions was received, every boy in the unit subscribing to at least one bond.

Chemical Laboratory Foundation

In the midst of the Diamond Jubilee festivities, it was intended to announce a donation of five thousand dollars for Chemical Laboratory equipment, made by Mr. Maurice J. Curran of Andover, Mass. The unavoidable haste of Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall and party, due to train delay in arriving, upset the scheduled program and the matter was unintentionally overlooked.

The President and Faculty now take pleasure in announcing the gift of Mr. Curran, which was made through the Very Reverend Charles M. Driscoll, O. S. A., and which will be used solely for the purpose of equipping the Maurice J. Curran Chemical Laboratory. To Mr. Curran and his family, we hereby express our gratitude and we beg to assure them of our prayers and heartiest good wishes.

The Epidemic

Our progress at Villanova was impeded because of the outbreak of the influenza epidemic. Because of the care and tact with which the situation was conducted, we suffered less than most of the colleges and camps. In all there were 173 cases; three of the men who fell victims to the disease in our midst died. There was one death due to previous illness. One Tolentine boy died after leaving the Academy.

During the siege nine trained nurses were employed. To their self-sacrificing efforts much gratitude is due. The Sisters of St. Joseph and the Red Cross also deserve credit for their kindness in service and supplies. Neither should we forget the doctors who contributed so generously to the alleviation of our troubles.

While death has dealt us severe blows among our Alumni, the deaths at Villanova have struck deepest.

Edward J. McElwee

On September 26th, 1918, Edward McElwee died in Bryn Mawr Hospital of pneumonia, after all possible human skill had been used to save him. We knew him, not so much from long acquaintance as from the nobility of his purpose. He came to us with the spirit of a soldier. Already disease had taken hold on his body, but his will was strong and courageous. He gave what he had to his country and surely God has accepted his sacrifice. To those who are left behind to mourn his loss, the Villanovan extends its heartfelt sympathy.

Gilbert Klunk

On Thursday, October 10, 1918, Gilbert Klunk of the Class of '22, passed away. Only a few weeks of his novitiate for the Augustinians had passed when he was called away. While mourning his loss, Villanova and all her sons rejoice that he persevered a Christian exemplary religious; that he died when the sound of the vows of self-abnegation had scarcely died away; and that Villanova has one more to plead for her in the Great Beyond.

John Dorgan, '20

John Dorgan, O. S. A., of the Class of '20, died on Friday, October 11, 1918. His classmates and companions mourn the loss of a genuine, loyal friend; his dear ones will miss their devoted boy; and Villanova is sad in the loss of a whole-souled, generous worker.

Rev. Albert W. Starr, O. S. A., '16

On Tuesday, October 15, 1918, one who had spent ten years at Villanova answered the summons of death. Rev. Albert Starr, a deacon, and a member of the Class of '16, died just as he had lived—quietly and peacefully and piously. Years of close association had endeared him to all at Villanova. He had almost reached the goal of his ambition—the Holy Priesthood. Villanova laments the loss of her loyal son. The students have lost a sterling friend, a loving, sympathetic companion.

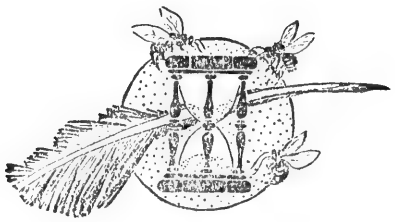
To all the relatives of these Villanova men, the Villanovan extends condolence. May they rest in peace!

Provincial Chapter

The 11th Provincial Chapter was held at Villanova from June 17th to the 22nd. Rev. F. E. Tourscher, D.D., O. S. A., presided. V. Rev. Charles M. Driscoll, O. S. A., who had become Provincial on the death of V. Rev. N. J. Murphy, O. S. A., resigned and was succeeded by V. Rev. N. J. Vasey, Rector of the Church of Our Mother of Consolation, Chestnut Hill, Pa. Father Vasey's name has long been linked with Villanova's progress. In his years at the College, he was successively Vice-President, Rector of St. Rita's Hall, and Procurator and Treasurer. The Villanovan extends best wishes for success to Father Vasey in his many weighty duties.

The Definitors chosen at the Chapter were Rev. Francis Driscoll, Rev. Cornelius Ford, Rev. Edward Murtaugh, Rev. Michael Murphy, Rev. John Meaney, Rev. James Hasson.

Among the new assignments made we note the following: Socius-Provincial, Rev. Joseph A. Hickey, J.C.D., O. S. A.; Rev. John Regnery, O. S. A., Rector of Missions; Rev. Michael A. Ryan, O. S. A., Church of Our Mother of Good Counsel, Staten Island, N. Y.; Rev. F. F. Commins, St. Denis', Ardmore, Pa.; Rev. William J. Reilley, O. S. A., President of Augustinian Academy, Staten Island, N. Y.; Rev. John Nugent, O. S. A., St. Augustine's, Andover, Mass.; Rev. Francis Riordon, O. S. A., St. Laurence's, Lawrence, Mass.; Rev. H. Reagan, O. S. A., St. Patrick's, Cambridge, N. Y.; Rev. D. Leonard, O. S. A., Prior of St. Mary's, Lawrence, Mass.; Rev. P. Lynch, O. S. A., Prior of Our Mother of Consolation, Chestnut Hill; Rev. William Donovan, O. S. A., St. John's Church, Schagticoke, N. Y.; Rev. D. O'Sullivan, St. Mary's, Waterford, N. Y.; Rev. A. J. Valaquette, St. Paul's, Mechanicville, N. Y.; Rev. William Egan, O. S. A., Prior of St. Rita's, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Patrick Kehoe, O. S. A., Master of Novices and Professed; Rev. Denis J. Kavanaugh, O. S. A., Rector of St. Rita's Hall; Rev. F. A. Driscoll, O. S. A., Prefect of Studies, Villanova College; Rev. John Harris, O. S. A., Prefect of Discipline, Villanova College.





Weddings

A PRETTY military wedding took place at Allentown on July 26th, when Sergeant Michael J. Dougherty, ex-'17, was married to Miss Mae Ferry. The ceremony took place in the parish church of the bride, the Immaculate Conception. It was followed by a nuptial mass. Sergeant Dougherty is now in action in France with the 311th Field Artillery. To the happy couple the Villanovan extends its hearty felicitations.

A note from the Sunny South brings the news of the marriage of Lieutenant Bernard Villars Haberer, ex-'15, to Miss Pauline Weaver of Louisville, Ky. The marriage took place on September 13, 1918. Chaplain Rev. Francis Barrett, O. S. A., of Villanova, officiated. The bride and groom have the best wishes of the Villanovan.

At Petersburg, Va., on Tuesday, June 25th, Lieutenant James Leonard Hogan, formerly a student at Villanova, was married to Miss Olive Evelyn Hamel. The Villanovan extends its congratulations.

Lieutenant Joseph Curley, '13, was married to Miss Pearl Wade on August 18, 1918, at Baltimore, Md. Congratulations of the Villanovan!

Ordinations

On Sunday, September 1st, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, Revs. Joseph M. Sutliff and Sylvester J. Welsh, both of the Class of '15, were ordained to the Holy Priesthood. The young priests celebrated their first Solemn Masses on the following Sunday. At Father Sutliff's mass, the sermon was delivered by Rev. Matthew J. Corcoran, O. S. A., former Vice-President of our College. To the new priests the Villanovan extends its most cordial "Ad Multos Annos."

Deaths

Patrick Kelly, of the Class of '11, passed away at his home on Staten Island, on September 18, 1918. The funeral was held on September 23rd, in the Blessed Sacrament Church. Father Dohan celebrated the Mass. Father Reilley was deacon, Father O'Neill sub-deacon and Father Fagan, master of ceremonies. Pat was for many years a student at Villanova. He was a great favorite with the members of the faculty and the student body. His manly character and bright, energetic disposition endeared him to all. As a member of the varsity football and baseball teams he brought much credit to Alma Mater. To his wife and his family the Villanovan extends its heartfelt sympathy.

The casualty list issued on July 27th by General Pershing contains the name of John W. Crane of Pottsville. He was a former student of Villanova, and the first to give the supreme pledge of devotion to the Stars and Stripes. While regretting the loss of our alumnus, we rejoice that he gave his life in so noble a cause. The Villanovan extends its sincere sympathy to the bereaved father and mother and family.

Rev. Edward J. Bresnahan, formerly a student at Villanova, died at his home in Watervliet on Sunday, August 18th. Many of the Augustinians, including a large number of the College Faculty, were present at the funeral. The VILLANOVAN extends its sympathy to Father Bresnahan's family and friends.

Robert J. O'Brien, of the Class of '12, died in Scranton, in July 1918, of heart disease. He was twenty-seven years old. As assistant to U. S. District Attorney of the Middle Pennsylvania District, he did credit to Villanova. To his family the VILLANOVAN extends condolence.

Rev. Daniel Fogarty, O. S. A., died on October 18th, at Andover, Mass., where he was stationed. Father Fogarty was formerly a professor at Villanova.

Father Scalebrella, O. S. A., fell a victim to the influenza and died on October 14, 1918. He was engaged in parish work at Mechanicsville, N. Y.

The deaths of two other Villanova men have come to our notice. Rev. Louis Dressel of Chicago and Leo Laverty of Philadelphia died recently of the influenza. Dr. Higgins of McAdoo has also passed away. May they rest in peace!

Bishop Currier died on Monday, Sept. 23, '18. He was an alumnus of Villanova. Many of the boys will remember the impressive retreat conducted by him at the College several years ago. Bishop Currier was a native of St. Thomas, B. W. I., where he was born March 22, 1857. On the paternal side he was of English ancestry, and of Dutch on the maternal side. His mother was a convert. He was educated in the Catholic schools of St. Thomas; at the Redemptorist Colleges of Reermond and of Whittem, Holland; Villanova College, Pa., and was ordained a priest of Amsterdam, Holland, on November 24, 1880. He was a missionary in Dutch Guiana from January, 1880, to February, 1882; Redemptorist Missionary to the United States from 1882 to 1892; entered the diocese of Baltimore in 1892; was in the parochial ministry from 1892 to 1897; diocesan missionary, 1897–1900; rector of St. Mary's at Washington, 1900–'05; attached to the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions for several years and was named Bishop of Matanzas in 1913. A few years ago he resigned this bishopric, because of ill health, and has since been living in Washington. He was a scholar, writer and lecturer, the author of several books and was a frequent contributor to the press and magazines. May he rest in peace!

HONORS FOR FATHER PLUNKETT

The Sharon Council of Defense at a meeting again chose Rev. A. J. Plunkett, '96, as chairman of the Liberty Loan Campaign. He had been appointed by the State Chairman but declined because he had already filled the position. However, Father Plunkett has been again appointed. The Board feels that the record of our alumnus in the last Liberty Loan campaign was such a brilliant one that a change would be detrimental to the work when need for work is greater than ever.

JOTTINGS

Dr. Edward A. Mallon, M.D., Ph.D., of the Class of '98, and for many years attending physician and professor at Villanova, is now junior lieutenant in the Medical Corps of the Navy.

Lieutenant Joseph T. O'Leary, of the Class of '18, and formerly editor of the VILLANOVAN, recently received his commission at Camp Zachary Taylor. He is now in the Post Hospital recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia.

Private John R. Walkinshaw, ex-'19, has been severely wounded doing service at the front.

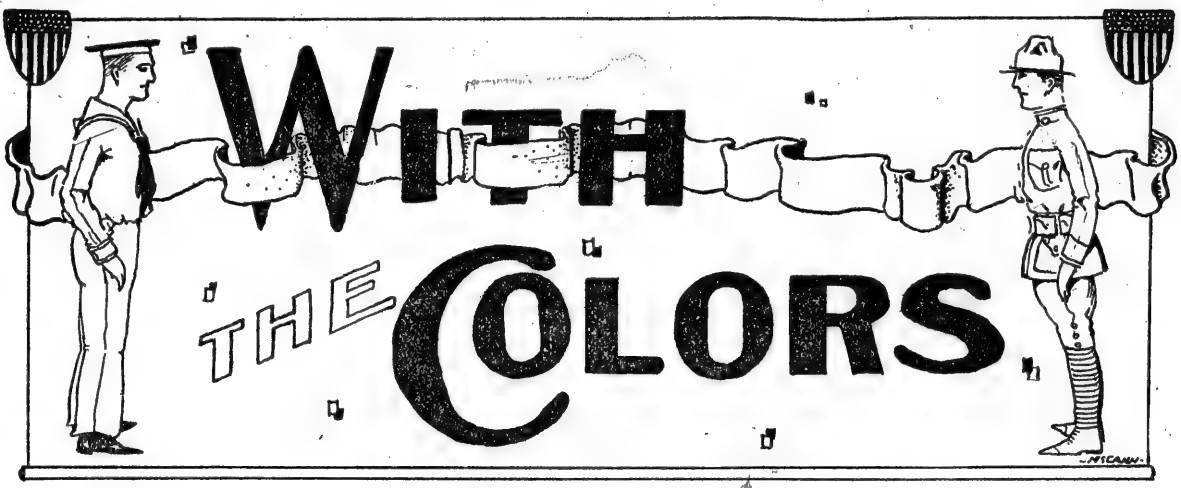
A paper from Elizabeth brings to our notice the heroic work of Sergeant William J. Pierson. Three times he has been to the front. In the face of Boche machine-gun fire, he crossed an open field eight times to rescue friends of supporting infantry. Sergeant Pierson was a Villanova student.

Corporal Richard F. Fogarty, formerly a Villanova student and a star football man, was recently wounded in action. He is now in the Post Hospital and is doing well. He is in the 79th Division, 314th Headquarter's Company. Villanova is proud that her son who so valiantly defended the honor of the Blue and White, is equally courageous in battling for the Red, White and Blue.

Among the recent visitors at the College were Lieutenants Charles J. McCarthy, James F. Murray, Collier J. Griswold.

Lieutenant James Reap, a former Villanova star, who was gassed in the engagement at Chateau-Thierry, has returned to the trenches.





ADDITIONS

Barry, Joseph—American Expeditionary Forces.

Blanchfield, Harold E.—Lieutenant, Camp Grant, Ill.

Bova, Joseph—Naval Reserve, Cape May, N. J.

Breithaupt, Arthur—Navy.

Brennan, Franics—Wireless.

Brennan, Leo—Lieutenant, New York University S. A. T. C.

Breslin, Harry—Lieutenant, Coast Artillery.

Bride, William—Lieutenant, Clarkson Technical College, Potsdam, N. Y.

Coan, John T.—Lieutenant, Hamilton College, N. Y.

Coan, Joseph A.—Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Curley, Joseph—Captain, Engineers.

Delaney, Edward A.—Royal Flying Corps.

Desch, Bernard—U. S. S. *Rhode Island.*

Diggles, Edward A.—Lieutenant, Infantry, Camp Grant, Ill.

Drach, Edgar—Fortress Monroe, Va.

Durrschmidt, H. C.—Lieutenant, Engineering Corps, Camp Taylor, Ky.

Fogel, James B.—National Army.

Ford, Joseph B.—Lieutenant, Homeopathic College, New York.

Franklin, —Captain.

Gilbert, Joseph—National Army, Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.

Gillouly, E. J.—Captain, Engineers.

Gough, John J.—Philadelphia Navy Yard.

Griswold, Collier J.—Lieutenant, Coast Artillery, Key West, Fla.

Gross, Edward H.—Lieutenant, Aviation, Tex.

Kearns, Thomas—Navy, University of Pa.

Kelly, John C.—Officers' Training Camp, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.

Larkin, John—National Army, Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.

Lonergan, William—National Army.

Maguire,

Maloney, Raymond—National Army, A. E. F.

McCarthy, Charles M.—Lieutenant, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

McCarthy, Joseph A.—Lieutenant, Camp Grant, Ill.

McGeehan, Hugh V.—Officers' Training School, Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.

McGreevy Charles M.—National Army, Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.

McLaughlin, Martin—Marines.

Mallon, Edward A.—Junior Lieutenant, Medical Corps, U. S. N. R. F.

Moessner, William M.—Infantry, Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.

Monaghan, Francis—National Army, Syracuse, N. Y.

Murray, James F.—Lieutenant, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.

O'Leary, Joseph T.—Lieutenant, Coast Artillery, Fortress Monroe, Va.

Reagan, Albert—Naval Reserve, Hingham Prep School.

Rogers, Leo—National Army, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.

Sheehan, Lewis J.—Lieutenant, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.

Smith, Joseph A.—Lieutenant, Aviation.

Stinziano, Henry—National Army.

Thomas, William—Radio School.

Sherer, Harry—Lieutenant, Navy.

Wilson, George—Aviation, Pittsburg, Pa.

Williams, R. J.—Lieutenant, R. D. C., Base Hospital, Camp Meade, Md.

Chaplains

Rev. Charles J. Baker, O. S. A., 28th U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.

Rev. John Byrne, Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.

Rev. Eugene B. Carroll,

Rev. A. O. Dodge, O. S. A., Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Rev. Clement Flynn,

Rev. John Lorenz,

Rev. Joseph A. Perkins, O. S. A., Junior Lieutenant, Alabama.

Rev. John McCann,

Rev. James McDonald, O. S. A.,

Rev. Francis P. Quinn, O. S. A., Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.

Rev. Mortimer Sullivan, O. S. A.

Corrections

Coar, Stanley F.—Major, Infantry.

Ewing, Febiger—Lieutenant, A. E. F.

McCalley, C. Aloysius—Lieutenant, Aviation, Ill.

McCullian, Edward V.—Transferred to Engineers, Camp Lee, Va.

McGuckin, Charles H.—Ensign, Washington, D. C.

Murray, Frank—Detailed from Naval Reserve, Cape May, N. J., to Villanova S. A. T. C.

O'Brien, Paul A.—Lieutenant, Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.

Quigley, Edward—Detailed from Naval Reserve, Cape May, N. J., to Villanova.

Thornton, John—Transferred to Marines, Phila.





A FEW weeks ago, college football seemed to be a thing of the past. All of us busy with weightier problems were willing to forego the pleasure of activity along these lines. After much deliberation, however, seeing the advantage that would accrue from a moderate activity in football, the Government has decided to have representative teams in the many colleges having S. A. T. C. units.

Villanova, true to her old standards, is doing all in her power to comply with the wishes of government officials. Were we to start with a foundation of old material there would be little difficulty in building up a fast machine, but we feel proud to say that every man of last year's squad is now in the service of our Country.

The difficulty of rounding out a team is notably lessened by the able management of Professor Charles A. McGeehan and the scientific coaching of Mr. Thomas Reap. Mr. Reap's experience in football, his four years of work on the Villanova team, his coaching success with our team last year and with Dickinson the previous year have gained for him the entire confidence of the faculty and of the student body.

The team is light, perhaps the lightest that ever represented the College. Yet judging from their splendid exhibition against St. Joseph's, we have the greatest hopes for a very successful season.

St. Joseph's was the only game played during October, but November will find the team battling every Saturday and also Thanksgiving Day. The strong Muhlenberg aggregation, which defeated Lafayette so easily, will be the first. Then in succession come Bucknell, St. Joseph's, probably Lafayette, and Catholic University.

The St. Joseph's game will be played under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, for the benefit of the various War Charities.

We trust that our alumni and friends will co-operate with us in making this affair a grand success. In doing so, they will evince not only love of Alma Mater but loyalty and devotion to our country.





THE SONG OF STRIFE

(*With Apologies to Longfellow*)

Tell them not in mournful numbers,
Football is too rough a game.
You can talk from now till doom's-day
But they'll play it just the same.

The game is real! The game is earnest!
We must fight as best we can,
Down thou art and down thou stayest
Is not for the football man.

All advancement and no losses
Is our destined end and way,
And to fight that each new line-up
Finds us farther on our way.

The field is long and time is fleeting
But the backs with heart and soul
Still a merry march are beating
Onward, onward to the goal.

Lives of football men remind us
We can write our names in blood,
And departing leave behind us
Half the tacklers in the mud.

Let us then be up and doing,
With our hearts on victory set,
Still achieving, still pursuing
And each one a touchdown get.

T. A. ROWAN.

Guard on Duty—"Halt! Who's there?"

Officer—"Officer, wife and child, and poodle."

Guard—"Advance, officer, to be recognized. Wife and child, 'mark time.' Poodle, 'parade rest'."

* * *

Lieutenant—"Any mail?"

Claffey—"No!"

Lieutenant—"No what?"

Claffey—"No mail!"

* * *

All's "Fair" 'n "Love" in war.

* * *

For the benefit of Private Horace it might be well to note that falling asleep at a tower switch is a court-martial offense.

* * *

Corporal—"Publish the orders of the day."

Guard (Cy)—"Allow no one but nurses in uniform to pass through the hedge."

* * *

"Curses on this janeless, joyless joint!
Who said that solitude was blest, was mad.
I haven't seen a chicken for a month.
Ah me! this army life is surely sad."

* * *

Guard—"Halt! Who's there?"

Lieutenant—"Nobody."

Guard—"Advance nobody to be recognized."

A lady in a department store noticed a group of flags of the Allied nations. Upon inquiry she was told what country each represented.

"Why are they grouped together?" she asked.

Clerk—"They are all at war."

Lady—"Are they at war today?"

Clerk—"Yes."

Lady—"My! but haven't they a fine day for it?"

* * *

File closer Waugh has been studying his I. D. R.; and, as a result, he persists in eating at the Sergeants' table.

* * *

Chu, chin, chow.

* * *

Guard (to corporal posting relief)—"Halt! Who's there?"

Corporal of the Guard—"Armed party."

Guard—"Advance armed party to be recognized."

* * *

Those who desire sleeping quarters with bath attached, near the Post, may obtain full particulars from Donovan.

* * *

"K–K–K–K. P., beautiful K. P.,
You're the only j–j–j–job that I abhor.
And when the m–moon shines over the mess hall,
I'll be mopping up the k–k–k–kitchen floor."

* * *

She—"Look, Joe! Mr. Annas just sent me this sweet little puppy. Wasn't he kind?"

McDermott—"Yes, it's just like him."

Belles call a great many to 10.30 Mass on Sundays.

* * *

There was a "clothes" call for the new students the night they were assembled for Gobble Gobble initiation under the pretext of being measured for uniforms.

* * *

Lieutenant—"Right about face!"

Private—"I'm glad I'm right about something."

* * *

Now, J. J., you better had get a furlough.

"ADELE"

There is a name that somehow seems
To make one think of angels' dreams,
Or merry, sparkling, gold sunbeams!
—Adele!

There is a girl with eyes of brown
Who has a most entrancing frown,
Whose wondrous hair outcrowns a crown.
—Adele!

There is a girl who casts a spell
Upon my heart; she knows it well.
The maiden's name? Now must I tell?
—Adele!

H. J. W.

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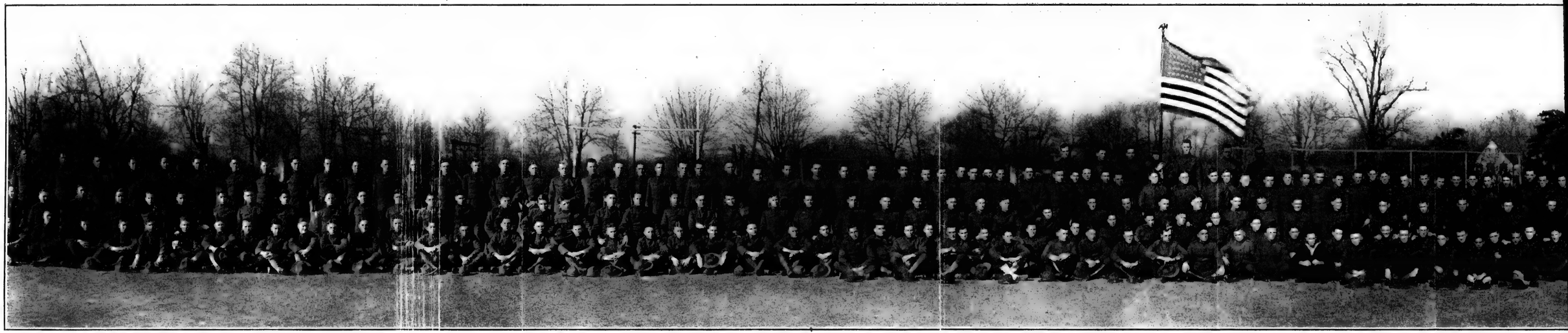
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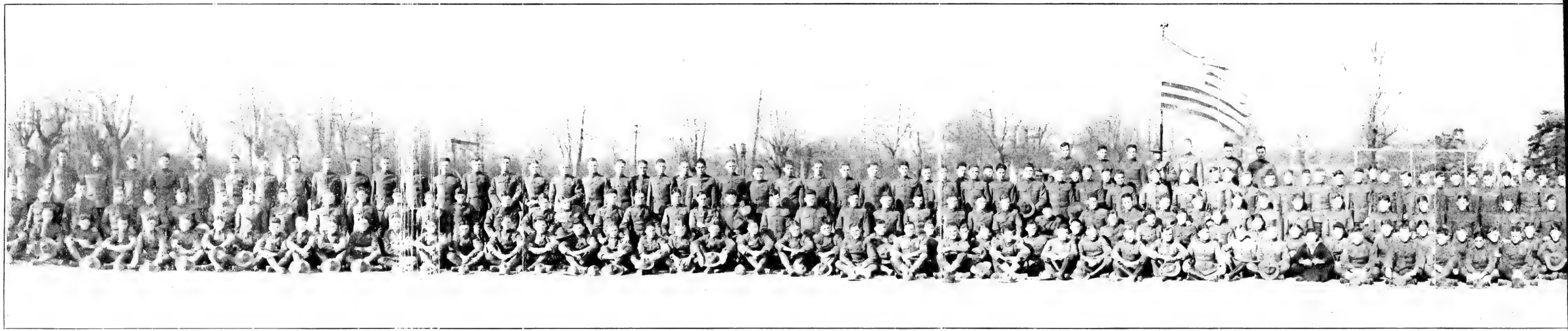
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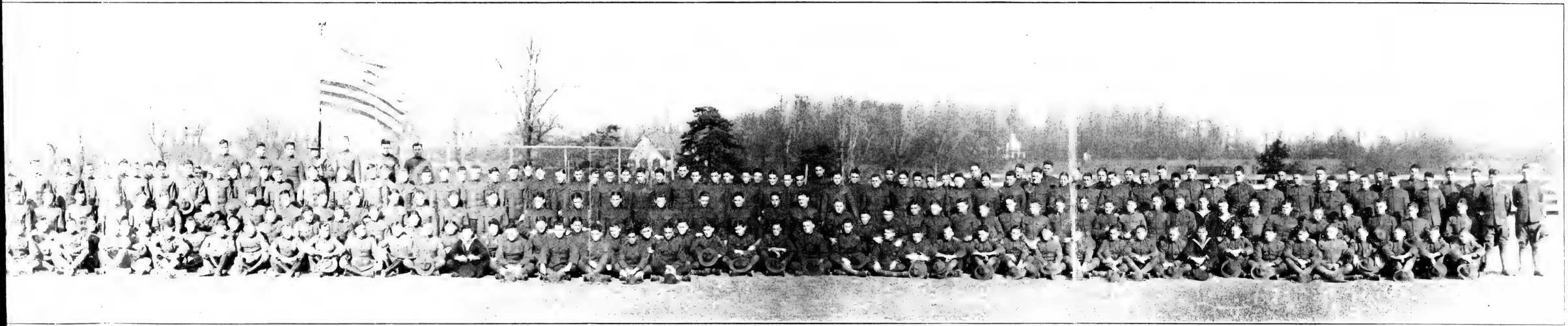
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THE VILLANOVAN

VOL. III. DECEMBER, 1918 No. 2

Christmas Today

'Tis Christmas, and the whole wide world is gay;
The angels' blessed hymn of "Peace on Earth"
Has been fulfilled, and joy and carefree mirth
Enkindle all on this most holy day.
The very snow beneath the sun's warm rays
Doth melt in tears like some young happy bride;
All nature wakes to greet this Christmastide
And sings a silent song of joy and praise.
A good old-fashioned Christmas let it be
With joyous revelry and hearty cheer;
And if our loved ones cannot all be here
We'll build a bridge of holly o'er the sea
To bring them home in spirit; if perchance
With hopeless grief our hearts are dull and dead,
The Child will send our spirits there instead
To spend our Christmas by a grave in France.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.

The Problem of World Peace

By A. B. Maxwell

"Quis fuit horrendos primus qui protulit enses?
Quam ferus et vere ferreus ille fuit!
Tum caedes hominum generi, tum proelia nata,
Tum brevior dirae mortis aperta via est."
—Albius Tibullus.

ONE of the most complex and not the least important of the problems of today is that of government organization, with the purpose of effective and harmonious peace and the abolition of war. De Quincy once aptly said, that "Libraries may be written on any question." Indeed, many volumes have been written on this one. Many remedies ha e been suggested, for ideal government has ever been the theme, the dominant idea of social visionaries and of Utopians. To some it has seemed a hopeless dream; while to others, a very doubtful possibility. But to the student of history it should be more than a problem of academic interest. It should be more than a visionary ideal. It should be an ideal, yes; but an ideal that is based fundamentally on the possible, even though it aim high, even though it be fixed to a star. As this is being written the nations of the world are preparing to unite in a Peace Conference, one of the main purposes of which is to devise practical means whereby this ideal may be translated into a fact. Pope Benedict in his note to the Powers on the question of peace indicated certain measures which would guarantee peace to the world. President Wilson, in his many notes and addresses, has frequently referred to the problem and with his customary keen anaylsis has shown how the project of world peace may be more than a mere dream or visionary ideal—and mainly through his efforts and under his intellectual leadership the Powers that are to assemble in the Peace Conference have pledged themselves to certain fundamental measures which will go far to securing the realization of a durable world peace. While many practical difficulties will have to be met and many complex problems solved before this ideal will be fully realized, for the reorganization is not the work of a day or a month, and the solutions which are the result of discussion and agreement are not always lasting, nevertheless we can look for the adoption of practical plans and measures which, if there be a willingness on the part of all to co-operate, will eventually work in this direction. Let us hope then that the near future may see the abolition of wars at least in the sense of a war similar in proportions to the one which for almost five years has transformed Europe into an armed camp. How can this be effected? The solution of any problem depends mainly on a proper perspective. The philosophy of war is much the same as that of individual dissension and conflict, whether we consider its remote or proximate causes. When we know the conditions underlying any difficulty, the scientific method is to seek a cure, through the elimination of the causes which have created the difficulty. Now some of the causes which provoke war may be found in the inner life of a nation or in its relations to other nations. The internal organization of a government, and the principles to which it devoted itself very often is a condition favorable to war when not a cause itself of war. How should the government of a country be best organized from an ethical and practical viewpoint? As Chesterton has pointed out, a history of the people has been the theme of few historians. When we look back over the shoulders of time into the pages of the development of national life we discover the existence of a great process of evolution towards the present ideal of democracy. Wherever we turn today we find a certain consciousness of nationality and its inherent rights: the right of local autonomy, of self-definition, of religious liberty, of language liberty; of all those rights that render the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness a reality. Hence the conclusion seems justifiable that government to be just must be

by consent of the people for and by the people. Thus the American ideal in its basic or essential features would seem to be the only reasonable ideal when the nation is developed sufficiently to assume the task of government.

With civilization the whole social aspect has changed and continues to change. The circle seems to be completing itself. "There have been ages when autocrats were not only useful, but in a measure necessary. Without them there would have been no government at all, no safety, no asylums for the weak, no protection for the oppressed. There have been times in the dark past, when the one thing wanted was a strong hand, an effective rule to hold society from crumbling into atoms and to defend the individual from being plundered and murdered by his neighbours." Look at the early history of our forefathers—the warring Anglo-Saxons. The feudal state has served its purpose; no doubt, it has served it well.

Every form of government may be good. It should be adapted, however, to the needs, to the temperament, to the social consciousness of the people. There is no distinctive blessing on Republicanism any more than on Monarchy. All that nature enjoins is government—that is, effective government suited to the needs of the particular people in question. There is no divine right of kings; but there is a divine right of government. It is regulated by nature. It demands that a people not only be, but that they wlel be. The state exists for the purpose of securing the public well-being. Its duties are to protect man's rights, to assist him in those things which he cannot do for himself, yet are necessary for his well-being. Has this always been the aim and purpose of autocrats? We have overwhelming evidence to the contrary. Hence many of our national and international problems may be traced to misrule, to a misuse of unlimited control. In the present state of civilization therefore autocracy, in the Civil Order, is an anomaly and a fruitful source of wars, the only antidote for which is an acceptance of democratic principles of government. We must remember, however, the Democracy in itself gives no guarantee of civil happiness. Progress is only made when a people's undeveloped reservoir of powers is realized and all barriers removed. One of the greatest barriers to the success of popular government is ignorance.

A step towards this development of national consciousness and attainment of "national aspirations" is education of the people. The minds of the people should be trained along these lines. It is important that school children, high school, and college students be taught the principles of government and be schooled to a sense of responsibility.

"The child is father of the man."—Wordsworth.

In a democracy they are the future lawmakers, the boys of today are the rulers of the nation of tomorrow. While the citizen is in the making nothing is more important than a thorough preparation for intelligent citizenship. We must know history before we can make it. "It is no child's play," said Lincoln, "to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow in this nation." It is no child's play to instil and preserve these principles among the peoples of every nation where possible.

Another principle which follows from the fundamental principle of democracy is that under normal conditions no nation is the ruler, the controller of another nation's destiny. We are all members of the great human family. Each nation has its rights, which all others should recognize and respect. The causes of international differences and disturbances are not different in kind from those of the individual. Jealousies, exploitations, infringement of another's rights have been prolific sources of contention and strife from the earliest days. No nation has the right to frustrate the well-being of another nation. It goes without saying, that a nation has the right to and should protect its own industries; to restrict the distribution of foreign goods within its territory. But, when one nation on account of its geographical position has power to obstruct and to "bottle up" the foreign trade of another, disturbances and resentments are bound to arise. This is, perhaps, the most prolific source of international disruptions. The history of the world's wars

proves the basis of our contention. Every land-blocked country of Europe has had difficulties of this nature. The brief history of our own country proves that a people will not be restricted or have their rights frustrated.

Discrepancies are bound to arise in any case. Adjustments will necessarily have to be made. How are we to meet them? By insults and added injuries? By force of arms and gun-powder? No. How do we adjust our internal difficulties? By arbitration. By our Supreme Court and Congress. So, let it be with international needs of adjustment. In crises let able, competent and intelligent officials get together. They should have full authority and responsibility. In that way co-operation will be fostered; disturbances will be settled; measures of defense adopted; responsibility to no nation will fix the burden on the individual; subterfuge and shifting of the burden will be avoided. To avoid crises this international congress or court should be permanent in character and sit at stated intervals, much the same as our own Congress does at present.

It is quite true that many of our past treaties of peace Congresses of adjustment have been rather the seeds of war than otherwise. They have lacked many of the characteristics that seem essential; permanency, frequency, publicity and authority. These have been lacking in all international conferences. Yet even any Congress is better than none at all. Even our past Congresses were effective for a time. After the Congress of Vienna we had peace for forty years. That was one hundred years ago when most of our modern facilities were as yet undiscovered. We had no railroads; the highways were bad; and the means of transportation poor; no stenographers, typewriters, telephones, telegraph or daily press. Yet great things were accomplished. Statesmen from all over Europe were present. The chief difficulties were limitations of power and too much national self-interest. Standing on the shoulders of those who have gone before us, surely we can devise some system with these limitations eliminated. What would happen to the solidity of our Union if Congress seldom convened, if each member sought the advantage of his own state alone? if no plan were adopted to meet the exigencies of the time?

The Hague Conference is a noteworthy instance of international arbitration. It did admirable work and adjusted many difficulties. But its fundamental defect was its limitations of authority. A political, international authority superior to any one nation is imperative. But does this establishment of a permanent Congress and Supreme Court of the United Nations of the World mean pacificism? By all means, no. It means the rational adjustment of difficulties. In the early history of our own States, they were wont to emphasize their own selfish importance, to exaggerate their individual rights and "vital interests." But experience taught them that their "vital interests" were best taken care of in their loyalty and harmony with the Union, so will the Nations realize that a harmonious adjustment, a fair and unselfish consideration of one another's rights will mean peace and progress. But we are not advocating free trade. Every nation has the right to protect its own interests. But it is a question of a very different hue to obstruct the foreign trade of another.

It has been said that the end of war is more perfect peace. In fact, we have a monument in Washington dedicated to that proposition. Wars have been necessary at times to vindicate a right. But a peace, a military peace, that transforms a nation into an armed camp, is a misnomer, and should not be a necessary subterfuge. Military methods are not ideal. A refinement in methods and weapons, whether from the tomahawk to the sword or from the ancient blunderbus to a most scientific machine gun, does not make war less gruesome. In truth does it render war more destructive, more horrible, and more to be avoided. A military burden is one of the heaviest a nation is called upon to bear.

We gain some idea of the enormous amount of energy and wealth expended in modern warfare from the words of another English writer: "Give me the money that has been expended in warfare, and I will clothe the naked of all the world. I will shelter all the homeless and feed all the hungry. I will build a schoolhouse upon ever

hillside and in every valley over the whole earth. I will erect and endow a university in every city and provide every state with all manners of charitable institutions. I will crown every hill with a place of worship, consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill shall answer the chime of another round the earth's wide circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise shall ascend like a universal holocaust to the throne of heaven."

What we have proposed is, indeed, a lofty and noble ideal. But it is not impossible of attainment. We must remember, however, organization, legislation, leagues and other measures will remain ineffective unless there is good-will among the nations, or willingness to co-operate and a firm conviction of right and wrong. Unless in other words the hearts of the individual citizens and of the nations be filled with a keen sense of justice and of duties and obligations. Moral and religious agencies are the only ones which can secure this effect. From the noble Washington and Lincoln do we learn that the greatest dangers are from selfishness; that the highest virtues and patriotism are close allies. Too often is the compelling force of religion disregarded in the development of a good citizen and in the ideals of a nation. We might make unbounded discoveries in science. But "in the laboratory there is to be found nothing to neutralize the poisons of human passion; in the observatory nothing to correct the aberrations of the soul's light; in the surgery nothing to heal the wounds, or to mitigate the pains of a broken or aching heart." So, too, without religion, without respect for the rights of others, no amount of legislation or compromise will ensure a permanent and lasting peace.

We can close with nothing more eloquent, with nothing more true, than the parting counsel of the Father of our Country. He has fostered and defended the ideal of his heart, the infant nation. He had seen its gasping struggles for life; who can say he had not seen the vision of its future greatness and power? "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with public and private felicity. Let it simply be asked where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

Rehabilitation

BERNARD M. ALBERS, '19

THE night was not yet far advanced. In fact the bells from a nearby tower had just struck the hour of ten. The solemn notes still sounded in the crisp frosty air. A man, fairly tall and clad in a great coat and broad hat, the latter pulled well down on his head, found himself counting the strokes over and over again as he walked.

" . . . eight, nine, ten." Yes, ten; it was that many years since he had been in Boston. He was no stranger here, yet he had not been recognized by a soul, nor had he seen a familiar face all that day as he mingled with the crowds on Washington and Tremont Streets, trying to feel "at home" in his native city. The city had not changed to any extent. Beacon Street looked about the same now as it had the last time he had seen it. It was late in December then; it was now New Year's eve. It seemed as if he had been absent but a day. Great changes had taken place though, not in Boston but in himself. Then he had been but a mere lad of seventeen. He had just entered "Tech" and was filled with vast schemes and ambitions concerning his future in the world of electrical engineering. But yet he received no co-operation; he was neither understood nor appreciated. His father was silent while his brother ridiculed his scientific pretentions. A few sharp words had been exchanged. He had gladly grasped the pretext for going away from home to launch his mind on more sympathetic localities. After that his success had been varied until finally his hopes were shattered and dissipated. Now, despite his fine clothes, it had paid him to look the part of prosperity, he was nothing but a — well, perhaps it were better not to say it. It was the only profession at which he had prospered, even though he didn't relish it in his heart. He was a victim of circumstances, that's all; society had made him what he was; society must pay the price of his livelihood.

When the man arrived opposite the building which stood at the corner of Beacon and —— Avenue he felt not the slightest apprehension of error. He had received full instructions and information before leaving New York.

On the third floor front was a suite of three rooms. In one of the rooms, very probably in a safe or strong box there was a rope of pearls of great value and a quantity of other precious stones. They had been introduced illicitly into the country and the smuggler feared to dispose of them immediately, yet dared not deposit them with a banker lest they be recognized and he himself be apprehended by the custom officials. Consequently on the pretext of engaging a bachelor apartment, the smuggler had hired the rooms mentioned and secreted the jewels there. He visited the place only occasionally to assure himself of his treasure's safety. These facts were in the possession of the person now standing on the curbing opposite the house.

He had been told to get the jewels. His own share in the spoils would depend on the skill and speed with which he accomplished the act. One look satisfied him that the front rooms were in darkness. There was a lull in the passage of vehicles. He glanced up and down the street, then crossed over and entered the building.

The elevator had just lifted. He would not wait for it. He must not be indiscreet. It would suit his purpose best to be seen there by as few persons as possible. He ascended the marble stairs that wound round the well, his mind thoroughly preoccupied with the details of the business at hand. He had been warned not to be foiled by the inner appearance of the suite and therefore he expected to find it "camouflaged." He drew a key from his pocket, inserted it noislessly in the lock and turned the latch without a sound. One step took him inside and the door closed behind him just as the elevator darted down again.

Once inside, the thief hesitated a moment, his senses keenly alert. There was not a sound within, only the whirr of the machines passing outside. An odor, such as is peculiar to rooms

little used, struck his nostrils. The light shining through the transom over the door dimly revealed to him the interior of the room and its furnishings. By the aid of a flash-light he obtained a better view.

It was a sitting room and had been furnished with considerable taste and care. The floor, except for a three-foot border, which was of inlaid wood highly polished, was covered by a heavy rug of soft texture. The walls were panelled up six feet from the floor and the three feet above were covered with a rich paper in deep red. In the center of the room was a great walnut table at one end of which rested a set of drawers with little brass handles, and on the table was a large electric lamp ornamented with a shade of yellow and black. A small writing-desk stood against the wall and a door opened immediately beside it. There were several chairs in leather and two or three other pieces of furniture, a row of bookcases near the heavily curtained windows, a massive sofa by the fireplace, beyond which was another door and then a screen across the corner.

An animation, such as seizes a pack of hounds when they strike the trail, now possessed the man at the door. In three or four catlike steps he was across the intervening space and peering into the room beyond.

Its contents were mostly in white enamel; a small swivel chair, a table with a rack of test tubes on it, a couple of cases with glass doors, containing shining surgical instruments. The third room was a bed-room, simply but expensively furnished in mahogany.

To be sure it had not the appearance of a smuggler's den. But he had been told that the place would be camouflaged. It was, indeed, and expertly done, too.

A short ejaculation of satisfaction escaped the thief as he glanced behind the screen. Designed in the thickness of the wall was a small safe. He slipped out of his great coat, tossed it across a chair, laid down his bag and gloves, dropped to one knee and by the light of his pocket lamp set diligently to work. He would first try a few combinations,—that was the easiest way. If the locks did not yield to these—well, there were other means. He had them in his bag and was prepared to use them should they be required.

So wrapt was the thief in his work that he did not hear the latch turning in the hall door. A man, tall and tanned, broad of shoulders and deep of chest, dressed in the uniform of the U. S. army and decorated with the insignia of a first lieutenant, stood on the threshold. He seemed to sense that he was not alone and looked behind him into the hall. No one was there, but yet he was not satisfied. He snatched his revolver from its holster and glanced about the dark room without taking a step. No one was to be seen.

"Confound my nerves," he thought. "What a fool I am! Frightened at my own shadow in my own room after passing through hell in France." With that he touched a button and switched on the lights.

As the light flashed on, the man behind the screen, losing control of himself, started to his feet.

"Be you man or beast," shouted the lieutenant in an authoritative voice, "come out, or in God's name I'll fire," and he covered the screen with his pistol.

The thief came out. His nerve had snapped back into place; he had himself in complete control now; his jaw was set. But defiance was useless, his only safeguard was prudence. The men eyed each other from head to foot, the one in the khaki of the army, the other in conventional evening clothes. The soldier was the better developed, the taller by two inches, and perhaps three or four years older. As the men faced each other they realized that this was not their first meeting. But that did not affect the present situation. The man in black stood still and silent.

"Ha! Gentleman burglar, eh?" remarked the officer. "Sorry to spoil your New Year's party, old man." And then he commanded, "Advance five paces, halt, throw up your hands."

Not a sound issued from the other as he meekly complied with every order. He now stood near the center of the room with the table between himself and the soldier. The latter, keeping his revolver on a line with the breast of the intruder, moved over to the telephone on the desk. He

placed the receiver to his ear. Central answered promptly and to the call "Number" he replied,

"Emergency. Police headquarters."

"Emergency. Police headquarters" came back over the wire.

"Yes, quickly please,—thank you."

All was silent in the room a moment. Both men breathed audibly. A clicking came through the phone and then—

"This is police hea—, click—click, click." And that was all.

The lieutenant jerked the hook savagely up and down a few times but there was no response. The wires must have parted. He hung up the receiver and came around the table.

"Chance gives you a little time of grace," he said. "But I guess we had better relieve you of your arsenal."

He felt the pockets of the thief but his examination revealed nothing except that the man was unarmed. He lowered his own weapon and walking to the end of the table placed it in a drawer neglecting, however, to close the drawer again.

A look of ill-concealed contempt had spread over the countenance of the burglar while the soldier had searched him. His lips parted now in a scornful smile but he said nothing. He could play his part as well as the man in uniform. When the time came he would speak out.

The officer again broke the silence.

"We might as well make the best of each other's society till the wire is repaired." Indicating a chair and at the same time seating himself he said, "Sit down."

He took a box from the open drawer, selected a cigar and pushed the box across to the other man. The soldier lit up and filled his lungs with smoke. The man opposite took a cigar but did not light it, merely rolling it between his finger tips and fixing his gaze straight ahead of him. For a few moments neither spoke. Then the officer slowly exhaling a cloud of smoke turned half round in his chair.

"You know," he began, "there's one thing I can never understand about you professional burglars. I don't see how you can take to such a mean, contemptible business. It will not stand the light of day, so you prowl around in the darkness of night. No night is sacred to you, not even New Year's eve when most men, regretting the past resolve to amend in the future. Many of you appear to be men of genius and ability; you yourself do. Yet you put your talents to such an effort, living like a parasite on the fruit of other men's labors. In these times a person such as you could get a start on the right road almost anywhere. Yet you turn down chances of making an honest living to spend your energies in low-down burglarizing. How can you do it? Why can't you be straight and decent?"

The thief's whole face flushed and his heart throbbed while the soldier spoke. Stung to a kind of fury his eyes blazed, and his mouth tightened as he stood up abruptly. He came around the table with a couple of swift steps facing the lieutenant, who was now also standing.

"You confounded hypocrite, you smuggler!" he hurled into the face of the man in uniform.

The lieutenant in his amazement fell back a step clutching at the table's edge.

"Hypocrite, smuggler!" he repeated. "Man, are you mad?"

"No, I'm not mad. I'm mighty sane as you will soon see."

Every lineament of his face spoke the contempt that he felt. His breath came quickly through his parted lips. He leaned on the table for support as he continued.

"You dare to sit there and blow off your exalted principles. Coming from you they are as flimsy as the smoke that accompanies them. You upbraid me with working under cover of night? Under cover of the uniform of the country which you pretend to serve, you defraud that country of its just tax. You are no soldier, you're nothing but a pretender and a sham. You are a disgrace to the uniform which you wear; that uniform in which many a lad was proud to die that he might fulfill the trust with which it vested him; that uniform which I would have given my life to wear. I saw a chance to serve my country and myself at once. But no—the world would not have me; I was rejected. The very fates were against me. I was down and they would not let me rise, they shoved me down further."

Thoroughly aroused now he paused a second for breath, then went on.

"You say why can't I be straight? why can't I be decent? I have tried to be straight, and tried and tried and tried, only to fail every time. As if that were not enough the likes of you, a living lie, must throw it up at me. You played it well all right, to dare to sit there and call me a thief when you knew, and you knew that I knew, that right there in that safe are thousands of dollars' worth of smuggled jewelry. Yes 'we can make the most of each other's society' till police headquarters can be reached again. But I, too, will have something to say when the police arrive. But by God when they come, they won't find you in the khaki of the American soldier! "Take it off! take it off!" he cried as he lunged forward.

"Stop! stop!" cried the lieutenant in a voice that made obedience imperative.

And throwing off his antagonist he continued: "There has been some mistake, you are wrong! Your assertions are unproved, your accusations false."

It was now the turn of the other to be astonished. His brain was confused and could scarcely comprehend what the soldier was saying.

"Mistake? Wrong?" he muttered.

"Yes," replied the officer. "And though I abhor to advertise myself you force me to do it to establish an alibi. By profession I am a doctor and ordinarily located at the hospital out there across the Charles. For the past fifteen months I have been connected with the medical corps of the U. S. A. I was eight months overseas, three of which I spent in a base hospital in Paris suffering from shell shock. I returned to these apartments only yesterday after one month spent recuperating among the hills of New Hampshire. To substantiate these statements is very simple and to prove that there are no smuggled goods in the safe is the easiest thing in the world."

With that he stepped over to the safe and threw the door open. The space wthin contained not a single jewel.

He then continued. "It might interest you to know, however, that only this afternoon the customs officials of the port of Boston made a successful raid on the apartment upstairs."

"Upstairs!" broke in the dazed man.

"Yes," replied the lieutenant, "on the third floor; this is the second."

The other man was so astounded at this statement that he could not utter a syllable.

Having thus thoroughly vindicated himself the soldier again resumed his seat, composedly regarding his dejected visitor while the minutes again slipped by.

"I have never made a real success in my life," said the thief.

It was evident that his spirit was broken as he disconsolately sat down.

"Behind me—are only blighted hopes; ahead the shadow of prison walls looms up" he said as he rested his head on his arms outstretched on the table.

The words were not directed to the lieutenant but he was visibly affected by them. He rose to his feet and strode up and down in silence.

"Here is a man," he thought, "who needs only to have his outlook changed to set him right again. Yet he is a criminal and is deserving of punishment. But why not let 'mercy season justice' for the unfortunate being? It is within my power to give a helping hand, yet I would not like to wound the fellow's self-respect still further by seeming to offer him charity. Presently I must myself return to Europe for the reconstruction of France and Belgium and will need to perform much of my duty by deputy. Why not make him think that he is just the person I need to assist me?"

He turned about to make the proposition but was arrested by what he beheld.

The despairing creature at the table was totally oblivious of the other's face. His eyes had fallen on the revolver shining in the depths of the open drawer. It had a fascination for him. He seized it, turned it over and over in his hands.

The weapon looked menacing enough but the lieutenant neither moved nor said a word only continued to watch the sitting figure. From his expression he could not fathom the other's intention. He was certain, however, of his own safety and that also of the fellow fingering the revolver. It had not been loaded.

The next moment the stranger, whose aspect the soldier could not yet read, got up and went towards his captor. He drew a breath before he spoke, then mustering his nerve he began:

"I said a good many harsh things a while ago, and my present position does not merit any consideration at your hands. But if you will give me this weapon and ask no questions you can name your own price."

The man in uniform was now more astonished than ever. He took the revolver in his hands and in surprise exclaimed:

"What! sell this? No, not for ten times its weight in gold. Besides its intrinsic worth it has a much greater relative value to me because it was carried in the Civil War by my father."

A note of sadness crept into his voice as he went on:

"It was his only legacy to me some nine years ago when he died—died of a broken heart because his favorite son, my only brother, had deserted him in his declining years."

A shadow of mingled shame and sorrow had diffused itself over the features of the culprit as the soldier spoke. He slunk back a step or two burying his face in his hands while a heavy sobbing shook his whole frame.

Astonished before, the lieutenant now thought his visitor had gone stark mad. He began to lose patience with him.

"By all that's good and holy, man," he cried, "what on earth is the matter with you?"

The other looking up through a clouded vision faltered:

"I—I am the son—who broke your father's heart."

With that he sank on the sofa by the hearth crying like a child.

When the men had first come face to face, each perceived something familiar in the other. In the light of what had just transpired their recognition was complete.

The series of emotions and impulses that seized the elder son would well nigh baffle description. His first thought was to accuse his brother of his father's death. But he put this aside when he recollected that his own attitude toward his brother in days gone by had perhaps in a great measure hastened his departure from the paternal home.

He was debating just how to approach the prodigal when the phone bell roused him from his thoughts. The wire had been repaired. Central was ready to reconnect his call. The tinkling bell once more broke the silence. He removed the receiver:

"Hello—yes, thank you—Hello,—hello Captain. This is Lieutenant W—. Just called to thank you for the protection you and your men afforded me during my absence. Kindly accept my wishes for continued success in the New Year."

As he set the instrument on the table his brother came towards him. He had now quite overcome his emotions; he was a man again, but a man crestfallen and crushed. It is true he had his freedom again but what he was going to do was still a mystery to him. Return to the underworld he would not.

For a moment the eyes of the brothers met, the younger man's expressed his gratitude better than words, the soldier's were thoughtful and friendly.

"You have done more for me than I could ever expect even from a brother," stammered the man in black. "There is but one way for me to repay you. I will drop quietly out of your life again, only to return when I am worthy of your association."

"Stay," cried the lieutenant, "it is I who am at fault, not you. It was I who caused all your misfortunes, I who ridiculed your youthful ambitions. And until I have done all in my power to restore you to your rightful place I cannot permit you to go."

The other made as if to speak but the soldier continued:

"Within a week I sail for France to take part in the rehabilitation of the war-torn peoples. Will you come with me?"

The man's heart within the younger brother's breast leaped for joy.

"Go with you!" he exclaimed. "I'd give my right hand to go."

"Put it there," cried the officer.

Every wound was healed in the firm hand grasp in which the brothers were reunited while out under the solemn stars of midnight the bells welcomed the birth of a New Year.

The Kaiser's Soliloquy

To flee, or not to flee: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take flight from out this sea of troubles,
And by escaping end them. To run; to fly:
No more, and by our flight to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
"Kultur" is heir to. ('Tis an abdication devoutly to be wished.) To plot, t'intrigue;
T'intrigue? perchance to fight; ay, there's the rub.
For in that fight to death what wounds may come
When we would shuffle nations 'neath our feet,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes ambition of so short life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of the Hun,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud land's contumely
The pangs of despis'd rights, a tyrant's sway,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That lawless might of the unprotected take,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a brave "To Arms! !" Who would such outrage bear?
To grunt and sweat under a vassal's life?
'Tis not America!—'tis not our land!
That glorious country from whose bourn
The righteous challenge came, aroused our wills,
And made us rather vindicate those ills we had,
Than wait for others that we know not of?
Thus justice oft makes heroes of us all;
And thus the Prussian scheme of evolution
Was sicklied o'er by dint of Yankee vigor,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
In the Huns' regard their currents turns awry,
And lose the fame of action.

J. F. BURNS.

Tennyson and the English Poets of the 19th Century

By Harold J. Wiegand

ONE of the greatest English poets since Milton, and the greatest poet of the nineteenth century was undoubtedly Alfred Tennyson. He was a true poet, and his immense number of masterful lyrics constitute the most perfect form of poetic art in the past century. He succeeded Wordsworth in the laureateship of England but was essentially greater than his predecessor in his sublime art. His melody is exquisite and in metrical construction he is unrivalled. He interpreted nature with surpassing elegance and beauty of style; he described the simpler themes of everyday life with charming fidelity. Tennyson was essentially an English poet; his subjects are all conceived in themes dear to the English heart. Unlike a great majority of poets he did not find it necessary to seek poetic material in ancient or mythological history. He confined himself to England, to her people, her beauties of nature, and her charming legends. Tennyson is the best-loved and probably the most well-known of English lyric-poets and he was one of the very few who spent their lives in creating and perfecting poetry who secured pecuniary recompense in a degree worthy of his art. In his later years he received fifty dollars a line for his works. Royal recognition was conferred upon him by creating him Poet Laureate and raising him to the peerage.

Tennyson was the greatest of the Victorian poets and his art will live for all time as the most perfect and sublime masterpieces of poetry conceived in the nineteenth century. Milton and Shakespeare alone surpass Tennyson, and to him must be granted the honor of standing with those incomparable masters of poetry as the greatest exponents of the sublimest of all arts—English Poetry.

Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809 in the secluded hamlet of Somersby, Lincolnshire, of George Tennyson, a vicar in the Church of England, and Elizabeth Fytche. He had six brothers and four sisters. His brother Charles, his elder by one year, possessed great promise in versification and it was in collaboration with him that Alfred Tennyson published his first poems in a volume entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." Young Tennyson's early boyhood was an idyllic round of peaceful home-life. He loved nature and took long rambles through the lovely woods about his native town.

In 1828 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and while studing here, his remarkable genius in poetry first became evident. At Cambridge he met Arthur Hallam, a young man with whom he formed a lasting and inseparable friendship, and with him he travelled through Europe. Hallam died in Vienna, 1833, and to perpetuate the memory of his lost companion, Tennyson wrote his immortal elegy "In Memoriam," his greatest work. After leaving Cambridge, Tennyson embarked on his poetical career and his success, while not instantaneous, was very rapid. He was devoted to his work and he never permitted any of his poems to be published until he had polished them to the utmost of perfecfection. He was made Poet-Laureate in 1850 and in the same year married Emily Sellwood, a lady with whom he had been intimate for some time. They had two children, Hallam and Lionel. The former, after his father's death, wrote his "Memories of Tennyson," the most valuable biography of the Laureate extant. Tennyson's domestic life was charmingly happy and he spent most of his time on his estates on the Isle of Wight. He was created Baron in 1884 and took his seat in the House of Lords. He brought his peaceful life to a close in 1892 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Tennyson's greatest poetical work is undoubtedly "In Memoriam," a tribute to his dead friend Hallam. This poem permanently fixed the author's place among the master poets. It is a rather somber elegy. Written in a verse invented by him and designated the Tennysonian stanza, recounting the grief of a human soul at bereavement, the hopeless despair of

continued separation, reflections on the spiritual side of nature and the dread of death, and finally, resignation in the loss of the loved one.

"I sometime hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel.
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within."

As a writer of blank verse Tennyson is unsurpassed and his "Idylls of the King" are his best-loved composition. They are romantic pictures of the legendary exploits of Arthur's Knights of the Round Table. "The Passing of Arthur," "The Holy Grail," and "Gareth and Lynnette" are the best of these. The blank verse lends a harmonious dignity to the stories unfolded. and the characters portrayed are wonderfully impressive and life-like. The characters of the various knights are skilfully compared and the descriptions of Arthur, Percival and Galahad are masterpieces. The Idylls are filled with lofty sentiments and inspirational thoughts. All the stories are interesting and Tennyson in this respect rivals Longfellow who is noted for his skill in telling a story in verse.

"The Princess," an artistic medley in blank verse interspersed with delightful songs, is an ambitious work but not so well conceived as his other poems. The descriptions of nature's beauty is this poem's chief charm but the portrayal of the characters is rather dim and the whole theme—the question of woman's equalization, though demonstrating Tennyson's knowledge of economic matters is a bit wearisome. The melodious songs and some traces of sparkling wit are redeeming features of this work.

"As through the land at eve we went and plucked
the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I; oh we fell out I know
not why,
And kissed again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out that all the more
endears
When we fall out with those we love, and kiss
again with tears."

"Maud" is one of Tennyson's greatest works. It is different from his other poems, which with the exception of "In Memoriam" are mostly cheerful. This poem is a tragedy, morbid, and in the very construction of its verse, conveying a sense of horror and reproach. The poem recounts the story of a man who loves a beautiful girl but loses her after killing her brother in a duel.

Among Tennyson's most popular works is "The Charge of the Light Brigade," a stirring picture of a cavalry charge in the Crimean War.

"When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred!"

"Sir Galahad" is a splendid lyric full of chivalric devotion and religious fervor wherein the Knight Galahad speaks of his purpose to find the Holy Grail.

"My good blade carves the casques of men.
My tough lance thirsteth sure.
My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure.
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand on mine.
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail."

"Ulysses" is an idyllic soliloquy of the Greek hero Ulysses, or as he was known to Homer, Odysseus.

"I am a part of all that I have met
Yet all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move."

"A Dream of Fair Women" is a lyrical masterpiece inspiringly written. It recounts the poet's dream wherein he finds himself in a beautiful wood, the abode of the fairest women of history. He holds converse with them but is rudely awakened and yearns again for the Dreamland of Fair Women. Some of the verses

are exquisite. While walking through the woods—

"The smell of violets hidden in the green
Poured back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remembered to have been
Joyful and free from blame."

He sees one of the Fair Women—

"At length I saw a lady within call,
Stiller than chiseled marble standing there;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair."

He comes upon Cleopatra—

"A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold, black eyes
Brow bound with burning gold."

She complains—

"I have no men to govern in this wood:
That makes my only woe."

"Morte d'Arthur" is a noble piece of blank verse picturing the death of King Arthur and the return of his sword Excalibur to the arm projecting above the waters of the mystic lake—"Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful."

Among other of Tennyson's lyrics the best are "The May Queen," "The Bridesmaid," "St. Simeon Stylites," "Adeline" and "Break, break, break!" Among his longer poems in blank verse other than those aforementioned, Enoch Arden, the story of the husband returning after a long absence to find his wife married again, is well known and deservedly popular. Of others, "Columbus," "The Sisters" and the "Voyage of Moedune" are interesting and extremely well written. His dramas, principally "Queen Mary" and "The Foresters," did not meet with success.

Tennyson wrote an enormous quantity of poems and their quality was consistently brilliant. He reached the summit of his genius in his "In Memoriam" and his poetical quality never retrograded, and even on his death-bed he composed excellent verse.

England was rich in masters of poetry in the nineteenth century: Byron, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge and Browning were among the greatest poets that ever lived. We cannot in justice to these neglect them entirely in speaking of nineteenth century poetry in England. Tennyson was the greatest poet of that period but he was not very far ahead of many of his contemporaries. We will consider Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats at another time under "Nature Poets."

Lord Byron was not a great poet, a great deal of his work is trash, but much of his poetry displays genius and his power of description is almost unrivaled. His works were well received in England and were especially made welcome in Germany. His life is rather unpleasant to look too deeply into: he was decidedly arrogant, immoral, and frivolous and in this respect the contrast between the character of Tennyson and most of the poets who preceded him is revealed. Whereas the moral and private life of Tennyson was irreproachable, many of his contemporaries, as Byron, Shelley and even Keats, were lax in their morals. But of this we do not intend to speak. We are speaking of the poet's literary abilities and not his character. Private morals should be dissociated from literary genius in the criticism of men of letters.

Byron's greatest poem is "Child Harold's Pilgrimage." "Don Juan" is notable but is degrading and poisonous as the whole work is veiled depravity in morals. Many of his best lyrics are those in which he broods in hopeless despair over the happiness he once enjoyed. These were written after a scandalous love affair with an Italian Countess, a married woman. "Manfred" and "Cain" are beautifully written but are directed against all religious sentiments. "The Bride of Abyda" and the "Siege of Corinth" are among his best works, but through nearly all his compositions runs a poisonous current of the basest passions and the vilest sentiments of immorality and atheism. The following is from "Childe Harold", one of the greatest poems conceived in English. It is written in the Spenserian stanza, a verse well adapted to description of the beautiful in nature and to lofty sentiments.

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs.
A palace and a prison on each hand.

I saw from out her waves her structures rise
As from the stroke of the Enchanter's wand!
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me and a dying glory smiles
O'er the fair times when many a subject land
Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles."

Another poet of the nineteenth century, whose fame rests chiefly upon one poem, is Samuel Coleridge whose Rime of the Ancient Mariner is one of the best-known pieces of English poetry and by many able critics is judged the greatest poem of the nineteenth century. Its imagery is splendid and its depiction of the Ancient Mariner is wonderfully impressive. One cannot read this poem but feel that he is a member of the crew of that gruesome ship drifting through the mysterious southern seas, nor can he help but have a feeling akin to terror at the hoary mariner's description of the silent sea.

"Day after day, day after day
We struck nor breath nor motion
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.
Water, water everywhere
And all the boards did shrink.
Water, water everywhere
Nor any drop to drink.
The very deep did rot. O Christ!
That ever this should be.
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea."

Beside his ability as a poet, Coleridge is also remarkable for skill in philosophy and criticism. In these branches his "Biographica Literaria" and "Aid to Reflections" are noteworthy. His best poems are "Ancient Mariner," "Christabel" and "Dejection." The following is his epitaph written by him shortly before his death:

"Stop, Christian passerby! Stop, Child of God!
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this so!
A poet lies, or that which one seemed he.
O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death.
Mercy for praise,—to be forgiven for fame.
He asked and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same."

A writer, who loomed high among England's poets in the nineteenth century, was Robert Browning. His was undoubtedly the intellect of genius but due to the obscurity of much of his language and his difficulty in expressing his thoughts fully he cannot be ranked above any of the greatest poets of his time. But nevertheless Browning was a true poet and much of his work, especially "Pippa Passes" and his earlier lyrics will be immortal. He is unexcelled in character-delineation and although it is difficult sometimes to understand the tenor of his poems a little study will display his clear perception of human emotions and his wonderful power of interpreting the spiritual in nature. His best works are "Pippa Passes," "Men and Women," "Saul" and "Pied Piper of Hamelin." The following is taken from "Evelyn Hope"—

"Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not her time to love; beside
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares.
And now was quiet and now astir
Till God's hand beckoned unawares.
And this sweet white brow is all of her.
I loved you Evelyn, all the while
My heart seemed full as it could hold.
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's red gold
So hush! I will give thee this leaf to keep.
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
There! that is our secret! Go to sleep!
You will wake, and remember, and understand."

Leaving aside the Nature Poets whom we will consider elsewhere the remaining poets of note in nineteenth century in England were Wolfe, chiefly remembered for his "Burial of Sir John Moore"; Hood, whose "Bridge of Sighs" is remarkable; Southey and Stevenson, both of whom are better known for their prose writing.

Kipling is considered more of a present-day writer than of the last century, but his various ballads, although sometimes brilliant verse, do not raise him to a position of immortality as a poet.

Considering both the quality and quantity of its poetry, the nineteenth century is undoubtedly one of the greatest periods of poetry in England. The beautiful and inspiring masterpieces of Tennyson, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, and Byron, as well as the lesser poets Browning, Coleridge, Stevenson, and Hood are unrivalled by and poetry of preceding periods. The eighteenth century had its Pope, its Gray, and its Goldsmith; the seventeenth had its Milton and Dryden; the sixteenth had its Shakespeare and Spenser, but although perhaps not possessing the brilliancy of Shakespeare nor the inspiration of Milton, the nineteenth century has the elegance of Tennyson, the sublimity of Shelley, and the repose of Wordsworth, and that in itself is enough to place this century upon the highest niche in Poetry's Hall of Fame.

Freedom Forever

Song (Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Spread the joyous news around,
Our boys are on the way;
Back from Europe's battle-ground,
Yes, victors in the fray,—
Back to home and country dear
With hearts that throb and sway
In the cause of Freedom forever.

Hurray! Hurray! Our boys are on the way!
Hurray! Hurray! Yes, victors in the fray!
We welcome them with heart and hand
Back to the U. S. A.,
The haven of freedom forever

Hosts have fallen in the fight
For Freedom and for Right,—
Honor-heroes they'll remain
On history's page so bright:
Valiant deeds, and battles won
Acclaim their strength and might
In the cause of Freedom forever.

W. J. RYAN.

Bribing the Stars

By Thomas R. Hanley

JANE was unhappy. She had bent all her energies for the last two weeks toward this minute—and here it was. She couldn't help being unhappy—who could when one had to refuse a man one wanted to marry with all one's heart. If only Hortense had never told her about Madame Royes—but it was too late now—the die was cast—she couldn't change the stars. And so she ruminated.

At last her thoughts came back to the present and she realized with a start that this was the, THE moment of her life. A good-looking, clean-limbed young fellow sat beside her in the swing and was pressing her hand. He was pouring out a flood of oratory (carefully learned by heart) as to why she should marry him. Finding that actions speak louder than words, he seized her in his arms and cried passionately,

"Jane, won't you marry me?"

Reluctantly releasing herself, Jane smoothed her hair and with a deep sigh began,

"No, Arthur, I can never, never marry you."

"Why not? I can dance, play a fair game of golf, and I'm sure Dad will give us a steam yacht. What's the matter, don't you love me?"

"Ye—es, but I can never marry you."

"Why?"

"Because."

"Because why, doggone it—are you going to drive me to drink just for 'because'—give me the reason or I'll go out in the garden and cast myself to the goldfishes."

Jane looked at him adoringly and wondered if he really would ruin those lovely white flannels. At last she said.

"Arthur, the reason I can't marry you is because the Fates forbid it. Madame Royes said my stars clash with yours and it would only mean unhappiness for both—besides you are light and the stars tell me to marry a dark romantic-looking man whom I will meet this summer."

"What fool told you all this slush about the stars and whom you should marry?" he asked angrily.

"Madame Royes isn't a fool thank you, and I can see now what kind of a husband you would be—you—you brute."

And squeezing a few tears she flounced up and left him alone in the moonlight.

Arthur sat there a while brooding—at the bottom of all his thought was one Madame Royes—in fact she was being consigned to the fiery pit about twenty times a minute. Finally he arose, got his car and left, not even giving Jane her farewell toot of the horn. Arthur was perturbed.

The next afternoon a long gray racer stopped in front of a house on East 72nd Street and a young man in tweeds sprang out and quickly ran up the steps and pulled the bell. A swarthy man garbed as a Hindu appeared in answer and ushered him into a small waiting room. The walls were hung with oriental tapestries and in a corner was a smoking incense lamp under a smirking bronze Buddha.

The Hindu held out a tray for Arthur's card and disappeared for a few moments. He returned again with the card and said,

"Madame Royes receives only by appointment."

But Arthur was of this generation and wise beyond his years; without a word he pressed a bill against the not-hard-to-find palm of the Hindu.

"Thank yo' boss," was the result and the pseudo-Hindu opened his mouth in a wide grin, his flashing ivories disclosing to the world his unmistakable African ancestry. He disappeared again behind the curtains and after a little while came back with the news that Madame would see him a few minutes between appointments.

Arthur followed the disguised African to the seance room. Evidently Madame was a great believer in the proper atmosphere, for the room fairly screamed mystery. The walls were hung in unrelieved black save for a large chart of the

heavens. A large crystal gazing globe on a pedestal, a table covered with green felt and two high-backed chairs completed the furnishings. Madame Royes stood by a chair as he entered and murmured "Mr. Kemble." She was a tall thin woman wrapped in a flowing robe of vivid scarlet.

She motioned him to a chair and after being seated paced the room a few minutes. Every move breathed mystery. Then she sat down and leaned across the table, ready to begin her seance. Arthur noticed on close inspection that her face was lined artificially and in this he recognized an eye to business—for the seeress has in all times been old and wrinkled.

"You were born in March—the month of the Twelfth House of the Zodiac—of Pisces—Jupiter is your guiding planet——

"Pardon me, Madame, but I did not come to have my future read, I want to ask you a question, will you answer it?"

Madame glanced up interestedly, and saw that she was not dealing with a bored-to-death child of society, but a wide-awake young man. She didn't answer his question immediately and he continued,

"What I want to know is this—Can the stars be impelled to change their courses—and consequently one's future?"

Madame looked hard at him a minute and answered in a far-away voice,

"The stars have been known to be attracted out of their courses, if there is a sufficient attraction." And she laid almost imperceptible emphasis on the word "sufficient".

Instantly a twenty-dollar bill found its way to the center of the table. Madame looked straight ahead—her gaze never faltered.

A ten spot floated down beside the twenty.

"The stars are wavering in their courses," she murmured.

Another twenty topped the pile and the stars were put to rout entirely.

"The stars are at your mercy," she said smiling, "what do you want?" Then they settled down to business.

A short time after Arthur was speeding out the Drive, chuckling to himself and smiling at the world in general. It wasn't such a bad world after all.

But let us go back to the house on 72nd Street. Madame Royes is sitting in the kitchen talking to another woman, evidently French. Madame is saying,

"Yes, Hortense, it worked like a charm. I scared her a little and she put him off—and he came and bribed the stars. Now I hope they will both be happy. Pass the scheme around among your friends and I will pay you for your trouble. You know all young girls love mystery and fortune telling—here is yours" and she passed a note to Hortense.

A week later Hortense brought a note, heavily scented with sandalwood, to Jane which stated "that due to an unexplainable cause certain stars in the celestial system had changed their courses, especially those which governed Miss Wilson's orbit. If she would call on Monday at three, Madame would correct her horoscope—"

Two months later on a large steam yacht called the "Jane," Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kemble were talking, or rather whispering, for you know talking isn't really necessary between two parties when the party of the first part is sitting on the knees of the party of the second part and her head rests on his shoulder so that he inhales a blonde curl every time he breathes.

"Wasn't it lucky, dearie," she cooed, "that the stars changed—just think, if they hadn't I wouldn't be where I am today—I mean your wife—and to think that we owe all this happiness to Madame Royes."

And Arthur was of this generation and wise beyond his years so he said nothing like a good husband.

The Armistice

By John F. Burns

SHROUDED in the gloom of darkness and silence, mysterious night was falling. And it was falling upon a place that has bred more sorrow, perhaps, than any other place on earth, a place whose very mention tugs hard at the heart-strings of many a man and woman and child,—it was falling on No Man's Land. But the darkness was not continuous, nor the silence uninterrupted, for ever and anon it was illuminated by the light of a bursting star-shell, or shaken with the roar of barrages. And often—oh, very often—arose that sound most terrible to hear—the cries and groans of the dying. This is the spot on which unsettled night has fallen—a spot where rules the dynasty of death and suffering and horror, where sorrow breeds, where hearts and hearths and hopes are sorely riven.

In the obscurity, the two long lines of hostile trenches form, as it were, but deeper strata in the darkness. Lying scattered between them, and to all appearances like little dark masses of blackness, or holes in the ground, lie the bodies of those slain in a recent sally. In one of the dugouts on the American side some of the khaki-clad lads are gathered round a comrade who is reading:

"Confessor, Censor, Comrade,
It was ever Father Jim,
In a shell-hole rut or a K. C. hut,
When duty called to him."

"There! It's finished down to that at least," he said.

And the boys in the dugout crowded nearer the sergeant to see what he had written. It was a fine scene, too, though not without its element of sadness, and common enough in the dugouts over there. Outside the night had fallen, black, starless, and for many a poor lad, hopeless, too. Within, the yellow light from the swinging lamp gave a more martial appearance to the bespattered forms and stained, grim faces that peered in a cluster over the sergeant's shoulders. Even in relaxation, still could be noticed upon them that characteristic sternness, grit, and inflexible determination—the inevitable stamp of war upon its votaries. The sergeant himself, as he sat, paper in hand in their midst, was truly a fitting central figure to the splendid group—so typical of the American soldiery. He finished reading and dropped the paper on his knee. But still no one moved; no one spoke. They were lost in that silent revery which commonly follows reflection upon the loss of one who is dear, and who holds a big place in our hearts. Finally the sergeant broke the spell.

"Well, boys," he said solemnly, "he's gone, that's all!" And the torn sleeve brushed his face. Another pause, and he suddenly sprang up.

"By heaven," he cried in a passion, "there'll be nothing left at all! They're taking everything—everything—everything. May God revenge them!"

"Amen! !" The word came from the very depths of their hearts.

The sergeant went on again, half in soliloquy: "It's mighty strange," he said, "the way things happen lately. We never make a move, but the Huns are there and ready—more than prepared for us. I tell you, it's mighty strange. And Father Jim was right. There must be—a spy or a traitor somewhere,—d—n him!"

At this point he was interrupted by a voice from the entrance way. It was the commandant's orderly. Sergeant — was wanted immediately at headquarters. With great perplexity on his own part and that of his comrades he followed the official. In a few minutes he returned, holding in his hand his commission, justly merited. In reward of frequent proofs of courage and prudence, he had been raised to the rank of lieutenant. His comrades cheered and cheered. But the sergeant seemed far from jubilant, as he resumed his place with downcast air, and silence. Truly, here was an enigma, and they stared in puzzled surprise until at length he explained.

"Boys," he said, gazing round the circle of

faces, "I'm going over." A pause. "And I'm going alone."

Their faces fell, for well they knew the meaning of those words. More than one friend and comrade had "gone over" before, and never to return. So in sympathy they gathered closer.

"Not that I'm afraid," he went on, "to—to—pal with Father Jim once more, but honest, boys" (and his voice shook a little), "I hate to leave the crowd." He made as if to speak again, but the next words would not come. Still with a downcast gaze he sat, leaning forward now, with elbows on his knees and both hands under his chin. But no longer was he in the dugout with the boys. No, he was far, far away in the little white cottage among the trees. Up the front steps he was springing to the mother, who wept, and the father who smiled. Now his sister threw her arms around him. Ah, that was his dream,—but dream and no more. For he was not going home. He might never go home. And he groaned.

He was silent, still gazing down. And the gaze of the boys went downward, too,—to hide a tear, perhaps. For they understood but too well. Many a similar scene had they witnessed, and many another comrade had they beheld in the same sad straits. Scarcely a chance of success, the commander had said. It was death, perhaps, to try it. But a spy was at work. The point of his egress from the lines was suspected. Some one must be waiting in No Man's Land, in case those behind the trenches missed him.

And so the sergeant, for this we will continue to call him, went over. They accompanied him to the breastworks, watched while he slid cautiously over, and peered after him till his form was swallowed up in the darkness. It was approaching midnight now and there he lay prostrate among the dead of No Man's Land. One unguarded movement meant death. Slowly, imperceptibly, without raising his head, little by little he moves along in the darkness with painful progress. Now he lies still, now starts again. Another pause—another advance. And so he creeps onward, this American officer in No Man's Land.

A sudden sound nearby! What can it be? His heart stops short; then violently pounds. And outwardly dead, he lies motionless again, but with every sense strained for danger. Ah! A loud groan from out the darkness. He breathes more freely. It is only some wounded lad, missed by the Red Cross, probably, and about to die. "If he only had Father Jim," thought the officer, "to make it easier." And he resumed his cautious progress.

"Good God!" he suddenly gasped. A body some distance ahead of him,—he could just make it out in the darkness—a *dead* body—had moved its head! And he himself became outwardly dead again, but with eyes riveted on the now motionless body. Ever so little, it moved again.

"At last!" he thought to himself, "the spy!"

With infinite caution, he covered the prostrate form with his weapon. It was too dark to distinguish the uniform, but he took no chances. Again the head moved—seemed to look toward him—and sink. The American was thinking hard. Here, without a doubt, was the spy, and at his mercy. One shot, and he could kill him outright, but might he not obtain some valuable information by waiting—by following the man? He waited. Like a dead man, he lay perfectly still in the darkness, watching. The form never moved. The strain from his posture was intense and every muscle rebelled. Fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes—and still the figure was motionless. He began to doubt. Perhaps it was his imagination. He must get nearer. But hardly had he lowered his pistol when the figure stirred—a very little—then slowly began to approach him.

"Ha!" thought the officer, "he must think I'm unarmed." And taking careful aim at the advancing form, he fired. But there was no report. The shells were old, and had been exploded. A tremor passed over him as he realized the consequences.

"God help me now," he muttered. And bracing himself, he awaited developments.

But the figure, looming out more clearly as it approached, suddenly changed its course and passed him by some distance to the left. He breathed a sigh of relief, waited a little, then cautiously followed, retracing the ground already

covered. Little by little, he became less cautious. He quickened his progress, and was soon quite close, too close, he thought, but nevertheless he stayed—to the stealthily advancing form. He reached a point finally where he could again distinguish the body of the man whose dying groan had so startled him before. It was now past midnight. Would the spy never stop? Ah! yes. He had stopped. The form again became as dead. He had stopped directly beside that body. What could it mean, thought his pursuer? Was that groan a signal? The sergeant was puzzled, and fearing some strategy, he still waited, thinking hard. Before him, perhaps, and only a few yards distant, lay the secret of the enemy's communication and information. Even now, messages might be going or coming. Yes, he simply must get nearer. And closer and closer he wormed his way, fortune favoring him the while, for no shells flared their lurid light. A little more, and he could see the two forms quite distinctly. And, ha! he was right! Here was the secret indeed! The supposedly wounded and dead man was whispering now to the figure he had followed. If he could only hear! He crept still closer, but the whispering stopped. He could see that both men wore the uniform of German officers. So he awaited developments. He was perilously near, he knew, but it was too late to retreat. A full quarter of an hour he lay there, but not a muscle of the two men seemed to move. Good actors, he thought. And still he waited. The strain of inaction was terrific. He could stand it no longer, and had prepared for a sudden desperate attack upon them, counting on the surprise for success, when all at once, in the calmest tones, though very low, there came a voice through the darkness, in pure and familiar English,

"Shoot—for God's sake, and end this farce! My work is done anyway."

It was the German officer who spoke! The sergeant all but cried aloud in astonishment at the words, and at the voice. Then around went his head, his brain was in a whirl, and he nearly swooned. He knew that voice, and a terrible truth dawned upon him.

It was the voice of Father Jim!

Father Jim—his idol, and the idol of the regiment—for whom he would gladly have given his very life—not dead, ah no, but worse than dead! He was a spy. He was a traitor. And the sergeant groaned aloud:

"To think," he said, "that it was I who discovered you! that *I* must tell the boys!"

In a moment he was his own cool self again. And then—snap! went the cords of his affection. A mighty flood of anger, righteous anger, seemed literally to inundate his whole being. Strong though his love had been, his hate was even stronger. That man, there before him, that spy, that traitor had duped them all, ay, would have sold away the life of every brave comrade that fought by his side—*would* have sold them, yes. But not now, for he would kill him!

All this had transpired in an instant, and now came the sergeant's reply, in the same low tone, but fearfully ominous.

"Yes, traitor," he said. "I'll end the farce. I'll shoot—and I'll not miss either."

Nearer and nearer he crept, entirely forgetful of the other man, only thirsting for the life of the priest. Nearer and nearer—to make perfectly sure of his aim. He knew he should have but one attempt to kill him,—for a score of bullets, at the flash of his gun, would probably lodge in his body. And so, with what might be termed a horrible calmness, he went about it. But the priest—would he not resist? The sergeant thought of this not one way or the other. He only knew he must kill him. Ah, now he was quite ready.

"One"—he counted.

"Two," and the priest had shut his eyes at the gleam of the barrel, when all at once a star-shell burst above them and he recognized the features of the sergeant.

"Good God!" he cried. "Is it *you*, sergeant? And come to this—a *spy!* I can't believe it."

The sergeant dropped his weapon in surprise at the sudden accusation. Then, the flimsiness of that strategy dawned upon him, and he laughed, —a low, derisive laugh.

"*One!*" and the priest saw the barrel gleam again.

"Hold!" he cried. "For the love of God,

stop! What are you going to do?"

"Two!" and he added, "I'm going to kill you—traitor!"

"Three!" And he fired. But there was no report. He had forgotten the condition of his shells. The priest comprehended. The sergeant was not in the least disconcerted. He would change them, he said,—damnation! They were gone—lost as he was creeping along the ground.

"No matter, traitor," he said, still unmoved. "I'll brain you. It's less risky anyhow."

At that moment there was a movement from the prostrate form beside the priest. The sergeant paused. He could now see that the man had really been wounded, and was apparently returning to consciousness after a fainting spell. The priest was fumbling in his bosom. Then, with a muttered thank God! he turned to the man and administered the viaticum.

At this light began to dawn upon the mind of the sergeant. Had he not been mistaken? O, how he wished he had! His old love began to fight hard against his new-born hate.

"Father," he said hoarsely, "for God's sake tell me you're not—" and he could not—would not finish.

"I'm not," was the priest's reply. And the sergeant watched in silence while the chaplain, tenderly supporting the dying man's head, held his crucifix close to the glazing eyes, and whispered words of hope and comfort into his ear. The heart of the single spectator of the sad, though beautiful scene was touched, and he recalled how he had but a short time before, described this very thing in the poem he had written for the boys in memory of the supposedly dead priest.

> "*We knew as the battle prospered,*
> *When the death dart sunk in our breast,*
> *We could always nod*
> *To the Cross of God*
> *At Father Jim's behest.*"

But the chaplain had now turned to him again, for the man was dead. He told his story, and soon there were tears in the sergeant's eyes.

"Forgive me, Father Jim," he said when the priest had finished, "for being guilty even to think it of you. And to think," he added with a shudder, "that I came so near to——"; but the priest interrupted.

"Nay; I, too, have erred and grievously, in taking you to be the spy about whose workings I had heard. But even yet, I can't imagine what in the world brings you out here alone in No Man's Land."

The sergeant explained, telling Father Jim how he had discovered him in the darkness, taken him for the spy he was after, and so on. In the meantime let us rehearse, in brief, the story told by Father Jim.

He had not been killed, only captured. The German commander, on learning of his rank, and his acquaintance with the language, had summoned him. The commander's brother had fallen that day, severely wounded in No Man's Land, and had been heard to call for the priest. He might yet be alive. Would the American chaplain consent to attend him? He could go on parole, and under cover of darkness.

"And so here I am," concluded the priest.

"But that uniform?" said the sergeant questioningly. The priest's face clouded.

"They didn't trust me on parole," he said. This uniform they knew would practically force me to return. With it on, I could hardly approach our lines in safety. I might discard it, you say? Than I might be shot by either side, on suspicion, before I could explain. So my safety lay in keeping it, and consequently returning to the German lines."

"The long-headed scoundrels!" growled the sergeant, and stopped short, for a shell screamed over their heads. Another, and another followed—they became a veritable bombardment of the earth just outside the American line of trenches.

"A barrage!" gasped the sergeant. "They will follow it." And they did. Over the top from the German side poured the Huns en masse. They slunk swiftly and silently forward, like beasts on the trail of blood. Straight for the two men they came.

(*To be Continued*)

THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. III | DECEMBER, 1918 | NO 2

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The Demobilization of the S. A. T. C.

THE War Department under date of November 26, issued an order to the Commanding Officers of all units of the Student Army Training Corps, both Sections A and B, directing them to demobilize and discharge the men commencing the week of December 1st with a view to completion of discharges by December 21, 1918. The signing of the armistice and the consequent cessation of hostilities made it no longer necessary to provide for new officers in the army, which was the original aim of the government in establishing the S. A. T. C. Having decided to open no new officers' training camps, and to reduce as soon as feasible the size of the nation's fighting forces, it was deemed inadvisable to continue as at first planned for the full nine months the various college units of student officers. This decision of the War Department, while reasonable and just under the circumstances, will, no doubt, cause considerable hardship to many of the colleges, for many went to considerable expense in preparing quarters and in adjusting their equipment to meet the needs of the army students. In many instances, too, additional instructors had to be engaged. If, however, as promised, the War Department adopts a plan of compensation, the government may reimburse the colleges for whatever expenses of this nature they may have contracted. There is another item, however, which may escape attention. Most of the courses given this year in the colleges, with exception of the

Published at Villanova, Pa., in the months of October, December, February, April and June.
All communications to be addressed to THE VILLANOVAN, Villanova, Pa.

technical ones, were special courses adopted to meet the special requirements of the War Department. They were not, so to speak, normal college courses. Thus the regular courses dissolved were not entirely suspended. The abandonment, in the middle of the year, of these courses which can not be converted easily into the regular college courses is bound to result in a much decreased attendance, for, it is natural to suppose that most of the students who have been attending these courses will want to wait until the beginning of the next year to begin regular courses. Many colleges will thus be forced to anticipate a large deficit in normal revenue. It is doubtful if they will receive any compensation from the government which will enable them to meet a deficit arising from these abnormal conditions. Most probably the colleges will have to shoulder the burden as best they can and offer the sacrifice as a further contribution to the cause of patriotism. They will consider the blessings of a victorious peace worthy of every possible sacrifice, and will rejoice in the destruction of the causes which made the creation of the S. A. T. C. units imperative.

Peace

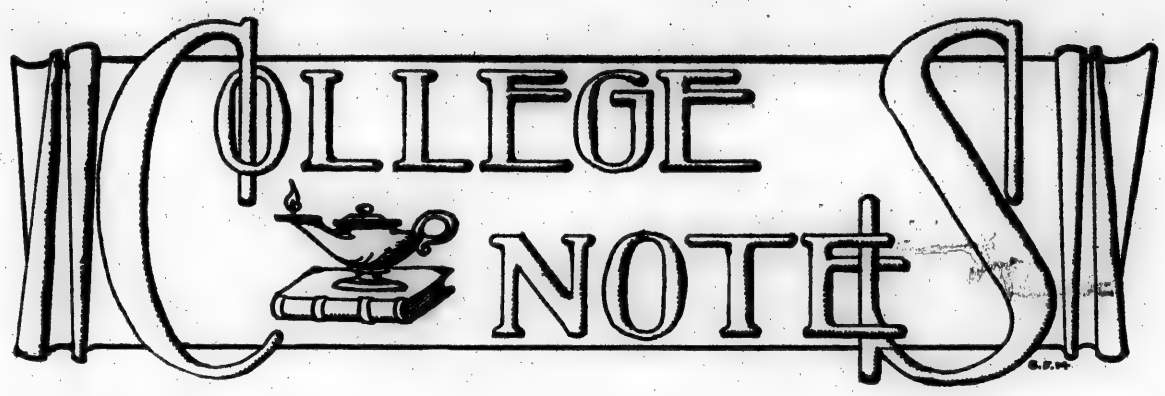
THIS year the message of the Christmastide comes with a new significance. The last four and a half years have imposed a burden of sacrifice and suffering upon the nations of the world from the effects of which they will not soon recover. Peace was never so grateful or so welcome. While many homes will long be enveloped in the shadow of grief and mourning for the loss of dear ones, their feeling of grief will be tempered by the thought that all is now over; that the period of sacrifice has reached its end. In many cases, too, with the sense of loss will be associated a feeling of spiritual exaltation, a glow of satisfaction that the sacrifice has not been made in vain. For, the coming of peace has, fortunately, meant triumph of right and victory of justice. The powers that would have violated virtue and justice, and would have imposed an intolerable yoke of subjection and oppression have failed in their attempt, and the world has been saved from their excesses.

In a few days the statesmen of the world, under the exalted leadership of our President, will assemble for a discussion of practical measures which will guarantee a continuance of this peace. Their task is no easy one. Many changes and reforms will have to be made. A strong League of Nations willing and capable of enforcing the terms of peace must be created. But no matter how successful the Peace Congress may be in devising measures and regulations for the practical application of the ideal of world peace, these will not in themselves be sufficient, if men do not put aside their old jealousies and quarrels. Unless, too, their sense of natural obligation and duty is quickened and they recognize the existence of a law of right and equity to which all must submit, their treaties and compacts will prove in the long run ineffectual. It is true today as it was twenty centuries ago that peace on earth is the heritage of men of good-will.

Military Training

FOR the past two years, the government of the United States has been organized on a war basis. All the establishments and regulations made during that period have been made with a view to their effect upon the winning of the war which was their ultimate goal. The work of transforming a nation which was essentially a non-military one into a successful belligerent was no easy task. That it succeeded so well is due to our American genius for organization and our traditional thoroughness. No less credit is due to the moral union and whole-hearted co-operation on the part of the whole population. Our experience during this trying period was a costly one, as was to be expected. Nevertheless it taught us many lessons which can not be permitted to go unheeded. We can now look back, and, understanding our past mistakes, plan more wisely for the future. One important lesson should be long remembered. As long as war continues as an eventual possibility, it will pay to prepare for it. Unpreparedness in the long run will prove rather costly. Preparedness means an army, ready, trained, and efficient. To accomplish this, some form of universal military service seems inevitable. Already our statesmen seem to recognize this fact. Many practical difficulties to be sure have to be met and overcome. A successful League of Nations may reduce the size of armaments. The normal life of our youth should not be disturbed excessively. Aggressive preparedness must not be encouraged. But while all these considerations are important and are worthy of attention and must be taken into account in the practical working out of the idea, it still remains true that universal military training is desirable. As soon as the peace parleys have been finished we may look for legislation at Washington which will adopt the principle and work out its various details.





Visit of Mons. de Wiart

VILLANOVA was honored on Wednesday, November 13th, by the visit of Mons. Canon M. E. Carton de Wiart, Secretary to Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and brother of the Belgian minister of Justice. He is the Envoy of the Belgian Government to the Jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons.

The distinguished visitor was entertained at luncheon by the President, Father Dean, the Faculty, and Lieutenant Scott, the Commanding Officer of the Villanova S. A. T. C. Unit.

Very Rev. N. J. Vasey, O. S. A., Provincial of the Augustinians, V. Rev. Charles M. Driscoll, O. S. A., Rev. M. J. Corcoran, O. S. A., Rt. Rev. Henry T. Drumgoole, S. T. L., Rector of Overbrook Seminary; Rev. Father Higgins, Vice-Rector of the Seminary; Rev. Chaplain Francis Quinn, O. S. A., and M. Paul Hageman, Belgium Consular-General at Philadelphia, accompanied Monsignor Wiart.

In the afternoon the visitors reviewed the S. A. T. C. Unit. Then followed an address by Mons. Wiart in the College auditorium. Rev. Jas. J. Dean, O. S. A., President of Villanova, in a few well-chosen words, introduced Mons. Wiart. Then the audience heard related the details of the sufferings of the Belgian people by one who had actually experienced them. The soldiers were congratulated by the Monsignor on the achievements of the American troops and urged to self-sacrificing efforts in the work of reconstructing Europe. The appeal met with an enthusiastic response from the members of the S. A. T. C.

Peace Celebration

The Villanova Unit took an active part in the glorious Peace celebration on November 11th, marching to Bryn Mawr and taking its place in line in the parade by the various organizations of Bryn Mawr and the Main Line. Three companies were paraded and that their performance was creditable was evidenced by the applause received along the route of march. It was a tribute to the officers who had drilled the men to such a state of perfection in a little over a month's time. Lieutenant Scott received many congratulations for the splendid showing of the Villanova Unit.

At the end of the route, the three companies were drawn up in company front in the Bryn Mawr Park, where the people of the Main Line celebrated the signing of the armistice in a Thanksgiving rally. Among the speakers was our President, Rev. Jas. J. Dean, O. S. A., who stirred the assembly time and time again by his forceful portrayal of the importance and magnitude of our victory.

At the conclusion of the exercises, the men were marched back to Villanova where a huge pile of boxes, tree-wood, and brush had been gathered. A bonfire was started and as the blaze mounted skyward an effigy of the Kaiser was thrown into the pile and the downfall of German autocracy was symbolized when the effigy slipped from the highest pinnacle to the very bottom of the burning mass and was burned to a crisp.

Entertainments

During the month, various entertainments

were given under the direction of K. of C. Secretary, "Tom" Granahan, the talent being furnished by the members of the unit. Boxing exhibitions were held and while some proved humorous, others brought out the fact that there is no dearth of good material in the institution. Keen rivalry was displayed in all bouts and each performer had his enthusiastic cohorts.

Among the more notable bouts, the contest between "Joe" Waugh and Raymond Nicholson will live forever in the memory of those present. It proved to be a "scream" from start to finish and pandemonium broke loose when "Joe" was awarded the decision over the Brooklyn lad.

The rejuvenated Villanova Jazz Orchestra performed creditably for all such functions and lived up to its enviable record of the past.

Vocal and instrumental selections were always welcome attractions between bouts. James Lofler of Conshohocken deserves special mention for his talented renderings.

Thanksgiving Dance

On Wednesday evening, November 28th, a dance was held by the Villanova S. A. T. C. Unit in the gymnasium. The hall was prettily decorated with pennants and streamers. Excellent music was rendered by the Villanova Jazz Band under direction of Messrs. Roche and Marlow. The affair was brought to a close by the rendition of the Star-Spangled Banner and the sounding of "Taps."

Deaths

The Villanovan extends condolences to: Charles Toner, on the death of his sister; Michael Grieco and Joseph Monahan, '15, on the deaths of their mothers; Francis Rafferty, on the death of his father; John Walsh, on the death of his sister; to John O'Brien, on the death of his sister;, and to Earl O'Brien, on the death of his brother.

Jottings

The first of the S. A. T. C. men to be transferred from the Villanova Unit to the Officers' Training Camp left here for Camp Gordon, Ga., on November 11th. The men were Cornelius O'Sullivan, George Donovan, John Perry, George O'Neill and John Casani.

When the armistice was declared and the orders dissolving Officers' Training Camps were sent out, all accepted transfers to the Villanova Unit with the exception of George Donovan who applied for a discharge from the Service.

Rev. Dr. Peter Guilday, formerly professor at the Catholic University and at present Regional Inspector in the S. A. T. C. Units, visited Villanova on his tour of inspection, October 19th.

The College expects to return to its normal conditions after the Christmas holidays and while the number of students will be considerably decreased, it is thought that the return of her sons in the service will bring gratifying results.

Recently there arrived at the College M. Anselm Moreau, one of the twenty-one French soldiers who have come to the United States at the invitation of the American Government to complete their education in American colleges and universities. The colleges of the United States have volunteered to co-operate with the Government in giving hospitality to these soldiers of France, and many more are expected to arrive soon. All those who are to be the guests of our colleges and universities are men of high moral character and distinguished courage, who have been wounded on the battlefields of their country. M. Moreau, who is to continue his studies at Villanova, was a student in Richelieu College, Vendée, France, at the outbreak of the war. He immediately entered the service of his country. After spending one year in the trenches he was wounded losing the sight of his right eye at the battle of the Somme. For bravery displayed in this battle he was decorated. His regiment, the 93rd Infantry of the Sixth Army was likewise decorated for valor shown on this occasion. M. Moreau will continue his studies in Philosophy at Villanova.

Upon the demobilization of the S. A. T. C. Unit at Villanova, Tom Granahan, the K. of C. secretary, was assigned to the Marine Camp at Quantico, Va.

Discharges were received by the members of the S. A. T. C., beginning December 11th and continuing until all had left the service. Many of the students signified their intention of continuing studies in the College after the holidays.

S. A. T. C. Banquet

On the evening of Monday, December 9th, the members of the Student Army Training Corps tendered a banquet in Kugler's Hotel, Philadelphia, to Lieutenant Scott and the other lieutenants in charge of the Villanova Unit. The order of demobilization having been issued, the students of Villanova desired to give some public expression to their esteem for Lieutenant Scott and his associate officers before the actual breaking up of the Unit should take place. The banquet was characterized by that feeling of enthusiasm and good-fellowship which has always distinguished the members of the S. A. T. C. After a sumptuous repast and after toasts had been offered to "Our Country and President Wilson," and to "Father Dean, President of Villanova," who was unavoidably absent, the toastmaster, Rev. George A. O'Meara, Professor of English at Villanova, called upon Rev. John M. Fagan, Associate Professor of War Aims, to reply to the toast, "Villanova, Our College." Father Fagan in earnest and eloquent words referred to his experiences as a teacher in the S. A. T. C., and the lessons of loyalty and devotion which Villanova sought to instil into the hearts of her army students. He exhorted his hearers to remain true to the ideals of Villanova and assured them that Villanova would always cherish them as her faithful sons. The remarks of Father Fagan were received by his hearers with great applause and enthusiasm. After a few general remarks by Father O'Meara, he called upon George Claffy to introduce the next speaker, Lieutenant Scott, in answer to the toast, "Our Commanding Officer." Lieutenant Scott was vociferously cheered as he arose to speak. He referred feelingly to the many evidences of loyalty and devotion he had witnessed at Villanova and the many personal favors which had been shown him. He expressed his regret at the breaking up of the Unit. Though, he confessed, his inexperience may have caused him to make mistakes, in everything he did he was moved only by a consideration of duty. He expressed his great appreciation in the co-operation shown him by all at Villanova and he assured his hearers that he would never forget this final expression of their esteem. At the conclusion of his speech Lieutenant Scott to his great surprise was presented with a large silver loving cup. The speech of presentation in behalf of the members of the S. A. T. C. was made by Frank Murphy who in brief words referred to the qualities in their commanding officer which had won for him the affection and devotion of his soldiers. Lieutenants Brown, Fair, Lawton, Love, Blanchfield, Lowrie were next called upon after brief introductions by Father O'Meara. They all, while expressing regret at the disbandment of the Unit, acknowledged their appreciation of all they had found at Villanova, and their attachment to the members of the Corps. At the conclusion of their remarks each lieutenant was presented with a handsome leather traveling bag. Lieutenant Edward Diggles and Lieutenant Joseph A. McCarthy, Villanova men, were guests.

Lieutenant Joseph McCarthy, of Camp Grant, next replied to the toast "Our Alumni." Other speakers and the toasts to which they replied were: Raymond Nicholson, "Impressions"; Harold Wiegand, "Our Poet"; David Farley, "Military Discipline"; Charles Casey, "Experiences"; William Cronin, captain of the Varsity, "Our Football Team"; William King, "Splinters." The banquet closed with the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner.

ALUMNI NOTES

VERITAS UNITAS CARITAS

Ordination

ON Sunday, December 1, 1918, Rev. Joseph P. Sergel of the Class of '15, was ordained to the Holy Priesthood by Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Walsh, D.D., Bishop of Trenton. The ceremony took place in St. Joseph's Cathdral, Buffalo, N. Y. Father Sergel celebrated his first mass on Sunday, December 8th, in St. Mary's Church, South Amboy, N. Y. The VILLANOVAN extends to the young priest its hearty "ad multos annos."

Weddings

Francis Feeney, ex-'18, Inspector in the U. S. Navy, and Marie O'Neill were married on Saturday, November 16, 1918, in St. Elizabeth's Church, Philadelphia. Rev. Francis A. Driscoll, O. S. A., Vice-President of Villanova, officiated. To the happy couple the VILLANOVAN extends felicitations.

The VILLANOVAN extends congratulations also to Anselm X. Marilley who married Miss Margaret M. Collins on Wednesday, November 27, 1918, in Washington, D. C.

It has come to our attention that Corporal J. Neuser, a former Villanova student and a football star, has joined the ranks of the Benedicts. To him and his bride, the VILLANOVAN expresses its congratulations.

Deaths

In the casualty list of November 18, 1918, there occurs the name of Private Raymond H. Barnasconi, '15, who died in France of disease. Raymond was a native of Sunbury, Pa. He finished a commercial course at Villanova in '15. While at Villanova he was a diligent student and a star prep football man. Villanova students will always remember Raymond as a genial companion, a generous friend, and a loyal son of Alma Mater. He has proved his worth as so many other sons of Villanova have by giving the supreme pledge of devotion to his country. To his family and friends we extend sincere sympathy.

Lieutenant Eugene B. Carroll, '14

Whilst the tramp of marching feet of Penn's S. A. T. C. on the rough pavement rang from the courtyard through the open window of his room, and with the echoes of the first long drawn yells of the crowd at the Penn-Swarthmore football game scarcely hushed, Lieutenant Eugene B. Carroll, Villanova '14, died in the University Hospital, Philadelphia, November 23rd. He had been sick with the influenza for four days only and until Saturday morning no thought of a serious outcome to his illness was entertained.

During his years at Villanova, Father Carroll stood for the best things in college life. In 1912 he was elected President of the Epsilon Phi Theta and was salutatorian of his class on Commencement Day. He was a member of the Varsity football team playing guard and afterwards center. He was always dependable.

He prepared for the Priesthood at Niagara and spent a year at Catholic University from which he was called for ordination to the Priesthood by Bishop Hoban of Scranton.

Of the eleven months of a devoted priestly zeal five were spent in various posts throughout the states, principally in California, as Army Chaplain. He was attached to the 12th U. S. Infantry and had all preparations made for embarkation with his command, when he fell sick. His death was marked by the same child-like, faithful courage that gave character to his life at old Villanova. It was an inspiration to his mother, his brother, his old teacher, Father Corcoran of Villanova, and his friends, who were with him to the last.

The funeral was held on Tuesday in his home town, Dushore, Pa. Bishop Hoban officiated at the Requiem Mass. The Reverend Fathers Flynn and Lieutenant Ritchie (Chaplain 13th U. S. Infantry, Camp Mills) were Deacons of Honor. Rev. J. E. O'Connor and Rev. John J. Lucitt, Villanova '14, were the ministers of the Mass. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Matthew J. Corcoran, O. S. A., and a splendid tribute was given by Bishop Hoban to the first of his chaplains called to the quiet service of Death.

Father Carroll was buried in the family plot in the cemetery on the hillside overlooking his native place. The Benedictus was chanted by the assembled priests who had come in large number from all quarters to do homage to the dead.

Joseph J. Kumer, '16

The name of Joseph J. Kumer, '16, of Shamokin, Pa., was contained in the list of those killed in action as published by the War Department, November 28, 1918. Joseph Kumer or "Shorty" as he was more familiarly called entered Villanova September, 1911. He spent one year in the Preparatory School and the following September entered the College, from which he graduated June, 1916, with the degree of B. S. in Civil Engineering. Upon graduation he entered the employ of a large contracting firm in Muncy, Pa., as a Civil Engineer. At the outbreak of the war he left his employment and enlisted in the service of his country. After some months spent in training at Washington, D. C., he was sent to France where he met his death during the hard fighting last September. While at College "Joe" was an earnest student and always ranked high in his classes. Modest and retiring in disposition, little given to speech he proved himself a loyal and devoted friend and soon became popular with the entire student body. He was particularly popular with his fellow classmates, who knowing him best, conceived for him a deep and sincere affection. They and all who knew him at Villanova will mourn in him the loss of a sincere friend and loyal comrade. Though details of his death are lacking, those who knew him are convinced that he met it as a hero with his characteristic devotion to duty. He was a man of action rather than of words and while his friends will miss him they will be proud of their heroic companion and will remember him as a worthy representative of Villanova among the martyrs of our Country. To his parents and family the Villanovan in the name of the Faculty and student body extends its condolences.

Others of our boys have been reported killed but we refrain from mentioning their names until officialconfirmation is made.

Jottings

Rev. Sylvester Welsh, Class of '15, is now Rector of the Church of the Seven Dolors, Rock Spring, Wyo.

A letter from France brings the news that Lieutenant Theodore Voight, ex-'20, who had been suffering from influenza, is again on duty and has been doing credit to Villanova as commander of a machine-gun battery.

Charles Stoeckle, ex-'18, a former Tolentine football star, has received his commission in aviation.

Joseph Kurz, '15, a Villanova graduate, known to all Villanova men of his time not only for his genial, manly disposition but also for his extraordinary ability as a student, is at present Radio Instructor at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

Philip Brady, ex-'18, who has been for some time past in active service with our troops in France, was recently commissioned captain.

On November 7, 1918, Hugh V. McGeehan, Prep. '18, and John W. Jones, ex-'20, entered the Officers' Training Camp at Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.

Francis Kane, '21, was recently selected by Rev. Jas. J. Dean, O. S. A., President of Villanova, for the appointment to West Point Military Academy, awarded by Congressman John R. K. Scott. In congratulating Frank we express the hope that a continuance of his studious habits manifested at Villanova will reflect glory to our Alma Mater.

Rev. A. J. Plunkett, '96, Ph.D., formerly rector of St. Bernard's Church in Sharon, Conn., has been promoted to the Rectorship at Shelton, Conn.

Raymond Larkin, '14, was commissioned second lieutenant recently at Camp Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla.

Rev. Joseph M. Sutliffe, Class of '15, a recent visitor at the College, is now assistant rector at Gloucester, N. J.

Father Sergel spent a few hours at the College on his trip from Buffalo, where he had been ordained, to South Amboy, his native town.

Visitors

Among the recent visitors at Villanova were Michael McDonald, '96, Lieutenant Edward McCullian, '17, U. S. Engineers; Private Charles M. McGreery, ex-'20, Medical Detachment, Camp Lee, Va.; Lieutenant Joseph T. O'Leary, '18, U. S. Artillery; Lieutenant James F. Murray, ex-'20; Lieutenant Joseph B. Ford, ex-'20; Howard Shelly, Lieutenant John T. Coan, ex-'19; Ensign Harry Sherer, ex-'18; Corporal Thomas McIntyre, ex-'20; John Granfield, ex-'20; Rev. Joseph P. Sergel, Rev. Joseph M. Sutliffe, Lieutenant Joseph A. McCarthy, Lieutenant Edward J. Diggles.



ADDITIONS

Gormeley, James—Scotch Aero Squadron, Overseas.

Jones, John W.—Artillery Officers' Training Camp, Zachary Taylor, Ky.

Kane, Francis B.—U. S. Military Academy, West Point.

Kelly, John C.—Lieutenant.

Kurz, Joseph A.—Radio Instructor, Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

McGeehan, Hugh V.—Artillery Officers' Training Camp, Zachary Taylor, Ky.

Neuser, J.—Corporal, Camp Merritt, N. J.

Scanlon, Joseph T.—Office Chief Paymaster, U. S. Marines, A. E. F.

Granfield, John—Army.

McIntyre, Thomas—Corporal, Medical Corps.

CORRECTIONS

Brady, Philip—Captain, A. E. F.

Larkin, Raymond—Conservation and Reclamation Division, Quartermaster Corps, Camp Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla.

McCullian, Edward V.—Lieutenant, Engineers, Camp Humphreys, Va.

Murphy, John—Navy Unit, School of Materials, U. of P.

O'Brien, Paul A.—Lieutenant, Field Artillery, School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla.

O'Leary, Joseph T.—Lieutenant, Engineers, A. E. F.

Stoeckle, Charles—Lieutenant, Aviation, Tex.

Sweeney, Joseph F.—Lieutenant, Heavy Artillery, A. E. F.



YEARS have gone by when, perhaps, better seasons have been rounded out than the past one; stronger, more successful teams have undoubtedly gone forth to uphold the Blue and White on the gridiron; greater individual contests have been waged, but we dare to state that never before has a team shown such marked improvement within so short a time as did the Villanova eleven in its five weeks of playing this year.

The last week in October saw a squad of football candidates, great in number, it is true, but for the most part lacking in experience. Not one of the entire squad had previously played college football. The fact that the majority of the candidates selected for the regular berths had been members of scholastic elevens served only to complicate matters. To instruct players already trained in football, each according to the manner of his respective coach, is no easy task. This was the situation that confronted Coach Tom Reap at the outset of the season. To this must be added the fact that the squad contained no veteran players to form a nucleus of the new team—all the players of last year's Varsity had enlisted in the service of their country, thus making the task of the coach all the more difficult.

The work of the backfield throughout was brilliant and deserves special mention. To Captain Bill Cronin must be given the honors of the season, his playing in the backfield being sensational. Bowman and Worthington also played consistently all season and added much strength to the team. McGrady and Dwyer also showed their ability at fullback. Cunningham, McDermott and Striegle carried off the honors in the line; Hertzler, at end, gave promise of developing into a star.

Mr. Reap deserves great credit for the impression he has made on all at Villanova both for his thorough knowledge of the game, which he imparted so well, and for the spirit of true sportsmanship upon which he invariably insisted.

Villanova, 7; St. Joseph, 2

Villanova's football team opened the 1918 season with a victory over St. Joseph's on October 26th, at home. The game was snappy and exciting throughout and the result in doubt until the final whistle. The visitors did not have a strong offense and the brilliant defensive work of Cunningham, Striegle and Cronin easily kept the opponents out of the danger zone.

The Varsity's only points came in the opening period. After bringing the ball to the five-yard line by successive line plunges by Cronin and Downey, the latter took the ball over for a touchdown. Bowman kicked the goal.

Several times after that, Villanova was within striking distance of the goal, but lacked the necessary punch. The visitors' wonderful defense proved a great obstacle to the line plunging the Varsity resorted to. Cronin managed to get away for several end runs, which netted substantial gains, but the St. Joe defense always braced to prevent further scoring.

The Philadelphians registered a safety in the third quarter, when Hendrich tackled Bowman behind the goal line, after the latter had fumbled a punt. The open field running of Simendinger, the visitors' fullback, was the main point in the St. Joe system of offense. The playing of Quinn and Hendrich was also a noteworthy feature.

For Villanova, Striegle and Cunningham proved bulwarks of defense and frequently smeared the visitors' attack, repeatedly throw-

ing them for losses. Of the backfield, Cronin was the most consistent and aggressive man on offense.

VILLANOVA		ST. JOSEPH
Leonard	left end	Jennings
Cunningham	left tackle	Laughlin
Callahan	left guard	Drueding
Striegle	center	Quinn
Cullen	right guard	Diamond
McFeeley	right tackle	Swart
Getzfread	right end	Hendrich
Hertzler	quarterback	Dowd
Bowman	left halfback	Conley
Cronin	right halfback	Temple
Downey	fullback	Simendinger

Score by periods:

Villanova	7	0	0	0—7
St. Joseph	0	0	0	0—2

Touchdown—Downey. Goal from touchdown—Bowman. Safety—Hendrich. Substitutions—McCarthy for Getzfread, King for Leonard, Dwyer for McFeeley, Donovan for Laughlin. Referee—Douthet, Ursinus. Umpire—Miller, Haverford. Head Linesman—Slavin, Villanova. Time of periods—11 minutes.

VILLANOVA, 0; MUHLENBERG, 25

On Saturday, November 2, the Varsity went down to defeat at the hands of the Muhlenberg eleven. This was the first time in six years that Villanova was beaten by the Allentown collegians.

The St. Joseph game of the previous week had brought out the Varsity's weak points which necessitated a general shake-up in the team's line-up. When we consider that Coach Reap had only a few days in which to train the reconstructed eleven for this game, the defeat is not as inglorious as the score might indicate. One thing that can be said about the team in this game is that it went down fighting. The victors had to fight for every inch of territory they gained, Villanova giving way only to the sheer weight of their opponents' backfield.

Joe McDermott made his initial appearance in this contest and played true to his usual form. Cullen and Downey also played well for Villanova. For Muhlenberg, the work of Feldman, Snyder and Moyer excelled.

VILLANOVA		MUHLENBERG
McGrady	left end	Nolde
Cunningham	left tackle	Snyder
Cullen	left guard	Utz
Striegle	center	Willis
Dwyer	right guard	MacIntosh
Callahan	right tackle	Freitag
McDermott	right end	Derwing
Bowman	quarterback	Anderson
Cronin	left halfback	Hoffman
Hertzler	right halfback	Feldman
Downey	fullback	Moyer

Score by periods:

Villanova	0	0	0	0— 0
Muhlenburg	6	0	13	6—25

Touchdowns—Feldman, 2; Anderson, Moyer. Goal from touchdown—Snyder. Substitutions—Orr for MacIntosh, Stroup for Hoffman, Schlieder for Moyer, Erb for Orr, Lewis for Anderson. Referee—Wright, Muhlenberg. Umpire—Keady, Lehigh. Time of periods—15 minutes.

VILLANOVA, 0; BUCKNELL, 40

On November 9, the Varsity journeyed to Sunbury and there met defeat at the hands of the Bucknell eleven. It was the first college football game to be played at Sunbury in many years. With the exception of a few minutes in the first and third periods, the Varsity was completely outclassed by their opponents. Bucknell's superiority in weight proved too much for Coach Reap's charges and the continuous jabs and plunges which the opposing backfield made were too strong for the Villanova line to withstand. The Villanova eleven, however, showed flashes of ability in their use of the forward pass. This was particularly true in the second half when the Varsity twice carried the ball by means of cleverly executed passes to within striking distance of the goal, but in each instance lost the ball on downs. Dwyer made his initial appearance in this game. At guard he put up a great defensive game and together with Callahan and Grady succeeded in breaking up the Bucknell team's offense. It was only the consistent tackling of these men that prevented a greater score.

Waddell, Morrison, and Hall played the best game for the winners.

VILLANOVA		BUCKNELL
Hertzler	left end	Hall
Cunningham	left tackle	Johnson
Dwyer	left guard	Kramer
Striegle	center	Gearhart
McCarthy	right guard	Rosenblum
Callahan	right tackle	Perkarski
McDermott	right end	Kramer
Bowman	quarterback	Waddell
Grady	left halfback	Bryant
Cronin	right halfback	Lewis
Downey	fullback	Morrison

Score by periods:

Villanova	0	0	0	0	0
Bucknell	7	13	7	13	40

Referee—Kline, Cornell. Umpire—Moorehead, Penn State. Head Linesman—Benfer, Albright. Time of periods—15 minutes.

VILLANOVA, 16; ST. JOSEPH, 0

On Saturday, November 16th, the Villanova eleven defeated the St. Joseph College team for the second time this season, the score being 16 to 0. The contest was played at Houston Field, Philadelphia, for the benefit of the United War Work Fund. In addition to the members of the S. A. T. C. from both institutions, several hundred spectators witnessed the game. The Varsity completely outclassed their opponents throughout, and kept them on the defensive by their system of forward passes in which they had been drilled so constantly by Coach Tom Reap. Together with the overhead offense, the spectacular runs of Captain Cronin and McGrady netted considerable ground. In this game the Varsity put up its best football exhibition of the season.

The first score of the game came in the initial period. After a forward pass, Cronin to McDermott, had netted twenty yards, St. Joseph's held for three downs on their eighteen-yard line. Bowman then dropped the ball squarely between the uprights from a difficult angle.

There was no further scoring until the third period when Villanova staged an attack which the St. Joseph team was unable to stop until their goal line had twice been crossed. In this half, Villanova kicked off. Being unable to gain ground, St. Joseph was forced to punt. Striegle, the Varsity's big center, blocked the kick and fell on the ball. The first play, a forward pass, Cronin to McDermott, brought the ball to St. Joseph's three-yard line. Worthington then went through tackle for the first touchdown.

St. Joseph's again chose to receive the kick-off. Simendinger returned the ball to midfield. At this point the Philadelphia eleven showed signs of speed and swept the Varsity off their feet with the completion of three consecutive passes to Keegan, St. Joseph's fleet right end. After this Villanova's defense braced, forcing St. Joseph's to attempt a drop kick. The ball fell short and wide of its mark. McGrady, who had replaced Bowman, was playing back. He caught the ball on his own fifteen-yard line and ran the length of the field for a touchdown. It was not so much the interference his teammates gave him as his own speed and artful dodging that made his dash for the goal successful.

In addition to this eighty-five-yard run, which was the outstanding feature of the contest, the former Lower Merion track star repeatedly skirted the St. Joseph end for big gains. Beside McGrady's playing, the work of Captain Cronin, McDermott, and Hertzler was much in evidence. It was Cronin's first game at quarter, and he ran the team well. Besides his generalship, his aggressiveness on offense and sterling work on defense made him the all-round star of the contest. The former West Philadelphia High player was down under every punt, and not infrequently smeared St. Joseph's plays behind the line.

For St. Joseph's the playing of Simendinger and Keegan excelled.

VILLANOVA		ST. JOSEPH
Hertzler	left end	Hendrich
Cunningham	left tackle	Gallagher
Cullen	left guard	Drueding
Striegle	center	Quinn
Carroll	right guard	Diamond
Callahan	right tackle	Swart
McDermott	right end	Keegan
Cronin	quarterback	Dowd
Worthington	left halfback	Conley
Bowman	right halfback	Temple
Dwyer	fullback	Simendinger

Score by periods:

Villanova	3	0	13	0	16
St. Joseph	0	0	0	0	0

Touchdowns—Worthington, McGrady. Goal from touchdown—Cunningham. Goal from field—Bowman. Substitutions—Villanova: McGrady for Bowman, Grady for Dwyer, Bowman for Worthington; St. Joseph: Tracy for Hendrich, Hunt for Conley, Hoban for Hunt. Referee—Price, Swarthmore. Umpire—Sangree, Haverford. Head Linesman—Lewis, Harvard. Time—12 and 15-minute quarters.

VILLANOVA, 33; DREXEL, 0

Villanova closed its football season on Thanksgiving Day with a victory over the Drexel Institute eleven. It rained throughout the contest and the muddy field somewhat handicapped the Varsity backfield men. As it was, they succeeded in developing a fairly strong attack. Villanova scored consistently in the game, having one touchdown to its credit in every period.

In the opening period, after Drexel had lost the ball on downs, a long pass to Hertzler brought the ball to the seven-yard line, from which Dwyer took it over for the first score of the game.

Drexel showed signs of speed and ability in the second period and carried the ball mainly through Frizzel's end runs to the Varsity's twenty-yard line. Here Striegle, Villanova's big center, intercepted a forward pass. Dwyer circled left end for twenty-five yards and Cronin followed with a thirty-yard gain. Cronin's heave to Hertzler netted twenty yards more. On the next play a short pass to Bowman behind the goal line gave the Varsity its second touchdown.

In the third quarter long runs by McGrady and Bowman brought the ball to Drexel's five-yard line. Worthington made the final plunge for a touchdown. After this the Institute eleven braced and staged a strong offense consisting chiefly of short forward passes. Wilson at fullback showed great accuracy in his passing and as a result the ends succeeded in completing a number of the overhead plays. On one of these aerial passes, Worthington prevented a possible score by intercepting a pass near his goal line. From this point on, Villanova's goal line was never in danger.

There was no further scoring until the middle of the final period. Starting at their own twenty-yard line the Varsity carried the ball, mainly through line plunges by Captain Cronin and Worthington together with McGrady's end runs, the whole distance to the goal. Worthington went through tackle for his second touchdown.

On the kick-off that followed, the Drexel captain chose to receive. After the Institute eleven had succeeded in making two first downs, the Villanova line braced forcing their opponents to kick. Bowman who was playing back caught the punt on his own forty-yard line and ran through the entire Drexel team for a touchdown. In his dash for the goal, Bowman gave a wonderful exhibition of open field running. This was easily the most thrilling play of the game.

The defensive work of Hertzler, Cunningham, and Striegle was a noteworthy feature of the contest. Campbell, Murphy, and McFeeley got into the game in the last period and showed up well. To pick out Villanova's backfield star in this contest would be difficult. Each man proved himself a consistent ground gainer, and on defense repeatedly smeared the Drexel attack.

For the Institute eleven the work of Frizzel, Lawson and Wilson was the outstanding feature.

VILLANOVA		DREXEL
Hertzler	left end	Proctor
Cunningham	left tackle	Cole
Cullen	left guard	Slee
Striegle	center	Humphreys
Carroll	right guard	Hand
Callahan	right tackle	Peoples
Hart	right end	Parker
Cronin	quarterback	Frizzel
Bowman	left halfback	Lawson
Worthington	right fullback	Shaefer
Dwyer	fullback	Wilson

Score by periods:

Villanova	7	7	6	13—33
Drexel	0	0	0	0— 0

Touchdowns—Dwyer, Bowman, 2; Worthington, 2. Goals from touchdown—Bowman, 3. Substitutions—Villanova: McGrady for Dwyer, Campbell for Hart, Murphy for Callahan, McFeeley for Cullen; Drexel: Coop for Lawson, Lawson for Shaefer, Krupp for Proctor, Proctor for Krupp. Referee—Lieutenant Brunner, Penn State. Umpire—Lieutenant Robert R. Brown, Emory and Henry. Head Linesman—Dill. Time of periods—12 minutes.



LETTERS FROM AN S. A. T. C. ROOKIE

dere hyperbla:

here I am far away from home learnin to be a lieutenant. the minit I arrived hear they made me a corporel because I got a good carriage.

its awful hard but I will persevere in spite of being a corporel. You know hyperbla how good I was in the Tanktown guards.

even the lieuts are gettin afraid of me cause one made me drop out of line yesterday cause I hollered continue to march, when he said "to the rear." I didnt want to say anything to him cause a whole lot was standin around but I knew he meant to say somethin else.

of course you only being in high-school you woodnt know much about drillin. when we want to make a good line, the lieut will say—right dress. that don't mean anything about clothes cause we'eve only got one suit so it must be the right one. It means to put your five fingers on your right hip and look cross-eyed at the man next to you.

I tried to explain to the C. O. (that means company officer) a easier plan but he said Id have to see Sec. Baker so I didnt bother. Probably the next letter I send you Ill be wearing puttys.—those things that generals and second loots wear.

Your feller
Hank.

P. S. Tell Seth Burns this beats the boy scouts all hollow.

CHAS. CASEY.

The dawn is for ambitious folk
To rise and cast aside the yoke
Of slumber, and to meet the task
That duty seems to ever ask.
But as for me, to leave my bed
And lift from out the quilts my head
Nay, nay, the dawn is not for me!

The night's the time for such as I
To sit beneath the darkened sky
With someone who to me is dear.
To have her—well so sweetly near,
To touch her—hesitate—and then
To do the same thing o'er again—
Aye, aye, the night's the time for me!

G. F. McC.,'20.

Waugh—"Is it true that the Corr band is broken up?"

Jones—"No. Why?"

Waugh—"I heard it was in sixteen pieces."

* * *

Speaking of war profiteers, what about the generous and open-hearted manager of the canteen, Hank Carroll? Also his most worthy assistant, "Doc" McGrath? Both would give anything they had; provided they received twice as much as it was worth.

* * *

Prof. Slavin (in Physics)—"Nicholson, where are your problems?"

Raymond—"I ain't got none."

Prof. S.—"You haven't any? Why not?"

Raymond—"I ain't got no time to do nothin' but me English."

Now that the battle is over
Now that the war is won,
We all rejoice and raise a cheer
"We've conquered the terrible Hun!"

People seem puzzled
How it all came about
That we conquered the Germans
And put them to rout.

People would wonder,
And wonder in vain,
Were it not for the fact
I'm about to explain.

You will hear many reasons,
And perhaps they seem fine,
But none are as sound
As this reason of mine.

It's all very simple,
As simple as can be
That poor Kaiser Bill
Feared the S. A. T. C.

J. V. O'DONNELL.

Carroll—"I've been smoking an *awful* lot of cigars lately."

Cunningham—"Well, if the last one you gave me is a sample, I don't doubt your word in the least."

* * *

Annas—"I've often wondered why the poets speak of the moon as 'silver'."

McDermott—"I suppose it's because of its quarters and halves."

* * *

Claffey—"I always do my hardest work before breakfast."

Wiegand—"What's that?"

Claffey—"Getting up."

She—"I want you to see my new piano next time you call."

Shannon—"When do you expect to get it?"

She—"O, in about six months."

* * *

Editor—"The financial outlook seems discouraging—the prices of labor and paper are constantly increasing."

Jack—"Why, I was under the impression that paper was stationery."

* * *

Guard—"Halt! Who goes there?"

Lieutenant—"Officer of the Day."

Guard—"What are you doing out at night?"

TERESA

A name that trembles lightly on the tongue
Like some blest song the angels must have sung
In Paradise: a name that fills my dreams
With thoughts of love and joy and gurgling streams,
—Teresa.

A name that brings before my fancy's sight
Visions of love that fill me with delight;
A name that stands for sadness and for mirth;
A name that only fairies bear on earth,
—Teresa.

A maiden slender, graceful, fair, and young;
A maid whose charms great Byron would have sung
Had he been blest with sight of such a girl;
The maid who has put my heart in such a whirl,
—Teresa.

A maid whose eyes are blue and crystal clear,
Who made a heaven of earth by coming here;
A nymph divine, an angel from above
Whom I, unworthy mortal, dare to love,
—Teresa.

H. J. WIEGAND, '20.

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THE VILLANOVAN

VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1919 No. 3

Winter and Spring

I fear the winter's cruel breath:
It clutches me, and clutching, fills
My heart with horrid, icy chills,
And stabs my soul with clammy thrills,
And makes me think of death.

I love the zephyrs of the spring:
They soothe my soul with idle dreams
Of love and joy, the while the sun-beams
Caress me with their golden gleams,
And brighten everything.

Harold J. Wiegand, '21.

Blame It On Plato

By Thomas R. Hanley, '20

THE full moon hung low over the lake against a dark azure sky. Its beams cast a soft radiance over the whole scene. Even the trees were gilded a dull silver and the surface of the lake was like an entrance to Fairyland. Floating clouds cast deep shadows on its mirror-like surface.

In one of these cloud-shadows a canoe rocked lazily in the gradual swells of the lake. Reclining in the bottom of the canoe, his head buried in a pile of pillows, his pipe fixed comfortably, and his knees draped over the bow thwarts, Radnor was the picture of contentment. But every now and then a quick whiff from his pipe indicated that all was not at peace within. He was distinctly dissatisfied. He had come down to the lake and filled Kimball's shack only because he had nothing better to do. Fishing, swimming and Kimball's "Close to Nature" stuff, were all right for some people, but for him the nearest he ever intended to get to nature again was looking up the Hudson from an apartment window on Riverside Drive. He had had enough. He couldn't look a coffe-pot in the face and the sight of bacon made him almost ill. So far as he could see, these were the sole results of roughing in the Maine Woods for one week. He was willing that very minute to swap the fragrant smell of the pines for the still more fragrant odor of the city streets. Yes, tomorrow he would pack and leave this "hole" forever. His mind once made up, he snuggled deep into the pillows and in a short time was in the Land of Nod.

Now sleeping alone in a canoe is not, by any means, the safest thing in the world—especially when the canoe concerned has no keel at all. All Radnor knew or cared about the Quex was, as he often remarked to himself, that she was a "damn shaky ol' boat."

Down the lake paddling blithely in the dull moonlight came another canoe. A solitary figure had her well-set head thrown back as if she were trying to smell the stars. Evidently she succeeded for she gave a little joyous chuckle and bent low over the paddle and with a few strong strokes, sent the Peterkin flying down the lake full into a patch of shadow.

"BANG!" went the brass-tipped bow of the Peterkin into the bow of the Quex, floating full broadside.

"What the h—," came out of the darkness as a long figure was suddenly catapulted from the bosom of warm pillows into the cold bosom of the lake.

"Dear me, are you wet—can you swim?" came the sympathetic query from the Peterkin.

"No," said Radnor grimly as he swam with vigorous overhand strokes to his capsized canoe.

"I'm sorry, I didn't see you," she murmured when he had gained his haven.

"Couldn't have done better if you had a searchlight trained on me."

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way—wait, I'll come over and get you—I can tow your boat to shore."

And as he had no choice in the matter he was soon seated in the bow of the Peterkin with a decidedly good-looking girl paddling him to shore. She positively refused assistance and insisted on bringing him into her cabin to dry his clothes, have a cup of tea, and meet Ruth, her chum.

He did these things and found the first felt good, the second tasted good and third looked good. In the light his rescuer was even more attractive; she was a trim, well-built, out-doors girl. Burne-Jones would have used her hair as a new type, and it was worthy of it with its dull coppery tints.

She learned that he was Bob Radnor, of the City, resting in a cabin up the lake. The im-

pression they received was that he worked in an office. Ruth and she too, were from New York. Her own name was Ray Browne—both teachers in the City public schools—roughing it for three months. At this last, Radnor looked at the soft divans, wicker furniture, and Victrola and smiled faintly.

While Ruth was busy in the other room, he learned that she "loved" Caruso and macaroons—"adored" Ibsen and Elsie Janis. Bob agreed earnestly with her in these subjects and with such an inspiring audience, she told what lay nearest her heart—her fond belief in Platonic Friendship. Even this much-abused subject took on a new glamour under her tutoring. Her eyes and teeth were no mean persuaders and in a short time Radnor firmly believed Plato was the greatest man the world ever knew. He wondered how he had ever reached his twenty-fifth year without coming upon this soul-satisfying doctrine of spiritual love—the union of "kindred souls"—what a wonderful thing it was! It fitted their case exactly. They were progressing rather rapidly.

Now when she disclosed her belief in Platonic Friendship, "thought waves," and "soul vibrations," anyone else would have known that there was a girl's school to blame somewhere, and it wasn't a normal school either. That is anyone else but Radnor would have known.

And when he criticized the modernists, especially Debussy, spoke on Theosophy, and attempted to quote Browning—she should have known that, as an ordinary book-keeper, he was a rara avis. But unfortunately, she was as blind as he.

On the way to his cabin under the star-studded sky, Radnor found himself revolving her name in his mind—Ray Browne—what a charmingly simple name it was—a brown ray—not a dull brown, but a rich, warm, throbbing-with-life brown that refreshed everything it touched—and it just suited her.

Now when a single young fellow seeks and discovers rich hidden meanings in a girl's everyday name, it means one of two things—either he is young and foolish, or else he is approaching the Great Feeling—or perhaps both. Of course, Radnor was neither—at least he would have told you that indignantly.

Ruth and Ray stayed up a long while after Radnor left, discussing Ray's adventure and how they were enjoying themselves. "And just think, Ruth, here we are leading absolutely our own lives free from all restraints and conventions. And our mothers think we are still boning at school! Oh Boy, isn't this great? It's lucky you remembered your family owned this place. I hate to think of leaving it and here we have only been on the lake a day. Didn't Mr. Radnor have the nicest gray eyes? Well, we'll be safe till the family comes back from the Coast anyway—but then! But I don't care, I think as somebody or other well said, 'We must pay for every pleasure in life.' Wasn't it Longfellow? But it serves them right, trying to bury us in school all our lives—and even old 'Sneaky' thinks we are with our 'dear parents'—she'll be wild when she finds letters coming there for us and we are not to be found. I'll write tomorrow and tell her we are up in Maine with our People —that will throw her off the track for a while. Didn't he look like an athlete? He must be six feet, don't you think, Ruth?"

Ruth must have been gifted with a high-grade intelligence, for she seemed to follow this recital through without a bit of trouble and nodded sympathetically in appropriate places.

Radnor woke the next morning with his cabin filled with sunshine and the twitters of hungry birds in the trees outside. He yawned luxuriously and let the beauty of the morning sink in him. "Gad, what a ripping place this is," he thought. He wondered how he had ever dreamed about leaving it. The idea was ridiculous. After his swim he felt he could stay at the lake for the rest of his life, and even managed to gulp down his coffee with a zest hitherto lacking. But the bacon he still surveyed with a cold, disdainful eye.

He started on his morning ramble whistling cheerily and tried to feel surprised when he saw whither his steps were directed. His favorite walk was in the opposite direction, deep in the woods to a trout pool, but here he was already in sight of their cabin—he'd say he came after his canoe.

The two girls were bending over a small open fire cooking something in a frying pan. They

called a cheerful "mornin'" to him without leaving their task.

They insisted on his tasting their experiment and when he saw it was bacon he turned pale. But somehow or other he found himself not only eating the stuff, but going back for more. When asked by Ray if he didn't "love" bacon, he nodded vigorously in the affirmative. His mouth was too full to speak.

Now this was a strange thing in itself, but when he said that this end of the lake was his favorite walk and that he couldn't imagine anyone not liking the lake—it was even more strange—if possible, for Radnor was essentially a man of truth.

Having broken bread with them, the least he felt he could do was to offer to paddle them up the lake for the afternoon. Ruth claimed a needed rest, but insisted on Ray's going. This did not all displease Radnor. It was a wonderful afternoon for both.

Now this trip was perfectly all right, but when history repeats itself too often you can look for a joker in the deck somewhere. Ruth suddenly developed a love of solitude that wasentirely foreign to her nature. As a result Bob and Ruth canoed alone almost all of the time. Moonlight struck them as often as sunlight and they both seemed to take it for granted. I'm sure Ray's mother would have gasped for breath if she had seen her daughter on any of these nights. I know she would have interrupted their "serious" talks.

Delightful days followed one on the other. Rambles, hikes, swims, trips and picnics crammed each week. Life was a wonderful thing after all. Ruth was sometimes along, more times she was not. Ruth Mack certainly had changed from a lover of a good time to an incurable book-worm. Yet Ray did not seem to notice the change at all, but took everything for granted. It was a new Ray these days, full of song and sunshine, and Platonic Friendship. Radnor, too, was a serious disciple of poor Plato.

The days became weeks and the weeks turned into months, yet the Platonic Friendship was still going strong. They took the axiom, "Know Thyself," and turned it into, "Know Each Other," for they spent hours on this interesting subject. Ruth was an interested spectator, even though she had serious doubts about "Platonic Friendship." When she tried to make Ray see the dangers of such "friendship," she was informed that she was "convention-bound." Ray was undecided whether or not to tell Bob her real name. She often told Ruth that he was the soul of truth and could not bear deception—hence she thought she would put it off till the last minute—anyway, what's in a name?

Bob, too, was troubled by the same question. He knew she firmly believed he worked and was one of her own status—how would she take this deception—he'd better let things drift for a while.

Of course, you and I see plainly that neither wanted to take a chance on losing the other through a misunderstanding. It was certainly a queer specimen of friendship. Morning came to mean to Ray only another day of Bob, and she was content. Night meant to Bob merely a time of waiting until he'd see Ray again.

However, a bomb exploded in their Garden of Eden one morning before Bob showed up. A limousine, full of scandalized relations, stopped before the door and in a second the air was charged with electricity. Their wrath reached to the heavens and the defenceless girls were overwhelmed. It ended in packing Ray and Ruth in the car and snatching them bodily away from the scene of their "disgrace." It was a weeping Ray who begged permission to leave a tiny note for a "friend," but her mother was adamant. The affair was to be destroyed root and branch. She resolved to drown herself if they wouldn't let her come back and take a last look. It was a desperate case of friendship.

Bob came down about an hour after they had gone and seeing everything undisturbed, decided they would be back soon and so made up his mind to wait. He waited for three days and then gave up. It looked like voluntary desertion to him, but he knew Ray would never do that. Finally in despair, he packed up his things and went back to the city with a heavy heart.

His friends, Kimball especially, wondered what had happened to him and tried vainly to rouse him out of the blues. All agreed that there was a girl in it somewhere, but Radnor only shook his head when questioned. He had spent much time and trouble and had failed utterly in finding either a Ray Brown or a Ruth Mack teaching in

the public schools of New York. He drifted into the slough of despair, though only a short month ago he was the optimist of optimists.

In November the "buds" came out and Radnor had wearily sent flowers, flattered and begged dances of each in turn. A bored expression now was habitual in his face. He thought with relief of the last one, the daughter of Mrs. Browne-Sharp, Doré Sharp, who was supposed to have the "edge" on the others for "looks." Very few knew her except as a child since she had been almost continuously away at school. Subtle advertisement had declared her a knock-out, and consequently every male who was anybody at all was at Doré Sharp's coming out.

Mrs. Sharp's friends recognized in this surprise element a specimen of her diplomacy. It is well known that something new is always sought after and according to this principle, Doré should have a larger field to pick from. They saw through it all, they said.

Radnor showed no more interest in this one than in any other, though Kimball declared Doré Sharp a wonder. In fact, he told Kimball that even if she were another Maxine Elliot, it took more than any "hidden" child of Mrs. Browne-Sharp to make him lose any sleep. He'd go, but he'd leave early—that was settled.

The Sharp residence was packed. Kimball and he worked their way to the upper floor, bowing right and left to acquaintances, and found Mrs. Browne-Sharp in regal splendor, standing against a background of brilliant flowers and potted plants. The gaily colored flowers were an excellent foil to her dark colored gown and snowy white hair. Nor was this pleasing effect produced by chance, for she and an expert decorator had planned it carefully beforehand.

After an effusive greeting from Mrs. Browne-Sharp, Radnor heard her call to a nearby group of young people, "Doré, child, come here please." The accented last syllable of her name turned his thoughts to a picture of a lake, a girl, and a canoe.

He looked up to meet the "child," and—suddenly everything turned black. It was his Ray—Ray Browne! She turned white the same instant and they stood staring at each other like alabaster statues. But only for a minute for he had caught hold of both of her hands and they were half-talking, half-crying at each other, "Ray—Bob!"

Mrs. Browne-Sharp's social tact came to her rescue then and taking hold of each of their hands she murmured fondly, so that all near might hear, "And so you two are old school acquaintances, how charming—I scarcely recognized Mr. Radnor till now." In another minute she was circulating among her friends telling how she had introduced such two old friends who hadn't seen each other for such a long while. She effectively silenced any wonder at the rapture of Ray's and Bob's greeting.

By this time Ray and Bob were talking earnestly and doing a lot of explaining in a place secure from interruption. She had to tell the whole story of her escapade with Ruth, and how they had planned to use wrong names. Everybody almost called her Ray and to this she had merely added her middle name. She had not had one minute to herself since they had been caught, and poor Ruth was still in school and could not come out till next year, as punishment. He explained his motive in giving her the false impression that he was a working man and so on. Time flew.

Two hours later, Mrs. Browne-Sharp, amazed to find that her daughter had so far forgotten herself as to desert her guests, was even more amazed, yes even stunned, to find her own daughter in the arms of a virtually strange young man, she could hardly call him a gentleman. They were in the delicious throes of their first kiss—and there wasn't a thing Platonic about it, either. What cut her to the heart was to see Doré meet his affection more than half way. It was positively dreadful!

It took a full week for Radnor to explain the "terrible" situation to Mrs. Sharp. Ray lent him fervid and enthusiastic assistance, but I think it was really his rating in Bradstreet's which brought her final consent to their engagement. And here I shall end my story as all good stories ought to end—they were married and lived happily together ever afterwards.

The Ploughman's Lesson

As deep the ploughman furrows in the ground,
And lays it open to the springtime sun,
He knows the time of work has but begun,
Which only ends when winter comes around.
At this drear time there is no merry sound,
No lightsome laugh, no reapers full of fun,
Yet drear or not, the ploughing must be done,
Without the plough, no harvest can abound.
The man that would in heaven's blessings share,
In his own life a ploughman needs must be,
With dogged will his heart he must lay bare,
Its barren love of self turn up and free,
For open thus to truth's unmasking glare
Springs up life's harvest from humility.

H. A. Caffrey, '19.

Snap Shots

By Charles Belz, '22

DARKNESS, thank God—what a blessing! Lieutenant Cognard, leading his handful of loyal followers, sighs and urges his mount on with renewed vigor. Sent out as a strong reconnaissance patrol, they had penetrated far into the country when, misdirected by an inhabitant, they had stumbled upon a strong force of the enemy. The first volley brought down half of his picked twenty. What could they do but turn and run? The enemy gave pursuit in force and hung on the trail with a dog-like tenacity. Up hill, down dale, to the right, to the left, circling—every trick was tried, every strategy employed to lose the enemy. Spread out in fan shape, they scoured the country. Their signals, their shouts were heard, sometimes far, sometimes near. So it went for one hour, for two, for three. First Paul, then Jean, then Etienne was obliged to fall behind; finally the others. Only five now remained, but, thank God, night was descending rapidly. The hills in the distance could no longer be made out; the little stream down in the ravine to the left could scarcely be seen, save for an occasional silvery shimmer here and there through the trees. In dead silence the little group pushed onward.

Yes, onward, onward! The canal is at the most four kilometres distant. Hark! Was that a shot? Yes, there's another. The Huns cannot be farther back than the Charcoal Burner's hut which we passed not more than ten minutes ago. For the love of God, Pierre, aren't we there yet? Are you sure of that hiding place? In fifteen minutes it will be entirely dark and they will never find us. But our horses are dying under us—that last hill almost finished my poor Turenne—you say we will reach the canal in time? Yes, we have faith in you, could a man ever forget his birth-place?

Pierre, with haggard look, his eyes straining to pierce the growing dusk, every nerve on the alert, and with great beads of sweat standing out on his forehead, bends far over the saddle scrutinizing the trees ahead for landmarks wherewith to orient himself. The young, slender de Cognard, with the tremulous lips, the aquiline features, on whom depended the safety of those faithful followers, ever glanced to the rear, with a word of encouragement here, a caution there for those intrepid, incomparable men. He pats the faithful, but now faltering beast on its quivering neck and straightens up in the saddle as he again feels the little packet in his breast pocket. If only they return, he will have at least something worth while to show and perhaps he might win a commendation from his captain. Who knows, even a medal might be given him—it was a perilous mission and he would be lucky if he returned at all. Wouldn't he feel proud—and Julie? He could see her lovely eyes light up when he tells her. Her deep brown eyes would widen and widen until they seemed to embrace the whole world. The wounded poilus could testify as to the effect of those eyes, for did she not nurse them back to health in that little hospital on the Rue Antoine? Surely he would win her with a "Croix de Guerre" displayed on his chest.

"Ah, my lieutenant, did you not hear me? I said we must break off here to the right—no, better still if we ride on to the bed of the canal. It hasn't been used for a long time and it is a safer way—but we must go slowly as the footing is difficult, but we will soon reach it."

"At last, lieutenant, here it is."

On the verge of exhaustion the men slid from their saddles and would have immediately flung themselves on the straw to sleep, had not the imperative Cognard insisted that they first attend to the weary horses. In a short time they were prepared for the night and flung themselves on the straw. All are sound asleep except the lieutenant, who sits at the window of the hut and gazes out into the night. Perhaps he is thinking of Julie, yet he strains his ears to catch every sound. Now a night owl hoots ominously—there something moves in the undergrowth, but it is only a night prowler scurrying to its lair

—now he hears a frog calling sonorously across to his friend. Everything seems at rest, just as before this dreadful war. All his men sleep the sleep of the exhausted except Pierre—why is he so restless? He turns from side to side as if taunted by some phantom—and he always slept so sound before. Now he starts—he sits up frightened, a ghostly pallor spreads over his face, the pupils of his eyes seem to dilate, "Mon Dieu, Pierre, what is the matter?"

"Psst, lieutenant, didn't you hear a shot from behind that hill? there's another! I must go—quick—help me—where's my horse—my gun—Oh for the love of God, help me! My Madeline is there—in the house over the hill—those Pig Boches may be there now—Oh!"

"For the love of Mike, Stuart, get some more feeling in that scene—you're rotten. It might have done ten years ago, but not today. Moving pictures have changed and you've got to deliver the goods. Get me? We'll take that again and do it right this time—get some pep. Right!"

"Camera?"

"Shoot!"



Nineteenth Century Poetry In America

By Harold J. Wiegand, '21

AMERICANS are held to be a practical people—we seem to be always rushing hither and thither in an interminable search for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. And in our haste we never stop to pay heed to the beauties of the rainbow itself. We are too practical to let our busy minds seek repose for a while in beauties and delights that are so near at hand. I mean the priceless treasures of literature. We read—yes, but of what does our ordinary reading consist? The newspapers and current magazines mostly, with now and then a popular work of fiction—all inconsequential trash that the world will never remember and which we forget the instant we lay the reading matter aside. It is this practical, "always-in-a-hurry" spirit that has probably made most of us disregard poetry. By poetry I do not mean the limping verse that one finds in the magazines to fill in space or take one's mind off a particularly bad ending to a story. I mean genuine poetry that springs from inspired pens. Ask any average person to name some poets of America and he will probably say, Longfellow, Ella Wheeler Wilcoxe and Walt Mason. He'll explain that he forgot the rest but they didn't amount to much anyway, and besides poetry is too "deep." An author or an article does not require in their days any inherent quality to appeal to the people, but they do need advertising.

Poetry has been neglected here in America for the last ten years at least. Since the end of the last century there has been no evidence of practical genius among our writers. In fiction we have about held our own. In other forms of prose, especially scientific works and in journalism, America holds a high place, but our poetry, with exception of Kilmer, has been commonplace.

In the last century poetry in America predominated above all other literature. We had a few great novelists, essayists and historians, but we had scores of great poets. It is a simple matter to choose from among these exponents of the lyrical art the most skilled and brilliant masters of verse. Their names have been inscribed for all time in the highest niches of American Literature. Poe, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes and Lowell were the most brilliant large group of contemporaneous poets ever produced. But when we attempt to compare their art to that of the English poets of the same period, or even to compare one another, we find it a very difficult matter. Every poet has his good and bad points in his art, and every poet has his own group of admirers to whom his work appeals more than that of any other poet. It is our own opinion that Wordsowrth, Shelley, Tennyson and Keats are unexcelled by any nineteenth century poet in brilliance and genius. But for the present we shall confine ourselves to our own soil and its products.

Leigh Hunt has said that imagination makes the greatest poets, feeling and thought the next, fancy the next, and wit the last. Working on this scale we could place Poe, the imaginative and the supernatural, under the first heading; Longfellow, the poet of the home and of simple faith and love, and Whittier, the poet of the peasant and of the oppressed, under the second; Bryant and Emerson, the nature poets, under the third, and Holmes, our foremost humorist, under the fourth. There are many who would dispute this distribution, but if we read the poets' writings we may find the classification surprisingly correct.

Edgar Allen Poe is best known as the writer of weird and grotesque tales. To call him America's foremost poet would seem a sacrilege to many. But in the opinion of the writer, he is the most brilliant and imaginative poet America has produced. He is a master of harmonious rhythm. Each of his poems was clearly a part of himself. No man has ever so completely woven himself into his writings as did Poe. This was due not totally to any selfish instinct, but to the poet's highly developed sense of the supernatural. Life was to him fear, and re-

proach, and despair; death meant hope and the end of misery; beauty meant woman and woman's love. These are the themes of his poems and in depicting the emotional, the despairing, and the supernatural in life, Poe has never been rivalled. Considering only the very form of his poems, we cannot help but feel that here is a genuine artist. His poems appeal to the ear as much as to the mind. His rhythm has never been surpassed. In considering his poetry, we find four general characteristics—vivid imagination, effectiveness, depiction of the supernatural and harmonious rhythm. His verses leave a haunting memory after reading them. Poe was an artist in poetry.

"The Raven" is Poe's best-known and probably most brilliant poem. The form of the verse is beautiful and the poem itself, though supernatural in its dread current of sorrow and despair running through it, is really sublime. Its effect on the reader is always sure. Is not the rhythm perfect in these lines:

"And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me, filled me, with fantastic terrors never felt before.
So that now, to still the beating of my heart I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door.
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door.
This it is, and nothing more.'"
"This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core.
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er.
But whose velevt violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er.
SHE shall press, ah, nevermore!"

"The Bells" is one of Poe's best pieces of work, and noteworthy in that it is one of Poe's few cheerful poems. There is an exquisite harmony in the line that delights one's musical sense.

"Hear the sledges with the bells,—
Silver bells.
What a world of merriment their melody fortells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seen to twinkle,
With a crystalline delight.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells.
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells."

The best of Poe's other poems are "Annabel Lee," "Ulalume," "Coliseum," "For Annie," "Conquerer Worm" and "To Helen." Besides his genius in poetry, Poe was a prominent critic and is one of the best short-story writers our Literature possesses. His life was full of misery, illumined only by his love for his wife. Poe was one of the greatest poets of the last century.

The following lines from "For Annie" are on a monument erected in his honor:

"And the fever called Living
Is conquered at last."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is the best-known and best-loved of our national poets. The quality of his works was consistently brilliant. He was a very prolific writer, and his poems are among our most priceless literary treasures. His poems are always cheerful and possess an inspiring religious spirit. Longfellow is the poet of the home and of the children. He always chose for his poems some beautiful aspect of life. One of the best of his characteristics was his ability in telling a story in ryhme. In this he has never been excelled. His poems are always interesting; they never contain hidden meanings; the reader has never to grope. Longfellow never cared to attempt profound themes; simplicity was the keynote of his style. He endeavored, and always succeeded, to glorify the commonplace things of this life. One bit of criticism that may be said in his disparagement, is his lack of originality. He borrowed nearly all the subjects of his poems and affixed his own individuality

to them. But it cannot be denied that the world of literature is greatly enriched by Longfellow's promiscuous borrowing.

"Evangeline" is generally conceded to be Longfellow's masterpiece. The story of the separation of the two lovers and the long search of the heroine for her betrothed is very beautiful. The delineation of the characters is a wonderful work of art, and the depiction of nature and the remarkable use of the dactyllic hexameter are noteworthy. "Evangeline" is probably our greatest poem.

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic.
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

"Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that was covered with snowflakes.
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers,
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside.
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden."

The "Song of Hiawatha" is an idealized epic of Indian life. The form of the poem was borrowed from Finnish folk-lores. The poem is an inspiration in melodious interpretation of nature, and portrayal of Indian customs and mythology.

"Can it be the sun descending
O'er the level plain of water?
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,
Wounded by the magic arrow.
Staining all the waves with crimson,
With the crimson of its life blood
Filling all the air with splendor,
With the splendor of its plumage?
Yes, it is the sun descending,
Sinking down into the water;
All the sky is stained with purple,
All the water flushed with crimson."

"The Courtship of Myles Standish" is a popular picture of Puritan days, embodying a fascinating romance. It is not, however, a great poem, its verse limping in many places.

"'If the great captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!'
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying, 'the captain was busy—
Had no time for such things'—such things! the words grating harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla, and swift as a flash she made answer:
'Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and silent avowal,
And are offended and hurt, and indignant, perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.

This is not right nor just; for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking,
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.'"

"A Psalm of Life" is one of our most remarkable literary masterpieces. Longfellow would have had a splendid reputation on this piece alone. The deep penetrating lines seem to sink into one's inmost being.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

"The Tales of the Wayside Inn," planned on Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," are a collection of interesting poems, including "Paul Revere's Ride," "King Robert of Sicily," "Saga of King Olaf," "Forquemada" and several others. For narrative interest the group is unexcelled. The following is from "King Robert of Sicily."

"Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane,
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat,
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat,
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, 'Deposiut potentes,
De sede et exaltavit humiles,'
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
'What mean these words?' The clerk made answer meet,
'He has put down the mighty from their seat
And has exalted them of low degree.'
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!'
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep."

Of Longfellow's poems not mentioned the best are probably, "The Ladder of St. Augustine," "The Building of the Ship," "Village Blacksmith," "Skeleton in Armor" and "Wreck of the Hesperus." His best-known dramatic work, "The Spanish Student," was not a success. His translations, especially from Dante, are excellent.

John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet of the people, was one of our truly great poets. His one great mistake was that he used his talent mostly in partisan affairs. It might be said that the Abolitionist movement sapped all his poetic vitality. But leaving aside his frenzied appeals "for freedom," much of Whittier is inspiring. His quiet restful poems of the home, of the poor, and his wonderful nature poems place him in the rank of poets. As a writer of ballads he has had no equal among the American poets. His legendary poems are masterpieces of absorbing interest. His many religious poems are exquisite in their gentleness and faith. Whittier is very human in his poems, and often very child-like. His most beautiful and imperishable work is "Snow-Bound," a complete and perfect picture of a rural home in winter. Much of it is beautiful beyond expression, beyond comparison and beyond criticism.

"Shut in from all the world without
We sat the the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat.
And even when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter when it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed;
The house-dog on its paws outspread,
Laid to the fire his drowsy head;
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall,
A couchant tigers seemed to fall,
And for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andiron's straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And close at hand the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood."

Other of Whittier's poems of excellent quality are "The Garrison of Cape Ann," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "The Lakeside," "Barbara Frietchie" and "Cobbler Keegar's Vision." Most of these are ballads and the reader will find that the best and most interesting of Whittier is to be found in his ballads and legendary tales.

William Cullen Bryant is the American nature poet. His depictions of nature's beauties are sublime bits of art, surpassed only by the great English trio of nature-singers, Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley. It is true that much of his verse is cold and didacties, but this coldness is overcome by his masterly interpretation of nature and the genuine quality of most of his works. Bryant was definitely a national poet, and though his works are few, they are among the best of our poetry.

"Thanatopsis" is Bryant's best-known work, and although not as imaginative nor as brilliant as much of his other poetry, it is one of our masterpieces. Many cursory readers obtain from a perusal of this poem that Bryant is cold and melancholy, but though that is true in regards to "Thanatopsis," that view cannot be held about his nature poems. The following is from "Thanatopsis":

"—The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness in between.
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and poured round all
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man."

The best of Bryant's numerous nature poems are "To a Water Fowl," "Forest Hymn," "To a Fringed Gentian," "Death of the Flowers" and "June." The following is from "Forest Hymn."

"The groves were God's first temples, ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood.
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication . . . Let me, then at least,
Here in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice, if it find
Acceptance in his ear."

Ralph Waldo Emerson was the greatest American essayist and one of the most brilliant prose writers of the nineteenth century. In poetry he was also eminent, and produced many sublime verses, though he never aimed to be a great poet and never planned any long work. His poems are impersonal, and in his beautiful nature poems he uses his descriptions of nature's beauty merely as a garment for the spirit that radiates and beautifies nature. Emerson's individuality is clearly shown in his poems; they could be written by no one else. Had he put more time and thought on versification, our literature would have been greatly enriched. The chief characteristics of Emerson's poetry is his impersonal quality, absorbtion in nature, philosophical interest in humanity, and a seemingly "natural" flow of poesy that is evident even in his prose compositions.

Emerson's best poems are "The Snowstorm," "Each and All," "The Humble Bee," "Days" and the "Apology." The following is from "The Snowstorm."

"Come, see the north wind's masonry!
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions, with projected roof,
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door,
Speeding, the myriad handed, his wild work,
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion."

Oliver Wendell Holmes was our great humorous poet, a gifted writer who enlivened with his geniality and wit a literature containing very little humor. Holmes is best known for his prose works—mainly his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." His poems are comparatively few and are not of an extremely high order of quality. Holmes possessed, however, an intensely personal quality in his writings, which together with his cheerfulness, make his works very pleasing. His

best poems are "The Last Leaf," "The Deacon's Masterpiece," "The Chambered Nautilus" and "The Comet."

The following is from the "Last Leaf":

"I saw him once before
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.
My grandmama has said,
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.
But now his nose is thin
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.
I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches—and all that,
Are so queer.
And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough,
Where I cling."

Other eminent American poets of the nineteenth century were Lowell, Lanier, Whitman, Taylor, Ryan and Read, beside several scores of minor writers. Poetry in America was consistently high in quality in the nineteenth century and has won immortal fame, although it never attained the high standards of the best of the English poets of that period.



Maria of Rome

By John F. O'Brien, '19

"CHRISTIANOS ad leones! Christianos ad leones!" cried the surging mob of slaves and freedmen. "Panem et circenses!" harmonized another section of the frantic Romans that crowded the Forum. The morrow would be Nero's birthday and his Royal Will had decreed a day of jubilation and joy. The populace was prurient for the commencement of the public festivities. Preparations had been buzzing for a week past. Slaves had been brought from all parts of the Empire to help in the decoration of buildings and arrangement of preliminaries. Christians had been hunted and horded in dark prisons. Every follower of the Nazarene was doomed to suffer the excruciating torments of the rack or to be mangled before a jeering arena. The Roman soldiers had raided towns in search of Christians. The secret passages to the catacombs had been explored and every known member of the Christian fold was captured, and cast into the darkness of the Circus Maxims.

The Roman people were eager for the morrow. Charioteers of universal renown would show their skill before a boisterous and hooting crowd. Gladiators of all descriptions would perform before the smile of public approval and applause. But the most attractive feature was the "Fight between the Lion and the Man". The Romans were thirsting for a bloody scene. The undaunted courage, that made them masters of the world, had long since extinguished the dying sparks of human kindness and pity. They rejoiced in the merciless strength of the savage beast as he tore the flesh from the bones of the helpless victims. Such was the haste and bustle of the Forum; slaves, freedmen and Romans going hither and thither—each on his own personal errand. A general confusion of steps, ejaculations, and half completed sentences indicated the interest and anxiety of the people.

It was evening. The golden sun was sinking behind the Western hills. The vermillion shading of his lingering rays, intermingled with the decorated temples and public structures pictured a charming vision of natural and architectural beauty. As we watch the crowds our attention falls on a young woman—or rather a grown-up child—who strolls quietly along the Via Sacra. She is a hunchback and her crippled limbs solicit our commiseration. Her name is Maria. Little is known of her early life, save that her parents were slaughtered in the Roman persecutions and her only sister, who at that time was a charming maiden of womanly promise and beauty, was captured by the leader of vantage and carried off as a trophy. Maria was a Christian, but an unfortunate lot had cast her as a slave in the household of Marcus Augustus—the newly appointed lord of the Prison.

Marcus had been the political enemy of a certain Antonius Harentius, a man of considerable ability and a skillful diplomat. This latter had been the recipient of no small portion of public approval, but the factions of the state were so long in returning a choice for the office of Lord of the Prison, that Nero assumed the privilege of appointing his favorite. Hence the honor fell on Marcus. Naturally, Antonius, a practical and full-blooded Roman, was incensed with jealousy toward the fortunate rival and with hatred toward the Emperor. He dared not show any hostile attitude to Nero, lest the latter deliver him to the tortures; but as for Marcus—he would answer to Antonius for the issue of the affair. The neglected politician had determined to employ every means in his power to drag his rival before the Roman people as a murderer and despicable character.

Marcus, however, was well informed of his rival's intention—hence he was openly and earnestly portraying co-operation with governmental suggestion and demand. Needless to say he had exerted every effort to swell the number of athletic participants, gladiatorial combatants, and victims for the hungry lions. Maria had heard many things of her master's position in Rome. She knew that he was a man of considerable influence—that he was talented and in many instances kind towards those less fortunate than himself.

As she strolled placidly along the Via Sacra

her eye fell on one that had long since won her admiration, Flavius, the son of her master. He was a youth of shapely proportion. He was wearing a spotless Toga Virilis. His plump cheeks acknowledged a healthy and well-cared-for constitution. Beside him was a beautiful woman. She was sitting comfortably in a costly litter. She was oblivious to the surrounding preparations—all her attentions were centered on the youthful admirer, who walked beside her and mused her unoccupied moments. The lady was extremely fair. The blush of virginity was on her cheek. The smile of a noble and upright life was on her lips and the light of loyalty and truth was reflected in the bright sparkle of her deep blue eyes. Maria watched the lovers. She had heard from one of her companions that Flavius was in love with the daughter of a Roman Senator. She had likewise heard that the woman in question was a Christian and that Flavius was fully aware of the fact. Maria was unmoved by the jewels or golden decorations of the lady or her conveyance. She saw something behind the beauty that won the admiration of other people. Although she did not remember having seen the woman before—yet there was something of a familiar treasure in her eyes that attracted Maria.

Down sank the glowing sun. The silent and gray dusk of evening had fallen. The lovers were about to part. The Lady extended her hand to the Roman youth, who kissed it with appreciation and affection. Pomponia, the beautiful woman, had returned to the quiet and peace of her litter. Flavius had not retreated many steps from her side when a band of black slaves swooped down, like a brood of Harpies, on him and the Lady. The son of Marcus struggled for a moment, but the brute force of the African soon overcame the efforts of the youth. Of course they found an easy prey in the helpless Pomponia. While Flavius was trying to divine the reason for such an insult his eye met the proud and triumphant grin of Julius, the son of Antonius. A sigh of victory trumpeted the envy and revenge of Julius. "Now, Flavius," he snapped with contempt—"you mocked me in the presence of my friends. I'll warrant you—you'll answer for your cunning. Ruin will fall not only on you, but on your father who deceived the Roman mind and won the favor of Nero by flattery and promise to extort the wealth of Roman citizens. Death for you—death or slavery."

Flavius did not know how to refute the charges of treachery or how to defend his father's good reputation. Meantime a crowd of curious pedestrians had gathered to witness the scene. This was just what Julius desired—to harangue the speechless Flavius before a credulous and unthinking people.

"Romans and men of undaunted courage," exclaimed Julius to the half attentive throng. "I call upon your unblemished love for loyalty and frankness. I ask you what punishment should you inflict on a traitor that dares to stain the purity and beauty of the Roman Toga by secret connections with the enemy of Caesar? You all know that the Christians are banded together to destroy our glorious empire. They have been discovered in all sorts of intrigues—and you yourself have decreed the rack and lion for the followers of the Nazarene. Here before you is a traitor, a branded, confessed Christian."

"Eum ad leones! Eum ad leones," shouts one section of the crowd.

"Prove him to be such," cried another and more thoughtful division.

"There is the proof of my charge," he informed pointing to Pomponia. But she heard not his words. Weak from this unexpected excitement she had fainted and fallen into the arms of her attendant. "Mark how cleverly and well she plays the woman. I loved her once and she loved me. I asked for her hand—as mistress of my estate—she declined—and gave me for a reason—that she loved a Christian. Now as you have observed, she has received the attention of this Toga-garbed traitor and has returned his attention with acts of affection. What is the conclusion? I call upon your wisdom and love of truth to decide."

"A Christian, he is! Away with him!" shouted the listeners.

"Away with them," emphasized Julius.

"Christianos ad leones," shouted the mob. "Julius has proved himself a Roman. Away with these cunning instruments of murder. Ad leones, ad leones."

At his word, Pomponia was thrown over the

shoulder of a muscular slave, who carried her to the Maximus Circuses. "I am no Christian," cried Flavius. "That man is a liar. Roman Hound, you'll bleed for this."

"Away with him," demanded Julius. "He has proven himself a traitor by his cowardice and silence."

Flavius, accordingly, was pushed roughly through the jeering mob. There was none that dared to speak in his defense. The popular mind had spoken, and opposition to it meant death. At last the triumphant mob arrived with their victim at the gates of the prison. As Flavius was about to enter, the slaves paused and made the disgraced captive turn to the maddened faces of the Roman rabble. He looked upon them. He was not nervous or trembling now, but rather cool and collected. He cast a contemptuous glance into their raging expression of hate. Not one eye that he met responded with sympathy or love. Not one voice was heard to whisper a note of comfort or encouragement. Such was the fickle loyalty of the Romans.

There sat Julius placid and victorious on the back of a white charger. Around him gathered a group of weaponed attendants. Nowhere could Pomponia be seen. Flavius was alone, undefended, wronged, and doomed to suffer as traitor, and Christian. He looked again. Yes! can it be true? There was an eye that was wet with tears of pity and love. Far off in the fringe of the crowd could be seen a face half concealed behind a blue mantle. 'Twas the face of Maria. His eye met hers. There was something mysterious between the gleam of pity and the glance of sorrow; when thought speaks to thought and the soul of comfort whispers peace to the soul of grief. Such was the flash of light that came from Maria's eyes. Flavius read it unconsciously. It told him that all was not lost, and his comforted heart expressed its gratitude to Maria by a faint smile. As Maria passed through the throng, she could hear the expressions of distrust in Nero's choice. She heard words of admonition for Antonius and above all, the condemnation of Flavius as a proven Christian of sinister designs. All these words echoed resentment within her, but by some supernatural power she felt herself unconsciously imitating the silence of Pomponia.

As soon as possible she disentangled herself from the pagan fanatics and was walking as qui kl as she could toward he Palace of Marcus. Within a short time she was in the domains of her lord's property. It was now dark. Diana was already peeping from behind the scattered clouds when she arrived at the doors of the master's home. All was still. She paused at the entrance to the garden. She would speak with Marcus tonight though it cost her her life. She peeped into the dark chamber. There was no life within. Quietly she stepped into the silent apartment. Once inside she was afraid to move. The chill and strange darkness of the room seemed to awe her.

She rummaged deftly through the folds of her mantle and produced a small wooden cross. She could not see it, but she could feel its presence and perceived that which strengthened her faith. She crossed to a dark corner and there she crawled behind a pedestal that supported a beautiful statue of Jupiter. There at the very feet of the King of Pagan Deity, she poured forth her prayers of love and faith, to the Crucified God of the Christians. Her language was simple and sincere, for it came from her heart. She felt every word that she uttered. Though her faith filled her with a calm presentiment that neither Flavius nor his love would die, yet behind all she saw a strange tinge of suffering. There was something that was unrevealed to her.

She remained in the one posture for nearly an hour, scarcely breathing, not daring to move. All this time she devoted to earnest prayer. All was still now. Suddenly she heard a loud cry of triumph outside the garden wall. "Christianos ad leones," breaks through the half closed doors into the silence of the Atrium. "Panem et circenses, Christianos ad leones, Marcus! Marcus! The glorious, the true Roman," shouted the approaching voices. They are now at the very door of the chamber. Marcus alighted with agility, stepped from the litter. He bade his attendants retire, with a word of satisfaction. He entered the silent and dark room, preceded by a torch bearer. His gray, curly hair added to the dignity that was marked by the bordered Toga of the Upper Class. He halted before the statue of Jupiter and placed a silver key and ring on the surface of a small bracket-like decora-

tion that was attached to the pedestal. The torch bearer retreated a short distance, just sufficient for his position to cast a dark shadow over the crouching Maria.

"Hail Jupiter, Mighty of the gods, there is no God but thee," exclaimed Marcus, as he bent in adoration before the stone figure. "To you I pledge my service, and in Caesar's name I ask your celestial majesty to deliver all Christians into my hands that I may throw them to the tortures for their treachery to thee and Caesar. Hail Jupiter! King of Heaven. Hail to thee."

He arose, bowed profoundly to the statue and departed. Maria came from her hiding place, and as she did the ray from the retreating torch showed her the coveted ring. Her prayer was answered and Flavius would be saved.

She snatched the keys and concealed them in her bosom and then called aloud, "Master! Master! Marcus!" as she knelt in the same place where the Roman had paused to reverence his god.

The voice in the dark startled the Roman. He stopped in his tracks. "Tarry," he demanded of the torch bearer. The slave obeyed. "Who's there?" shouted Marcus. "Speak on your life."

"Your lordship's slave," answered Maria humbly.

"What! a slave daring to approach her lord? To the rack—to the rack," he roared.

"Mercy! Mercy! Patience," pleaded Maria. "I come to tell you something of your boy. He's imprisoned and doomed to die. Save him, Master. Kill me if it pleases you, but save him, your boy, my lord, and my—"

"What?" exclaimed Marcus with astonishment. "Imprisoned? Doomed? Why, what has he done? Tell me where he is, you hunchback wretch! Speak."

"Master, I will tell you all and I promise to save Lord Flavius if you help me save him. None can do that but I."

"Speak not of yourself, foul bundle of conceit, where is your lord?" demanded the Roman.

"In prison, Master. I tell you, he is innocent of every charge. I heard everything."

Here, Maria related as well as she could the whole incident of Flavius and his fate. She told him how she had followed him; of his pleasant moments with the beautiful woman, of his prosecutor's unfair attack and charges, of the cruelty of the rabble and of the last look of sympathy and love.

Marcus was lost in the depth of contemplation. What if she was speaking the truth? He saw, like a flash, a vision of the trembling martyrs and in their midst stood Flavius, his boy and the hope of his household. He dared not impede the progress of the festivities. He could not save his child by the mere command. The presence of Flavius in the prison would rouse the suspicions of the Roman people. Hence he saw how helpless he was. Here was Nero, and the frantic mob calling for the Christians, and there was Flavius doomed to an inevitable death.

Suddenly his tired and racked brain sprung from this reverie.

"What say you of his freedom? You and you alone can free him?"

"Yes, master, I have prayed and my prayer has been answered. I can and I will free my lord Flavius, if you assist," replied Maria.

"How? Tell me your plans quickly," snapped Marcus.

"I can tell you nothing. If you do as I request Flavius, my lord, shall not perish."

"You will not tell me? Do you refuse? Or do you fear the wisdom of your intentions?"

"I doubt not the prudence of my intentions or my motives in withholding my plans from you."

"Why, think you, I could not perceive their depth?"

"No, master, but you know not of the mysteries that support my plans."

"Mystery," retorted Marcus, "has been the study of the mortal and the strength of the gods. It is not for you, an ignorant slave, to dream of such conceptions."

"Mystery, my lord, is not the food of superstition. It is the bread of faith. Faith, master, faith in God, Who speaks to those that pray to Him with faith. Prayer and faith shall save your son Flavius."

The Roman could not reply. The slave had presumed to defend the enemies of his country in his own house and before his own face. If his own son dared such an adventure he would have

(To be continued)

Only a Matter of Form

By A. B. Maxwell, '18

"Thou makest all nature beauty to his eye,
Or music to his ear."

NO ONE will deny that we are living in an extremely busy world. Our daily life, in the great struggle for existence, is a veritable whirlpool of hustle and bustle. So momentous is the onrush of events and so assiduous our endeavor to keep pace with them, that we can scarcely find time for food and rest. Perhaps, if nature were not so insistent as to her needs, we should neglect her altogether. And so the great world speeds on, gaining momentum each day. But unfortunately this physical activity has a deteriorating influence upon our mental life. We have no time for serious reflection or quiet study. We have no time for discriminations, for those niceties of distinction, for that precision of judgment so necessary in the economy of every well-regulated mind. Indeed, our mode of life, with all due credit to its vigorous energies, generates a mental superficiality that leads one into many strange and fitful fancies.

Very often we make observations without the slightest regard as to what they may imply. A thought comes to our mind, we neither stop, look, nor weigh its possibilities; but send it forth in all its roughness, without heed to perspective, without any appreciation of its relations to truth. The result is, not a clear and distinct picture, but a blurred and confused mass of impressions. Our vision is distorted, like the view from the window of an express train—our problem slips farther and farther from our grasp. We lose that mental vision which distinguishes one thing from its circumstances, which discerns clearly the essential elements in the constitution of every individual thing. True knowledge and understanding classifies and locates every thought, every word and every deed. But even among college men there is a shameful lack of forethought. In our estimation, the object and purpose of a college course is, not to spend four years in idle dreaming, not to acquire a jumbled mass of isolated facts, but to educate, to teach one to think. It seems strange that after so many years of schooling, we are but beginning to learn. Yet such is the case. Commencement Day is only the beginning of our education.

There are instances, too numerous to enumerate, of this hasty and superficial manner of thinking. Whether we consider problems of philosophy or religion, of history, of politics, in any branch of the arts and sciences, there are always those who will distort things to suit their own caprices. The field of literature is not without its problems, and so it is not without or immune from their superficial solutions. The question of literary form, of style in writing, of expression, is a much mooted one. It is not without its diversity of opinion and extremes. Because some recent systems of rhetoric have made style the first, the second and the last thing in the study of the art of discourse, it has been depreciated and neglected by others. As usual the mean is the true course. Style has its functions and, when properly understood, is a fruitful source of much good, both from a utilitarian and an aesthetic point of view.

Two elements enter into the construction of every piece of literary effort. The first is the obtaining and the development of the thought, guided by fundamental principles; the second is that which deals with the expression of the thought. When we reflect that it is necessary to have something to say, before we can say it, it is clear how important this first element is. But a thought, no matter how worthy, when clothed in poor and feeble language, is nearly always a failure. It is likewise evident, therefore, that the expression of our ideas, which is style or form, is worth some consideration. Its purpose is to bring our thoughts out in their clearest aspects, to throw light upon our theme from every vantage point. Art or technique, in the truest sense, never detracts from the inner idea.

In the foreword to a recent publication, "A Soldier's Confidences with God," the commenta-

tor says, "It is well that he could not know the use God planned to make of these Colloquies, for, had he known, they would have been less ingenuous, less sincere, he would have tried to give them literary form, to make them artistic—and so he would have failed, for it is precisely because of their frank ingenuousness, their absolute sincerity and lack of art, that they are so powerful, so convincing. They are not art; but they are the pure outpourings of an intensely artistic soul. They are not polished and refined, but they are the handiwork of a most refined nature." How literary form or art or conscious planning, which of its very nature is of the intellect, spells insincerity, hypocrisy, or dissimulation in any way, for the life of us, we can not understand. No doubt, this appreciation is intended as a thorough-going understanding and appraisal of Lieutenant Barsi's work. We do not intend to say whether the Colloquies, written, as they are, in that enthusiastic outpouring of an Italian soul, contain literary value or not. But we do take exception to the inference offered in their foreword, while it is too often true that false systems of thought, wild vagaries of imaginative minds, are made captious and alluring by a fine show of words and flourishes of the pen. It is too often true that even sincere and honest minds are marred by misconstrued notions of rhetoric. But abuse should never condemn what is good. Wherever possible the good should be dissociated and disentangled from the bad. Whenever we can learn from the expression, even though the thoughts must be rejected, we should do so. No student of painting would disdain to learn from the work of a great master, though he could not accept the ideas he has portrayed.

What then is literary style? Is it high-sounding words and over-elaborate flourishes of language? No. No more than over-dress is good taste. But it does mean that exquisite and fascinating way that an author handles his materials. It is neither over-elaborate nor too barren, but rich and simple, discriminate and energetical. Since style is the manner of expressing thought, it embraces the use and choice of words, sentence and paragraph construction, varieties of expression, and figures of speech. This requires study. Its accomplishment is art, and art, as a skilful use of knowledge, should never be disparaged. Technique is worthy of appreciation whether seen in the violinist or the bag-piper, in the baseball player, or even in the most ordinary game of marbles.

It is remarkable, moreover, that everybody believes in and accepts form, even those that are wont to discry against it. We plant fine lawns and gardens before our homes, and have the potatoes and cabbages behind the back gate. We pick the violets along the roadside and pass the dandelion by unnoticed. We gather the many tinted and varied formed shells along the seashore, and grind the clam shells beneath our feet. It matters very much whether we eat with our knives or our forks and how we eat. Wall paper, carpets and bric-a-brac give our rooms at college a home-like atmosphere. Even the lover of books, who prefers them above all else, sees use for the bookcase and will prefer one design to another. We often read of wealthy people spending thousands and thousands of dollars for a few pearls. If composition and form mean nothing, why don't they hang the oysters around their necks. But tastes will differ—"de gustibus non est disputandum"—and no doubt even old Diogenes in his tub under the rain spout, was satisfied with his.

Artistic form lends a distinctive charm to every species of literature. The greatest authors and masters have always used it. The human agents of the inspired Words of Holy Scripture have shown no disinclination to use it. Nor does it detract from the sincerity or the truths of the matter. In the first chapter of Genesis, the history of creation, there is a distinct and artistic pattern of scales, counterpoints, sets of corresponding words and repetitions. In the scale of days the incidents of the second three days are foreshadowed and prepared for in the first three days, successively. On the first day God created heaven and earth, and He separated the light from the darkness; on the fourth day, the Sun, the Moon and the Stars were created. The separation of the waters above the firmament, and below the firmament on the second day, prepares for the creation of fowl and fish on the fifth day. The division of the drylands and the seas on the third day, for the cattle, creeping things, beasts, and man on the sixth day. Then there is also a gradation as regards the relative importance of

all the things created. Inorganic matter was created first, followed by the organic, which was again graded into the irrational and the rational. Man, the crowning work, the masterpiece, came last. The word good is used seven times—six times "God saw that it was good." The last time, "God saw all the things that He had made, and that they were very good."

Nor did the Royal Psalmist deem it unbecoming or unfitting to construct artistically. The first psalm is based on the category of relations by contrast. The just man, in the first three versicles, is contrasted with the unjust man, in the next two. Versicle one is negative, with a scale of posture, walk, stand, sit; two is positive; three is positive and negative, with a simile; four is negative and positive, with a simile; five is negative and chiastic to the first. The final versicle summarizes the whole.

1. Blessed is the man who hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners, nor sat in the chair of pestilence.

2. But his will is the law of the Lord, and on his law he shall meditate day and night.

3. And he shall be like a tree which is planted near the running waters, which shall bring forth its fruit, in due season.

And his leaf shall not fall off: and all whatsoever he shall do shall prosper.

4. Not so the wicked, not so: but like the dust which the wind driveth from the face of the earth.

5. Therefore the wicked shall not rise again in judgment: nor sinners in the council of the just.

6. For the Lord knoweth the way of the just: and the way of the wicked shall perish.

There are any number of pieces in profane literature, in both poetry and prose exhibiting and bringing out the theme in an ingenious way by an exquisite turn of words.

"Ask what makes one keep, and one bestow?
What Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow:
Bids seed time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconciled extremes of draught and rain;
Builds life on death, on change duration founds
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds."

Wilkie Collins in "The Woman in White," has succeeded in simplifying an intricate plot by his good methodology, by an admirable turn of sentences and paragraphs. The main obstacle of the story is built upon a substitution, made possible through the personal resemblance between the woman in white, Ann Catherick and Laura, Lady Clyde. Ann Catherick had been introduced into Count Fosco's house as Lady Glyde. Lady Glyde took the dead woman's place in the Insane Asylum—the substitution having been so managed as to make innocent people accomplices in the crime.

"In the eye of reason and of the law, in the estimation of relatives and friends, according to every received formality of civilized society, 'Laura, Lady Glyde,' lay buried with her mother in Limmeridge church yard. Torn in her own lifetime from the list of the living, the daughter of Philip Fairlie and the wife of Percival Glyde might still exist for her sister, might still exist for me, but to all the world besides she was dead. Dead to her uncle, who had renounced her; dead to the servants of the house, who had failed to recognize her; dead to the persons in authority, who had transmitted her fortune to her husband and her aunt; dead to my mother and my sister, who believed me to be the dupe of an adventuress and the victim of a fraud; socially, morally, legally—dead.

"And yet alive! Alive in poverty and in hiding. Alive, with the poor drawing-master to fight her battle, and to win the way back for her to her place in the world of living beings."

The fundamental error in the use of literary form and, perhaps, what gives rise to so much misunderstanding and want of appreciation, is due to the incongruity of one's style with the nature of the theme. Every art and science, to be true, must be supported by the very nature of things. Nature, in all her varied forms and modes of expression, is never grotesque or out of perspective. It is true likewise behind all the worth in the expression of architecture, of painting, of music, of logic and of literature.

"True art springs tree-like from the engendering root,
Buds, branches, blossoms, then falls in fruit."

It is in following out this principle that the German Operas surpass the Italian. The Italian

school held that the drama was subservient to the music. But Wagner's success results from the fact that he made the music subsidiary and accidental. Its function is to interpret the story. We discover the same logic behind the purpose of church music. The beauty, the strongest defense of the Gregorian Chant, is that it reflects and interprets the sacred character behind the Church ceremonies.

So too, logic, the science of thought, has its reason from the nature of the human intellect. It is a practical science. It is a natural science, although, it be an artificial instrument by which we cultivate, develop and draw out the inherent qualities of the mind; much the same as one nurtures and guides the growth of a sapling. It is not as some would infer, a stiff hat, into which one must cram his head. But there are those illogical logicians who have brought their science into disrepute by their unscientific, and therefore illogical, eulogies. "Whatever there is that is great in science or in art or in literature, it is the work of the intellect."—"In vain would anyone deny the truth of the favorite aphorism of Sir William Hamilton, 'In the world there is nothing great but man. In man there is nothing great but mind.'" It is such theories as these that lead men into their rationalistic and materialistic absurdities. They look upon a man much the same as a balloon, all head. They are too conceited to realize that they have feet whereby to walk the face of the earth. Instead of elevating a man above the clouds, they but expand his level. Blind to the fact that he has within himself, despite his limitations, the marvelous faculties, the intellect, the feeling, and the will, through the medium of which he can be not only a great logician, but a great poet, and a great saint.

Every species of literature, then, has its specific form, its peculiar manner of expression. The treatise has its philosophic and technical terms of genus, species, and division. The essay, with its purely personal and whimsical note, has, perhaps, the widest range. And so on throughout the whole field of literature, in song and in story. But it is no small task to acquire great facility and richness of expression. It requires constant, self-conscious effort. It is said that Sir Joshua Reynolds once asked Dr. Johnson, "by what means he had attained his extraordinary accuracy and flow of language. The great doctor answered that he had early laid it down as a fixed rule to do his best on every occasion, and in every company; to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could put it in; and that by constant practice, and never suffering any careless expressions to escape him, or attempting to deliver his thoughts without arranging them in the clearest manner, it became habitual to him."

The chief obstacle in the way of any perfection is that we do too much stock thinking, we don't think for ourselves. We think after a failure that it is easier to use slang and slovenly speech, to follow the crowd. The results speak for themselves. It is imperative that we prop ourselves up with standards—they help us to think and they guide and guard our faulty steps. It is only in the genius that these natural qualities evolve themselves. They do, unconsciously perhaps, but always in keeping with nature, what we must do with a conscious and constant application of mental "elbow-grease."



Striving to Forget

Striving to forget
In painful memory,
The happy, carefree, loving days,
The days that used to be.

Striving to forget
A maiden I once knew:
My sweetheart with the merry laugh,
And dancing eyes of blue.

Striving to forget:
To wipe away the thought,
To dream no more of happiness
That youthful love once brought.

Striving to forget,
Whilst mocked by memory;
For in my heart, my love for her
Has never ceased to be.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND, '21.

THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. III | FEBRUARY, 1919 | NO 3

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The Peace Conference

THE problems which have engaged the attention of the delegates of the nations at the Peace Conferences have been more serious and difficult than most people anticipated. It has not been an easy and simple matter to reorganize the map of Europe and to apply to the solution of the practical questions which have arisen, the principles so eloquently expressed by President Wilson. With the cessation of hostilities, old jealousies have revived and the old methods f discarded diplomacy have been called again into play. Fortunately, however, the personality of President Wilson and the influence of his presence, together with his great popularity with the people, have co-operated to stay for a time at least, some of the reactionary elements in European politics. It remains to be seen whether his influence and power will be sufficient to keep them in permanent check. It must be confessed that the publication of the secret treaties of the Allies and the evident reaching out after new territories on the part of those who fought for Democracy, have not made a very favorable impression on public opinion. Nor does it augur well for the future peace of the world. The labors of the conference, however, are not yet over, nor are its present solutions final. Confronted by the rising tide of popular unrest and the dissatisfaction with former conditions which is spreading over the world, it may

Published at Villanova, Pa., in the months of October, December, February, April and June.
All communications to be addressed to THE VILLANOVAN, Villanova, Pa.

well reflect that, after all, it must take into account the force of public sentiment, and hence must do all in its power to assure the triumph not of might, but of right. Dr. Dillon has stated that for the abolition of war, moral regeneration of the world is first necessary. The delegates should keep this thought in mind and endeavor to encourage and promote religious and moral agencies which alone can bring about a moral regeneration.

Lest We Forget

WE RATHER expect our enemies to treat us coldly; to snub us and make life unbearable, generally. But when those whom we have gone out of our way to serve, whom we loved and who we thought loved us, show diffidence toward our advances—their coldness not only chills the warmth of our interest, but like the piercing winds of winter, cuts deep into our very souls. We are quite speechless at their rebuffs; our former love unwilling to be extinguished, lives beneath the shell our hurt spirit attempts to form around our hardening hearts. But it lives and needs but fuel to burst into flame. That is why ingratitude is of so long a life, because love, true love, will not be extinguished. Should we hate—we dread to think about the object of our hatred. Have we loved? Ah then, unlike the contracting coldness, the little flame of former love tends to expand and envelop the object of its desires.

In a word, then, ingratitude is one of the most difficult injuries to forgive. Perhaps we would fain forgive, but can we forget?

Why this dissertation on ingratitude? Its application is obvious enough—if we but stop and consider. Simultaneously with the end of the war came the lack of interest toward those who were obliged to remain in the service. We cannot but notice the indifference with which we regard, or should we say disregard, the services of those who participated in the Great War. While flags were flying and bands were playing, we could not do enough for the lad in khaki or the boy in blue. But when our attention was taken from these reminders to the hum-drum round of modern life, we seemed to forget. We will not say that we have been ungrateful, but have we not forgotten just a bit the great service done humanity by the flower of America? Do we appreciate all that our boys have done to keep our homes safe, our lives free from the bonds of autocracy? Surely our conduct seems to savor at least of indifference.

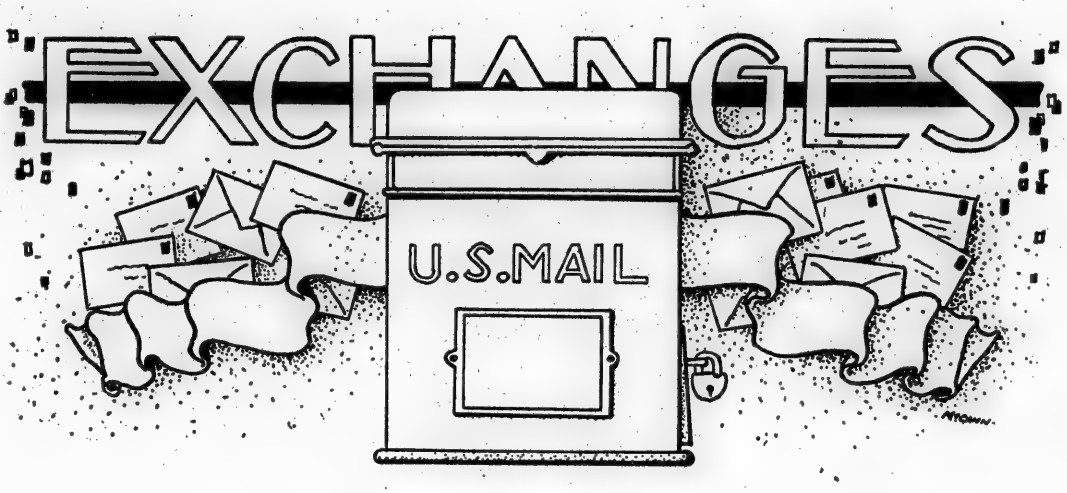
Yes, we are deploratly forgetful; we must be reminded. Let us go back just a year or two to the time when all was peaceful. See carefree young America shifting almost thoughtlessly along the various walks of life. Our light-hearted boys took things as they came. They were quite oblivious to the great task that was to fall so heavily and unexpectedly upon their shoulders. The blow came. Were they irresponsive? It took them a little time to recover from the shock and realize just what was happening. But when all was clear—well, we need not recall the ardent zeal with which they took up arms. The times, the circumstances surrounding mobilization were too vivid, too realistic to be forgotten. The soldiers then, as it were, passed out of our lives for a while. We saw them, so to speak, "in their best clothes, on parade." We could not realize the weary hours of drill through which they passed, the necessary submission to authority so difficult for those used to doing almost what they willed. Then came the departure for overseas. Who will attempt to describe the depth of feeling underlying the proud mother's look as she viewed her stalwart lad on the first stage of his journey to victory. We hear much and rightly too, of the mother's grief and sacrifice. But we must not forget that the feeling was mutual. Perhaps the uppermost thought of every soldier overseas with the A. E. F. was that of "mother". For anxiously the boys awaited a word from her and made light of the burdens of war. How they told her of their experiences and endeavored to conceal

everything that would cause her the least anxiety for their safety and well-being. And then came the actual fighting.

We cannot give expression to the wonderful deeds of valor performed on the battlefields of France by the lads in khaki. They fought well and victoriously. And now they are coming home. Will they be content with waving flags and lusty cheers? No, they fought for something more permanent, more substantial. Some have advocated the erecting of arches, etc., as a memorial to the warriors, a fitting tribute, to be sure. But meaningless are memorials if they be not a living representation of something felt, felt deeply and worthy of commemoration and perpetuation.

Yes, our boys are home. Will they be chilled by our forgetfulness? They expect and have every right to expect something more. They are ours, they fought for us, suffered for us, were willing to die for us. Let us not be indifferent to their sacrifices. Ingratitude is hard to forgive and cannot be forgotten. So remember the boys of '18. Erect each one in his heart a tablet of fond memory, memory of duty performed, of noble deeds, of heroic sacrifices. And for those who will not return, those who suffered pain, endured hardship, faced and met death, that we might live in the possession of liberty and lasting peace, let us pray that they too, liberated from the severe trials of strife may enjoy the true peace for which they fought—peace everlasting—peace of soul—union with God.





THE VILLANOVAN resumes its Exchange Department simultaneously with the resumption of normal College life. During the brief regime of the S. A. T. C., many of the College journals discontinued publication. Now that we are happily back in the old ways again, we hope to see all the magazines better and brighter than ever before. College publications constitute a very interesting and characteristic part of our national journalism. But often a publication can be helped to greater things by artistic criticism. We all can be encouraged by words of appreciation. A good spirit among Exchange editors will contribute much good toward the progress of College Journalism. Our policy is to point out features worthy of special praise, that the authors may continue the good work, and to call attention to what we consider mistakes, that they may be corrected. We appreciate helpful criticism, but ignore idle carping and ridicule.

The *Villa Marian* for December reflects much credit on the literary ability of one fair neighbor on the Main Line. There is a very well written bit of poetry in the issue, "Cradle Song to Our Lady," that displays for its author much power in versification. While not altogether as smooth as it might be, most of it is brilliant verse, and even a bit reminiscent of Joyce Kilmer's devotional and inspiring poetry. The last four lines are masterly:

"Queen of the Angels, star of the morn,
Cause of our Joy, Immaculate Born;
Wherever, however, my hero may be,
Bless him, caress him, Thou Star of the Sea."

The "Joke" Department of *Life*, St. Paul's of Garden City, called "Current Foolishness," contains some of the most clever wit that has come to our notice in current school magazines. College Journals are proverbial for their production of most of our good jokes, and the "Current Foolishness" articles sustain the reputation.

There is an excellent article on The Knights of Columbus, in the November *Prospector*. It is a well written appreciation of the good work accomplished during the war by this organization.

The poem, "Realization," in the December *Georgetown College Journal*, is a remarkably well written bit of verse that excels in literary merit any other article in the magazine. It is the second time we have had the pleasure of seeing it published. The author possesses a clear perception of "balance" in poetry and realizes the effect of an artistic ending to a short poem. "Realization" is a different" war poem, well worth the reading.

The *Boston College Stylus* for January contains

many numbers that are worthy of praise. The thought in "My Kilmer" is genuine, though the verse is not up to the usual standard. "Reconstruction or Restoration?" is well thought out and gives evidence of a firm grasp on the present situation. The essay on Ferdinand Foch, while appropriate and complete, is somewhat too long for a college publication. Interest is apt to lag in its perusal.

The essay "Atheism" in the *De Paul Minerval* is an excellent reputation of that absurd theory and its various branches. The essay is written in a charming, personal manner that holds the attention and interest of the reader. There is no more interesting form of literature than a well written essay, embodying as it does a facile diction, scintillating wit, and a clear perception of human truth.

We have received since our last issue the following interesting exchanges:

Alvernia—St. Francis' College, Loretta, Pa.

Concordia—St. Johns' Prep., Danvers, Mass.

College Journal—Georgetown U., Washington, D. C.

Life—St. Paul's, Garden City, L. I.

Prospector—Mt. St. Charles College, Helena, Mont.

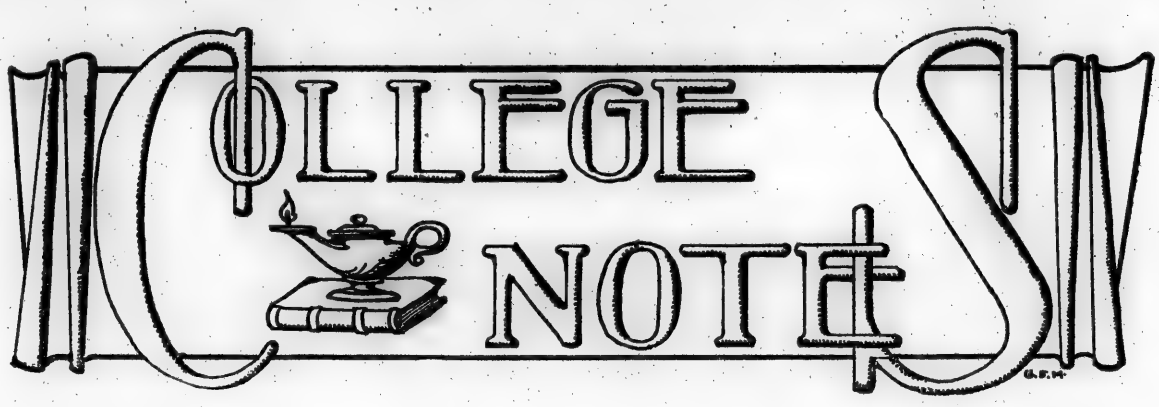
Stylus—Boston College, Boston, Mass.

Villa Marian—Villa Maria, Immaculata, Pa.

Minerval—De Paul University, Chicago, Ill.

The Laurel—St. Bonaventure's, Alleghany, N. Y.





THE new year found classes at Villanova resumed on the old peace-time basis. On January 6th, studies were resumed. It is gratifying both to students now at Villanova and the old boys whose hearts we know are still here, to hear that the student-body showed an increase in numbers in every department. A few of the men who became acquainted with our college through the S. A. T. C. remained to continue work. The Armistice and the consequent discharge of soldiers, brought back many dear old friends. With the same ardor and zeal with which they donned the khaki and the blue when the "Stars and Stripes" were threatened, they have returned to the quieter, but no less praiseworthy work of perfecting themselves and aiding humanity.

To accommodate those men who lost time because of service, special courses have been outlined, so that by the end of June, the year's work will have been fully covered.

Mid-Year Examinations

The mid-year examinations for the classes which have been conducted from September were held the week of January 27th. Members of the Classical, Pre-medical and Preparatory Courses took examinations.

Changes

The students of Tolentine Academy on their return from the Christmas Holidays, missed their former Director Father Egan. He has been transferred to the Augustinian Academy, at Staten Island, New York. Rev. Philip Colgan, O. S. A., of Staten Island, has been assigned to Tolentine Academy.

Epsilon Phi Theta

The semi-monthly meeting of the Classical Society was held January 30th. Applications for new members were received and the date for the initiations set for Monday, February 10th. Jas. J. Egan, '19, presided. The society planned a comprehensive program of events for the coming term. Besides President Egan, the following are the officers of the Society this year: Leo A. Delohery, '21, vice-president; Thomas R. Hanley, '20, secretary-treasurer.

Phi Kappa Pi

Phi Kappa Pi, the Engineering Society, held its regular monthly meeting in January. An unusually large number of applications for admission into the society was received. In the absence of the president, Ray Maloney, who is with our boys in France, John J. Maguire, '20, the vice-president, presided. A degree team for conducting the initiations was selected. It was arranged to conduct the usual smoker in conjunction with this event. The progress of the society was discussed and many means for improvement suggested. A committee was appointed to decide upon various improvements in the society rooms.

Athletic Association

The January meeting of the Athletic Association was held Monday evening, January 20th, with Jas. J. Egan, '19, presiding. The association will manage all athletic affairs under the supervision of the Athletic Council, consisting of the president of the association and two members of the Faculty. This method puts a per-

sonal responsibility for support, financial and otherwise, on every member. Season tickets, which all are expected to purchase, will soon be issued.

Prep. Athletic Association

The Prep. Athletic Association held their meeting Wednesday, January 29th. Officers elected were: Edward McKenna, president; Leonard Emerton, vice-president; Pasquale Ceravolo, secretary; Rev. John J. Harris, O. S. A., treasurer; Norman Jones, baseball manager. Arrangements were made for a dance to be held February 26th, at K. of C. Hall, Philadelphia.

Farewell Banquet

The boys of Tolentine Academy gave a Farewell Banquet to Fr. Egan, O. S. A., in the Vendig, on December 19th. Rev. Fr. Dean, our president, was called on to speak. Following him, Captain Joseph Henneberger spoke inbe half of the football team. John Pickett, on behalf of the students, presented Fr. Egan with a raincoat. The football team presented him with a silver watch fob. Joseph Garry entertained with humorous recitations and vocal solos were rendered by Edward McKenna.

Condolences

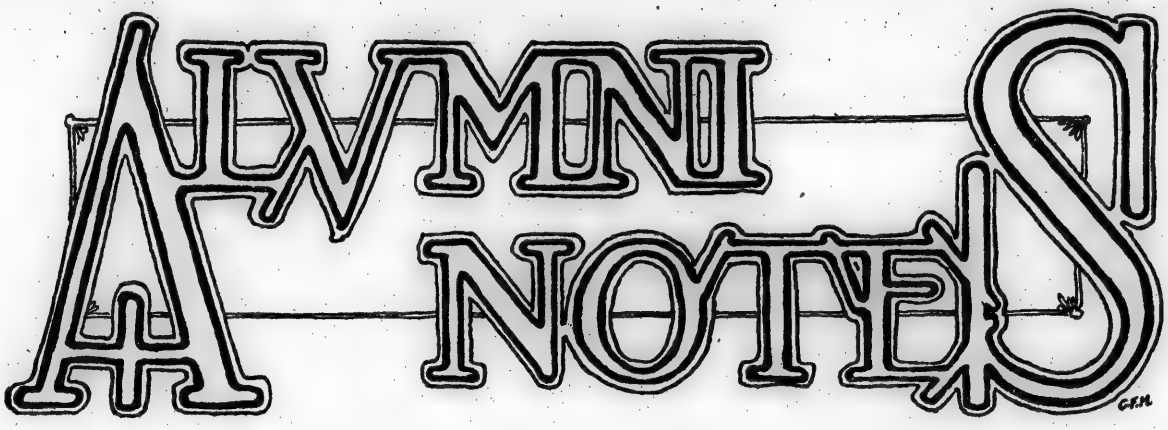
The Villanovan extends sincere sympathy to John Maguire, '20, on the death of his brother, who died in service at Camp Morrison, Va.; to Harold Wiegand, '21, our Exchange editor and poet, on the death of Walter, in action in France; to Jack McKernan, '22, and John Newell, '22, on the deaths of their fathers.

Chemical Course

With the opening of school after the demobilization of the Students' Army Training Corps, a new course was added to the courses in the school of Technology—that of Chemical Engineering, thus enlarging considerably the facilities which the college offers for the study of engineering, and meeting the special demands for a course of this kind, which the great development in chemistry that has been so noticeable in the United States during the past four years has made necessary. The college is to be congratulated in having secured for the Department of chemistry the services of the Rev. Robert J. Fitzgerald, O. S. A., M. Sc., Ph.D. Dr. Fitzgerald studied chemistry for a number of years at the University of Würtzburg, in Germany, where he secured his Doctorate in Philosophy in 1913, Majoring in Chemistry, Physics and Botany. In 1915, Dr. Fitzgerald received the degree of Master of Science from the Royal University of Ireland, for special research work in photo electricity. Dr. Fitzgerald will conduct the classes in Organic Chemistry, and as soon as conditions warrant, will introduce a special class in the Chemistry of Dyes.

R. O. T. C.

The college has been authorized by the War Department to organize a Senior Unit of the Reserve Officer Training Corps. Application has also been made for the Junior Unit, membership in which will be open to all Preparatory School students over fourteen years of age. The members of the R. O. T. C. will indulge in two hours' military drill and one hour military instruction every week, for the first two years of college. During the Junior and Senior years five hours a week of military work are required. Upon the completion of the four years and the obtainment of a college degree, a commission in the Reserve Corps will be granted. Uniforms, which must be worn during the hours of drill, will be supplied by the Government. All necessary equipment will likewise be furnished by the Government. The R. O. T. C. will be in command of Lieutenant A. Scott, formerly commander of the S. A. T. C.



Rev. William J. Morrison, O. S. A.

REV. WILLIAM J. MORRISON, O. S. A., died on January 31st, at St. Agnes' Hospital, where he had been a patient for some time. The body was viewed in St. Augustine's Church in Philadelphia, on Sunday evening, February 2d. The Divine office was chanted Monday morning at 9.30, V. Rev. Chas. M. Driscoll, of St. Rita's, presiding. The solemn requiem was celebrated by the Provincial V. Rev. N. J. Vasey, O. S. A. Rev. D. J. O'Mahoney, O. S. A., pastor of St. Augustine's, was deacon, while Rev. J. Hogan, O. S. A., was subdeacon. Fr. O'Mahoney preached. Interment was made in St. Augustine's. Fr. Morrison was born in Mahanoy City, May 6, 1857. He was a student at Villanova where he made his religious profession, September 26, 1878. He was ordained November 13, 1881. During his ministry he was stationed at Carthage, N. Y., Troy, N. Y., Bryn Mawr, Pa., Philadelphia, Pa., and Staten Island, N. Y. May he rest in peace!

Rev. Daniel J. Murphy, O. S. A.

Father Daniel Murphy, O.S.A., died on Saturday, February 8, 1919, in Chicago. Father Murphy was born in Glen Falls, N. Y., February 26, 1856. He entered Villanova College in September, 1875, received his degree of A.B. in 1877, and entered the Novitiate October 7, 1877. In 1879 Fr. Murphy was sent to Italy, where he finished his studies. He was ordained to the Holy Priesthood at Naples, October 1, 1882. During his ministry Father Murphy was stationed in Lawrence, Mass., and on many of the New York missions. He was a professor at Villanova College, at the Augustinian Academy, Staten Island, N.Y., and at St. Rita's College, Chicago, Ill. The funeral took place at Villanova on Thursday, February 13th.

Rev. Francis A. Greagan

Rev. Francis A. Greagan, '87, M. A. Rector of St. Mary's Church, Albany, N. Y., a devoted friend of Villanova, died during the month of January, after a short illness. Father Greagan studied at Villanova from 1883 to 1887, when he left to enter the seminary at Troy, N. Y., to prepare for the Holy Priesthood. During his student days he took a prominent part in the various college theatricals, and his vivid portrayal of the role of Shylock is still one of the traditions at the college. Genial and affable in manner, he attracted to himself a host of friends, and was one of the best-known and most popular priests in the diocese of Albany. After his ordination he occupied many important positions in the diocese and won for himself a considerable reputation as a forcible and eloquent preacher. For many years he was Rector at Coxsacie, N. Y. At the death of the late Dr. Lowry, he succeeded him as Rector of St. Mary's, Albany, N. Y. During his tenure of office he built the present handsome school, which is one of the finest in the country. In his death Villanova loses a loyal friend. Requiescat in pace!

Walter Wiegand

On September 30, 1918, Walter Wiegand, an old Villanova Varsity star, gave the supreme pledge of devotion to his country. He met his death while fighting with the 301st Battalion

Heavy Tanks, an American Unit assigned to the British Forces. His division, on September 29th, started over the German lines, in advance of the Infantry. A terrible battle, which continued all the following day, was engaged in. Walt's tank was hit by a shell and it took fire. Orders were given to quit the tank. The Americans rushed out amid a fusillade of German machine-gun bullets. As Walter stepped from the tank a bullet passed through his head.

Walter left Villanova for Camp Meade on November 23, 1917. There he was assigned to the 304th Ammunition Train. In February, he answered the call for volunteers for immediate service with the Tank Corps. With Co. A, 301st Heavy Motor Tank Corps, he sailed as a corporal on April 14th.

The lonely grave over in Bony, with the little white cross over it, must ever remain sacred to Villanova men. Walter Wiegand stood for all that was noblest in American manhood. To know him was to love him for his many sterling qualities. Honest and upright, pure and clean in word and deed, a staunch defender of principle, he was at all times and in all places a power for good. Like the humble flower along the wayside, he made no pretensions to virtue, but the light of his manly character shone out among all who knew him and made them better for the meeting. He gave the pledge of devotion to country just as he did everything else, with a purity of motive and a generosity of purpose. He forgot the pain and the suffering, forgot all the sacrifices because he felt he was doing a good work for humanity—he was doing his duty. To those who knew and loved him better than any of his friends, the dear ones of his home, the VILLANOVAN extends first, congratulations, and then heartfelt sympathy.

OTHER DEATHS

Daniel Murphy, ex-'03, one of five brothers who attended Villanova College, died of pneumonia on Sunday, January 19th, in Philadelphia. His funeral mass took place in the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Philadelphia, on Thursday, January 23d. Interment was made in Holy Cross Cemetery. To those who are left behind to mourn his loss, the VILLANOVAN extends condolences.

Jerry Frain, of Atlantic City, formerly a Villanova student, died on December 14, 1918. His funeral was held on Wednesday, the 18th.

Eugene M. Walsh, of the Class of '13, who died of influenza, was buried in Tyrone on Thursday, January 23d, '19. Rev. Father Dean, O. S. A., our president and one of Gene's teachers in his college days, was present at the funeral. In losing our Alumnus, Villanova has lost one of her truly representative men. In college days he stood for all that was best in school life. An earnest capable student, a cheerful companion, an able athlete, a thoroughly loyal Villanova man, he was an example to those in college with him. Nor was the promise of great things that he gave at college doomed to failure. He was first employed as an electrical engineer by the Pennsylvania Railroad. He did credit to himself and Villanova on the work of electrifying the Chestnut Hill Line. Afterwards he was assigned to the Signal Corps, in which he won many promotions. At the time of his death, he was employed in Baltimore. Fr. Walsh, Gene's brother, died a victim of the influenza, a few months ago. The VILLANOVAN extends sincere sympathy to his family and fervently prays for a loyal son. "Requiescat in Pace."

JOTTINGS

Major Stanley Coar, '12, is now acting in an official capacity for the Government in San Francisco.

Lieut. Jas. Torpey, a former football player of Villanova, was commanding officer in Rutgers' S. A. T. C.

Jas. J. Battin, ex-'14, is now in France with the A. E. F. and is a sergeant.

Michael Murphy, ex-'14, is in the Great Lakes Naval Station.

Lieut. Jas. Reap, the former Villanova football star, paid a visit to the college recently. He bears two gold service Chevrons and one wound Chevron.

Sylvester Benson, '18, who was recently discharged from the Aviation Corps, is now a student in Albany Law School.

Dr. Peter F. Moylan, Ph.D., K. S. G., has recently been appointed by the Government of Pennsylvania a member on the Public Charities Commission. The VILLANOVAN extends to Dr. Moylan its congratulation on this new honor which has come to him.

Joseph Kurz, of the Class of '15, has recently accepted a position in the United States Patent Office at Washington, D. C.

VISITORS

Among the recent visitors at the college were: Rev. Jos. P. Sergel, '15; Lieut. Harry Breslin, ex-'16; Lieut. Patrick Regan, '18; Leo Lynch, '21; Joseph Walsh, '10; J. Stanley Smith, '88; Ensign Chas. McGuckin, '18; Lieut. Edward Delaney, '21; Francis Taptich, '17; Francis Feeney, ex-'22; Ensign Patrick O'Brien, '16.

MARRIAGES

The VILLANOVAN announces the marriage, on December 30, 1918, of William Carroll, ex-'18, to Cecelia Scott. The ceremony took place in St. Mary's Church, Lawrence, Mass. To the happy couple we extend felicitations.

WAR PHOTOGRAPHS

The following letter which has been received from the Government speaks for itself:

To the Editor of the Villanova College Alumni Magazine:

It is requested and very vigorously urged that the alumni of the Villanova College, who have served in any capacity with the American Expeditionary Force and who have snap-shot photographs, to send them, together with the necessary explanatory information to be used as captions, to the Officer in Charge, Pictorial Section, Historical Branch, War Plans Division, General Staff, Army War College, Washington, D. C.

These photographs are requested for incorporation in the permanent pictorial files, which will serve as the official photographic record and history of the war.

C. W. WEEKS,

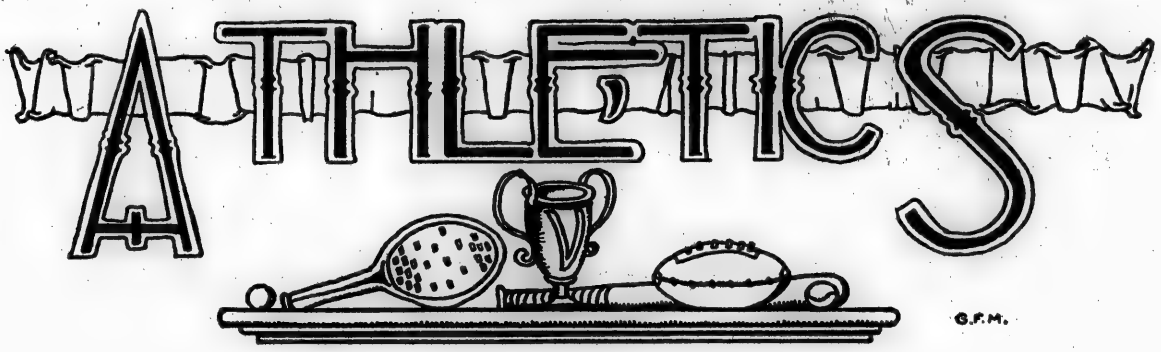
Colonel, General Staff,

Chief, Historical Branch, W. P. D.

By:

A. GOODRICH,

Captain, U. S. A., Pictorial Section.



Baseball Prospects

NOW that our minds are liberated from the cruel thoughts of war, and the gridiron ceases to demand our attention, we are naturally imbued with a feeling of expectancy. Though the time is not yet ripe in which to offer any predictions as to Villanova's prospects on the diamond this coming season, it is by no means inopportune to dwell upon the material on hand and thereby appease the minds of the Blue and White baseball fans.

In the baseball season just past, Coach McGeehan was confronted with a task which seemed almost insurmountable; he had on hand about four well groomed players who were to form the nucleus of a college baseball team, yet ere the season was well under way the Villanova rooters discovered that the honor of the Blue and White was being upheld by as fast a team as had represented the institution in some time. The task of teaching men, who had never played in faster company than Prep school nines, the inside game of college baseball was accomplished. The complete results of this labor were not accomplished last year, but the harvest will be reaped a hundred fold this season.

With the exception of two positions, the Villanova nine of last season is practically intact. We still have the two slab artists, Delohery and Jones. Delohery, now experienced in college baseball, is confident that he will better his record of the past season, and with his "spitter" working as it should, he will undoubtedly make a name for himself on the diamond. Jones acquired much inside dope while on the mound last year, and his superabundance of speed invariably baffled the best batsmen in college baseball. The big boy will surprise his admirers this season, as he has developed a slow ball which, when mixed in with his fast ones, should prove an asset to the pitcher's record. It will undoubtedly be a source of pleasure to Villanova fans, to know that the position of catcher will be filled by Bill Loan, the star backstop of the team of '17. Bill has been given his release by Uncle Sam, and it is expected that he will perform as well under the Blue and White as he did under the Stars and Stripes. Loan has not only a powerful arm, and a head full of baseball knowledge, but he is a clever batter, and great things are expected of him this season. The initial sack will be once more covered by Jim Murray, now captain. The big first baseman looks as well as ever and will undoubtedly live up to his reputation, a "rep" which is the envy of many first sackers in college baseball. The old reliable McGeehan will be seen tagging 'em out at third again this season. As a batsman, McGeehan rates with the highest, and is always dependable in a pinch; he is a sure fielder and possesses an accurate arm. The positions of second base and short stop are still questionable. It is possible that Coach McGeehan will try to bring "Ambie" Brennan into the infield. Brennan is a clever player in the sun gardens, but is equally as good in the infield, and if necessary, he could hold down second base as well as is desired. In the outfield we have Robinson and McDermott, both dependable fielders and strong hitters. Taking into consideration these facts and still having a large supply of new material which can be drawn from the new students, the Villanova fans may rest assured that the Blue and White will be well supported on the diamond this season.

Anticipating a strenuous season Coach McGeehan has inaugurated a course in physical training for the baseball candidates. Each day the prospective ball players are put through a strenuous period of setting up exercises, special attention being given to those exercises that increase the muscular strength of the arms and legs; the indoor track is utilized to strengthen the lungs and to augment the general endurance of the athlete. The way the candidates take to this method of training is a forerunner of great competition for the various positions when the outdoor practice begins. The exercises increase daily in their strenuousness, so that by the time the weather permits the use of the diamond the aspirants to baseball fame will be in the pink of condition and all capable of performing the duties imposed on them by the coach. Together with this method of training the candidates are taking the kinks out of their arms by throwing the ball around, which enables the athlete to bring his arm in shape gradually, thus minimizing the danger of having his arm crippled when practice in the open air begins.

We are not now in a position to dwell upon the qualifications of each individual new candidate, but let it suffice to say that Coach McGeehan will have a very promising supply of baseball material to select from when the time comes to do so, and before the month of March is many days old, we will see a very likely looking bunch of athletes tearing 'em loose on the diamond.

The Baseball Schedule for 1919

Through the earnest efforts of Manager Jas. Egan, the following schedule has been arranged to date:

April 2—U. of P. at Philadelphia, (pending).
" 5—Ursinus at Collegeville, Pa.
" 9—Haverford at Haverford, Pa.
" 12—Open.
" 16—Princeton at Princeton, N. J.
" 23—Catholic U. at Washington, D. C.
" 26—U. of P. at Villanova, Pa. (pending).
" 30—Haverford at Villanova, Pa.
May 2—Fordham at N. Y. C. (pending).
" 3—Army at West Point, N. Y.
" 7—U. of P. at Philadelphia, Pa.
" 14—F. & M. at Lancaster, Pa. (pending).
" 15—Gettysburg at Gettysburg, Pa.
" 16—Mt. St. Mary's at Emmittsburg.
" 17—Navy at Annapolis. Md.
" 21—Catholic U. at Villanova, Pa. (pending).
" 24—Gettysburg at Villanova, Pa. (pending).
" 28—Lehigh at South Bethlehem, Pa.
" 30—Open.
" 31—Open.
June 7—Ursinus at Villanova, Pa.



The day-students all take the 8: 27,
And the reason is easily seen,
For the train seems indeed like some fairy-land heaven,
And every seat holds a queen.

The Merion, Wynnewood, and Overbrook beauties
All take the same train to Bryn Mawr,
And we straightway forget our collegiate duties,
The instant they step on the car.

Such visions of Beauty! they drive us to madness
And set our poor brains all awhirl.
For it seems that the train is the kingdom of gladness,
And that the world is all Girl.

Hazel eyes, raven eyes, azure eyes thrill us,
Smilingly, twinkling bright.
Such visions of beauty, joyous love, fill us.
We only can sigh with delight.

Oh the day-students heed not the whims of the weather,
In March, January or May.
If only they're sure that they all get together
27 past 8 every day.

H. J. W.

Malick—"Gee whiz, he gave me a nasty look."
McDermott—"G'wan! You always had it!"

Many of the profs seem to have adopted the motto of Marshal Joffre at the battle of the Marne—"They shall not pass!"

PROPOSED MINSTREL SHOW

Opening Chorus—Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning—Entire Company.

Smiles—John Punch.

I'm Glad I Can Make You Cry—Prof. Humphreys.

Dreams—The Sophomore Class.

Long, Long Trail—John Jones.

When Taloney Goes Over the Top—By himself.

Poet and Peasant—Wiggy and Si Jennings.

The Old Gray Mare—Hughie McGeehan.

Oh How I Wish I Could Sleep—Alf Kane.

Mr. Jazz Himself—Geo. McCann, or Larry Brahan.

I'm Old Enough for a Little Love—Doc McGrath.

I Want to be Good—Joe McDermott.

On the Shores of Italy—Tony the Barber.

K-K-K-Katy—"Toots" McCann.

On the Level You're a Little Devil—Howard Tyrrell.

Give a Little Credit to the Navy—Frank Murray.

Wait Till the Cows Come Home—Hick Donahue.

I'm Always Chasing Rainbows—Ambie Brennan.

Finale—The End of a Prefect's Day.

Betty

No mortal maid is dainty Bet,
A fairy naiad surely;
With wondrous hair of rarest jet,
A truly beauteous coronet.
And eyes of deepest violet
That twinkle so demurely.
No mortal maid is dainty Bet,
A fairy naiad surely.

H. J. W.

Statistics

Best looking—Bergen.
Thinks he is—Will Pickett.
Wittiest—McDermott.
Thinks he is—Garry.
Biggest appetite—Jones.
Thinks he has—We all think so.
Strongest—Tyrrell.
Thinks he is—Waugh.
Best ball player—McGeehan.
Thinks he is—Robinson.
Brightest—Murphy.
Thinks he is—Malick.
Best dressed—Carroll.
Thinks he is—McCann.

Pete Malick and Eisenmann are anxiously awaiting a reply to their communication to Secretary Baker requesting that they be allowed to retain their uniforms as remembrances of their participation in the late war.

In the same connection, we might venture to assert that we expect that in a short time baseball uniforms will supplant the khaki trousers and spirals. How about it, Captain Murray?

Joe McDermott can't figure out why the S. A. T. C. fellows didn't get dizzy wrapping their leggings.

Ja-Da

(It Doesn't Mean a Dog-gone Thing)

Oft times at night, my thoughts take flight
In solemn contemplation.
In my great task, I fain would ask
Your truthful approbation;
Is 1: 3: 6, the proper mix
In reinforced construction?
Is fertile land, when near at hand,
Exempt from self-induction?
When bridges meet, across the street
Are stresses shear or tension?
And just for fun, do students run
When I these subjects mention?
If cross my path, a metal lath
Is used for my protection,
Would Malted Milk, when rubbed with silk
Produce a fine complexion?
Is unit flux, the same as Lux
That's used for fancy washing?
Can thirteen sticks replace three bricks
Without the whole thing squashing?
Is D. C. used, or just abused
When we pass on to Pender?
Do rubber nets in wireless sets
Encompass every sender?
I'm breathing hard, as yard by yard
I write this crazy chatter.
I pause for breath, which rhymes with Death
Just why—it doesn't matter.
So now I'll close, and I suppose
You think my writings queer;
For terms confuse, but should amuse
The average Engineer.

John J. Maguire, '20.

Obvious Aversions

Waugh and Water.
Carroll and Energy.
Sophomores and Study.

Coming Attractions

Excuse Me—Pat McCarthy.
A Place in the Sun—Jim Murray.
Three Wise Fools—Jennings, Donahue and McDermott.
Little Brother—Billy Pickett.
Sleeping Partners—Ambie and Oozy.
Somebody's Sweetheart—Joe Waugh.
Friendly Enemies—Murray and McCann, Oozy and Waugh, Doc and Piggy.
Miss Simplicity—Chemical Hammond.
Ladies First—Fat Bride(s).
Lightnin'—Carroll.
The Canary—Jim Murray.
The Invisible Foe—The Procurator.
Nothing But "Lies"—Ambie.
Daddies—Bill Pickett.
Tea for Three—Joe McGarvey in a leading role.
A Tailor Made Man—Beef McCarthy.
Keep it to Yourself—Felix Maguire.
Rock-a-bye Baby—Bride.
The Old Homestead—Si and Hick.
Chin Chin—John Punch.
Business Before Pleasure—Nick Michell.
Sinbad and Redemption—Joe McDermott.
Back to Earth—The ex-lieutenants.
The Man on the Box—Snuffy the Cabman.
Eyes of Youth—"Teddy" Hammond.
Twin Beds—The Fahey Sisters.
A Prince There Was—Bride.
Roads of Destiny—Bride walking with a Kane to Merion Avenue.

Coming Distractions

The Wanderer—Pat McCarthy.

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THE VILLANOVAN

VOL. III. APRIL, 1919 NO. 4

"The Soldier"

Fearless and strong, with my young soul agleam
With noble thoughts to fight, to slay, to die,
Proudly willing to suffer awful death,
To live in hell, to hear my comrades' cry
Of anguished pain, to crucify my soul,
—I thought of these things when I said good-bye.

I did not wince, I only prayed for strength,
When I beheld grim, dread reality;
I saw my comrades snatched away to death,
I suffered pains I did not know could be,
I died ten thousand deaths, and still I lived,
And haggardly fought on to victory.

My blood, my brother's blood, my comrades' blood,
At length has quenched that all-consuming blaze;
I'm home again, though weakened now, and old;
The world is drifting back to olden ways,
And those for whom I shed my precious blood,
Can hardly find the time to give me praise.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.

The Mystery of Rexford Keep

By Patrick J. O'Brien

A SMALL group of young women evidently taking advantage of the beautiful October day which was rapidly drawing to a close were walking along the smooth hard sands of the beach of the little fishing village of Rexford on the southwestern coast of Ireland.

Two sailors from the U. S. Naval Air Patrol Station nearby, had been sitting on the beach, but at the approach of the young women drew themselves up to attention with mock solemnity and saluted.

"Where away, mates?" said the smaller of the two, a well-set-up youth with fiery, red hair and laughing, blue eyes. His name was James Coogan on the station roll, but to everybody he was "Jimmy."

The girls stopped and the exchange of banter that followed proved that they were more than mere acquaintances. For some few minutes they talked and then one of the girls suggested that they continue their walk. It was instantly agreed upon, and the party started on its way along the sands.

The wind, meantime, had freshened and almost before anyone was aware of the fact, it began to rain heavily. The sea which had been running smoothly, was whipped into a froth and heavy breakers roared upon the beach.

"Come!" said one of the girls. "Let us hurry to the lodge of Rexford Keep and wait until it stops raining."

Breaking into a run, they were soon under the protecting eaves of the little stone lodge standing just inside the gates of the castle. Before them rolled the storm-beaten sea, while off through the trees could be seen Rexford Keep. The Keep, a castle which for years had been untenanted, was an impressive mass of stone, standing on a high eminence overlooking the harbor like some grim sentinel. It was a fitting monument to feudal days and in days gone by many weird tales were told of it by the villagers. It was rapidly falling into ruin through lack of care and the cold, October rain falling on the dead leaves only served to heighten the air of desolation and decay.

"I don't believe it is really haunted," one at length said as if voicing the question which was in the minds of all. The speaker was Aileen Corey, the acknowledged leader of the little group and the daughter of the biggest fisherman in the village. She was almost tall, yet lacking some few inches of being considered so. Her bright blue eyes continually shone with merriment and her wavy hair was always forming absurd little ringlets that would not stay in place.

"Do you think so, Jimmy?" she continued turning to the American with the fiery hair.

"Not always," returned Jimmy, "I only believe in those I create for someone else's benefit. Tom here just eats up that creepy stuff for every spare minute you will find him analyzing a volume of Poe. Tell them all about spooks and Jonahs, Tom."

Thomas Barrett, the young man addressed as Tom, was evidently the direct opposite of his companion. Dark in coloring yet with the ruddy glow of a clean life in the open air in his cheeks, one instantly felt that he was worth knowing.

"Suppose, Aileen, you tell us the story of Rexford Keep. I have never even heard that this beautiful place was visited by such visitors. If the others won't mind hearing what must be known to all."

"I'll tell you," began Aileen, "the castle has been unoccupied for nearly twenty years and is supposed to be haunted by the ghost of its late mistress, Lady Norris. Lady Norris, a young girl of eighteen, married a German baron and went with him to live in Germany.

"A few years later they returned bringing with them their little daughter. One morning some servants reported her death in the village and there seemed to be some mystery shrouding the affair. All the servants were dismissed and left the village almost at once. The baron hired an

old fisherman to live here in the lodge and take care of the grounds about the castle. With his little daughter he returned to Germany and has not been heard of since.

"Sometime later this caretaker appeared in the village and swore that he had seen Lady Norris walking about the halls bearing a lighted taper which emitted a pale greenish light.

"His story was soon forgotten in the village but he, too, left Rexford never to return. Recently, however, some fishermen caught outside the harbor at low tide on a sandbar were forced to wait before they could make an entrance. As they sat in their little boat, smoking and talking, they claim to have seen a woman dressed in white and carrying a lighted candle, appear before one of the windows of the castle. They insisted that even though they were some distance away that she was only a spectre and not a real person in flesh and blood."

One girl in particular had been intensely interested during the recital of this narrative and sighed as if in relief when Aileen had finished. She had the appearance of a Frenchwoman and indeed she was. Aimée de La Rondé was her name and, according to her story, her parents had moved to Switzerland when she was a mere infant. She was employed as a school teacher in the city of Berne, but because of ill health had come to Rexford for peace and quiet.

"My real country, France, is filled with tales of the same sort. But pouf! They are not so."

Aileen was thoughtful for a moment and suddenly she burst out, "Come, let us all go and inspect the castle. I don't believe it, either, but we can imagine that we might see a real ghost."

Laughingly they made their way up the winding, weedy drive leading to the castle. It was almost dark and the dripping of the cold rain from the leafless branches caused them to lower their voices as they came in full view of the castle.

A wide terrace built of square grey stones extended along one side of the wing facing the ocean. An air of desolation seemed to hang over the one-time beautiful place and unconsciously they paused as if waiting for someone to suggest something.

"Huh!" said Jimmy, "we can mount guard over this place all night and we won't even see what is beyond the terrace. Let's go up and see what it looks like through the windows." And suiting the action to the word he uttered a whoop and dashed for the terrace.

The others followed and soon everyone was laughing and talking again. Aileen was the merriest of all and she at once began to wish that it were only possible to go inside and abolish the suspicion that was lurking in her mind.

A pair of French windows at the far end of the terrace attracted her attention and straightway she made for them. Peering in through their dim panes it was impossible to distinguish anything within but the slight pressure of her hand on the sash caused one of them to open. Before anyone could divine her intention she had stepped inside.

A shrill shriek pierced the air! The two Americans rushed across the terrace and entered the castle.

Almost immediately they came out bearing the inanimate form of Aileen between them. A few minutes sufficed to restore her to consciousness, but it was not the same laughing girl who had entered the castle.

Her mind was a hopeless blank!

The next day and for several days after the fateful visit to the Keep, Aileen's condition remained the same. Apparently her reason had been destroyed by something she had seen in the castle. She recognized no one and for hours she would stand outside of her father's house gazing dully at the hill where the castle stood.

At last Jimmy could stand it no longer. Presenting himself before the captain of the station, he obtained special leave of absence for Barrett and himself. Armed with service revolvers from the station armory, they set out for the castle one afternoon determined to find out the mystery that the castle contained.

As they neared the lodge by the tumble-down gates they slackened their pace and looked back over the peaceful scene below. It was the very picture of peace and contentment and save for the airplanes circling over the harbor, it was just as it must have looked for the past half century.

"Come on, Jimmy," finally said Tom, "We must go up and find out something about Mrs. Ghost."

On the terrace again they walked over to the

long windows and peered in. In the dim light of the closed room nothing much could be seen and without a word they both put their shoulders against the window sash. Both had expected to find it locked or barred and its sudden opening threw them precipitately into the room.

Within there was a faint odor of something which both felt that they recognized, but yet could not place.

"It's funny," whispered Jimmy, "I expected to find a musty old room with mouldy furniture and cracked walls. Why this place is fit for a king."

"That's so, Jimmy, but some ghosts are particular as to their surroundings. And then, too, ghosts don't use strong tobacco."

The words were no sooner uttered than a dull boom was heard in some far-off part of the castle. Both stood in silence for a moment and drawing their revolvers from under their blouses, they moved over to a door leading back into the castle. The sound was again repeated and this time it was followed by a shuffling sound.

Passing out into the great hall beyond they found themselves almost in utter darkness. In the poor light they could make out the wide stairway near the end of the hall and the shuffling appeared to be coming from there.

Moving quietly along the hall they reached the foot of the stairs. The sound had ceased for the moment and olancing up they could see, peering down over the balustrade at them, a face distorted with a fiendish grin and enveloped in a spectral light. Slowly it drew back and the shuffling commenced again. Another boom was heard and then a silence that was depressing.

It was time for action for here was the opportunity which would forever solve the mystery of the castle.

Quickly they dashed up the stairs and charged down the long corridor. Where they were going they knew not, save that an apparition had appeared, and at all costs they meant to solve the mystery. A girl's reason, perhaps, depended upon it, and to one of them at least that was sufficient reason for daring anything.

In the upper hall there was more light and it was possible to distinguish various objects such as chairs ranged along the walls and several doors. Where this thing had gone was a problem, but almost intuitively Jimmy spied a door standing ajar enough to permit a narrow beam of light to be seen.

"It went in that room," he told his companion, "and I am going in there, too."

Nodding assent, Barrett followed and as Jimmy hastily threw open the door and entered, he stopped for a moment as if hesitating to go on. That hesitancy, perhaps, saved both of their lives.

"Drop that gun and throw up your hands."

Barrett heard Leonard's gun drop to the floor. Stepping quickly into the room, he fired his revolver at the man standing behind the table in the center. The bullet took effect and the hand which had been holding the revolver pointed at Jimmy fell limply to his side. With a snarl of pain, he grasped the wounded hand and glared at the two young sailors.

He was tall and stout, with light-colored hair and a military moustache. When he spoke, a few seconds later, his speech revealed a slight trace of some foreign accent.

"Why do you come here to disturb me? I would shoot you down like dogs if I knew that you were armed before. I wish to be left alone, and knowing well the failing of the Irish race, I contrived this little scheme of reviving the ghost story connected with my—Lady Norris." He pointed with his uninjured hand to a white robe lying on the chair. It had been treated with some common phosphorescent paint and had a well shaped mask attached at the shoulders.

Jimmy, in the meantime, had regained possession of his gun and not even with so much as "by your leave," started in to inspect the room.

The room was a bed chamber, but used evievidently as a study, for upon the table were many volumes, piled carelessly, with letters and papers protruding from them all. The books held Jimmy's attention for a moment, when suddenly his eye fell upon a thin, green covered volume. Picking it up he knitted his brows and said, "Gee, I wish I had really studied German. Look at this, Tom. It looks rather fishy to me. Just for luck let's take this bird over to the station and see what they can make out of it. If he is alright—well, we will be the laughing stock of the station forever—but who cares for that."

After binding up the man's wound the queer

procession started back to the station. Jimmy and Tom each taking turns at holding the gun trained upon the prisoner and carrying the book.

At the station a few minutes' examination proved that the man was really a German agent. For the two sailors there were all sorts of congratulations and praise, but Jimmy could not listen to laughing remarks that were coming his way.

Drawing away from a group that was charging down upon him, he found himself on the way to Aileen's home. Perhaps the good news would stimulate some interest in her mind and she might be able to forget that night. The thought hurried his steps and he almost ran down the dusty road. There she was, just outside the house gazing at the castle.

In a word he tried to tell everything, but it was of no use, for she gave no sign of hearing. Slowly and dejectedly he turned away, when the voice of Aileen caused him to turn again.

"Look!" she cried and pointed her finger at the castle. Jimmy followed the hand with his eyes and saw in the castle windows a dull red glow. The castle was on fire.

Together they stood and watched the flaming windows and as the shadows of evening closed around them, the flames burst through the castle roof. Huge tongues of fire darted toward the heavens and the whole sky was illumined. One big sheet of flame larger than the rest seemed to reach almost to the zenith and the roof fell with a crash that resounded like heavy artillery.

With the crash a change had come over Aileen. The apathy was gone and as suddenly as the void in her mind had been made, it was filled and she was a gay laughing girl once more.

"How did it catch on fire and where have you been for so long?"

Briefly Jimmy had outlined what had happened between the two visits to the castle. Of the solving of the mystery he said little, save that the man was a spy.

He had hardly finished his narrative when Tom Barrett came hurriedly down the road from the station. He, too, evidently had some news for he was smiling as though the information were the most humorous thing in the world. He began to talk before he came up to them.

"Aimée de La Rondé has been arrested by the military authorities and is now with the man we found this afternoon. She was his daughter and the daughter of the former Lady Norris."

At this information Aileen was somewhat grieved, for the two girls had been very good friends.

"What did she have to do Tom?" asked Jimmy, "and why the broad smile?"

"I was smiling because I had thought of asking her to go back to America after the war, and I am congratulating myself on the great diplomatic relations I have escaped. She was a teacher in Berne evidently, but it is believed that certain codes were brought here by her, as several letters in her handwriting were found on her father's person. The military authorities believe that they have been operating in conjunction with some vessel off the coast, which in turn notified the undersea boats of the movements of the shipping. That's all," he continued, "and I must be going."

Neither of the others insisted that he remain and with a cheerful "good night," he departed.

Though it was not generally known a certain United States destroyer captured a small sloop a few nights later, and this nest of spies was added to the already long list.

In a New York paper the other morning notice of the arrival of the so-called "bride ship" was given. Among the names was the name of Mrs. James Coogan.

Etymologically Speaking

By A. B. Maxwell, '18

"Nothing is more laudable than an inquiry after truth."

DR. BLAIR has well said that "one of the most distinguished privileges which Providence has conferred upon men, is the power of communicating their thoughts to one another." Indeed, without this power we doubt whether reason would have shed such illuminating gleams of splendid achievement down the long years. For wherever civilization has made the greatest strides, there also has language, the expression of those ideas that have molded progress, reached the highest perfection. Through speech, then, we have come into intimate contact with the mind behind it all, the range and scope of the human intellect, finite and limited as it is, is indeed a vast and marvelous one. The mere contemplation of its possibilities fills one with wonder and amazement.

Yet we acquire the use of language much the same as the use of our legs—unconsciously: the process is a gradual one. But the years of discretion open up hidden treasures of knowledge and meanings incased in words that were never dreamed of, in our wildest fancies. Language, then, its history, its life and growth, its structure, its relation to the other sciences, ought to unfold a rich and fertile field of valuable knowledge and information, both from a theoretical and practical viewpoint. So it has been found. For many books, many theories have been advanced, many scholarly works produced. Yet it seems to us that while stress and importance have been laid upon etymological research, the real and true force of etymology has not been brought out in many instances as a fundamental key or solution to many of our linguistic problems.

The first use of language is to express thought. Every word then has a distinct meaning, a meaning of its own.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools."
—Shakespeare.

The thought cannot be separated from its expression, the word is a physical expression of a mental image, the Greeks signified in their *logos* both meanings. *Logos* is the thought itself or the word that expresses it. It has all the meanings of the Latin *ratio* in addition to the meaning *word*. We keep the same distinction in our Greek derivations. The *logos* means *thought* when merely the word is to be brought out; and *word*, when the thought behind the formation is to be emphasized. Thus, in *geology*, *biology*, *physiology*, etc., the meanings of *ratio*, science, knowledge, are to be brought out; but in a few words such as *philology*, *epilogue*, etc., *logos* is the word. A philologist is a lover of words. So we see that etymology is something more than a cold and heartless dissecting of dead words. It is a fundamental, thoughtful process by which we get behind the logic of language, behind the inner and primary meaning of words. It therefore ought to be a safe guide in determining and helping one to discriminate, to pronounce, and to spell words. Professor Whitney says that "the whole process of linguistic research begins in and depends upon etymology, the tracing out of the histories of individual words and elements. From words the investigation rises higher, to classes, to parts of speech, to whole languages. On accuracy in etymological processes, then, depends the success of the whole."

In the study of language two things must be taken into consideration: The logic of language itself; the custom or influence of history when the logic of language permits. Words are the reaction of thought, they are "fossil thoughts", and as such are stored up with the history of all the circumstances and relations that produced them; they are veritable store-houses of historic truth, of passion, and of imagination. Every word has its distinct meaning, though very often, of its very nature, an inadequate image of the full idea. But knowing the philosophy of language, the psychology of expression, we are able to read between the letters, as it were, and discover its

hidden treasures. This is the etymologist's sanctum.

Everyone is familiar with those quaint, expressive idioms of the child. No one needs a glossary to fathom the significance of its "choo-choo" or "bow-wow". Then we have any number of combinations such as headache, blackberry and hair-cut. Thus pineapple, which signifies such an apple, as judging from its cones, a pine might bear, if it tried to be an apple tree. Words are often images transferred from one state or sense to another. The Latins used *edify* in a physical sense; to build a house, after the name of the magistrate of public buildings, Edile. We have transferred it to the mental sense of building up one's mind or character. Observe how the Latin diphthong disappears in English under its second element: Aedes, edify; adcausa, accuse; inclaudo, include. Quite often we hear it said, that there are many words to which etymology gives us no clue. This is untrue and but another instance of a habit of "mental gymnastics" or jumping to conclusions. Etymology is always a guide. How different is the present usage of *prevent* from its derivation. Here we have a physical image used figuratively or mentally. "Prevent, O Lord, all our actions," is nothing other than petitioning our Lord *to go before* us, to guide our actions. One may also go before us, as it were, by argument and persuasion in order to prevent us falling into this or that error. We dare say, that even when we are physically held back by the back of the neck, we are prevented from moving. The same results are attained, as if we were obstructed. Our minds seem to take delight in the discovery of resemblances, no matter how far-fetched, hidden, evident, or otherwise. A muscle is a little mouse. Not only has a man a head, but also a pin, a tack, a bed, a cabbage, a boil, and even our leaven disputes are brought to a head. Our *leaven* (Fr. levain) from the Latin *levo*, French *lever*, means raise; the levant is the eastern part of the Mediterranean, where the sun *rises;* a *levee* is a morning call; a *lever* raises a weight. Since fruit is generally green when not fully ripe, *green* becomes a synonym for unripe; and so we might use that linguistic paradox, that blackberries are red when they are *green;* and again, we call a person "green" when unsophisticated and immature in the "ways of the world".

There are various other figures and relations according to which words are suggested. *Intoxicate*, to make one drunk, signifies to poison a person so as to cause him to lose control over himself. But the word in Greek does not mean poison; it is from *toxicon*, a bow. We ascribed the meaning poison to it, by metonomy, from the arrow that was tipped with poison. But a great many words are derived directly, without metaphor, from other languages. Everyone has noticed familiar sounds in the speech of foreigners. It is more readily seen before one's eyes. The Greek *ster*, the Latin *stella*, the Persian *esther* are obviously our own *star*. The Latin *palpitare*, the French *panter*, our *pant*. It all goes to show that men, despite differences of color and customs, are of one great brotherhood. It is quite natural, too, that vowel and consonant changes should take place in these transfers, just as we even find them in the various sections of our own country. They are not, as some would suppose, the fancy of some philologist, gotten up to incite our wonder and amazement.

"Those rules of old discovered, not devised,
Are nature still, but nature methodized."

Palpitare becomes *panter* on the same principle that *ballister* becomes *bannister*. The liquids n, l and r, l are frequently interchangeable, as are many of the other consonants: Sarah becomes Sallie; Harry, Hal; Patrick, Paddy; William, Bill; burse, purse; James, Jim, etc.

But in the use of many words custom steps in and apparently perverts the logic of language. Often this influence is justified by the logic of custom, for custom has its reasons and laws. But when it has a no more solid foundation than ignorance, the logic of the word itself ought to prevail. The use of *position* for *posture* is becoming quite common. The correct use of either throws a world of meaning into the thought, solved according to the category of relation; Position is the relation of one person to another: posture, the relation of one part of a person to another part of that person, thus the man "behind the bat" keeps the same *position* on the "team," but he hardly keeps the same *posture* throughout a game. *Kid* is a good, old

word that has degenerated in its present usage, *kidnap*. Etymologically, *inter* means to place in the earth. But ceremoniously, to place a body in a tomb, in the church, custom has still retained *interred*. *Chandelier*, a collection of candles, has still retained its name, though a gas, or electric-light fixture. An asterisk is a little star: *A* is a prothetic letter and does not add to the sense like a prefix. It helps to begin, to pronounce the word. But *obelisk* (obelos; needle, spit), a little needle is one of the largest things in the world. It received its name from a comic metaphor. Cleopatra had a monument, an *obelisk* built, which was known as "Cleopatra's needle".

It might be well here, to show the philological change that words are apt to undergo. Philologists are wont to give us the example of the word *bishop*. It shows the Anglo-Saxon influence upon an old Greek word, *episcopus*, the early name for their missionaries. The *e* has dropped; *p* changed to *b* (purse, burse); the hard Greek *sc* has softened to *sh*, or, the Latin *c*, Greek *k*, becomes *h* in English: *Cornu*, horn; *cursus*, horse. The case ending *os* is dropped off. Likewise, it seems impossible that *pilgrim* could be the Latin *peregrinus*. Yet so it is. The *e* became *i; r, l;* the middle *e* syncopated, and *n* changed to *m*. *Us* is a case ending and need not be taken into account.

It is popularly supposed that our language is mainly derived from foreign elements; that its stock of native expressions is very few; and consequently we are obliged to borrow words to express new ideas. This is not as true as we are made to believe. It is true that nearly half the words in our dictionaries are Latin; nine-tenths of our scientific terms, Greek, most of which have come in during the last two hundred years, with the great advance in medicine, science, and inventions. But the root and mainstock of modern English is Anglo-Saxon. The syllables *er, est; more* and *most*, by which we form the comparative and superlative of adverbs; adverbs of one syllable: *how, now, then*, etc.; irregular verbs and auxiliaries: *be, have, shall*, and *will;* all pronouns; the majority of prepositions and conjunctions; the names of things around us: *sun, moon, land, water;* words of passion: *love, hate, joy, hope;* relationships: *man, wife, son, daughter;* and all those words of ordinary and familiar intercourse, that are naturally of the earliest origin, all come from the mother-stream —Anglo-Saxon. History, as in literature, has played an important rôle in the evolution of language. One might even, reversely, divide the various epochs according to this principle of division. The Celts are supposed to have been the primitive inhabitants of Britain. But that does not make them our ancestors any more than the American Indian. They have left a few traces of their speech, however, in our language: such as, *bard, glen*, and *cradle*. In the 4th Century B. C. the Romans conquered Britain. Caesar gives us the earliest history of the country. They remained four centuries, but left no distinct influence upon the language, other than a few proper names: *castra*, a camp or market place, is found in Chester, Manchester and Lancaster; *street*, from *strata via*, a paved way. In all, this element is perh ps found in less than one hundred words. During the 5th Century A. D., the land was invaded and conquered by the Anglo-Saxons, a powerful Germanic tribe. With the exception of those that fled into the mountains of Wales and Cornwall, their language was imposed upon the whole land. This is the basic element and root of our tongue, English. It belongs to the Low German branch of the Teutonic, and embraces the Holland Dutch, Low German, and Anglo-Saxon or English. Upon the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to christianity, the Latin and Greek elements were introduced. Again at the Norman invasion in the 11th Century another element, French, was engrafted into the language. These go to make up English as we know it today. While probably five-sevenths of it is of classical origin, these are mainly words of learned use, which are not required in one's vocabulary, in order to "speak English". In fact most English-speaking peoples never learn them. Then we have a miscellaneous element of words that have crept into our tongue through commercial intercourse with the world, and especially through the literature of other countries: Hebrew—*seraph, sabboth, satan, amen;* Arabic—*mosque, algebra, alcohol, assassin;* Persian—*caravan, bazaar, turban, shawl, scarlet, lilac, orange;* Hindu—*calico, chintz, jungle, bungalow, shampoo;* Chinese—*tea, jass;* American Indian—*canoe, moccosin, potato.*

Likewise we have remnants of pre-christian times and heathen days, especially in our names for the days of the week—*Thor, Woden, Tuis, Frega;* the names of the months; words of astrological origin—*disaster;* and names of dispositions supposed to have been produced by the influence of the planets—*jovial, saturnine* and *mercuric.*

The English language, however, is not peculiar in this promiscuous borrowing of words from other languages to enrich its vocabulary. We discover, upon good authority, and it seems highly probable and natural, that this is the case with every race that has had any marked relations with other peoples. The Persians, more than one thousand years ago, were compelled to receive a new religion at the hands of their Arabic invaders. Modern Persian consequently is full of Arabic words. So too, when the Turks, a wild and uncultivated people, burst into Persia, they assimilated a strong element of Persian and Arabic. The Japanese, when they assumed Chinese civilization, absorbed practically the Chinese vocabulary bodily into their language.

English has seemed to many, especially foreigners learning our language, most puzzling and illogical in its formation of plurals, spelling and pronunciation. Indeed the question has been raised time and again. But like many questions and problems that are wont to be flouted abroad, and rarely solved, other than passed over as simply illogical, there is, in this instance a fundamental and true solution—etymologically speaking. If the plural is *houses*, why is it not "*mouses*", "*mans*", or "*oxs*"? The solution rests upon their Anglo-Saxon derivation. The divergencies and seemingly unreasonable irregularity is due to the difference of gender and declension and different stem endings, when from the same declension, just as we have various stem endings in the Latin 3rd declension. The philologist could, likewise, explain the various vowel changes; the various variations, due to French and other influences, in the spelling of *deceive, believe, weird, leisure,* and *seize.* So many of these apparent exceptions are really not exceptions at all, but constitute a distinct rule in themselves.

But of what practical knowledge is etymology in guiding one in spelling and pronunciation? With the etymology of a word always before our mind's eye as a guide—*disapprove, separate, immortal, division, occasion, mutation, extension, illicit* and *elicit,* words in *ant, ent, able* and *ible*—are never spelled incorrectly: *sion* or *tion,* is used according as the perfect participle is in *sus* or *tus; ant* and *able* are always first conjugation. The pronunciation of borrowed words like *comfortable, explicable, formidable, estimable* and *hospitable* often incites some misgiving. The accent is thrown back on account of the obscure *a.* But in *conversation, apparatus, indentation* and *administration* the *a* is long, and consequently the accent is thrown forward. Thus we say comfortable conversation. Dec*o*rous and dec*o*rum are from decor, decoris (decet, it is fitting or becoming); decorative, from decus, decoris, an ornament. The *o* in the former derivative is long, and in the latter, short. The *i* of *isolate* is pronounced short, because it is from the Italian *isola* or Latin *insula,* an island, and not from the long *isos,* equal, in the Greek, as in *isosceles* and *isochronous.* The *ch* in *archangel* and *architect* is hard, because they are pure Greek derivatives, and not hybrid formations, such as, *archbishop, archenemy* and *archfiend.* The *ch* of *cherub* was originally hard, because from the Hebrew, but has become soft through popular use. *Ate* is short or long according as it is suffixed to an adjective or verb: to the former it is short and means "possessing"; to the latter, long and means "to make".

Moreover, to use words with accuracy and precision, we must know their derivation. *Idea,* from *idein* (to see a thing mentally in Greek) is a mental image; *notion,* nosco (to know), is what we know about that image. *Thief,* the general word in Anglo-Saxon to take or steal, has now been specialized to steal secretly; but a *robber* is one who boldly takes your *robes* from you; a *burglar,* from the German *burg* or *castle,* one who breaks into your home, which, be it ever so humble, is every man's castle. In most dictionaries we shall find that *paranym* and *homonym* have practically no distinction. Paranyms are words having the same etymological root (para, side by side and onoma, a name): *use, abuse, usual.* Homonyms (homos, same) seem to be the same words to one's ears: reed, read; real, reel; ale and ail. *Elicit* is *ex,* out

of and *lacio*, call; *illicit*, *in* not and *licet*, it is permitted.

The real beauty and fascination of notation or applied etymology, is in its application to life, reading and literature. It throws one into the very life and heart of a theme; gets behind the idea and makes it fairly dazzle with meaning and precision.

"Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
Where Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

Mr. Chesterton's essays abound in notation with precision. The inner logic and meaning of his words must be known before one can really appreciate what he says, or get the full force and significance of how he says it. To this lack of proper appreciation, no doubt, is due that idle and hypercritical charge of sophistry and mere paradox. In the introduction to his "Victorian Age", where he discusses the logical method of criticism and need of some principle of division to guide one in criticizing a period of literature, we read: "It is useless for the aesthete (or any other anarchist) to urge the isolated individuality of the artist, apart from his attitude to his age. His attitude to his age is his individuality: men are never individual when alone." *Individual*, etymologically one that cannot be divided, is a word of relation, according to the diachotomic principle of division, which is a twofold division into positive and negative, at once exhaustive and exclusive: here—divided and not-divided. Division is the separation of a genus into species, the genus mankind cannot be divided any lower than its unit, any further than the parts which comprise its whole—than a man. Any further analysis separates it into physical partition—a man's head, body and limbs. So "men are never individual when alone." The merit of notation is that it serves a double office: it says twice as much as is actually written.

There is a tendency in this highly abbreviating age of ours, in our reformed, phonetic spelling movement, in our "get rich quick" and "cross-corner" spirit, to get away from sound, rock-bottom, fundamental principles of right living and thinking. Most of these new-fangled vagaries don't even begin to have the logic and merit of utility that our abbreviated "run slow" signs on street corners can claim to have, namely that of catching the eye quickly.

"In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old;
Be not the first, by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

It seems to us, that all this superficiality bodes ill for the development of linguistic science and research and true art; it spells the same dearth as to a future need, that reformed ideas and false notions of simplicity have effected during the past century upon modern poetry and story-writing.

Prohibition?

By Paul Judson, '20

THE little town of Deerlodge nestled cozily in a sheltered valley at the base of the Ruby Mountains and only the tops of the houses were visible from the railroad that wound in and out among the foothills scarcely a mile away. There were but a few hundred dwellings, scattered about the glen, which for the most part were built of the greyish colored stone that abounded in the neighborhood. Almost in the center stood the school house, whose high bell tower of unpainted shingles was very conspicuous by contrast with the surrounding buildings. Every Sunday this school served as the church, and whenever the occasion arose it answered all the purposes of a town hall.

Just in the opposite direction from the railroad, and at about the same distance, was the entrance to the Beaver Head mine shaft—for Deerlodge was in the heart of the coppper fields of Montana. In this mine were centered all the industrial activities of the town and nearly every Deerlodger was a miner.

Chief among the citizens of this town was old Bartholomew Adams, who was emphatically *not* a miner, but combined in his person all the various offices connected with the educational, municipal and religious management of the place. In a word, Old Bart, as he was called, presided over the "school house" and everything that happened there. Somehow or other, Old Bart wasn't very popular among the boys who thought he was "a little too preachy," but all the women folks adored him and never tired listening to his sermons. Nobody ever thought of getting anyone else to take Old Bart's place because he had been educated, and good educations were like hen's teeth in the copper fields.

There was but one other character in Deerlodge who wasn't a miner and that was Clement Hains, who owned and managed in person the general store. This, like the school house, had many functions. In fact, there wasn't a single commodity used by the people of Deerlodge that Clem Haines didn't sell.

As a general rule, politics played a very minor part among the Ruby Mountains and especially so at Deerlodge. Whenever a reformer or preacher or book agent appeared among the miners they always referred him to Old Bart, and he generally settled things for the best interests of the boys. At the time of this writing, however, a very serious difficulty had arisen which could not very well have been referred to Old Bart for settlement for the simple reason that Old Bart himself was behind the difficulty—that is, he and the women folks.

In order to appreciate the true nature of this difficulty, it is necessary to know that besides the ordinary offices for which most general stores served, Clem Hains's store had one additional feature that appealed more in particular to the male part of the population. Just behind the section used as a postoffice, was a frame partition, cutting off the lower end of the store. This part was called the "sample room," and here could be obtained any one of a limited but sufficient supply of "samples", containing various percentages of alcohol, and always on tap.

Clem made lots of money in the sample room, but Old Bart didn't like it a bit. It seemed that all his work in building up the spiritual side of these, his people, was in vain so long as they could get liquor. It never occurred to him to try to do away with /t altogether until one day, in reading one of the periodicals, published by the Baptist Truth Commission, to which, in his capacity as preacher, he had long been a subscriber, he saw several very convincing articles on prohibition. Now Old Bart had never fully understood just what this prohibition was until he saw these articles. He realized immediately that this was just the thing for the Deerlodgers. He would explain it to them next Sunday after the sermon and would put it up to them sometime during the following week to be voted on for rejection or acceptance. He knew that the women would vote—as they did the previous year on the school question, when it was finally

decided that they would participate in all future votings on questions of town-wide interest. Further, Old Bart knew that the women outnumbered the men and also that every one would vote to eliminate old Johnnie Barleycorn.

Accordingly on the following Sunday, after a most touching sermon on the evils of intemperance, Old Bart carried out his preconceived plan, and when Deerlodge went home for dinner, every man and woman knew what prohibition was, and that on the following Saturday morning between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, at which time the men had to start for the mine shaft, they would all go to the school house to decide the fate of the sample room, as well as all other possible sample rooms. This, then, was the difficulty facing the miners. They knew that they were outnumbered by the women and there seemed but little hope.

Every night during the week, the question was hotly discussed in the sample room, which had naturally become the headquarters of the wets. Every possible way out of the difficulty was proposed, but each one was inadequate to meet the situation. Clem Hains was at his wit's end. The success of prohibition would mean a great financial loss to him, not to mention the loss he would sustain in common with the miners by the abolition of drink.

In the meantime, the opposition wasn't idle. In spite of their confidence of success, they met at the school house every day and were addressed by Old Bart, who even surprised himself by the vehemence with which he denounced liquor and showed it to be the infallible source of all evils, present as well as future. By Wednesday the women folks were thoroughly worked up and only reproached themselves for not having prohibition long before.

Friday was a holiday from the mine and all day long the wets were in session at Hains's store trying to devise some plan to defeat the opposition on the morrow. Some suggested letting the voting proceed and after it was over, to open an illegal "sample room" in the woods behind the mine shaft. But everybody knew that Old Bart had an eye like an eagle and that he wouldn't be long in finding it out. Some others even dared to suggest getting rid of Old Bart himself—but then, even if this was done, the women folks still remained and *they* could put up a good scrap, even without Old Bart.

All during this, the last day, Clem Hains was not to be found. Nobody knew where he was and his absence had contributed not a little to the gloom that had come over all, as the hopelessness of their cause grew more and more evident. At nine o'clock that night, when the meeting was about to break up, Clem burst into the room waving about his head a batch of hand bills that he carried in his hands and shouting: "These'll do the trick, boys, there'll be no prohibition in Deerlodge tomorrow or any time, in spite of Old Bart and his suffragettes." By this time he had thrust one of the bills into the hand of each of the staring and dumb-founded men. "All you've got to do," he continued, "is to go home tonight and tell your wife that the wet have been forced to admit the hopelessness of their cause and that there's no use of their going to vote in the morning with such odds against them. Then, after a while, tell her that Clem Harris has decided to have a sale tomorrow morning during the time of the election, when it will be convenient for her to come over after she has voted. All you've got to do then is to hand your wife this bill and it'll do the rest." Then Clem turned up the lamp that stood on the corner and opening one of the hand bills said again, "Listen to this boys and see if it don't sound tempting for the lady folks' ears," then reading he continued: "Because of the fact that the 'Sample Room' of my store will be closed by the voting on Saturday morning, I feel that I will be unable to continue with sufficient profit to myself as proprietor of the general store. I have decided, therefore, to hold a sale on the morning of the elections between eight and nine in the morning. All drygoods and notions will be sold at cost. Come as early as possible, as there is but a limited supply of many articles—signed, Clem Hains." When he had finished reading, Clem looked around to see what impression his plan had had. Most of the boys looked bewildered, as though the full import of what he had said in such a hurry hadn't been quite understood. "That's a good plan," said one miner, "to get the women folks to think we've given up hope, but will they come to this sale instead going to the school; that's the question."

"Whew!" said Clem, "It's a safe bet that you never kept a store. Why man, did you ever see a woman in your life that wouldn't give up house and home to save a few pennies in a bargain sale? They' l come alright, and after they leave home, you boys just start for the school house and cast your little votes against prohibition, and I'll keep the women at the store fighting about bargains till after nine o'clock, when the voting closes and when you get back from the mine tonight, we'll have a little celebration in the sample room."

Old Clem sure did brighten up everybody's spirits by his plan. They were all confident that it would succeed and after much time spent in congratulating Clem, they all drank to the success of the scheme and went home with much greater hopes than they had in the morning. All carried out their parts of the program just as Clem had told them and the women sure did "bite". At eight o'clock on the next morning, the general store presented a scene that Deerlodge never presented before. The women folks could be seen in all directions, with baskets and pocketbooks, and all filled with the real, genuine bargain lust that had been awakened by Clem's hand bills. Not one thought there would be any voting that morning. They all thought that the wets had given in without even a fight. A half a mile away, at the school house, Old Bart sat by the ballot box waiting anxiously for his temperance lambs. One after another the men filed up and cast their votes. A few women who hadn't heard of the sale were there as strong as could be for prohibition. By nine o'clock all the miners had voted and there were but *five* of the women had appeared. Old Bart was wellnigh delirious. He closed up the school and went home, vowing never more to put any faith in women. He never dreampt the real cause of his failure. His humiliation was unbearable, so he packed up his things and after sending a written resignation to Clem Hains, as the next in importance, he left Deerlodge forever. That night the sample room was filled to its capacity. Clem became the center of such a volume of congratulations and thanks that he very nearly missed his after-supper drink. In two weeks' time he had succeeded Old Bart and Deerlodge never feared any more prohibition scares as long as he steered the old ship.

"The May-Queen"

Lilacs waft their perfume on the heavy-scented air,
Smiling sunbeams, warm and gay, are dancing everywhere;
Drowsily the daisies nod their gold-and-silver heads,
And tiny, dew-blest violets peep from out their grassy beds,
Among the flowery, verdant fields; a balmy fragrant breeze
Caresses all the violets, and whispers in the trees
A happy hymn of nature's joy to welcome in the spring.
A hymn that all the robins and their kinsfolk love to sing,
A joyous, warbling song of love they trill the livelong day,
"All hail to our blest Lady, to Mary, Queen of May!"

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.

The Queen's Abdication

By Harold J. Wiegand, '21

I

VIVIAN was a perfect blonde. By this, I mean, of course, that she had the most gloriously golden hair in the world—a splendid aureole of shimmering gold, and her face was artistically oval, and her eyes were deepest blue—soft, lustrous pools of twinkling brightness, and her smile was wonderfully satisfying, and she had an entrancing dimple—which was the immediate cause of many a masculine heart to leap madly from beneath the upper vest pocket to the region of the epiglottis, and the rest of her was correspondingly attractive. She would have made a wonderful queen. But alas! Vivian was not of the royalty—in fact, she wasn't even a motion-picture actress. Vivian was a salesgirl in a metropolitan department store.

Was such an ethereal beauty out of place in a menial position such as this? If she was, no complaints were ever made to the management about her. The store was proud of Vivian. From the head floor-manager, down to the youngest cash-girl, they all acknowledged Vivian as queen. But the queen was not conceited about the homage given her. She possessed a great deal of that common sense that distinguishes the department store salesgirl. Modest and unassuming, with a merry laugh and a sweet-spoken word to all her fellow employees, she went about her duties oblivious to the extraordinary wealth of beauty that had been conferred on a poor shop girl. But her gloriously crowned head and winsome dimple refreshed the weary eye of many a male shopper pushing his way through the crowds. And he would stop, and stare, and admire open-mouthed, while Vivian would turn away haughtily from the counter and almost wish she was an angular brunette with a hooked nose.

August has come, and while moist, stifled shoppers jostle through the warm store, Vivian plans her final preparation for her two-weeks' vacation,—two short weeks of paradise snatched from a year of unending toil,—two weeks in the country. In pleasant anticipation of the pleasures before her, she has almost forgotten the sacrifices she has made to win this short period of laborless happiness—meals uneaten and necessary relaxation neglected—pennies literally scraped together by little hardships.

II

'Tis evening in late August—one of those pleasant twilights when a cool breeze whispers among the flowers and wafts the fragrance of the honeysuckle through the air, and the locusts drone heavily in the grass, and all nature seems to turn to thoughts of love.

Ensconced in pillowed chairs on the wide veranda of a charming little country hotel, a youth and a maiden sit in meditative silence, apparently rapt in admiration at the scene before their eyes. Spread before them, a grassy terrace leads to a small lake, gently rippling and sparkling through the dusk with a fairy sheen. Beyond, through the leafy trees, the moon is rising in flaming majesty. In truth a wonderful scene! But strange to say, neither Vivian nor the youth beside her is thinking of the scenery at all. He is thinking of her who is so close to him, and who can blame him for neglecting nature? Vivian is thinking of the happenings of the past few days—the happy days of her vacation, soon to be but a pleasant memory, for tomorrow she will be back at The Store.

It was two weeks before that Vivian had quit the city and had taken a superb suite in this select hostelry. Pale from overwork, the country air had an immediate beneficial effect on the little shop-girl. Early in the morning she would rise from a refreshing sleep and, after a hearty breakfast, go hiking over the green-clad hills, frolicking through the fields, merry as a sunbeam, more lovely than the very flowers that she gathered as she went.

It was on one of these excursions in the early part of the first week that Vivian lost herself. Engrossed in the wonderful wild flowers, she had wandered, careless as to direction, and as a result mid-day found her sitting by the side of a dusty

road, rather worried and more than a little tired. She had just about begun to cry a little, when a low racing-car came dashing up the road and stopped at her feet with a creaking of brakes and a cloud of dust, while the young driver removed his goggles and rubbed his eyes carefully, before looking again at the unexpected vision of an entrancing fairy, weeping by the road-side. Certain at last that his eyes did not deceive him, he quickly got out from behind the wheel and presenting himself as Vernon Bradstreet of Oak Manor, he offered his assistance to wet-eyed Vivian, who, after a satisfactory survey of Mr. Bradstreet, allowed him to convey her back to the hotel. She gave him her name, and New York City as her address, with an implied reference to a certain very exclusive residential section of the metropolis.

Before the end of the week Vivian and Vernon were very well acquainted indeed. At the Country Club she met Mrs. Bradstreet, Vernon's mother, who took a great liking to the beauteous Vivian. The next week was a continuous round of delights for Vivian. Tennis, golf, canoeing and long hikes filled the days with undiminished pleasure She was at Oak Manor several times—a splendid estate, and a fit residence for the wealthy Bradstreets, and Mrs. Bradstreet obtained a promise from her to visit them for several weeks in October, the most beautiful month in the country. Vivian promised, but knew that in October she would be back at The Store, toiling and striving day after day.

Vernon was very deeply in love with Vivian and he did not attempt to disguise it. And Vivian, although she told herself time and again how foolish she was, knew that she, too, had succumbed to the blind god's darts. And tomorrow she would go back! Back to the store! And Vivian sighed. "Tomorrow, I go back," she said softly and Vernon awoke from his meditation and looked into her eyes, where two big tears were slowly welling up.

"But you're coming up again in a month, you know," he said.

But she only shook her head.

Up and down the aisles in a big department store, a never-ending stream of shoppers push and throng, stopping here and there to examine some article on display, and rushing off again. Behind one of the counters, an attractive, but tired looking salesgirl stands, waiting on chance customers, and staring with unseeing eyes at the human stream passing before her. Vivian has been back at The Store a whole month now, and her brief sojourn in the country seems but a dim and happy memory.

This is the first of October. Sadly, Vivian realizes this fact. She had promised Mrs. Bradstreet to visit Oak Manor again on the first day of October. She sighed deeply. How foolish she had been in August, spending her vacation in an expensive and exclusive summer colony, pretending to be one of those persons to whom the word "money" does not convey the idea of work to obtain it, but pleasure in spending it. And how absurd it had been to fall in love with a man of wealth and social position so far above hers that it made her gasp to think of it. But she had, nevertheless, and her heart was reaping the pain now. Had Vernon really been in love with her? Or had it been with him but a brief and pleasant summer flirtation? Her heart told her that it was not so. Perhaps he still dreamed of her; perhaps he had vainly tried to find her among the gilded mansions on Fifth Avenue or the Drive—for she had given him no definite address, beyond saying that she travelled over the country quite a bit and intended to visit one of the Jersey Coast resorts in September. How foolish it all was! And a big choking sob escaped her lips and a big tear rolled down her cheeks, as her wandering gaze centered at last on the shoppers before her counter and she looked straight into the glad, shining eyes of Vernon Bradstreet, standing before the counter, looking at her like some humble devotee would look upon his divinity!

Vivian gasped and drew back, horror mingled with overwhelming delight—horror that he should know her circumstances and position—delight that he was here. And now the tears came fast while Vernon leaned across the counter, heedless of curious stares, and whispered words of comfort and endearment into Vivian's lovely ear.

"You promised to come up to Oak Manor today, Vivian, and I've come to take you with me."

And Vivian smiling through her tears, asked only one question—"But how did you find me, Vernon?"

"I knew you were here, dear," he said, "I saw you here last June. Now come away, away from this awful store, back to the hills and the grass and the flowers—with me."

And Vivian came, and The Store lost a queen and Oak Manor gained one.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.

Twilight Reverie

Oft upon a springtime Even,
Twilight shadows circling round,
Soothingly a mystic feeling,
Grips and holds the heart spellbound.

Not mere pleasure this strange feeling,
Brings into the human soul.
Flowers' perfume, fields' sweet fragrance
Lure man onward toward a goal.

Life with all its cares and troubles,
Seems no longer quite so stern;
Restless hearts for some new treasure,
Then begin to pant and yearn.

Treasure nobler, purer, truer,
Not the treasure of earth's sod,
"Dreamer, would you learn life's secret?
Man can only rest in God."

H. A. CAFFREY, '19.

THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. III | APRIL, 1919 | NO 4

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Health Insurance

WE MUST admit that the proper proportion does not exist in the present organization of industry. Statistics prove that the ordinary working man does not receive sufficient remuneration for his labors to allow him to cope successfully in a financial way with the various perplexities and problems of life. Many remedies have been proposed and some few projects have really ameliorated conditions. Such, for example, were the compensation laws enacted in many of our states. But as is evident from experience the results of these enactments are neither universal nor are they by any means adequate. We see that they were especially lacking in this, that they did not guarantee the employee anything beyond a "claim" to compensation under "certain conditions".

Again amelioration, alone, of the working man's condition is not all that is desired. Man is entitled to the best that is within his power to grasp when it comes to a question of health, living conditions and happiness. What is desired is the ideal and that must always guide our endeavors along lines of social improvement.

The solution of the difficulty finally rests in the eternally reiterated consideration of the "living wage". God speed the day when all men in their individual stations, will by frugal living be able to cope successfully with the various necessities of life. Unfortunately that day is not immediately present. The day is close at hand, however, when a readjustment of industrial conditions must take place. And one of the measures to effect this readjustment, or rather

Published at Villanova, Pa., in the months of October, December, February, April and June.
All communications to be addressed to THE VILLANOVAN, Villanova, Pa.

one which will tide workingmen over the difficulties which must be faced until that readjustment takes place, is "health insurance".

Health insurance in general would guarantee the employee a sufficient pecuniary indemnity to tide him over certain contingencies, as of sickness or accident incurred in the performance of duty, upon the payment of a nominal sum. The exact details of such a plan of insurance have not as yet been worked out, but feasible methods have been proposed. For instance, the fund from which the workingman could draw in case of emergency would be contributed to by the employer and the employee. To this sum, the state would add an amount sufficient merely to take care of all the work of administration entailed in the execution of such a plan.

There is a movement on foot at present to make this social health insurance compulsory; to oblige all employers to insure their help and to make contributions to the general insurance fund obligatory upon all employees. The advantages accruing from this plan, to the individual, to the employer and to society in general, are innumerable.

The benefits of compulsory health insurance to the individual are obvious. Sickness will be lessened because the insured workingman can secure medical attention at a merely nominal sum. And, where sickness is attributed to industry, the care of a workingman's family is provided. Greater co-operation is bound to exist under this plan between capital and labor. And if this can be effected social efficiency will be noticeably increased. Such, as a matter of fact, is the case under present compensation laws. Employers are more actively interested in safety devices, in adequate ventilation systems, rest periods, etc.

The benefits which the individual receives as a result of health insurance ultimately redound to the good of society in general. If many of the causes of poverty are eliminated, if sanitary conditions are improved, if contagious diseases are restricted, how much better will the welfare of society in general become? And we are not overoptimistic in supposing that such good results will be effected. In every locality, where plans which have as their basis the fundamental principles of compulsory health insurance have been tried, thrift was stimulated and health conditions in general were better than ever before.

The opponents of this plan are wont to reiterate the argument of making use of known methods of improvement rather than employing those which have as yet been untried, or at least not thoroughly known. That is true only of old methods that produced the desired results. But if they have not been effectively employed then the only alternative is to resort to methods which seem plausible.

While innumerable benefits of health insurance redound to the employees, still we hear from that class many objections to this legislation. One seemingly serious objection is that it would lead ultimately to "class distinction". Compulsory health insurance would apply to all classes engaged in industrial occupations. It is said that such a compulsory plan would contain a sting for the average American who abhors the idea of charity alone as a means of his support. In reality the recompense the insured man receives is not charity. It is something to which he has a right. Truly, health insurance is a relief and a relief given during a period of helplessness on the part of the individual. But whose pride is hurt when he knows what has been given him has been contributed partly by himself? The individual has contributed to the fund from which he draws. Identically the same thing happens in the case of public advantages. Every citizen in paying taxes contributes to the fund necessary for the upkeep of public buildings. But he does not feel hurt when the use of public advantages is afforded him.

The plan is, of course, without the fine polish which only trial and years of experience will give to it. But its principles are sound—what it exacts is just and it is so far reaching in its effects that every phase of modern industrial organization will not only be affected but also improved by its influence.

Word Pictures

FEW men, if any at all, are so strong of will as not to be profoundly affected by the words of their fellow-men. Even in boyhood, the cutting taunt of, "You're a coward!" hurts more than an open blow upon the body. The enviable reputation, too, of being held as a lad of grit is an honor ardently longed for by every boy who has good, red blood coursing through his young veins.

Human beings do not change much. Of course, as to their outward appearance, there is a constant evolution going on; but the inner man, the personality of the individual, is ever the same, responding to stimulations in practically the same old way. The boy, now grown into manhood, is no less affected by the words, coward and grit, than he was when he used to receive a "waling" from the parental slipper for coming in late for supper as a consequence of having lingered on the back lot to prove to the "gang" that he was not a coward.

An inquiry into the meaning of these two words, so magic in their effects upon individuals, will be profitable to all, young and old, laborer and professional man.

If we take the word coward and trace it back through the French, couard, and in old French, coue, we come at last to the Latin word, cauda, meaning the tail of an animal. Now that light does this discovery throw upon the object of our inquiry? It is this: We all have seen the way a dog acts when he sees a boot loaded with a human foot coming in his direction. With a sharp yelp, sharper still if, perchance, the loaded boot finds its intended terminus, the poor cur sticks his tail (if he happens to be blessed with one of those ornamental and useful appendages) between his hind legs and scampers off as if the devil himself were after him on horseback. This is precisely the course of action pursued by the coward. The boy that suddenly shows himself to be a coward, exposes himself to the grave danger of being shot, or, rather, kicked in his retreat; the cowardly man is he who attempts to stop his ears and turn his back upon those duties that he knows in his heart he is bound in conscience to perform.

By this simple illustration we may see that he who merits the odious appellation of "coward" proceeds or, rather, recedes in a backward direction. Not so, however, with the boy or man accredited with being possessed of grit.

Grit or "sand", as our American slang very appropriately terms it, owes its present use to a figure taken from the action of sand in the physical life around us. It is quite a common sight to see an electric car on a slippery day trying to climb a steep hill. The powerful motor whirs, the heavy iron wheels spin around, but—budges not an inch. The trolley is in its proper place, the tracks are clean, all the factors necessary for its progress are present, and yet—the car moves not.

Sand is now called for, a shovel full is scattered along the tracks, the motor is started once more, the wheels turn, and—this time the car moves. Slowly it advances at first as the wheels crunch and grind the particles of sand beneath them. Slowly, but steadily, surely, the formidable hill is being climbed; the sand, the grit, has conquered.

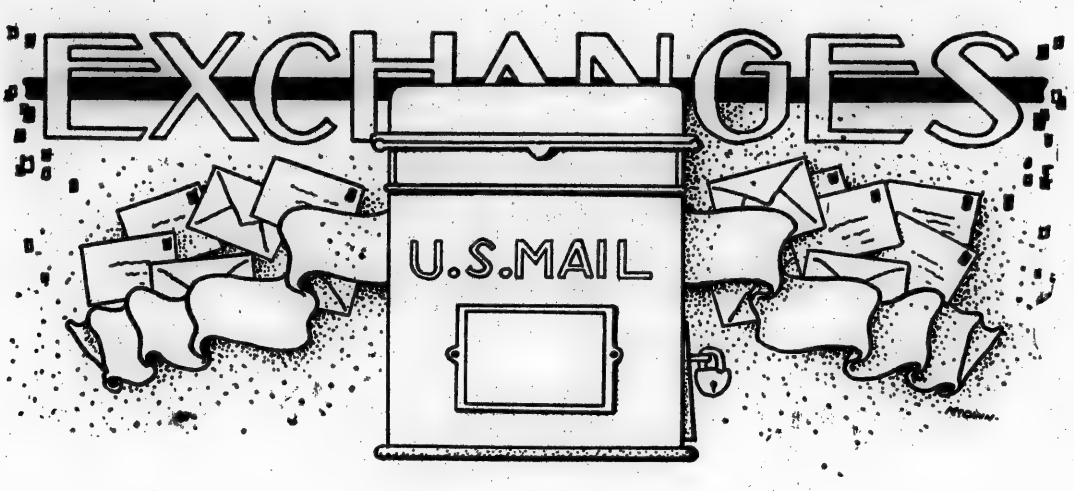
Life is filled with hills, steep hills, the overcoming of which seems at times to be beyond the powers of human endurance. Across the path of everyone, boy or man, at times there come particular hardships and crosses that call forth powers hitherto hidden away in the human breast.

The little lad, driven at last to the wall by the repeated insults and brutal "jokes" of the school bully, turns upon his tormentor. Like the stag at bay, though he knows that it will be a losing fight for him, he grits his little teeth and defies the "big brute" to lay a hand on him once more—yes, just once more. And, though his companions laugh at his foolhardiness, in their hearts they love him for this display of pluck and grit.

The plodding student in his modest room at college, the tired and careworn father bending

over his grimy work-bench or sitting before a desk laden with papers yet untouched, time and again feels that this never-ending round of daily duties is slowly sapping his life away. When such moods come upon him, he dares not look forward at the steep, rugged hill rising up before him. And then, coming to himself, his old self again, he smiles grimly at his own weakness and setting his teeth firmly and squaring his strong chin, his old grit, his fighting spirit returns, and with unfaltering and dogged steps he begins the steep ascent. It is an uphill fight, one that is unaccompanied by soul-stirring music or fluttering banners, but it is a fight for a man, for a man of grit.

Not all who shun the public eye are cowards, nor are all who rant and bluster and pose as leaders of men, examples of courage. The dog that barks loudest is always the first to run away. The kick may be a long time coming, the steep hill may seem to be miles away; but kicks and hills do not make the man—they simply show what he is.



THE Boston College *Stylus* always contains a number of features worthy of commendation. The story, "Peter", in the February issue is especially praiseworthy, excellent in its narrative interest and appealing style.

The attractive *Borromean* from St. Charles College is to be commended on the quality of its many stories. We believe the best article contained in the really excellent spring issue is the essay, "The Champion of a Champion Cause," a masterly appreciation of the renowned soldier and ardent Catholic, Marshal Foch.

The Mid-year Number of *The Vincentian* from St.Vincent's Academy, contains a brief, but very well written editorial on the subject of Prohibition. It will be very interesting to note what effect the invasion of personal liberty embodied in the eighteenth Amendment will have on the mass of the people, and although it is highly improbable that Prohibition will disturb the functions of the Church in any way, yet this doctrine is decidedly a step in the wrong direction whose bad effects may be much greater than its benefits.

The St. Patrick's Day Number of *The Laurel* from St. Bonaventures, fairly thrills with the spirit of Ireland. The poem, "Irish Love Song", is truly beautiful in its gentle sentiment, and the quality of its verse-structure is exceedingly good.

In the February *Minerval*, the Exchange Editor takes exception to several statements made by us in the article on "Tennyson and the English Poets" in the December VILLANOVAN. We admit that the essay was too brief to permit of a just appreciation of every aspect of nineteenth century poetry in England. We never attempted any such thing; our sole idea in "perpetrating" the article was to bring some attention to the best of the English poets of the stated period and to give our own personal appreciation, poor though it may be, of the different poems that appealed especially to us and to note wherein lay their appeal. The critic of our work seems to think that in our reading of Tennyson, we entirely missed the points in "In Memoriam", and "The Idylls of the King", which are most to be appreciated. We believe we drew attention to the spiritual side of "In Memoriam", without which the poem could never have laid claim to its brilliance. That we did not lay more stress upon the lofty and spiritual aspects of the poet's writings in this work and in the "Idylls", is entirely due to the small space at our disposal. The "Idylls of the King" is one of our favorites, we have read and re-read it time and again. The statement that we "missed the whole point" in our appreciation of it seems rather startling to us.

Some scathing remarks are made about our brief resumé of Lord Byron's poems. We should like to bring before our critic's mind the fact that

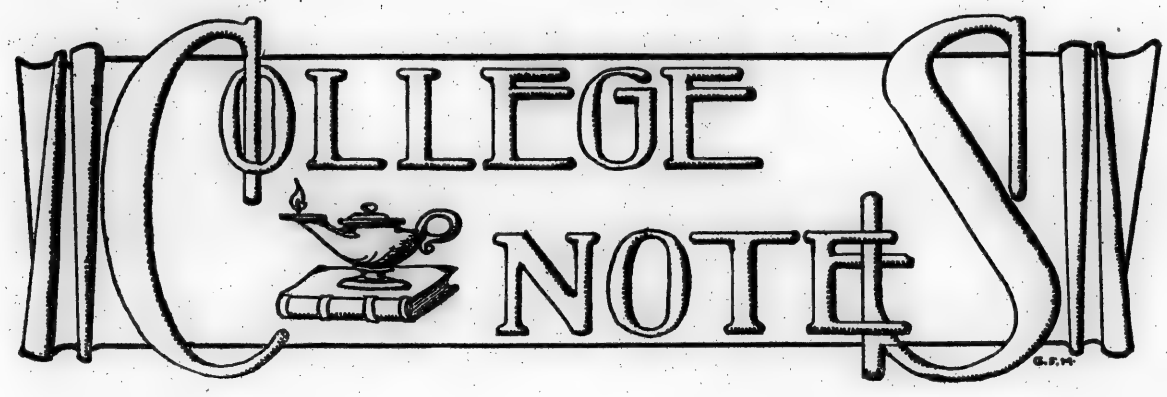
criticism is very often dependent on personal opinion, and this is brought out nowhere so clearly as in the criticism of poetry. When all the critics agree, hearken ye to Gabriel's trump! Our article was the reflection of our own personal appreciation and we did not anticipate nor do we now expect to find all our statements in accordance with the didactically-formed views of every English student with the ponderous ambition to criticize critics!

The *Minerval* Exchange Editor asserts that we "either never read Childe Harold or else lack poetic appreciation." The first part of this assertion might cause a wince from a less hearty constitution than ours. To talk of something of which one knows nothing, is a very idle indoor sport of whose joys we are not in the habit of partaking. Perhaps the latter part of our critic's assertion is nearer the truth. It would not surprise us to learn that we lacked the poetic appreciation that the *Minerval* Exchange Editor possesses. Without presumption, we may say that our own poetic appreciation is somewhat similar to that of Poe, to whom poetry depicting the beautiful alone was poetry.

Our critic asserts that "spiritual exaltation is the sine qua non of true poetry." We believe that a person may possess a very true poetic perception and yet have little or no regard for lofty sentiments. Not that we applaud literature that disregards the spiritual in the scheme of life, but it would be folly to close our eyes to the good points of any literary work, and yet censure its weaknesses. There is little of the spiritual—of the right kind at least—in the poems of Keats, of Poe, of Byron or Baudelaire, and there is a good deal of invidious poison mixed in the works of Milton and Lowell, and yet it were a grave error to reject their poems as "untrue poetry." The *Minerval* Exchange Editor objects to our calling Byron's "Childe Harold" one of the greatest English poems, pointing out that its sentiments are vile and degrading. We admit this, and pointed out that poisonous undercurrent in Byron's poems in our brief survey of his works, yet we persist in our assertion that this poem is very great. If we remain unaffected by the poison in the poem—and forewarned is forearmed—there is a great deal to be admired and appreciated by the close and loving student of poetry. Our critic admits that the poem contains much exquisite description, but qualifies her statement by denying that poetic description can be true poetry. Thompson's "Seasons" is almost purely description. What we consider the most brilliant of all nineteenth century lyrics, the nature poems of Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley, depend almost solely on artistic description for their poetic merit. Perhaps our critic would find untold delights in the spiritual exaltation of Bradstreet and Wigglesworth!

In parting, may we humbly suggest to the Exchange Editor of the *Minerval* that in the future, when hurling barbs of criticism at our poor efforts, she at least spell our name correctly.





Prep Dance

A DECIDEDLY enjoyable pre-Lenten affair was held on Wednesday evening, February 26th, at the Knights of Columbus Hall in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Preparatory Athletic Association. The hall was appropriately decorated with the blue and white of Villanova and the red and black banners of the Preparatory School.

The Villanova Jazz Band furnished unusually good dance music and dancing was enjoyed until a late hour by a good-sized gathering of the students and their friends.

Epsilon Phi Theta

A regular meeting of the Epsilon Phi Theta Society was held on Thursday evening, April 10th, in the club room. Rev. Joseph A. Hickey, O. S. A., spiritual director of the society, was present and delivered an interesting discourse. Other speakers were Howard Thornbury, Carl Fox and Eugene Keller.

Thomas R. Hanley, chairman of the committee on society pins, reported that the order for the pins had been placed, and that the pins were expected within a few days.

Plans were made for a smoker to be held on Thursday evening, April 24th. Vocal solos were rendered by Howard Thornbury, while Messrs. Locke, McGrath, Grieco and Mitchell will entertain with instrumental selections.

Phi Kappa Pi Activities

A very successful initiation was held on February 28th by the Engineering Society. One of the largest numbers of candidates since the inception of the Society was admitted and no small amount of credit is due the degree team which handled the situation so capably. The annual event has always been a well remembered feature and this year's proceedings were no exception to the rule.

The thesis for February was delivered by Peter Malick, his subject being "Mine Surveying." The reading was well delivered and the speaker gave every evidence of intimate knowledge on the subject. The thesis showed much preparation and received merited praise from the members of the society.

A card was received from President Raymond Maloney, who is with the 56th Pioneer Infantry A. E. F., at Trur, Germany.

An interesting letter was received from former President Armando M. Alvarez, '18, and was read at one of the meetings.

A smoker and entertainment was held in the club room on Friday evening, March 14th, at which the new members were formally welcomed into the society. Rev. F. A. Driscoll acted as toastmaster and also delivered a speech on "Villanova Spirit", which was well received. Among the other speakers were Prof. C. T. Humphreys, Edward Dougherty, '12, and members of the society, old and new.

At the regular meeting of the society on Friday evening, April 11th, Joseph T. Waugh read an interesting thesis on "Iron Ore" which was well received by the members. The thesis manifested diligent research and a thorough knowledge of the subject on the part of the writer.

Plans for the society's annual were discussed, but no definite date has yet been set for the function.

Father Dean's Visit in the South

During his recent visit in the South, our President, Father Dean, was the guest of Harry Hernandez, '87, at the Ocean View Hotel, St. Augustine, Fla. Mr. Hernandez has been very successful in the hotel business. The President spent a very pleasant and comfortable sojourn at the Ocean View.

Class of 1922 Organizes

The Freshman Class met on Thursday, April 10th, for the purpose of forming a strong class organization. The officers elected were: Hugh V. McGeehan, President; Theodore Carroll, Treasurer and Secretary; Rev. G. A. O'Meara, O. S. A., Faculty Adviser. The organization is planning social activities to aid the Athletic Association and hopes to announce the first of these affairs very soon.

Examinations

The mid-year examinations, delayed by the readjustments necessary after the military régime, took place the week of March 24th, and the Engineering and Pre-medical students have now started on the second semester which will be continued until June 30th.

Athletic Associations

In anticipation of a successful baseball season, a spirited meeting of the College Athletic Association was held Tuesday evening, April 1st. Joseph Gillespie, '20, was elected treasurer. Managers were elected to aid the present managers in their work. Those selected were William T. Bride, '21, Howard Thornbury, '22, and Carl Fox, '22. Frank Murphy, '20, was chosen to lead the cheering section. Messrs. Bride and Thornbury were elected assistant cheerleaders.

Indications are that the Prep Athletic Association is not to be outdone in organized cheering, as Pascal Ceravolo has already shown his ability to lead his cheering squad in the baseball games.

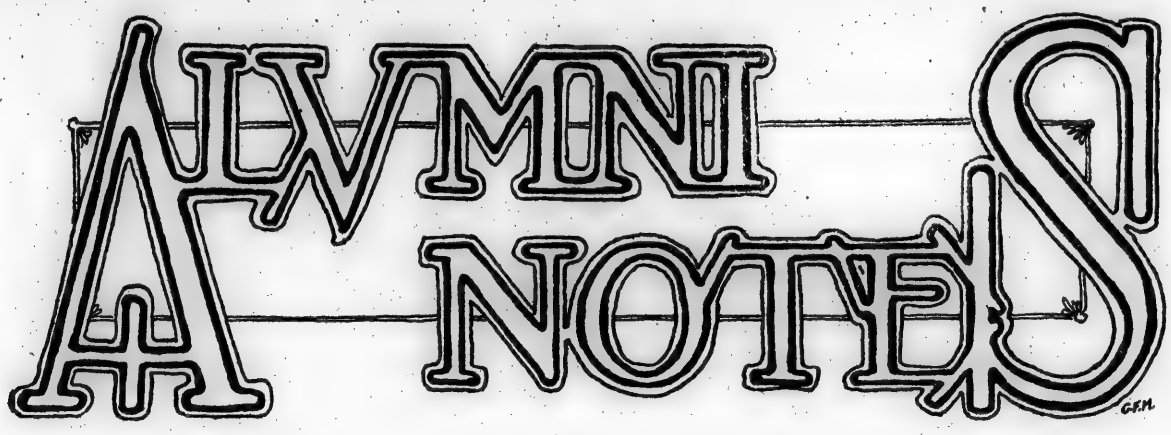
John Pickett has been elected manager of the Prep football team for the 1919 season.

Annual Retreat

The annual retreat for the students was held during the first part of Holy Week, beginning as in previous years on the evening of Palm Sunday and ending with General Communion and Papal Benediction on Holy Thursday morning. Rev. Charles A. Branton, O. S. A., of the Augustinian mission band conducted the retreat in his usual capable manner.

Easter Holidays

The Easter vacation began immediately after the concluding exercises of the retreat on Thursday morning, April 17th, and came to an end on Easter Monday evening. An unusually large number of the students took advantage of this brief respite from the labors of this abnormal year.



Death of Father Gallagher

Rev. Patrick J. Gallagher, O. S. A., K. of C. Chaplain in the United States Army, was killed in Bordeaux, France. Father Gallagher was educated at Villanova. He was stationed at Villanova College, Augustinian Academy, Staten Island, and St. Rita's College, Chicago, Ill. From the latter station he entered the service. May he rest in peace!

Condolences

To Rev. Thomas Roland, O. S. A., a graduate of Villanova and now stationed at St. Rita's Church, Philadelphia, the Villanovan extends sympathy in the loss of his mother.

The Villanovan extends condolences to Edward Dougherty, '13, in the loss of his wife.

Jottings

Lieut. Lester J. Henry, ex-'18, has resumed his position as coach of the Athletic teams at Eastern College, Manassas, Va.

Lieut. J. Febiger Ewing, '19, spent a few days at Villanova recently, upon his return from France. Lieutenant Ewing was the first Villanova student to win his commission, having left school immediately after America's Declaration of War.

Corporal John Walkinshaw, a former student of Villanova College, was wounded in the arm while serving in the A. E. F. He visited Villanova recently.

John F. Lynch, '14, spent some time at the College lately. He is now employed with the Government in Washington, D. C.

Chas. Walkinshaw, who has returned from France, was a recent visitor at Villanova.

Chas. A. Heiken, '16, is now pursuing the medical course at Penn.

Rev. Jos. M. Sutliff, '15, curate of St. Mary's Church, Gloucester, N. J., is now well on the road to recovery, after a severe attack of pneumonia.

Rev. Andrew O. Dodge, O. S. A., Lieutenant Chaplain at Camp Devens, has been appointed Morale Officer of that post.

Dr. Edward A. Mallon has returned from service with the Medical Corps of the Navy and will again have his office at 1600 North Seventeenth Street, Philadelphia.

Sergt. 1st cl. Eugene A. Troxell, A. E. F., was a recent visitor here. "Gene" saw service at Chauteau-Thierry, Vesle River and the Argonne Forest. He was one of those selected for the President's Guard of Honor at Paris. He returned to this country on the "George Washington", with President Wilson.

Rt. Rev. Wm. A. Jones, O. S. A., Bishop of San Juan, Porto Rico, and formerly a professor at Villanova, recently paid a visit to his Alma Mater.

Edward Quigley, ex-'17, of the 318th Signal Battalion, was among those who landed in Philadelphia from the troop-ship "Haverford". He spent nearly a year in France.

Jno. P. Kiley, '15, who won his commission as lieutenant in the Engineers, has now returned from France and is employed by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad as an electrical engineer. Since his return he has received a promotion.

Visitors

Former students who have visited Villanova recently are: Jim Donohue, Ensign John Cronin, '17; Sergt. Martin McLoughlin, Lieut. John J. Dougherty, Walter F. O'Connor, Anthony Danisairch, William Lawlor, Chas. McGreevy, Chas. A. McCarthy, William Frazer and Lieut Joseph Sweeney, '12.

Clarence Jackson

Clarence Jackson, of Carlisle, Pa., died of double pneumonia at his home on Saturday, March 8, 1919. He was graduated from Villanova in 1903 in the Commercial Course. While here he made many friends and was always well liked by everyone with whom he came in contact. He was a member of the firm, Jas. Jackson and Sons, hardware merchants of Carlisle. A wife and three children survive him. To his family the Villanovan extends its sincerest sympathy. "Requiescat in Pace."





THE following is a summary of Villanova students and alumni who were in the country's service during the late war. In addition to the accompanying list, there were 275 men in the Villanova S. A. T. C. unit.

STUDENTS IN SERVICE

Army

First Lieutenants	4	
Second Lieutenants	15	
Non-commissioned officers	12	
Privates	27	

Navy

Non-commissioned officers	4	
Privates	17	
	—	79

ALUMNI IN SERVICE

Army

Majors	6	
Captains	12	
First Lieutenant Chaplains	14	
First Lieutenants	33	
Second Lieutenants	35	
Non-commissioned officers	21	
Privates	71	

Navy

Senior Lieutenants	3	
Junior Lieutenants	6	
Ensigns	4	
Non-commissioned officers	4	
Privates	41	
	—	246
Grand total Villanova men		338

Our Alumni in the Service

Majors—Stanley F. Coar, Dr. Edward McCloskey, Dr. Charles Nassau, Benjamin Whitaker, Rev. George J. Waring, Dr. Hugh A. Riley.

Captains—Philip Brady, Joseph Curley, Leo M. Daly, Dr. Melvin Franklin, E. J. Gillouly, Thomas G. O'Malley, William J. Shanahan, James Bannon, Joseph L. Rafter, Henry C. Franklin.

First Lieutenant Chaplains—Rev. Charles J. Baker, O. S. A., Rev. Francis A. Barrett, O. S. A., Rev. A. O. Dodge, O. S. A., Rev. Clement Flynn, Rev. P. J. Gallagher, O. S. A., Rev. J. Lorenz, Rev. J. McDonald, O. S. A., Rev. J. McCann, Rev. F. P. Quinn, O. S. A., Rev. John Byrne, Rev. Eugene S. Carroll, Father Bellamy.

First Lieutenants—J.T. Daly, John V. Domminey, Dr.William Donahue, Karl G. Drach, H. C. Durrschmidt, A. F. Gilmartin, Rex Gilmartin, William Goodell, C. A. McCalley, Richard Magee, Joseph A. Kurz, John A. O'Leary, Charles Johnson, Earl Keenan, Joseph Schmidt, Carl Shanfelter, J. A. Smith, David V. Ward, Bernard V. Haberer, J. Leonard Hogan, A. A. Ferry,

Joseph A. Devine, William B. Miller, Charles Gorman, Samuel Green, Dr. Arthur Hevbert, James Torpey, Philip Barry, Dr. Michael Corcoran, Dr. Robert Williams.

Second Lieutenants—Frank Brady, Cyril Burke, Harry P. Breslin, Joseph Conway, Joseph Courtney, Cornelius Dougherty, John Drew, A. F. Fulton, A. Gilmartin Edward Gross, Collier J. Griswold, Lester J. Henry, P. F. Hughes, Thomas Kane, John C. Kelly, Roy Klunk, Glen McCarthy, James A. McCarthy, Edward V. McCullian, H. O. McNierney, John A. Malone, J. P. Miller, William B. Miller, Robert J. O'Connor, Joseph T. O'Leary, Patrick L. Reagan, John P. Reeves, T. J. Sheehan, C. H. Stoeckle, J. F. Sweeney, John P. Kiley, Charles J. Brown, John Conway, Joseph Hanlon, C. Raymond Larkin.

Non-commissioned Officers—C. G. Byrne, J. J. Battin, Joseph Begley, T. M. Dalton, T. Donahue, J. A. Donovan, Frank Dunn, Thomas Easley, David Fleming, Richard Fogarty, L. J. Hooley, Victor Lombardo, James McCann, Thomas McIntyre, J. Neuser, Thomas J. Reddon, Thomas Riordan, Ralph Sabbatino, Martin McLaughlin, Thomas Donahue, James Shaw, Carroll G. Byrne, Carroll Murphy, James P. Kelly, William Strauch, Arthur Forst.

Privates—L. W. Adair, S. J. Adair, J. Barry, R. A. Bender, C. J. Brown, L. B. Cahill, Charles Conley, A. F. Conway, J. F. Conway, Peter J. Corish, Edward Cummings, B. C. Cusick, Harold Darby, Matthew Dommineny, Charles Dougherty, Horace Fay, Frank Ferry, James Ferry, William Frazer, Joseph A. Gilbert, J. Graney, Clyde Gutwald, J. R. Gutwald, J. M. Hanrahan, Fulmer Harris, J. Higgins, C. Jones, C. J. Kearns, Frank Kearns, Joseph Kumer, Mathias Lamond, Edwin Lewis, William Lonergan, Stanley Lynch, J. Granfield, Joseph McHugh, C. C. McLaughlin, C. Maguire, John Malia, Harold Malloy, R. Marillet, Bernard Milligan, William M Moessner, Francis A. Monohan, Joseph A. Murnane, Charles Murphy, Jeremiah Murphy, G. T. O'Brien, G. A. O'Brien, J. Charles Murphy, Denis Murphy, Norman Penrose, Ralph Penrose, Anthony Perna, M. M. Quinn, P. H. Quinn, William Quinn, Joseph Schmidt, Francis Sheehan, C. J. Snyder, C. W. Staudenmeier, Leontine Walsh, Thomas Waters, Joseph Woods, William Yaeger, Joseph Bannon, William J. Ferrin, Eugene P. McCarthy, Charles Montgomery, William Quirk.

NAVY

Senior Lieutenants—Dr. J. F. X. Jones, W. J. Kavanaugh, George Quinn.

Junior Lieutenants—James Dougherty, J. H. Lytle, Dr. Edward A. Mallon, Rev. Joseph A. Perkins, O. S. A., Rev. M. A. Sullivan, O. S. A., Francis Purcell.

Ensigns—James Bonner, John Cronin, Charles H. McGuckin, Sylvester Sabbatino, Harry Sherer.

Non-commissioned Officers—John Ebbert, Norbert Minnick, John K. Thornton, John Roache.

Privates—Arthur Breithaupt, Joseph Bova, Francis Brennan, Thomas Carnes, John Conley, Francis Corbett, Maurice Creevan, Edward Cronin, Bernard Desch, James F. Donahue, Eugene Dowd, Patrick Fogarty, Michael Fogarty, W. Irving Gillespie, John J. Gough, James A. Hart, Thomas Kearns, E. G. Kilduff, Frederick F. Lear, James J. McCabe, Alfred McGinley, Andrew Mahoney, John Murphy, Michael Murphy, George A. O'Brien, Robert Quigley, Albert V. Regan, Joseph T. Scanlon, Francis W. Short, William Thomas, Donald Waters, Thomas Waters, Leo J. Williams, Withold Yadusky, W. C. McWade, Edwin Logan, Patrick O'Brien.

OUR STUDENTS IN THE SERVICE

First Lieutenants—Edward A. Delaney, John J. Hudson, James A. Reap, Roger J. Martin.

Second Lieutenants—Cletus J. Brady, Leo J. Brennan, Harold E. Blanchfield, William T. Bride, John T. Coan, Edward J. Diggles, J. Febiger Ewing, Joseph B. Ford, Charles McCarthy, Daniel T. McEnerny, James F. Murray, Theodore E. Voight, Joseph A. McCarthy, Paul A. O'Brien, John J. Dougherty.

Non-commissioned Officers—Harry Barrett, John B. Butler, Michael Dougherty, Peter Dunne, Walter Guy, Edward Hennessey, Donald C. McDonald, Charles A. Stine, John F. Sheehan, Eugene B. Troxell, Harry M. Towhey, Walter W. Wiegand, J. Ignatius Kirsch, Sylvester R. Benson.

Privates—Maurice A. Boney, Joseph A. Coan, John W. Crane, Edgar Drach, J. B. Fogarty, James Fogel, John W. Jones, Francis B. Kane, James J. Lane, John Larkin, William Lawlor, Matthew A. Lynch, Raymond Maloney, Hugh V. McGeehan, Charles M. McGreevy, Edward McGrady, Leo T. Rogers, Sebastian S. Ruddy, Henry Stinziano, Charles Walkinshaw, John R. Walkinshaw, John J. Wasilko, Joseph Wherrity, Leo Laverty, William V. Pickett.

NAVY

Non-commissioned Officers—Walter Cain, Thomas V. Mullan, Thomas Mullin, Francis Murray.

Privates—Francis P. Allen, Harry C. Battin, John Christie, James Hart, William Loan, F. Leo Lynch, Nicholas L. Michell, Edmond O'Brien, Alfred Norris, Thomas B. O'Connell, John O'Donnell, Joseph Pallis.

(The preceding list contains the names of those Villanova men whom we know definitely to have been with the colors. There are many others about whom we have received no definite information. We, therefore, solicit additions and corrections, to obtain as complete a service list as possible.)

Over There

THE following interesting letter was recently received from James P. (Staten Island) Kelly, '15.

G-2, Ninth Corps Headquarters,
St. Mihiel, France,
February 10, 1919.

DEAR FRIEND:

While musing to myself today during a few spare moments, my mind wandered back o'er the Atlantic and finally brought me back to the good old days at Villanova. Naturally many old fond remembrances appeared, as it were, before me, and I thought I would write to let you know that I am still in the "hunt" and going along handsomely. In my long stay over here, sixteen months now and no one knows how much longer, I intended to write to you several times but there was always that unforseen obstacle which prevented me from doing so. As you may well surmise, there are several and sundry things arising in this game all the time and just when we get all set to do one thing, old Mr. Unexpected comes along and causes a change in plans. That was particularly true in the infantry where it was always double drill and no canteen. It was always up and at it and if it wasn't a fight it was a hike, which to a doughboy is the worst thing of all. For the past few months though, I have been going along very nicely and as a matter of fact, I couldn't wish for anything better.

As you may know, I came over here in the vanguard of the A. E. F. with the celebrated 42nd or Rainbow Division. They were the dark days, the days of uncertainty and unrest for the civilized world. The uncivilized portion of the Earth was in its hey-day then and enjoying the prolific rampages of its barbaric tactics. But oh how things have changed. By the Grace of God in the course of a year we had them crying out for peace and now they are well back across the Rhine, bewailing the "loss of the Kaiser's influence with God". What the Allied Army has done is written indelibly in the books of history. But what our own army has done and how it expanded so rapidly is something very few really know. Of course much has been said and written about it back home, but in order to get a real "close-up" of it one had to be one of the pioneers of the Expeditionary Force in France. When we first came to this country, our entire army was no more than 100,000 and the facilities for providing and transporting the men were very poor indeed. Last winter was a tough one, but all the boys had the spirit and figured that Uncle Sam was just getting started. We labored day and night in rain and snow, trying to learn as quickly as we could, something about this modern warfare. The Americans were apt pupils and just about this time a year ago, our outfit went into the trenches for the first time. We took over the Luneville Sector on the Lorraine Front, which was considered a quiet sector. It had been for the tired and weary French soldiers who would come down there from an active front and merely hold the lines. The Heinies on the opposite were the same way and for almost three years it was a Paradise for the old veterans. But for us it was a battlefront and we couldn't "compris" that quiet stuff. All young, wild, adventurous, eager and determined we proceeded to tear things apart and in a short while our sector was very hot. After a month in that sector we moved over toward Baccarat and explored more of the Lorraine Front. All in all, we were in and on that front for four months, longer than any other American Division ever held a line, and incidentally our division was the first in our army to take over and hold a sector on its own hook. I mean by that, that we managed things according to our own methods and not under the guiding wing of the French authorities. Of course while there we didn't launch any big offensives or stop any big attacks, but there were the regular night raids and patrols, which are the best things in the world for real experience. Personally I would participate in a big attack much sooner than I would in one of these night raids over the top. Because in these night encounters you meet hand to hand and go to it with bayonets and trench knives. Very little shooting is done out there then because the con-

flicts take place in No Man's Land and directly in the middle of the two lines. If we would open fire, it would attract the men in the trenches and both sides would open up, which as you can readily see, would be dangerous for both the enemy and us. So it's go to it boys and may the best men win. The Americans invariably came out on top though, because the Dutch are no good, man to man. We had lots of exciting times up there alright and when we got relieved June 22nd, we were hardened trench veterans. Then we went up for bigger game and July 4th found the 42nd holding down the point of honor in the lines between Rheims and Verdun. We were right in the middle of the French 4th Army and were told that a big German offensive was coming off. No one knew just when it was combut is being prepared all the time. So we kept on going out on the posts day and night, waiting in breathless suspense for the "Smears" to start something. They started with a terrible bang on the night of July 14th, which is known in France as their Independence Day. It is called the Fall of the Bastille. That was the last offensive they ever attempted and they figured it would just about break the Allies for good. At that time you know they did have the upper hand and were the aggressor all the time. But they never reckoned with the Americans. They knew that some few "contemptible" Americans were in France but not enough to cause any trouble and then again they figured we were green troops who would crumble under a heavy fire. But my what a crude awakening—after one of the most terrific artillery bombardments of the entire war, in the course of which they shelled everything within a radius of 25 kilometers, they came over on us in mass formation. As I said before they laid down such a tremendous artillery preparation that they figured nothing in the world could live under it. Well it was a miracle at that, how anybody or anything could survive such a curtain of steel. I will never be able to explain how I came out of it. At any rate we were there to stop them and we did it. I won't go into details because I would never get finished telling you about it. I shall defer my details until sometime in the near future, when I hope to be able to pay a visit to my Alma Mater and renew old acquaintances. Suffice it to say they were stopped and they were stopped very roughly. Well they were infuriated and tried repeatedly to make an impression on our line—but never would it give. I don't know just how many times they did try to get through but every time they met with the same resistance. I was mixed up in a couple of grenade fights up there and you ought to see the old "kid" wing those "apples". ALL THE TRAINING my old Mentor, Charley McGeehan gave me, came out that day. If he could have seen me that day it's dollars to doughnuts I would never play the bench again. Well we finally got relieved from there and were immediately rushed up to Chateau-Thierry, where some of our other divisions started to drive. By that time the Hienbockels were fighting tooth and nail to retain their ground. But their old morale had been badly sapped when they saw how their offensive had been stopped. We jumped into the scrap up there the 26th of July after relieving the 26th Division of New England. Right away we began to push and on the 28th of July we crossed the Ourcq River, overcoming all kinds of resistance. We were in that battle for ten days and fought the best of the German Army, including the much touted Prussian Guards. That was one place where the old Irish sure did come out. How I came out of that alive is another thing I will never know. God was extremely good to me alright, and no doubt all the good prayers that were being said for me were answered in full. A splendid thing about our regiment was that we always had a chaplain with us. No doubt you have heard of him, Father Duffy of the Bronx. He is, without a doubt, one of the greatest men I ever saw or had the good fortune of meeting in all my life. He is a man among a million. Wiry, lean, hardened, rugged and tempered on account of his many campaigns, he makes an ideal man to keep along with an infantry outfit and combat the trials and endure the hardships. His greatest asset is his knowledge of human nature. He sure does know and understand men. And in an infantry you meet the toughest bunch of nuts in the world. You have to be a tough man to stand the gaff. He was always around among the boys, smiling, reassuring and encouraging. It was a common sight to see him hearing confessions on the street or in an old

billet or barn. That was one thing he insisted upon, frequent communions. It used to be a wonderful thing to see him celebrating mass in some tattered church with Brigadier-General Lenihan, our Brigade Commander, serving as an altar boy. We never went into a battle without being in the state of Grace and we could receive communion without fasting too. It was impracticable for us to fast in the lines and that is why we had that dispensation. He was a familiar sight in the trenches and just before the big fireworks started in Champagne, he came to every post and gave all the boys absolution as we stood there peering out into the barb wire. It sent a wonderful thrill through me, you know one of those inexplicable feelings that you can't describe but at the same time, deep down in your heart you know just what it means. A feeling of confidence and resignation, a feeling that made one ready and fit for anything that might happen. Yes, that night when the Boches started their drive, I was prepared to accept anything that might come along. Well he did such good work in the Chateau-Thierry fight that he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. He was all over, attending the dying, succoring the wounded and cheering up us who were left. And most of all he took charge of all the burial parties and saw that the fallen heroes were buried in the most decent manner possible. Yes he sure is a wonder.

What transpired at Chateau-Thierry has been told over and over again and I suppose by now it is a household word back home. Believe me, it was tough going and never will I forget some of the sights I saw up there. It was pretty hard to see all your good friends getting knocked off, but we had no time to stop and meditate on it. It is a hard game at the best and always a case of going forward. However, the living conditions in that battle were almost as bad as the shot and shell. For four days we lived in little shell holes or fox holes, which we dug ourselves. They couldn't get any food up to us on account of the constant heavy shell fire on the rear areas where the kitchens were. And almost every detail we sent back in an effort to get some were the victims of snipers who were busy all the time. So in a couple of days our iron rations which we always carry in our packs, were gone and worst of all, we couldn't get anything to drink. Water is the most important thing to a soldier when in the heat of a battle and in our frenzy we took anything we could get. That was found in the Ourcq River where the dead men and horses were piled up. As Kipling says in his Gunga Din, "It was crawling and it stunk, but of all the drinks I've drunk, I'm gratefullest to one from Gunga Din." In this case thought I was my own provider and water carrier, but that was the feeling I had. Then for food we ate a couple of loaves of bread that we found lying around the ground. It must have been lying there for a couple of days because it had been gassed. And when bread is gassed it turns a dirty pink color and becomes very soggy. That was our fare for a couple of days and needless to say, it put us all on the bum. When we finally got relieved, those who came out alive were all more or less indisposed and had dysentery for quite a while. That is what eventually affected me.

Well we pushed along for some time after that, but I was pretty much on the "nut". At that time I was an acting sergeant in charge of a platoon. I was working harder than ever to, because we had a gang of men who had to be drilled and taken care of. That lot fell to us old fellows. I was about to be made a sergeant and was booked to go to the Officers' Training School for a commission, when I at last broke down and was sent to the hospital. That was a short while after we took this town of St. Mihiel. A lot has been said about that battle but it was a mere manoeuvre, compared to some of those other scraps. It was a foot race, with the Huns leading the way to Berlin. I guess if my frame had held up a little longer I would be dancing around with a couple of bars on now but, C'est la Guerre. Comprenez vous? Still in all if I had been like some of the guys back there and went to an Officers' Training School in America before I knew how to do the Manual of Arms, I'd be all set too, but I have no regret. My experience as a doughboy in the ranks is worth a million.

At the hospital they discovered a whole lot of things wrong with me. I was bordering on pneumonia, which had been superinduced and aggravated by gaseous poisoning. I responded to good medical treatment in due time and was

soon on my way back to the line. While down at the hospital I met Young Walkinshaw of Johnstown, Pa., who was a student at the Academy under Fr. Conway. Perhaps you recall him. He had been wounded while battling with the 28th Division, but it wasn't serious, a bullet in his left arm. On my way back to the boys I had to pass through what they call the channel, first to a classification depot where you are examined again and then to a replacement camp where you wait until your outfit sends for you. While at the latter place they took our pedigrees, and noticing that I had an ordinary amount of intelligence, they sent me to the 2nd Army Headquarters, where I went to work as a clerk with the Assistant Chief of Staff of the 2nd Army. That was about the middle of October and I was there when the Armistice was signed.

I worked in what they term the G-2 section which handles all matters of intelligence and enemy activity. It is one of the most important branches of the Staff. Without it an army in the field would be helpless. I learned more there in a week about the finer things of the military business than I would learn in the infantry in a life time. In a staff office you meet the big men, the tacticians who plan a battle as Dutch Somers would a football game. It was very interesting indeed and apart from an intellectual viewpoint, it gave me an opportunity to pick up the many pounds that I had lost during my trying days under the guns. So now I have seen all sides of the army; nine months on the line as a doughboy and long enough in an army office to see how things are done. My final conclusion is that we have *some army*, an army that can jump in and do almost anything. While at the 2nd Army, which is located in the city of Toul, I met Phil Brady of Baltimore. Do you remember him, "Crazy Ida Brady"? He is a First Lieutenant. He is the same old "nut" and the war hasn't changed him a bit. A few days before Thanksgiving I was transferred up here when they were organizing this Corps and I am still attached to it. Doing office work is pretty nice these cold days and we are well provided for. But I have been trying for some time to get back with the old 69th and I hope it won't be long before I am doing a little guard duty on the Rhine. They are up in Germany now. But most of all I want to go home with them and strut up Fifth Avenue. I came over with them and went through the toughest part of the campaign with them so you can readily see why I am anxious to go home with them.

This city I am in now is quite historic. The Kaiserites were here for almost four years and never expected to leave here. To look at the wonderful fortifications they had made here you would hardly believe it possible that they could ever be driven out. But they were and once they started running we kept them on the hop until the white flag was hoisted up. Some of the people of this city left it and during the German occupation suffered untold indignities and cruelties. Among the ones who stuck it out was the old priest of the cathedral. I believe I told you about him when I sent you a Xmas greeting, quite some time ago. I couldn't begin to tell you of some of the dirty things they did. German "Kultur" is still noticeable but every day the boys are working around and in a short while it will be quite respectable looking. You can't imagine how some of these villages look after the four and a half years of war and I can't begin to describe them. Thank God our own country was spared the scourge. I am enclosing a picture of a very remarkable sepulcher which is a little church near our office. It has an unusual history and for years the Germans tried to take it away. It is chiseled in one big solid rock and dates back to the 16th century. It is a wonderful piece of work and I am told it took sixteen years to finish it. In the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, the followers of Bismarck tried to take it away and in this war it was the same way. It is such a huge rock though they couldn't manage it at all.

I was away on a furlough a couple of weeks ago and had the time of my life. I went to Nice for seven days and including my travel back and forward I was gone two weeks altogether. Nice, as you know, is in the extreme southern part of France, lying lazily on the "sun-kissed" shores of the Mediterranean, in the Alpes-Maritime region. It is the most beautiful part of Europe and were I to attempt to describe some of its attractions, I'm afraid my vocabulary would fail me. Accept my word for it anyway

and consider it Tres Belle. While there, naturally I took a trip over to the Incomparable Monte Carlo and there I saw the famous casino and roulette tables where fortunes and destinies are toyed with every day. Avant la Guerre it was the playground for kings, queens and millionaires. (No I was never there before the war.) However, it is still a wonderful resort and even now the crowds are quite cosmopolitan. I also went across into Menton and ventured a short ways into Italy, the Land of Spaghetti and Gondolas. The climate of that area is very mild and even this time of the year an overcoat is a burden during the day. It is very temperate too, the mean temperature the year 'round being 16 degrees Centigrade. In my itinerary I had the good fortune of passing through and stopping at the biggest cities in France, including Paris, Lyon, Marseille and Dijon. Paris is a wonderful place and the only difference between it and New York is that there is no ferry leaving it to go to Staten Island. Just now it is livelier than ever on account of all the Diplomatic Moguls being there on the Peace Commission. I saw several of them, the most illustrious of whom was our own Woodrow Wilson.

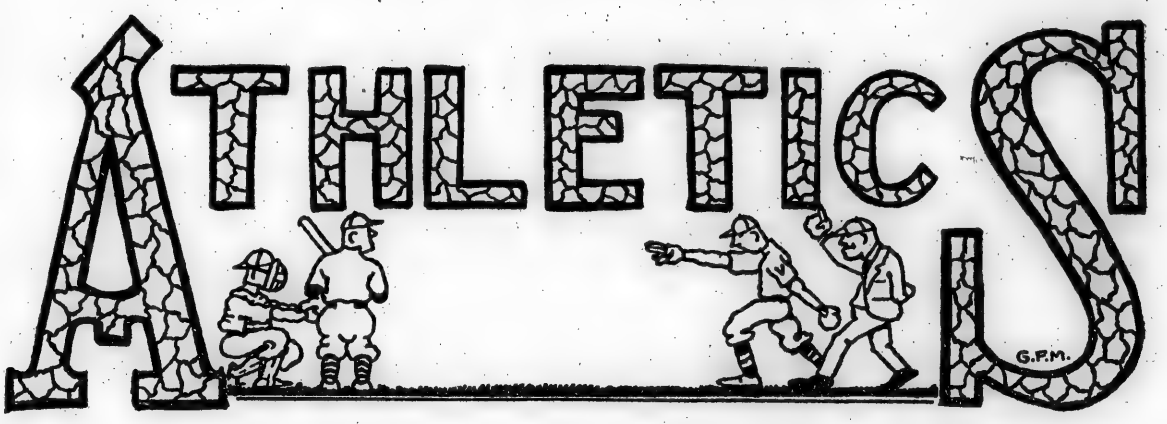
As I said before in the course of this missive, I am at present getting along O. K., or in the vernacular of the A. E. F. I am sitting on the world. But I have been away from home a long time now and since my departure a lot of things have happened. The most noticeable of course, was the death of my great brother Pat. It was an awful shock to me, but like everything else we must accept the inevitable. He was certainly a great boy and if I was only one-half as good I would be well satisfied with myself. Such is life. We must learn to take the bitter with the sweet. I understand there was a nice piece in the VILLANOVAN about him. I would like very much to get a copy of that if I could. I never get that at all. So if you can possibly get one of the boys to send it to me I will greatly appreciate it. It seems as though I have been shut off from all communication with Villanova during the past two years. I never hear from any of the boys at all.

When I get that much-sought-for command—Homeward Bound James—is something no one can say. But one thing is certain, if I ever get back to Hoboken again that Old Girl, Miss Liberty, will have to execute—About Face—to get another full view of me. France is alright, the best in the world, after Amerique. When I was a kid I always had a longing desire to cross the Atlantic. I still have that desire. Ha, ha, joke? Well, while I am here I might as well make the best of it. That is where my optimism will come in handy and that I have. If you don't believe me ask Father Hickey, who often told me that I was a little too optimistic. However, to be in style now you have to wear a smile and as I was always inclined that way, I am sticking along with the crowd.

I suppose a lot of changes have taken place at Villanova in the past few years and as we go down along the corridors of time, lots more will follow. If you have the time I would be delighted to get a line or two from you. You know a letter full of dope on who's who and why. Just glancing at my watch now I notice it is 10 P. M. and time for all good soldiers to be in bed. Trusting this finds you well and happy and enjoying the best of health, I shall close. With my best regards to all I know around Villanova, I beg to remain, as ever,

JIM KELLY.

Corp. Jas. P. Kelly,
G-2, 9th Corps. Hdqs.,
A. P. O. 932.



THOUGH the armistice is signed, and we are virtually at peace with all the world, we are daily preparing ourselves to share in recording the results of some of the important battles about to take place in the approaching intercollegiate baseball war. In using the word war, we do not wish to insinuate that the feeling between the respective contestants in this conflict, is one of hated ambition, but we rather wish to emphasize the fact that the games this year will show an increased spirit of rivalry. With the rapid demobilization of the army and navy, the colleges are quickly returning to normal strength in athletics and with all the pep and ambition acquired under the tutelage of Uncle Sam, our college athletes are sure to give incentive to a new feeling of rivalry in college sports.

In spite of the fact that the Government has seen fit to retain in the service many of Villanova's baseball stars, we are in a position to say candidly, that the Blue and White will be well represented on the diamond this season. Though he had not forty years, nor even forty days in which to round in shape so formidable a war machine as the once famed Kaiser was reported to have had, Coach McGeehan has practically picked the nine upon whom depend the laurels of Villanova on the baseball diamond this year.

With the exception of two positions, the Blue and White team is definitely decided upon. There is still a vacancy in the sun gardens to be filled, and one at second base. For the outfield position Smith and Kane, members of last year's Prep nine, and Sheehan and Burke, two newcomers are contending, while Coan, Cronin, Talone and Neville are the candidates for the infield position.

At first we still have the dependable fielder and hitter, Captain Murray, and judging from the big fellow's work in daily practice, he is as fast as ever, and the bleachers of many college stadiums will undoubtedly reach the mighty whack of his bat. At third we have the old familiar person Hughie McGeehan. McGeehan is showing up well in the daily workouts both at bat and in the field; he has his usual supply of pep and fight and can be depended upon to liven up the infield. At short we shall see a player, who, one would believe, was a veteran of Villanova's previous teams, not only because of his exceptional ability as a fielder and hitter,but of the way in which he seems to fit in with the veteran infielders on the nine this year. In the person of McAndrews we have one of the fastest and neatest ball players seen at shortstop in some time. The sorrel-top youth has a copious supply of pep and is a sure fielder. At bat he seems as likely a slugger as he is a fielder, and, with a fast working partner at second base, he will amaze many of the college nines with his snappy, clean-cut fielding.

Robinson and McDermott will hold down left field and right field respectively, and when the other vacancy is filled, Villanova will have a sturdy looking outfield. Both Robby and McDermott are clever fielders, long hitters and possess powerful arms.

Behind the plate, Hertzler and Ragley will do the work of handling the pitchers. Both men look good and it is a toss up as to which will start at catcher in any of the games this season.

On the mound, Delohery and Jones will undertake the greater part of the work. Both men are rapidly rounding into form and by the time the umpire calls "Play Ball!" either man will be in condition to step into the box and perform in midseason style. Annas is a newcomer aspiring to baseball fame. He is a southpaw and in case of necessity he will undoubtedly be capable of twirling in masterly fashion.

Following are the results of the games played up to the time of going to press.

Villanova, 9; Ursinus, 0

In spite of the attempts of Jupiter Pluvius to frustrate our plans, the 'Varsity journeyed to Collegeville, Pa., on the fifth of this month, and opened the baseball season of 1919 in fine style by trouncing the Ursinus College nine, 9 to 0. Though the weather was anything but favorable for baseball, the 'Varsity showed up well in all branches of the game. Jones went through the entire game and allowed but one scratch hit, a fly ball which fell between Coan and McDermott in short rightfield. Murray and McGeehan made themselves conspicuous at bat, each slamming out three hits. For Ursinus, Hunter pitched a fair game up until the fourth inning when the Villanova batsmen began to solve his delivery, and from then on the 'Varsity acquired ten hits, four of which were for extra bases. The brand of pitching displayed by Jones augurs well for a most successful season for the big lad in the box. Heferen, for Ursinus, showed up well behind the plate. The score:

Villanova	R	H	O	A	E
Robinson, lf	0	0	0	0	0
McAndrews, ss	1	1	1	2	2
McGeehan, 3b	2	3	1	0	1
Murray, 1b	2	3	10	1	1
McDermott, rf	1	0	0	0	0
Kane, cf	0	1	1	0	0
Coan, 2b	0	0	1	2	0
Hertzler, c	1	1	13	0	1
Jones, p	2	1	0	3	0
Totals	9	10	27	8	5

Ursinus	R	H	O	A	E
Grover, ss	0	0	1	0	2
Griffin, rf	0	1	1	1	0
Deisher, 3b	0	0	1	1	0
shenberg, cf	0	0	1	0	0
Heferen, c	0	0	12	3	0
Moser, lf	0	0	0	0	0
Knipe, 2b	0	0	1	3	0
Canon, 1b	0	0	10	0	1
Hunter, p	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	0	1	27	9	3

Two-base hits—McAndrews, McGeehan, Murray, Kane. Struck out—By Hunter, 13; by Jones, 12. Bases on balls—Off Hunter, 2; off Jones, 1. Double play—Griffin to Canon. Umpire—Griffith.

Villanova, 11; Haverford, 2

The 'Varsity once more invaded foreign territory and once more came out victorious, when on the ninth of this month they easily defeated the Haverford College nine, 11 to 2. Delohery, pitching for the Blue and White, performed in mid-season form and held his opponents to two hits. The moist ball artist completely baffled the Haverford sluggers, and before the game was over he had twelve strike-outs to his credit. Kearney, who twirled for the home team, received very little encouragement from his team-mates who played raggedly behind him. For the 'Varsity, Robinson, McGeehan and Murray performed well at the bat, while the latter two and McAndrews gave a classy exhibition of fielding. For Haverford, Heilman played a fast game at third. Hertzler, for the 'Varsity, caught a good game and proved that he has the makings of a college backstop. The score:

Villanova	R	H	O	A	E
Robinson, lf	2	3	0	0	0
McAndrews, ss	1	1	3	0	1
McGeehan, 3b	2	2	3	3	0
Murray, 1b	1	2	8	0	1
McDermott, rf	1	1	0	0	1
Kane, cf	0	0	0	0	0
Neville, 2b	1	0	0	0	1
Cronin, 2b	1	0	0	0	0
Coan, 2b	1	0	0	1	0
Hertzler, c	0	0	11	2	0
Ragley, c	0	0	1	1	0
Delohery, p	1	0	1	1	0
Totals	11	9	27	8	4

Haverford	R	H	O	A	E
Heilman, 3b	0	0	6	1	1
Carey, cf	1	0	3	1	0
Buritt, ss	0	0	1	0	1
Crosman, c	0	0	5	1	0

Pierce, 1b	0	1	6	0	2
Buzby, 2b	0	1	1	4	0
Snader, lf	0	0	2	0	2
Kearney, p	1	0	2	1	2
Hisey, c	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	2	2	27	8	8

Stolen bases—Robinson, Kane, Pierce, McGeehan, 3. Sacrifice hits—McAndrews, Kane, Neville, Delohery. Two-base hit—McAndrews. Struck out—By Delohery, 12; by Kearney, 5. Base on balls—Off Delohery, 5; off Kearney, 2. Double play—McGeehan to Murray, Heilman to Pierce. Umpire—Boone.

VILLANOVA, 11; LEBANON VALLEY, 0

April 11. In their first game at home the 'Varsity gave a fine exhibition of hitting when the Blue and White nine touched Fake, of Lebnon Valley, for ten hits in five innings. Had not nature seen fit to interfere in the fifth inning we fear the results of this game could not have been recorded herein. Though the game was played in a continuous drizzle, and the wet grounds rendered a fast fielding game almost impossible, the 'Varsity went after their opponents in an unmerciful manner, and before the "Ump" decided to call the game, the home team had piled up ten hits, totaling seventeen bases, and eleven runs. Jones, though handicapped by the slippery condition of the horsehide, had very little trouble with control; the big twirler held the opposing hitters to a single hit, and nine men fell victims to his powerful speed. Besides pitching a good game, Jones slammed out two hits, one of which was for three bases; Murray and Kane also hit for three bases. In spite of the soggy condition of the diamond the infield playing of both teams was up to the standard. Hertzler again showed up well behind the plate, and in two trips to the plate succeeded in touching Fake for a two-bagger. For the visitors, Fishburn's playing excelled.

In the three games played to date the 'Varsity has scored thirty-one runs, to two by their opponents, a fact which speaks well for the prospects of the Blue and White on the diamond this season. The score:

VILLANOVA	R	H	O	A	E
Robinson, lf	1	2	0	0	0
McAndrews, ss	1	0	0	1	2
McGeehan, 3b	2	2	1	1	0
Murray, 1b	1	2	2	1	0
McDermott, rf	2	0	1	0	0
Kane, cf	1	1	0	0	0
Cronin, 2b	0	0	2	0	1
Hertzler, c	1	1	9	0	0
Jones, p	2	2	0	1	0
Totals	11	10	15	4	3

LEBANON VALLEY	R	H	O	A	E
Fishburn, ss	0	1	2	1	1
Dougherty, lf	0	0	1	0	0
Moore, 1b	0	0	8	0	0
Zeigler, 3b	0	0	0	2	1
Bachman, 2b	0	0	3	0	0
Fake, p	0	0	0	6	1
Nitrauer, cf	0	0	0	0	0
Duncan, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Uhler, c	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	0	1	15	9	3

Villanova	2	0	4	1	4—11
Lebanon Valley	0	0	0	0	0— 0

Stolen bases—Robinson, McAndrews, McGeehan, Kane, Fishburn, 2. Two-base hit—Hertzler. Three-base hits—Jones, Kane, Murray. Struck out—By Jones, 9; by Fake, 1. Base on balls—Off Jones, 3; off Fake, 1. Umpire—Griffith.

SCHEDULE

The following are the remaining games on the schedule as arranged by Managers Egan and Maguire:

Apr. 16—Princeton at Princeton.
Apr. 22—Boston College at Villanova.
Apr. 23—Catholic University at Washington.
Apr. 26—St. Joseph's at Villanova.
Apr. 30—Haverford at Villanova.
May 3—Army at West Point.
May 7—Penn at Philadelphia.
May 9—Catholic University at Villanova.
May 10—Fordham at New York.
May 12—Lebanon Valley at Annville.
May 13—Base Hospital No. 31 at Carlisle.
May 14—Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
May 16—Delaware at Newark.
May 17—Navy at Annapolis.
May 22—Rhode Island State at Kingston.
May 23—Open.
May 24—Boston College at Boston.
May 27—Gettysburg at Villanova.
May 28—Lehigh at South Bethlehem.
May 30—Albright at Lebanon.
May 31—Albright at Lebanon.
June 4—Open.
June 7—Ursinus at Villanova.



"The Successful Suitor Speaks"

One suitor tried to win her hand
By counting up his money;
He told her of his wealth and land,
She merely said, "How funny!"

One youth who yearned for wedded bliss,
Her hand asked from her father,
And when the maiden heard of this,
She yawned, and said, "What bother!"

Another wishing her his bride,
Proposed to her by letter,
She read his note, and gently sighed,
"I hope I can do better!"

One to her charms composed a verse,
To her he dared to show it,
She almost swooned, and cried, "What's worse
Than marrying a poet?"

One youth proposed on bended knee,
In language stiff and stately,
She said, "Dear Sir Solemnity,
Your words amuse me greatly."

But I—I clasped her to my breast,
And said, "My dear, let's marry!"
She laid her head upon my chest,
And sighed, "Why surely, Harry!"

H. J. W.

Joey—"Was she shy when you asked her her age?"

Patsy—"Yes, I imagine about five years."

Waiter—"When I was a boy, some thirty years ago, we kept chickens and each one had a name."

McDermott—"Well, perhaps you recall the name of this one."

Murray—"I just got tonight's paper and I'm going down to my room and read it."

Senior—"Aw, let me read it now; I'll give it back to you tomorrow."

Judging from the design of the Juniors' rings, they are already building castles.

For serving in the army,
For eighty-seven days,
They gave me that much money,
That's what the army pays;
But now they have decided,
To grant me sixty more,
So thank you, Uncle Sammy,
It doesn't make me sore;
I've waited now a weary month
For your returning check,
So send along that bonus
I'll need it soon, by heck!

J. J. M., '20.

"EILEEN"

Entrancing, winsome, charming, sweet Eileen,
I seem to see thee in fond fancy's sight;
My joyous, dainty, blithesome Irish queen,
With azure eyes that shine with lustrous light,
Like moonbeams peeping through a cloud at night.
The mem'ry of thy happy laughter seems
To bear me back in blissful fancy's flight
To grassy verdant banks of dancing streams,
Where you and I once dreamed mad, youthful,
loving dreams.

H. J. W.

Cigar Store Proprietor (to new clerk)—"These stogies sell for seven cents, the 3 in 1 is eight cents and the El Odoro is a five-cent cigar."

New Clerk—"Well, I certainly am learning the ropes."

Mac—"I took a run up to my old home yesterday to see how the place was making out."

Max—"Is that so? How did you find the place?"

Mac—"Oh, I knew where it was!"

Prof.—"Did you have much trouble with your lessons last night?"

Chem—"No sir, they didn't trouble me in the least."

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Delatone chesterfield ryzon postum jonteel coca-cola.
Dutch cleanser?

H. J. W.

If I had sixty dollars,
I haven't now that's true,
I'd buy a thousand stamps
The kind that's colored blue;
I'd rent a room with windows
And pay the man what's due;
I'd write a thousand letters
To tell you I'm still true.
I haven't sixty dollars
That's why I feel so blue;
But had I sixty dollars,
I think that's what I'd do.

As I reviewed this letter,
The postman's whistle blew;
I found a letter waiting,
I found a check long due.
I just got sixty dollars,
My statements weren't true—
Instead of writing letters,
I'm coming back to you.

J. J. M., '20.

"I wonder why that poem keeps running through my head all the time!"

Garry—"Exercising its feet, I suppose."

Professor (in Political Economy)—"Explain capital and labor."

Student—"The money you lend is capital and getting it back represents labor."

Coan—"Miss Fish says her face is her fortune."

Kane—"Well, she needn't be afraid anyone will marry her for her wealth."

AN EGG'S-ACTION

"I've faith in nothing," proudly the rationalist said,
"Blind faith can never rule in reason's stead."
"Explain to me," replied an aged sire,
"Why eggs grow hard, but iron soft in fire."

H. A. C., '19.

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Top row, left to right: Alexander J. Malone, Bernard M. Albers, Edward J. Quinn. Second row: Francis A. Rafferty, Adolphe A. Moreau, John A. Walsh. Third row: Francis D. Ronan, John T. Coan, James J. Egan, Henry A. Caffrey. Bottom row: Gerard F. Hart, John F. O'Brien.

THE VILLANOVAN

VOL. III. JUNE, 1919 No. 5

"Farewell"

Nature has forgotten all her joys today:
It is the day of parting, and who is truly gay
Whene'er a loving mother bids her son good-bye,
When precious, fleeting moments but hasten that dull cry,
"Farewell!"

The buttercups are drooping, and every single rose
Is nodding, nodding sadly, with every wind that blows.
The leafy trees are swaying in a mournful sort of way,
And all their branches rustle as if they tried to say
"Farewell!"

The birds are not as merry as they are wont to be,
The meadow lark alone is warbling plaintively,
And there is only one sad song that he attempts to sing,
A song that all the world is gently whispering:
"Farewell!"

A drowsy breeze is wandering among the verdant fields,
Searching for the perfume that the honeysuckle yields;
And as it stoops to kiss the earth, and gently brushes by,
It nods at all the flowers, and turning, seems to sigh
"Farewell!"

Farewell, farewell,— the only words that we can breathe today,
We utter, Alma Mater, most fervently, and pray
That in life's great endeavors, wherever we may go,
The Villanova spirit may go with us, and so,
"Farewell!"

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.



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HAROLD J. WIEGAND.

Salutatory—Democracy—True and False

By John T. Coan, A.B.

Most Reverend Archbishop, Reverend Father President, Members of the Faculty, and friends of Villanova:

With mingled feelings of joy and gratitude do the members of the Class of 1919 greet you. We rejoice in the realization of the dreams and hopes which we have long cherished. We are grateful to those who have been instrumental in making these longings of our hearts and minds for a practical Christian education a reality. A few years have elapsed since we undertook the beginning of the work which is now drawing to a close. Though the time has sped quickly by, it was replete with interest in the problems which not only engage the attention of the outside world but which changed the entire aspect of academic conditions. And now as we greet you to witness our entrance into the serious business of life, we are confronted by a world which has assumed a far different appearance from that which it had four short years ago. New complexities have developed, new problems have presented themselves for solution. And now as we go forth to lend a helping hand, it is only fitting that the more important difficulties to be met should be well weighed and thoroughly considered.

Victory has put an end to the gigantic world struggle and gladly do we welcome peace. With lusty cheers do we greet our heroes. Triumphantly do we hold aloft before the world our flag—the symbol of true liberty, equality, and righteousness. But in the very blast that proclaims our jubilation there rings forth a discordant note. Its harshness hampers the ardor of our joy. It is as if we were quite contented with our present success but fear for that which the morrow may have in store for us. There is spreading over the world a spirit of discontent. With the advent of world peace there have arisen in all countries of the world innumerable internal strifes. It is only natural that such should be the case in the wake of the world war just terminated. But it is to be feared that some of the difficulties to be met, some of the problems to be solved have more than a temporary and local significance. A new order of things is the cry of the day.

We must admit that great evils exist in the present organization of society. True merit and worth are not always justly rewarded. An equitable distribution of wealth and privileges is not always to be obtained. But how can a betterment of conditions be effected? Will the revolutionary tactics of Bolshevists bring about overnight what years of continued application of sane methods of improvement have failed to accomplish? Is it in accordance with man's constructive genius to destroy utterly with the bad all the good that institutions may contain, and to attempt to build on the ruins of present-day society an ideal state, the Utopia of socialistic dreamers? No lasting institution was developed momentarily. We are now in a period of transition. If there be evils in the present arrangement it is for us to eradicate them. If known methods of improvement can be effectively applied it is for us to remedy conditions as quickly as circumstances will warrant. But in whose hands do these measures lie?

The Government or the ruling power is responsible to a more or less extent for the happiness and prosperity of its subjects. The true end of the State is the maintenance and amplification of public and private rights. It matters not what we term the ruling power provided it attains the end for which it exists. But it is the constant peril of the State that its authority should be misused for the exclusive or undue promotion of class interests. Evidently if this happens, whatever be its form, whether preponderating power be vested in one, in a few or in the many, the true end of the State is more or less defeated. When in the place of that end the advantage of the ruler or ruling class is solely or unduly pursued it becomes a perversion of the right order of things. A monarch is converted into a tyrant, the aristocracy into

an oligarchy, the democracy into an ochlocracy. But of these three varieties of the corruption of the State, the last is incomparably the worst. It is the united opinion of all the great masters of political science that the democracy of numbers is the final form of the degeneracy of all governments. The tendency towards this degeneracy or corruption is the evil of the present day.

What then is this False Democracy, this democracy of numbers, and where did it originate? The government of the "power of the majority" is born of the French Revolution. Its practical effect upon society is vividly portrayed in the years which immediately followed its introduction into the government of states. It was the victory of a merely arithmetical principle in the organism of politics, the principle of numbers, the principle that every man regardless of station, power and ability, is absolutely and essentially equal. It is the principle which has been summed up in the pregnant sentence that the "will of the greater number shall prevail, even if in error over the will of the most intelligent of minorities", and this is the primary note of "Modern False Democracy". It is the antithesis of what right reason and order uphold. It is a contradiction of the primary truth that the state is an ethical organism, rooted and grounded in those eternal principles of right which constitute the moral order, a verity confessed by the world's greatest philosophers and political teachers from Plato and Aristotle to Augustine and Aquinas. The exponents of this false idea of freedom are wont to reiterate eternally the manifest sophism of the equivalence of all men in the body politic, "any man equal to any other" an uncivilized, uncultured barbarian possessed of as great a voice in the government of the world as a Socrates or Shakespeare; Judas Iscariot equal to Jesus Christ. A manifest sophism surely but one which has become an accepted article of belief not only among ignorant voters and the demagogues whose natural prey they are but among persons of culture and education, accredited teachers of men who might be expected to solve clearly the problems of the day.

Another false idea equally as detrimental to pure government is the notion which men have formed of what "people" really means. The poorest and most numerous class is not the people. There are other elements in the State far more important than poverty and numbers.

A primary principle of political science is the inequality of rights resulting from the natural inequality of men, of races, and of nations. If men are unequal physically, morally, and intellectually, most clearly they should not be considered absolutely equal in the political organization. Let us continue in this false democracy, let the mob rule, give full sway to numbers, and what will result? You will raise to the throne not the reason which is common to all men but the aggregate of base universal passions. For what is the majority if it is not a few strong men who lead, some knaves who propose to temporize, and the weak multitude who follow without the faintest idea of what they want. Does not the history of the world prove that the hurried thought or rather lack of thought on the part of the masses has been usually wrong and disastrous in its results to society. From the beginning the choice of the mob has fallen on Barabbas.

Democracy, true pure democracy, is not the will of the majority as such. Democracy is that form of society, no matter what its classification, in which every man has a chance and knows that he has it. It does not mean that men are prone to think that all men have equal chances. To so judge would be to underrate the ordinary discernment on the part of men whereby ability, power, and genius are discovered. There are fundamental differences in talent, worth and those other qualities which reflect leadership that are undeniable. And who possessed of the minimum of intelligence and acting conscientiously will hesitate to give credit where credit is due. It is the highest privilege and the best safeguard men can have to select men wiser than themselves to guide and direct their affairs.

The difficulties. then, which confront democracy are not the questions whether or not there shall be leaders, whether or not one shall prevail over the main, but it is the imparting to men the knowledge that all men have some chances and the giving to all men the chances which are their due. Leaders there will

be as long as human nature exists, for with nature necessarily follow differences, undeniable, easily recognizable differences in power of intellect, of body, and of soul. The trouble with our life today, our democratic life, is that there are some men who have no chances, there are others who do not realize and consequently do not grasp their opportunities, and finally there are some who have chances which are not their due.

All free governments are governments by public opinion and it is on the quality of this opinion that their prosperity depends. We must then, purify the element of which our very well-being is but the reflection. We must by education of the mind, heart, and soul, teach men to appreciate properly values as they are in themselves, to value good that is real rather than evil which appears to be good. Men must begin to realize that there are limitations in the lives of us all, that we have chances for success which are not the same as the chances of those possessed of greater ability. We must realize that success is relative, that without leaders there will be no subjects and if all were inferiors there would be no superiors.

There is always the fear, however, that our very life breath may be poisoned by the deadly exhalations of some of the members of society. The danger which confronts us today, the problem which demands immediate solution is that of Bolshevism. This problem is but the direct result of socialistic teaching. It is nothing more than the practical application of the principles of the Maximalists who desire the maximum of advantages with the minimum of delay. Undoubtedly the movement is a perversion of reason. Fundamental changes which affect long developed organization cannot be brought about in a day. And moreover will what these dreamers promise be effected upon the adoption of their principles? We have no proof of it. We can no more attempt to equalize the conditions and fortunes of men than we can equalize their ambitions and their brains. There are fundamental differences in men that can never be balanced. Still we can do something to check influences that lead to abnormal inequalities and to prevent their growing more enormous. But this is not Bolshevism. It is the systematic application of the principles of right reason. Socialism would dry the very sap from which the oak of commonwealth is sprung. It would cut off the very roots of personal ambitions and individual character. It would destroy that self-help, that frugality of living and foresight on the part of individuals which nourish and sustain the vigorous life of our country. Never can we agree with the radicalists in their overthrow of all organized authority. Law and democracy, restraint and true freedom, paradoxical as it may seem, go hand in hand. Cast aside the idea of law, remove restraint and you derationalize the universe.

The solution, then, of the difficulties which beset the path of democracy are not mainly questions of the equitable distribution of wealth and property. Nor has universal suffrage much to do with the real issue for a ballot in the hands is less dangerous to the good of the state than a sense of wrong in the head. The late experience of Russia only too vividly proves this truth.

The cure, then, of the evils of false democracy is not to be found in legislation alone. The taint which mars the purity of our ideals cannot be wiped away by human effort. It is a taint which vitiates the will and that vitiation breeds evil deeds. To hinder man from such deeds by fear of consequences is not to reform him. Every real reform must rest upon the cure of the vitiated volition. It must be moral, not mechanical; psychical not physical; it must start from within not from without. Its motive power must be something which acts directly and powerfully upon the will. Education alone will not bring about the change, neither will material well-being. The reformation requires supersensuous, superhuman, spiritual idea, ideals which point to a life beyond the phenomenal where justice shall at length triumph, ideals which witness to a supreme moral governor who shall bring about that triumph.

Today more earnestly than ever must we struggle against the tendency to bring everything within the confines of this life. Give to man as his sole end this earthly and material existence and you aggravate all his misery by the inherent negation; you lay upon wretches already crushed to the ground the unsupportable burden of nothingness; you convert mere suffering which is the law of God into despair

which is the law of hell. Hope is the first of all ameliorations. How little do our finite miseries become when an infinite hope is mingled with them. The duty of us all whatever our station in life is to diffuse, to spread abroad, to lavish the whole energy of society in warring against and destroying misery; and at the same time to lead all to lift their heads above matter, to direct men toward a life beyond this where justice shall be requited. Let us proclaim it aloud—no one shall have suffered in vain. Death is a restitution! The law of the material world is equilibrium; the law of the moral world is equity. There would be no dignity in living if we were destined wholly to die. What lightens labor, what sanctifies toil, what makes man strong, good, wise, patient, benevolent, just, at once humble and great, worthy of intellect, worthy of true liberty, is to have ever before him a vision of a better world shining athwart the darkness of this life.

"The Spy"

The rosy dawn's first hazy streaks of light
Spread slowly o'er the misty eastern sky;
The birth of dewy morn has banished night,
And day has come, a day in blithe July.

The drowsy feathered creatures raise their heads,
And joyously bid welcome to the day;
The droning insects leave their verdant beds,
And frolic through the grass in gladsome play;

The flowers yield their fragrance to the breeze,
Each petal blest with glist'ning drops of dew,
While o'er the blossoms buzz the busy bees;—
And now the dawn's faint pink has turned to blue.

How peaceful is this morn! How sweet the call
Of Nature, wakened by the dawn's first peep!—
But what is that, that lies against yon wall,
That silent thing, that horrid, huddled heap?

It was a man, a spirit brave and bold,
Who not long since, with hasty, deep-drawn breath,
Had looked upon the dawn,—and found it cold:
Had breathed the perfumed air,—and thought of death.

Valedictory—The Triumph of Democracy

By H. A. Caffrey, A.B.

IT EVER has been and, I dare say, ever will be a characteristic of small minds to attempt to depreciate the great achievements of their fellowmen. However noble, however pure and exalted may have been the motives that prompted the work, there will always be found some one by whom they will be misintepreted.

That great event, which for the last five years has occupied the thought and absorbed the energies of the entire civilized world, is a many-sided question. You yourselves know the great divergence of opinions regarding it. To the practical minds of this busy age, even war, the subject of boyhood's romantic aspirations, the thrilling theme of artist and poet, presented itself as a cold, business-like proposition. The twentieth century mind seemed to be incapable of becoming ignited and inflamed by the spark of patriotism once enkindled by the great-souled heroes of our Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

One hundred and forty-three years ago in a little hall in Philadelphia, a handful of thoughtful, determined men came together. In ominous silence they listened to the reading of a document; then, one by one, they picked up the quill pen and signed their names to it. If we peer over their shoulders we may read some of its opening words. "We hold these truths to be self-evident," it runs, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men." That document was the Declaration of American Independence and those signers were our forefathers.

No one today questions the sincerity of the men of those times. History bears witness to the fact that they gave to their cause the supreme pledge of fidelity, their life's blood. From their example, we, their sons, may well learn the value they set upon the ideals of democracy; upon man's inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Did I say we may well learn? Nay, rather, we *have* learned, for once more history must record the glorious fact that America's devotion to the cause of human liberty has meant the triumph of democracy.

Well do we know that human nature is weak. Well do we realize that men often cover over base and sordid motives with high-sounding phrases. We understand, too, that prejudice and ignorance too often influence our judgments of individuals and even of whole nations. Against our present prejudice toward the German nation as a nation, the boys that have returned from over the seas tell us of the sterling qualities of mind and heart they frequently met with in the German people. But, where their cherished ideals are endangered, strong men are aroused to action by facts; they move with calm deliberation, with caution, with circumspection; but once they are decided as to their duty, no power on earth can stop them.

Who does not remember how, step by step, America came to the momentous decision that this war was not Europe's, but her own? One by one the facts leaked out; men would not believe them at first for they seemed beyond belief. Neutral Belgium invaded, American citizens murdered at sea; insidious intrigue discovered in the very hearts of our cities and even of our government. Little did we know then of the false philosophy. the pernicious guiding principles that lay behind these overt acts. It is true that already in our great American universities and in many of our smaller institutions of learning German Philosophy had advanced far in its attempted destruction of the principles of all true science and morality. But to the great American populace, it was something strange to learn that the individual is made for the state, not the state for the individual; that "might makes right"; that whatever is expedient for the advancement of the interests of the state is morally right; that men may make solemn promises and agreements; that governments

may pledge themselves to respect the natural rights of mankind; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, when the day arrives, tear up those "scraps of paper", break their word, and go counter to the most sacred traditions of the human race.

It was only when the Conscription Bill was passed that America realized the full import of these facts. Strong men grew pale and silent; silvery-haired mothers and happy young brides felt their hearts grow faint within them. We were told that the world must be made safe for democracy; that the German government had tyrannically announced its fixed determination to send to the bottom without warning every ship that came within certain limits marked out by herself. Already behind her ravaging armies lay Belgium with her depopulated cities and her black and charred ruins; before them rose the stately spires of Notre Dame's Cathedral in Paris; the fate of the world's freedom was hanging in the balance.

At that moment across the seas swarmed a host of khaki-clad men; into the shell-shot fields of France they advanced; against the onrushing tide of German autocracy and dominion they hurled themselves. Let the boys themselves tell you the rest; let them recount to you those never-to-be-forgotten moments when, in death-like silence, they crouched at the foot of the trench ladder waiting for the signal to go "over the top". Fifty years from now, breathless children will sit big-eyed by their grandfather's chair and listen to his story as he lives over again those days he spent at the front.

Peace has come; the world, by God's help, has been made safe for democracy. Back across the seas have come our brown-skinned, hardened brothers to the arms so long outstretched to clasp them. The boys have come home but—not all! Beneath a little wooden cross in some lonely spot in France lies sleeping some American lad whom a mother's arms will never again clasp this side of the grave. American *mothers*, too, have made their contribution to the cause of human liberty.

About fifty years ago, over the graves of the heroes that fell at Gettysburg in defense of the self-same cause for which these boys have just now laid down the gold of their youth, that true lover and defender of American democratic ideals, Abraham Lincoln, said: "From these honored dead we should take increased devotion to the cause for which they have given the last full measure of devotion." Those words were addressed, not only to the Americans that stood before the draped platform on that day, but they were addressed to all future Americans.

The world, under the guiding hand of Divine Providence, has escaped the terrible fate with which it was threatened. But, there is yet much to be done; it is unreasonable to look for immediate results. Concrete conditions in the various nations of the world, the insincerity and greed of individuals and of nations, false notions of the meaning of democracy, are bound to create obstacles to a speedy settlement of all difficulties. But let those who are sceptical of good results be assured that at last the will of the people, as long as it is directed by right reason, has come into its own; that the principles of liberty and justice have become so deeply imbedded in the hearts of all peoples that never at any future date will any one man or any set of men be able to eradicate them. Well did Lincoln say that we should take increased devotion to the cause for which our fellow-countrymen have given their lives, for without our devotion and our sincere co-operation now in combatting the subtile forces that are working for the overthrowal of our present social organization, their sacrifice will have been made in vain. As with individuals, so with nations, "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." Engrossment in the material things of this world and forgetfulness of the higher interests of her people have meant the downfall of the Imperial German Government. May we profit by their sad example; may we learn the lesson that our own present-day social reformers ignore and even despise, the eternal truth that "unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; unless the Lord keep the city, they watch in vain that keep it."

Classmates, you know why I have concluded with these words. You know the motto that we chose for a guiding principle during our college days but more particularly for the days of which this is but the commencement. "Nisi

Dominus, frustra." In vain is that effort which receives not its support and guidance from the strong right arm of Almighty God. The world today is in sad need of men who have learned this fundamental truth; men who are not ashamed to call God their Master. It is our privilege to champion it during the days to come. Without it, it were vain to bid each other farewell, but with it, we may with high hopes express that parting wish: "Fare thee well!"

To you, Father President, and to all the members of the faculty of Villanova College, we acknowledge our thankful appreciation of every act of kindness and zeal that you have shown for our welfare during these four years. You are the potters, we the clay; you the sculptors, we the marble. The wear and tear of time and close contact with the unsettled world of today will, no doubt, change the appearance of your work, but our confidence in the stability of the effects of your labor encourages us to hope that the change will be but the perfecting of the work you have so painstakingly begun.

Undergraduates, you have still one, two, or three years of golden opportunity before you. All too short is the time of preparation for a task as gigantic as that which awaits the Catholic college graduate of today. One more graduate that lives up to the training he has received means one more defender of law and order and one more opponent of the spirit of rebellion that is so rampant today. Remember that the priceless boon of a higher education is not a gratuitous gift, it is a gift that implies obligations on our part; it is a debt that we owe in justice to our parents, to society, and to God. Oh, how much we need to be reminded of that truth which has made even saints tremble: "To whom much is given, of him much will be required."

Parents, relatives, and friends, the terrific onslaught of one enemy of society has been beaten back; the world stands panting and breathless from its mighty effort to save itself from destruction. But be not deceived into believing that the struggle to preserve our ideals of government is over,—it is but begun. Intimate contact with the squalor and mud of the trenches, with hunger and thirst, with screaming shells and bleeding, dying men, are experiences whose effects are not lightly to be shaken off. Already our criminal registers show an alarming increase in crime; the deadly poison of scientific Socialism, the unrestrained license and violence of Bolshevists and Anarchists are striking at the very foundations of our social and political organization; Godless science is perverting the minds and corrupting the hearts of our American university and college youths, the very ones who should be our trusted leaders in this struggle. You remember how, two years ago, one of your sons came to you and said: "Dad, war has been declared," and to his inquiring look you replied: "Go, my boy, and may God be with you!" Today that other son of yours asks a similar blessing ere he enters the lists with the sworn enemies of all law and order. Crown your work, the secret and uncomplaining sacrifices of years. To his, "Farewell!" you reply in your heart, "God be with you!"



Class History

JAMES J. EGAN
"JIM"

The editor sat in his sanctum, his countenance furrowed with care,
His mind at the bottom of business, his feet at the top of a chair,
His chair-arm an elbow supporting, his right hand upholding his head,
His eyes on a dusty old table, with different documents spread.

The writer has been seriously considering for some time, the expediency of invoking the Muse knowing full well the inadequacy of his poor efforts in treating of so distinguished and celebrated a personage as James J. Egan. Virgil had a great theme, so had Homer, and if my memory serves me correctly both invoked the goddess. The present writer has also a great theme on which to labor, but he is not Virgil, or Homer, nor does he know the traditional formula for addressing the Muse. Therefore he contents himself with a silent prayer for inspiration and humbly begins his task.

James J. Egan is a tall, slim, serious-looking chap about six feet in height. His face is oval, his nose aquiline, his eyes quiet and thoughtful—everything in his appearance would seem to indicate that he was a youth of a serious and studious bent. But alas, the contrary is true. Two minutes' conversation with him will prove that he considers nothing serious and all his classmates know that he will never become near-sighted or round-shouldered from close application to study. Jim's attitude toward class work is one of cheerful neglect, but by dint of luck and a hurried glance at the matter before exams he always manages to make a creditable showing.

I believe I insinuated that Jim was a personage. That is not wrong—I am endeavoring to write an appreciation, not a satire. And in proof of my contention that Jim is a personage I simply point to his record. I believe Jim has collected several medals or came near collecting them which amounts to pretty nearly the same thing. He has waded through several difficult branches of mathematics unscathed, while many of his classmates fell by the wayside. The stuff just seemed to come to him—I'm not saying how, that is aside from the question—the main thing is that it reached him. He usually stands among the leaders in all his classes except Greek which he could not completely master. Jim, as all his friends know, has an unfailing supply of wit and one day while in Greek class this wit happened to overflow with the result that Mr. Egan was summarily escorted to the door by an irate professor. Our hero found that professor's temperament so uncongenial that he immediately sought a permanent transfer to another class.

To use the words of the poet, Jim "has borne his blushing honors thick upon him." He has cut quite a swath in college journalism and has the distinction of being a charter member of the VILLANOVAN staff. In his Sophomore year he figured as Business Manager, the next year as Exchange Editor, and the past year has seen him in the exalted position of Editor-in-Chief, and the many scintillating editorials which have come from his facile pen eloquently bespeak his work. In addition to this he is manager of the 'Varsity baseball team and president of the Epsilon Phi Theta. Success attended his efforts as president of the Athletic Association.

A person who knows Jim well can distinguish in him several characteristic phases. As editor he appears with the corrugated brow, distracted mien, and wild eyes that all journalists are supposed to have. He will speak incoherently of "matter for our next issue", of "going to press tomorrow", of "scribbling off editorials", etc. As manager of the baseball team, we see Jim a calm, responsible-looking young college man, consulting earnestly with rival managers and speaking pompously of "my team", "our coming trip", and so on. As the smiling and dapper president of the Epsilon Phi Theta, we see him enthusiastically discussing the next dance or banquet the society is to give. But when you hear a chorus of voices breaking the quiet of

the stellary night by warbling off the latest song hits and distinguish a high nicotine-tenor voice above the others then you may know that Jim has cast aside his roles and is just being himself.

What the future holds in store for this promising youth is a matter of conjecture. As a journalist his success is assured. Perhaps we will see him presiding as a professor in the class room. He may be an automobile racer as he has always manifested a marked passion for machines. Whatever his calling, his classmates know that the same spirit which brought him such signal honors during his college course will insure his success in after life. We will miss Jim when he is gone, we will miss the gay and vivacious spirit that was always characteristic of him and we feel that Villanova is sending forth a son of whom she may well be proud, one who is loyal, earnest, staunch, and true, a Villanovan first, last, and always.

EDWARD J. QUINN
"ED"

Out of the hills of Jessup came
This son of old King Coal,
His heart aglowing with the flame,
That cheers a weary soul.

Unfortunately for the accuracy of our biographical research, we have been unable to ascertain the exact date of Ed's entrance into this earthly vale. The reason, however, is due to no lack of endeavor or willingness upon our part. Circumstances have been entirely beyond our control. However,

"*Causa latet; res est notissima.*"

Conjectures and suppositions have, indeed, been freely advanced, but without much satisfaction to an exacting inquirer. Ed himself is extremely reticent upon the point; and documentary evidence is unavailable, in view of the fact that, during the early days of the Civil War, the Town Hall of Peckville, Pa., together with its musty collection of records and accounts, was totally destroyed. This illusive day, however, was, to say the least, most momentous for all Peckvillians. Tradition has it that Ed was unanimously awarded the "blue ribbon" at the All-Pennsylvania Baby Show. Indeed, if it be true that time often plays its pranks in reversing our earliest prospects, we feel no hesitancy in believing that here was a handsome child.

But an event, remarkable both for its epoch making and epical significance, was his departure for Villanova. The good citizens "back home", in solemn assemblage, renamed the town "Jessup", which, being interpreted from the Serio-Comiticklish dialect signifies "O, joy!"

When yet of a tender age (for he was a most precocious youth), Ed was wont to muse upon the words of the poet Goethe: "Happy that man that early learns the wide chasm that lies between his wishes and his powers." It was his ambition to drive a twenty-mule team, bigger than any he had seen in the great coal mines, right past his own door. But it was not to be realized until his college days. For there he "drove" nobly and well over all those obstacles that are deemed inseparably a part of every well-regulated college course. Nor is this all. He has the unique distinction, despite the opposition of learned men and zealous classmates, of furnishing a triumphant refutation of the Scholastic theory of functional ethics. No less scholarly and convincing are his observations on the "ins and outs" of a politician's life in his "Voice from the Ballot Box."

A certain celebrity has said, that "he, who brings with him into a clamorous multitude the timidity of recluse speculation, and has never hardened his front in public life, or accustomed his passions to the vicissitudes and accidents, the triumphs and defeats of a mixed conversation, will blush at the stare of petulant credulity, and suffer himself to be driven by a burst of laughter, from the fortresses of demonstration. That's Ed all over. Would that this celebrity had enjoyed the acquaintance of our venerable patriarch. Nothing under the sun can fease him, no man born of woman has driven him from said fortress. As a conversationalist he rivals in eloquence and copiousness either Dryden, Addison, or Doctor Johnson. His soirées are attended with even greater eagerness and relished with greater gusto than were those places of rendezvous, the "Grecian", "Will's", or "Button's", by the wits, the gallants, the politicians, and the men of letters of our golden age

of literature. Ed is eloquent with his hands and his "conversations" are punctuated with the most artistic gestures—an accomplishment which he acquired, no doubt, in his days as a railroad telegrapher.

We shall surely miss his genial spirit and seek far before we should enjoy a more amiable fellowship. But we shall continue with him—

"To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supplied,
And all the magazine of learning fortified."

J. J. E.

BERNARD M. ALBERS

"Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep, moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend."
—Bacon.

It is in adversity and under adverse circumstances that the man is known for what he is; and let it be said that Bernie is every inch, of his two yards, a man.

Hailing from Lawrence has been his one and only blunder in life. Since we have made his acquaintance in '14 he has set a pace both in studies and in good fellowship that will make the very best step lively to keep in line.

The talents confided to his keeping he has assuredly doubled. Some are common but others are of the highest and rarest quality.

He has the art of application in a perfected way. We will undoubtedly give him the honors for his ability as an actor. To these he has added wit and good looks. This latter he has doubled by the fascinating way he "does" his hair. It is of record that he can "out-morpheus Morpheus" or sleep under all conditions, but when he is aroused from this state, he will always say he was only lost in the most pointed sociological and ethical problems of the day.

But when we speak of his histrionic talent, we bow our heads in humble acknowledgment and confess our inability to do him justice. His oratory is flawless— a "howling" success. His gesture, well—he can keep his mouth shut and make you understand what he is thinking.

We call him Bernie, but if you could see him patrol the walk between the postoffice and the classical building, you wonder why he never received the title "Cop".

When it comes to his athletic ability, he is without doubt the best rooter the class teams have.

Bernie has been with us throughout the course and in that time he has won the esteem and friendship of all his companions. It is with deep regret and best wishes for the greatest success, that say we farewell to the loyal and ever true Bernie.

JOHN F. O'BRIEN
"O'BIE"

"Keep him away from paper, pen, and ink."

John is the only member of our class born outside of the United States. It has been said by some that we owe his presence to the kindness of an ambassador who pleaded that the immigration laws of our country be suspended until he landed, but whether our gratitude is due to an ambassador or not we are all mighty glad that he is here.

John first saw the light of day in a little village in New Jersey; said village is usually called Ridgefield Park. Owing to its size, or rather lack of size, it always has escaped the notice of map makers. The only good quality to which it may point with pride is the fact that John came from there. We all agree that it is a good place to come from. John lingered there for the first few years of his existence and then desirous of seeing the United States he left his native lair and came to Villanova.

John always has been an ardent admirer of a certain gentleman known as William Shakespeare. Oft in our walks on a balmy day in June, have we come upon him, seated under the sheltering leaves of a big maple with his arms around—a big volume of Shakespeare. We have it on the authority of his mother that at the age of three he could recite from memory all the plays of the above-mentioned author. He was particularly fond of "Love's Labour's Lost".

John always has been "the" English student of our class. Time and time again has he proved his worth of settling literary discussions which have arisen between "Eddie" and "Roff".

Besides, John is a playwright of no mean ability. Once upon a time he wrote a play and was about to stage it but the armistice was signed so, of course, all that kind of stuff was called off. In addition to the aforesaid accomplishments John is also a "finished" musician (we sincerely hope that the word "finished" will not be the occasion of the punsters coming out from their corners). At any hour of the day one may see him seated by his window tickling the strings of his "lyre". As a singer John always has been a "howling" success.

John's side line specialty is the study of the Greek language. He was so proficient in the handling of "horses" that he was offered a commission in the United States Cavalry. He always has been a connoisseur on high-bred animals. 'Tis said of him that while he was taking his final exam in Greek he burned with so great a desire for the company of his "horse" that he cried out in despair, "My horse, my horse, my kingdom for a horse."

To know John is to love him. We have known him for four years so rightly may we say that we love him. During his four years at Villanova he has shown that a sunny disposition, an unlimited supply of brains, and a style of writing seldom found in the average college student are only a few of his accomplishments. With his many fine stories has he upheld that high standard of the VILLANOVAN which was attained by the members of the departed classes.

Now that our college days are over, different walks in life are open to us, and no two, perhaps, will tread on the same path. The parting, indeed, will be a sorrowful one and with regret will we say good-bye to the friend and companion of our college days. We all will miss "O'Bie", but our great consolation is that we will hear from him again doing grander and nobler things in the days that are in store for him.

ALEXANDER J. MALONE

"Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast."

In the sense of the saying that "good women, like happy nations, have no history," we may say that the normal college boy of good sense has no history. But in every boy's career at college certain distinctive features appear sooner or later, and it is by means of these characteristics that that boy lives forever in the memories of his classmates.

Eight years have quietly glided by since Alex first withdrew from his birthplace in Philadelphia and settled down at "old Villanova" for the "long grind" (as it appeared then). It seems that he must have been warned beforehand of the hard, wearisome road that lay ahead of him for he quickly set to work to acquire those qualities that are necessary for a long-distance runner. Apparently realizing the need of reserving his strength for the final spurt (coming events, Senior Ethics and Sociology must have cast their shadows before them), Alex adopted an easy-going, loping pace, which after a time became habitual with him. Other runners might spurt past him at a nervous, vigorous speed, but still he loped along as unconcerned as ever, content to stay with the crowd, at least for the present.

Even a loping pace, however, at times becomes tiresome. This fact Alex soon learned from observation of the tactics of fellow runners and from that inner voice that ever and anon called him. To remove this difficulty, he assumed another very convenient habit. When the strain of even moderate running began to become irksome, he quietly dropped down by the roadside and sought refreshment in "day dreams". But, sad to say, day-dreaming and the study of Greek cannot be reconciled. This truth the gentle (?) professor, after repeated efforts, succeeded in driving home by means of an eraser and a stereotyped expression, which was not, however, true: "Malone, you're a consummate a——! ! !"

It is with genuine class pride that we point to the fact that, despite personal sickness and family bereavements, Alex's good nature and sociability have remained to the last undiminished. Indeed, it may be noted here that any attempt at a joke (and their name is Legion,—the attempts, not the jokes) would not be considered successful by his classmates if it failed to call forth Alex's customary symbol of approval, "Haw! haw! haw!" With such a fund of good nature and a mind that has yet to reveal

its hidden beauties, which are now only beginning to display themselves in literary and philosophical thought, our remembrance of this classmate of ours will always remain vivid and pleasant.

If, as the poet says, "What's past is prologue," then it is with the keenest and most sympathetic interest that we shall peer down the shady road of time over which Alex has yet to pass, expecting (as we have every right to expect) to discern future evidences of the same manly and generous qualities of mind and heart that we have been allowed to enjoy during these happy years of intimate classroom association.

ANSELM MOREAU
"ADOLPH"

Prêt pour mon pays
Ready for my country.
—Lord Monson.

Fresh from the battlefields of France, like a ray of sunshine from his native land, Anselm burst upon us the first of the year unheralded, unexpected, and unknown. We looked upon him then, in his bright blue uniform of the French National Army, more as an object of curiosity, perhaps, than as one who would soon walk right into the hearts of his fellow classmates and threaten to remain there for the rest of their lives. What a change time hath wrought!

When it came time for us to acquaint the world with the life history of this young man, his great modesty made him the sphinxiest of sphinxs so far as getting any information from him was concerned. However, with characteristic Villanovan efficiency, we promptly dispatched our Special Correspondent to France, with gratifying results.

Anselm was born at Vendée, the sunniest part of sunny France, as might be surmised from the continual sunshine reflected in his smile and disposition.

When the great war broke out, Adolph was a student at Richelieu College, in Vendée, but like all the youths of his country, the cry of distress from his motherland quickly brought him to her side proud and willing to give her his life's blood if necessary. The next year saw him in the thick of the bloodiest battles of the war, never faltering in his duty, armed with a spirit that knows no defeat, and a Faith that knows no death.

"*It is his task, a slave of liberty,*
With his own blood to wipe away a stain."

A piece of shrapnel put an end to his career as an active soldier, and when his Government decided to give some of its soldiers the advantages of an American education, working on the theory that the best was not too good for the best, Adolph was sent to Villanova.

Though possessing but a scattered knowledge of English to start with, Adolph soon acquired a "speaking acquaintance" with the language, and now talks like a native, though at times his quaint twisting of sentences brings out meanings that he never intended. As a student he is "as bright as a whip", as the saying goes, and has made remarkable progress in the face of all the obstacles that naturally come to one in a strange land, with its differences of tongue and customs.

Whatever Adolph will gain from his sojourn in this country, we know that it will be no better than what we have gained. He has clearly taught us that accidents of tongue and nationality do not change the nature of the human heart, for all the true and noble characters are not on this side of the Atlantic. On leaving our shores he will part with a host of friends who are better for his short visit, and sadder for his departure.

FRANCIS D. RONAN
"BUNK"

"*The best of men have ever loved repose.*"
—Thomson.

Frank Ronan was not with us long before we perceived that all his activities were subordinated to one particular indoor sport—he had a retiring disposition—and as "bed" seemed too uncouth and far too unromantic, we christened him "Bunk".

"Bunk" unblushingly and persistently claims Andover, Mass., as his original hiding place in spite of all protestations on the part of that well-meaning hamlet. Where the controversy

would end it is hard to say if Frank hadn't decided to relinquish all blame on the condition that they would let him be buried there. He says that it would make him feel surer that he was really dead.

Manifesting an intelligence rarely if ever found in the youth of his town, Frank early discovered that if he would tread the path of wisdom and knowledge to the golden heights of fame and success, he must necessarily relinquish for a time his death grip on the maternal apron strings, bid good-bye to the cows and chickens (one species only in his town) and trust himself to the guiding hand of Villanova.

His first year here was uneventful to all appearances. Most of his time was spent in apologizing for his intrusion, explaining to his fellow students just where Andover would be situated if the map makers were a little more intelligent, and in perfecting himself in his special line of endeavor. "I let fall the windows of mine eyes."

We next find him on his back in a hospital nursing a broken leg, or better still, having it nursed, and surrounded day and night by an adoring multitude, who gazed at him with wide-eyed admiration while he graphically explained how he had saved the game at the trifling cost of a broken leg. His sojourn there was a very pleasant one—to quote his own words, he had a "lovely" time, and under gentle care he was soon able to lead an "upright" life again, and returned to our midst. That the accident left its effects on him seems evident from the fact that while the rest of us were walking through the Greek and Latin courses, Frank's strength failed him at times and he found it necessary to ride.

In appearance, Frank is a veritable Apollo: in fact, on close measurement, we would say that he was two Apollos. As a singer and blackface comedian, he has Al Jolson backed to the wall, crying for help. Don't blame Al for that, as you would do the same if you heard him.

Now that these disclosures have driven this much-abused young man to hide himself for shame, while he is out of sight we will reveal a few of his many rare qualities that bind us to him and make us proud to call him our classmate, and above all, our friend. Blessed with a sunny smile, an unruffled disposition, and that seldom found "magnetic personality" that draws to him all with whom he comes in contact, he is a fine example of a man who has been well named—Frank. To know him is to add a new ray to the sunshine of life, but to be numbered among his friends is "a consummation devoutly to be wished." We have chosen him as our class President, a silent but eloquent expression of our esteem for him, and the severing of college ties will send with him our heartfelt godspeeds and well wishes.

Gerard Francis X. Hart
"Jerry"

"And feel that I am happier than I know."
—Milton.

Coming from a place with a name as euphonious as Hyde Park (Mass.), one might be led to expect the history of "Jerry's" life to be enshrouded with obscurity. The truth is far otherwise. He is by no means a man of mystery, yet not to know him intimately is to be unable to fully appreciate his character. The letter X in his name is our old-time friend the algebraic equivalent for things unknown. By constant association with "Jerry" during the four years at Villanova many of the values of the X have been discovered.

"Jerry's" game of life, as is the case with the rest of us mortals, has not been entirely errorless. But, perforce of results, we are constrained to admit that each of his mistakes has been but an *"illuminating error"*. As a good pilot for the oncoming Juniors he has left the tortuous course of undergraduate days dotted with those *"kindly lights"* which point the way through the channel to success.

By reason of his stature "Jerry" leads us all. He is the smallest man in the class. But he stoutly maintains that we must not mistake the container for the thing contained. "Great oaks from little acorns grow." Indeed we have noticed that of late he has become quite an intellectual giant. Social psychology is his pet science and at solving its intricate problems he is a little wonder.

It cannot be said that "Jerry" was exactly an enthusiastic student in our early college

days. No one would ever dream of dubbing him a "grind". Any hour of the *day* he could be found sound asleep. But when he got started his activities were marked by extraordinary vim and zest. The potentialities of oratorical ability that resided in him were attested to at the end of Freshman when he was mentioned as second in merit in the contest in oratory. Quite recently we have been witnesses to even more conclusive evidence that his natural powers in the forensic art have not been neglected in the ensuing three years. Habits acquired early in life at the Reedville Track served "Jerry" well in his pursuit of the dead languages. The way "Oedipus" and "Hippolytus" fell before the surpassing speed of his *trotters* was wonderful to behold. But in justice it must be said that now this is all changed. "Jerry" has given himself up to intensive study. In Senior Ethics and Sociology he has been a model of application—and *endurance.*

He has long since ceased to worship at the waxed floored shrines of Terpsichore. Frivolities of this sort are for him things of the past. Instead of the goddess of the "light fantastic toe" his lares and penates now are represented by a wooden Indian. Thrice daily he religiously incenses the graven image of his deity with clouds of tobacco smoke.

"Jerry's" talents run in several directions. In very truth his versatility is quite renowned. As a black-face comedian he is a performer of no mean ability. In this role his every word and movement provokes a laugh. As a baseball player he periodically essays to be a catcher. And as for music—oh yea!—oh yea! We wish we could call him a *finished* musician. When he plays his trombone it seems that the angel Gabriel is hovering nigh. Once upon a time we had said trombone in our room for several days. Of course we couldn't play it—but neither could he while we had it.

"Jerry's" personal magnetism and generally likable disposition have earned for him the title of everybody's friend always. His genuine good qualities coupled with his determination to win are bound to place him as high in the honor roll of Villanova's alumni as he is in our esteem.

JOHN T. COAN
"JACK"—"JOHNNY"
"Blessings on thee, little man."

Lawrence has many representatives at Villanova—but few are as representative of Lawrence as Jack. Our earliest recollections of Johnny picture him as a bashful, blushing, sunny child. Of course as John increased "in years and wisdom" his smile persisted to be sunny—but—he soon ceased to blush—an effect due to "acquired experience" with his numerous admirers. Jack has left a "rep" behind for "Champion smasher of anything from baseball bats to football posts. He bequeathes to those that follow the "game" a pile of "ripped" balls and "cracked" bats. John has always been a leader among his college pals in studies and sports. This fact no doubt prompted him to join the colors when Bill Kaiser tried to sell Uncle Sam a gold brick—Johnny enlisted at Plattsburg—and soon was commissioned a lieutenant. This dignity he enjoyed until his country could spare him. 'Tis said that good looking officers are continually in demand. If this be true we advise the people of Lawrence to keep their "eyes" on Johnny lest he be captivated by darts that wound where shrapnels have no effect. Villanova graduates a loyal son in Jack. But if love of sacrifice, determination of will, undaunted courage, strength of purpose, willingness of labor, wisdom, and tact be the essentials for the true Catholic man of the future, then Villanova can unhesitatingly propose John Coan's name as her worthy representative in the economic and social walks of tomorrow. John has always been loyal to that which was sacred, an undaunted defender of Virtue and Religion—and an uncompromising supporter of duty and trust. He has always taken part with the oppressed and weak—against the unjust and the cruel—and while Catholic manhood stands for principle and authority Jack's attitude toward the good and noble shall ever be an echo of the high and Christian sentiments that flourish within him.

FRANCIS A. RAFFERTY
"RAFF"

Frank claims that it was under the ever-blue

skies of Holmesburg, Pa., that he made his vital début, and we have never contradicted his claims—in fact we knew it as soon as we saw him. Under our gentle care however, he seems to have obliterated all traces of this his earliest tragedy.

To most of his schoolmates Frank is familiarly known as "Raff" though there have been times when he has requested and even insisted on being called "Bud". Others too feel that his frequent journeyings on the ocean of dreams would justify the sobriquet "Raft", but they mistake that wistful, angelic look that bespeaks deep thought, for an evidence of deep sleep.

"Raff's" chief line of endeavor lies along things electric. Up to the present his accomplishments have been restricted to buzzers and door-bells, but he threatens soon to revolutionize the present modes of doing things by a universal application of Franklin's discovery.

Frank has another failing. He fain would be a musician, and will accommodate you either vocally or cornetty. Those who have heard him sing are in raptures over his possibilities as a cornet player, while those unfortunate enough to hear his attempts on that instrument insist that he is a wonderful singer.

These few bantering remarks are taken as such by those who know the real Frank Rafferty. A truer and more popular classmate would be hard to find. His pleasant smile and unselfish willingness to lend a helping hand where needed will leave their effects on the minds and hearts of his fellow graduates and others with whom he has come in contact. His success with his favorite hobby, wireless telegraphy, and the spirit of diligence and perseverance that he has displayed in the pursuit of that hobby, are foreshadows of what the future holds out to him, and it is with the greatest confidence that he will not ignore the proffered hand, and with the best of wishes for success that we sever the bonds of school life.

HENRY CAFFREY
"HARRY"

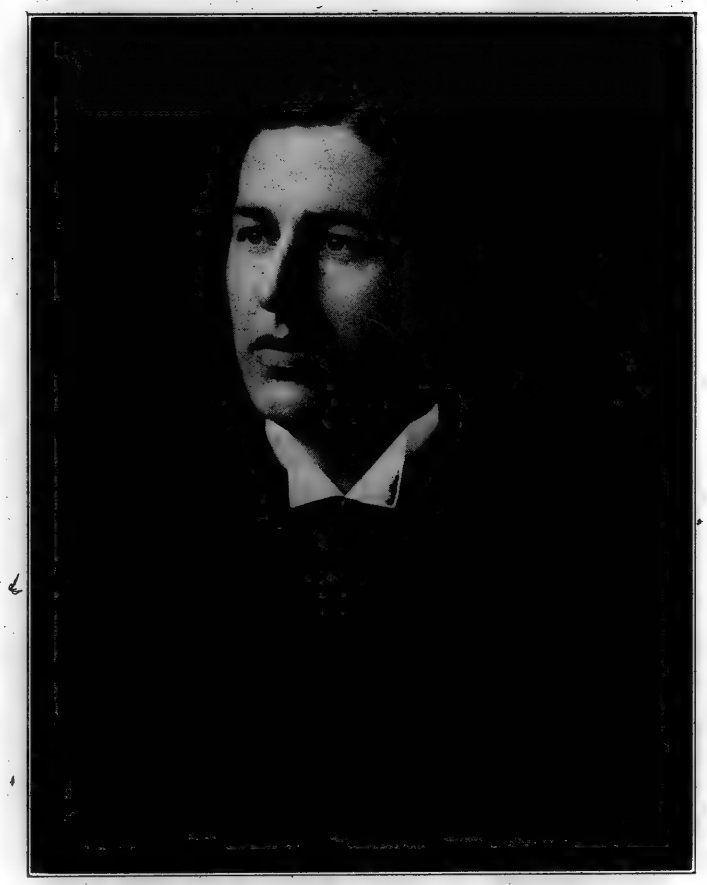
"I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind."
—Shakespeare.

Close to the scenic and deliciously odored Spigot River, where the flowing waters add to the noise of the Lawrence Mills, stands a dwelling, conspicuous in its being the abode in which Harry first saw the light of day. Soon realizing that his native birthplace could not afford him the facilities for study, an amusement of which he is very fond, Harry made his entrance into our Alma Mater. When he first appeared in Villanova, we all thought he was related to the Silent Knight in the Fairy Tale, so few were his words. Time, however, made us better acquainted. Then we realized that there had come into our midst a rare specimen of intellectual attainment, a student in the strict sense of the term, yet withal, a classmate whose friendship is worth while.

Harry, during his college years, has been the winner of numerous class trophies, his final success being the capture of the Ethics medal, ex aequo. This winning facility may be accounted for by Mendelian Laws as being hereditary. Harry's Father, Pa Caffrey, is distinguished as being winner of the Rowing Title, as former champion of the Bay State League. At present he is engaged in managing the Lawrence Police Force. Hence it is but natural that Harry should *Cop* all the prizes. Harry has also another winning factor, that is, his disposition. Although somewhat reticent, he is good company under all circumstances. His laugh is the merriest when some incident or joke is narrated, for he is endowed with a keen, though not excessive sense of humor. In addition to these accomplishments Harry is a budding genius of Oratory, which fact led to his delivery of the class oration, much to the consternation of the devout disciples of Bolshevism. It is a current opinion in Villanova, that if Harry had been a delegate at the Peace Conference, he would have convinced the Rulers and Delegates that Ireland should head the League of Nations.

Loyal to the heart's core, Harry is one whose character is of the best, and his popularity among his classmates is justly deserved.

Although the days of our college life are over and we must pursue life's varying paths, yet the memory of the happy years spent in his genial company will ever be cherished by his classmates.





Recipients of Honorary Degrees: Hon. Charles D. McAvoy, LL.D.; Dr. James A. Kelly, LL.D.

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JOHN A. WALSH

The little mountain town of Dushore boasts many a gift to the college world. The Class of '19 received its boon when John Walsh left those wild mountain haunts to enter Villanova. It is sometimes whispered that John has imbibed much of the element of romance because of early environment. Certainly early days in college life are replete with arguments pro.

When we needed inspiration to plod and grind, when we looked for a burning, active faith in man's capabilities if linked with will power, John was always representative. He is a true-blue Villanova man, a jolly, faithful friend, and a conscientious student. We have no doubt that the Class of '19 will hear from him again in higher places.



It Happened Out West

By T. R. Hanley, '19

THE time is the tenth of September and the place is the Grand Central Station of New York City. It is just three o'clock and the crowd is at the lowest level of the day. The noon rush is over and only a few stragglers from out of town stroll through the vast hall. The sweeps are busy with their brushes and mops and the whole place seems to be gathering up breath for the evening rush of commuters.

In the waiting room a small crowd is killing time till the guard announces the Chicago express. It is a well-dressed crowd of chiefly business men and middle-aged travelers. On the end seat of the long line of benches next the wall and some distance from the majority of the crowd slouches a young man. He is tall and well built and his skin is a healthy tan color. At a glance one would place his age at twenty-two and not miss it by more than a few months. His eyes are deep blue and sincere but now they seem dull.

The initials F. J. M. on his bag stood for Frank J. Raymer and the blue and white enamel seal on his watch fob told the knowing one that he was a recent graduate of Neuville College. His thoughts at that very minute were back at the "old place" yet contrary to all custom they were not happy ones. He was a product of their philosophy course and while he was only a few months out of school he already thought of himself as a failure. He had applied several places for work only to be met with the question, "What can you do?" He had done his best to answer it but always his habit of stuttering and lack of self-confidence had stood in his way. These same faults had also marred an otherwise perfect career. Neuville College had no small reputation for its expert "chicken chasers" yet Frank Raymer, a good fellow in every way, had never rushed a girl. True he had often wanted to but when the time came he lost his nerve and had the other fellow call it off. The fellows characterized this fault (?) with the title of "male vampire" which stuck to him from Freshman to Senior. He was now on the first lap of a long journey to North Dakota where he was to be assistant manager of a large ranch owned by a packing concern of the East. While it was not a wonderful position in itself, nevertheless it held possibilities. Besides he thought he might get rid of some of his defects in the western atmosphere where the movies always said a "man was a man".

Thus he was rapidly working up a big dose of self-disgust when he heard a low rumble. He was not surprised to find that it was the announcer of trains mumbling in Esperanto or some other foreign language that the Chicago train would pull out in fifteen minutes. At this he leisurely gathered up his coat, bag and magazine and sauntered to the gateway. As he turned in the arch he glanced over his shoulder to see the clock on the side wall. The next thing he knew was that some one in a big hurry had bumped into him and as a result the various belongings of both were scattered over the station floor.

As Raymer handed back a beaded bag and Vanity Fair he looked straight into the deep gray eyes of a young girl. A second quick glance confirmed his first impression that she was a winner.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she cried when she saw what she had done.

"My fault entirely," cheerfully lied Raymer cussing all the time his rising color. Evidently she saw his embarrassment for she looked up and smiled and again he was aware of those disconcerting gray eyes.

"I was in such a hurry; I thought I had only three minutes and dear knows I don't want to miss that train and have to wait almost years till the next one." Again he felt the influence of those eyes yet somehow or other he felt at ease with them. This time he looked straight at her and then they both smiled a smile of good comradeship. It was a spontaneous friendship for he reached for her bag and she

gave it to him with a quiet "thank you". Many a young man in the town where she came from had desired that privilege yet Mildred Lewis had always put them off on some pretence or other saying that she was "developing her muscle" and now she actually seemed glad to have an almost stranger carry it for her. But women are all full of contradictions.

Conversation on the way to the train revealed the fact that they both were going to Dakota and would be distant only about fifty miles from each other. Raymer was not at all displeased at the fact and his eyes told her so. She was to teach in the county school and live at the home of an aunt. By the time they boarded the train they were such close friends that he asked if he might have his chair changed to one next hers if possible and she actually seemed pleased. Meeting some one who is going to the same distant land on the same train makes friendship quicker than perhaps anything else. Human beings naturally long for companionship and travel increases this desire to the nth degree. I am only trying to give the dry psychological reason for the actions of two young people, both very circumspect and discreet in their home environment.

A few words to the czar of the pullman, the porter, and the necessary accompaniment, gave Raymer the chair he desired and they settled down for a pleasant trip. With a snuggly, homey feeling they watched the station glide past them as they started on the way to the West, a hoped-for land of opportunity.

It was a golden opportunity for Raymer to get rid of his bashfulness and the most impartial observer would have said that the opportunity was not neglected in the least. Mildred Lewis was a typical American girl, wide awake and interested in everything. They learned of their mutual dislikes and likes and their ambitions, he to make good and she to be "just happy". For five days their companionship was uninterrupted and conversation never lagged a minute. Stuttering seemed to be a thing of the past and now he could meet a look from an unknown damsel without rivaling the colors of the rainbow. Mildred instinctively knew of his diffidence and corrected it as best she could without his knowledge. In fact he was congratulating himself on his improvement in this line.

They parted at Weymore Junction, he to take a waiting buckboard to the ranch where he was to tackle fortune and she to continue on to Cottonwoods where she was to teach the rising generation the multiplication tables. The farewell was somewhat prolonged and each was surprised to find out that it was not pleasant. Each regretted that their train friendship was over and that they must separate and each go their individual way. Mildred carried the memory of Raymer standing on the hot wooden platform of the Junction waving his handkerchief at her for a long time. Many a time later on when the "kids" seemed to be impossible the thoughts of his clear calm blue eyes calmed her and the "dear children" again escaped what they badly needed and deserved.

A whole year had passed and yet Raymer and Mildred had not seen each other. A desultory correspondence had ensued but gradually each was absorbed by the many problems of new surroundings and fifty miles seemed far off That trip west had faded for both into a dim pleasant memory. Raymer was now full manager of the ranch and in a short time hoped to be called back to the Eastern office in an executive capacity. Work had filled his thoughts for twelve months and now he was beginning to reap the fruit of his labors. The struggle had aged him a little and put furrows in his once smooth forehead. Now that he had a little time to spare his thoughts often reverted back to the unsettled days of after graduation and his trip West. Unconsciously he judged every girl he had met by Mildred Lewis and found them all wanting. His work had been so absorbing that his old self-consciousness was a thing of the past and stuttering a thing forgotten. He had eaten work, dreamed work, and lived work ever since he struck the ranch. Favorable reports on his work spurred him on for more and all other interests in life had faded into the background. Even the East was merely now a place that he had come from, a place that he had intended going back to when he had made his pile but now he wouldn't give up that broad expanse of blue sky over his head for any less than $10,000 a year, maybe not even for that. The spell of the West was upon him.

But now that the big part of the toil was over he often wished that he had not dropped out of the world so completely. It was lonely on the ranch seeing only the cooks and a bunch of men day in and day out of the entire year. Books he had in plenty but no time to read them. This suggested a way to kill time to advantage and so he sought out the box of books he had brought with him. The first one that struck his gaze and appealed to him was his old philosophy book. He picked it up and gazed at it tenderly and old memories of college flooded his mind. Only gratitude for his course filled his thoughts and he realized that the wisdom of centuries had helped far more than anything else. It had prepared his brain for the work which followed and brought success. Raymer opened the ill-treated volume and was soon lost to the world in renewing an old acquaintance with applied psychology.

As the days went by his thoughts turned more and more to Mildred Lewis and he knew that he wanted to renew his friendship with her more than anything else. Work had taught him to act instantly and so he wrote a long letter telling of his work and wanting to hear from her soon. The letter came back marked "removed". Obstacles now only spurred Raymer on to action and so in a week he packed his bag and went to Cottonwoods. Inquiry revealed that Miss Lewis had taught the term and "was a good teacher". Her aunt had died and immediately after the funeral she had left saying good-bye to every one and saying that she was going back East to her old home. "But she'll be back," said one old man, "this 'ere place gets 'em all, they leave but they come back."

"I hope so," said Raymer dispiritedly and once more he went back to the ranch and buried himself in his work. He did not know her eastern address and it was impossible to find out anything definite. Work was his only solace and his love of his books his only outside dissipation. The ranch fairly hummed under his direction. So successful was his management that the president of the packing concern personally congratulated him on his inspection trip and hinted at better things to come. They arrived in a letter appointing him the sole manager of the western territory, and a salary of five thousand a year. Raymer was now only twenty-five and well on the road to success. The memory of Mildred Lewis was very dim and put in the back of his mind with the fairy tales of his youth. Ambition gnawed at his very soul and overcame his desire for social life so much that he became almost an outcast, going nowhere, seeing no one except on business

In the fall of the year Raymer decided to inspect the ranches of his territory and in his travels came to the little settlement of Grayson. It was a prosperous little place and boasted of the high school of the county. The gaunt brick building seething in the hot sun made him pity the kids that had to spend their days in that place with the wide outdoors all about them. He had wired the local superintendent to meet him and as they drove out to the ranch he remarked about the cruelty of keeping the children in school all day.

"Oh they don't do that any more. We got an up-to-date school ma'am who lets 'em out at noon. It's the principal's orders and she's a crackerjack, yes, she knows her business and the kids thinks she's it."

"Who is this female marvel?" Raymer inquired with a smile picturing a kind-hearted old maid who hated the heat herself.

"Milly Lewis 's her name, she boards out my place; I drive her and the kids into school ev'ry morning and one of the hands brings 'em back at dinner time. Nice girl, Milly, been with me over a year."

Raymer never said a word when he heard her name but sat tight. It sure was like her to treat the kids white and here they were to meet again. He wondered if she had changed and why she ever stayed at this half-baked place. The old gent in Cottonwoods said her aunt left her all her money when she died and the aunt was not a poor woman. Surely she could have gotten a position in lots of better places than this.

He saw her as they drove into the yard swinging one of the "boss's" kids on a rope swing. To Raymer she looked just as young as the first time he met her and just as charming. When she looked up and saw him her gray eyes were filled with wonder.

"Frank Raymer!" she cried. "I thought you

had disappeared off the face of the earth; where did you come from?"

It took very few minutes to set them back on the old basis of palship. She "had come back" as the old man prophesied but this time as principal in the county school. She said that she couldn't be happy anywhere else and the work was easy and she liked the life on the ranch.

All the time she was talking Raymer was undergoing a close scrutiny from Ellen, the little six-year-old child of the superintendent. She was a pretty child with smooth flaxen hair and big blue eyes and rosy cheeks. Ellen resented the young man taking the attention of Mis' Lewis from her and Ellen was not used to having any one cross her. Mildred loved the child and was with her constantly. Raymer finally noticed the child and asked who she was.

"Why she's the dearest little girl in all the world, aren't you, Ellen," and Mildred grabbed her up and held her up in her arms.

Ellen murmured an agreeable "yes" and snuggled into a comfortable position. What cared she who that strange man was as long as she was where she wanted to be.

That afternoon Ellen's father drove out to the end of the ranch to get the reports of the foreman and would not return till morning. This left Raymer in the ranch house the only man except the hired man who slept some distance away in the bunk-house. The house was typical of that section of the country, a long low rambling frame structure. The wood was tinder dry and had not been painted for three years. Water was not overabundant and the dry season was on. The place and time were auspicious for a fire and some evil genius took advantage of it. The cook attempted to fill the oil stove while it was burning and one drop of spilled oil did the trick. Seeing the blaze on top of the stove she dropped the can and ran. In a minute the kitchen was a sea of flames. It was only ten o'clock but all were upstairs and by the time she reached the front of the house the back part of the house was crackling merrily in the flames. Smoke filled the whole house and it was only a question of minutes before the whole house would be roaring with the flames. Raymer dashed out in the air half-blinded with smoke and was glad to find the whole household assembled in front of the burning building. Just then he heard the mother cry, "Where's Ellen, haven't you got her Milly?" And then a groan went up, for Mildred had thought that Ellen was with the mother. In a second Mildred had said, "I'll get her" and dashed into the burning house. Every one was so astonished that she had disappeared into the smoke-covered door before any one could stop her. Raymer followed as quickly as he could but she was out of sight when he got to the house. Half blinded and choked with the smoke he searched the lower floor but did not find her. He did not think that she had gone up stairs for they were gutted with the flames. Suddenly he remembered that almost all ranch houses have back stairs from the kitchen and as quick as thought he dashed toward them. Once up them on the second floor the smoke was so dense that he could not see which way to turn. His hand glided along the wall until he came to a door. All the time the heat was terrific. His head felt as if it would burst. Thinking of the effect of the heat on Mildred he groaned but still pushed toward the front of the house where the child slept.

The smoke was swirling about him in thick black blasts, the flames were hissing in the back of the house and he knew that the whole building was doomed. Just as he was entering the room where Ellen slept he stepped against a body prone across the doorway. It was Mildred at last overcome by the smoke and heat. Raymer picked her up carefully and gave a quick glance around the room. Not a sign of the child was there and fearing to delay longer he once more made his way toward the back stairs. The smoke had him staggering now but still he pushed on toward the open air. He reached it only to topple over. Many willing hands aided them both but there was no rejoicing for the mother was frantic over the loss of her baby and only force held her from rushing into the doomed home. Suddenly a baby cry rung out and cut deep into the hearts of every one. It was Ellen crying from the roof of the porch and she was amost surrounded by the flames. She had heard the outcry of the family and had rushed into the room of the beloved Mildred

only to find her gone and the house deserted. Thus it was that when the mother saw the empty bed she thought the child was with Mildred. Mildred was sure that Ellen was with her mother and in the confusion she was lost.

The cries of the mother were heart-rending yet what could be done? The entire first floor was seething in the flames and there was no way to reach the child driven to the roof by the fire. Raymer's mind worked like a machine striving to think of some way to save the child. Mildred begged piteously for some one to save her and for Raymer there was no way out. A bucket brigade had been formed and was doing the best it could but they all knew it was useless. Raymer called a couple of the men and told them he was going to climb the porch and would toss down the child to them and take chances himself. The men all advised him against it as the understructure of the porch was rapidly being undermined by the flames and might crash any minute.

Raymer paid no heed to the advice but quickly threw off his coat and started to climb the pillar. The heat had blistered the paint and made gripping it a painful and difficult matter but his determination was strong and nothing could stop him. He reached the roof sputtering for breath and quickly ran over to Ellen now crying loudly on the farthest edge away from the flames. The men had spread a blanket out below and despite Ellen's clinging to him closely he tossed her down to the men and safety. His head was now spinning violently and bewildered he turned around to look for his own safety. Suddenly there was a loud crackle, then a crash as the porch gave way and for Raymer the last thing he heard was the cry of the women; then darkness enveloped him.

By carefully moving the bandage over one eye Raymer could see that the sun was shining brightly outside in the world. The quietness of the room and the odor of antiseptics told him some one was sick, then it dawned on him that he was the patient and that the calm soothing nurse was none other than Mildred.

"Mildred," he called.

"S'hhh," she whispered, "be quiet and sleep like a good boy," and she smoothed out the covers and lowered the shade.

Raymer always seemed to thrive on opposition for though very weak he sat up in bed and said determinedly, "I won't be quiet, I haven't said a word for months and now I want to talk to you. How long have I been here?"

"Two weeks tomorrow."

"What happened, who is taking my place, where am I?" all followed in rapid succession.

"Briefly, the burning porch fell and you fell with it and received a broken leg. Your company wired for us to do everything we could for you and they would send a doctor. He was just here a few minutes before you awakened. You're in the house nearest the place that was burned down and will be here for some time to come. Why you've been raving with fever ever since you were hurt, we've had an awful time keeping you in bed."

"We?"

"Yes, I played nurse; we tried to get one for you and couldn't. But you've been a good patient in general and now you'll be up and around in a short time."

Raymer smiled contentedly. It was good to lie there and be fussed over by a pretty girl and know that everything was right with the world. He could hear the birds chirping in the trees outside and the cook singing while she prepared the dinner. Mildred came over from the window with a big bunch of flowers sent by the father of Ellen and told him that he was a hero. Her gray eyes seemed to melt into mist as she told of the rescue and how thankful every one was that he was safe. "Why even I owe my life to you," she concluded.

"Mildred, I have always been a strict business man and dear this is one debt I want to collect now."

Just then Ellen ran in the room with some more flowers but she turned around and ran right back home and stumbled in the door, crying, "O mother, I just saw Miss Mildred kiss Mr. Raymer!"

Maria of Rome

By John F. O'Brien, '19
(*Continued*)

Chapter II

The Circus Maximus was calmly resting in the stillness of night. Diana's full smile cast a pale shading on the heavy branches that swayed serenely in the gentle breeze. The Roman guard that marched back and forth before the barred gate seemed like a mysterious visitor of fate. The metallic click of the bucklets that adorned his armament kept measured time with his even pace. The long sharp spear that spoke defiance to intruders and the strong shield that assured defence added to the strength of his authority He had not been called upon to perform any deeds of chivalry this evening, and the quiet of the place seemed to promise continued tranquility.

A step is heard. It is quick and approaches his post. The guard can hear it, yet can see nothing. Nearer and nearer it comes when suddenly it proves to be that of a Roman slave.

"Halt, in the name of Caesar!" demanded the watcher. "Friend or Christian?"

"Countryman," explained the intruder. "Have you had a quiet night?"

"Who seeks the knowledge?" snarled the soldier.

"A servant of Marcus, lord of your post."

"Yes," admitted the other, "all has been still until your coming."

"Well, then, beware!" warned the newcomer. "There is a Christian approaching nearby, who comes here tonight. She comes to kill you, if she can, and thereby free her Christian brother. Take her! Mark you her hunchback form and slow limping step. Marcus will pay thee well for her capture. Hark! What's that? A step? Listen! I'll hide here until it passes."

So saying the informer concealed himself within the shrubbery. It was a step indeed, a slow, unmeasured, lingering step of the exhausted, crippled Maria. A dark shawl was cast oEer her head. The guard stood watch until the maiden was near at hand.

"Halt, you wily witch of treachery!" shouted the spearman, as he made a desperate thrust at the defenseless breast of Maria. "Your schemes have been revealed to me by Roman trust and loyalty. Speak not of error or complaint. To the gate, to the gate, while life is in you."

The crippled girl was extremely cool and collected. She realized that Marcus had been faithful to his promise and she was equally certain that her prayers would free the wronged and disgraced Flavius. She uttered no cry, not even a word, but bent in a slight crouching manner that externally indicated fear and obedience. She proceeded with the same slow tread to the massive iron gate and waited for the guard to unbolt its heavy bar. She entered the dark and silent enclosure. It was not the apartment where the doomed were enclosed, but a sort of ante-chamber of the dreadful place.

Here she remained humble and calm. She prayed more earnestly than ever. She heard the great iron door slam and the heavy bolt thrown forcibly in its place. She would wait and listen to the words of her brother slave. She could hear everything that was said. She drew the wooden cross from its place of security and unconsciously smiled at the success of her plans.

In a few moments she heard her fellow slave congratulate the guardsman on his loyalty to duty. She heard them bid good night, and soon the retreating steps of the stranger told her that the Roman was alone. The buzz of whispers attracted her attention and e'er long she found herself at the door which lead into the inner closure. She quietly rummaged through the fold of her attire and procured the gold ring to which were attached the keys. She paused before opening the passage gate. She listened. The guard's heavy measured step sent a dull thud-like sound through the silence, assuring her that he was unconscious of her actions. The dim pale glow that emanated from the martyrs' prison told her that life was within. She calmly

and gently opened the lock. The heavy massive gate swung noiselessly and smoothly before her soft pressure. She stepped quietly into the prison and slowly approached the group of doomed Christians. The inmates either did not notice her entrance or did not realize her presence. She moved slowly and with a soft limping step through the crowd that filled the dungeon. Some had fainted and were lying exhausted in the darkened chamber. Others were praying aloud and calling on God to save them, but nowhere could words of dread, revenge, or despair be heard. She had examined all quarters of the apartment and was beginning to fear that Flavius and his lover had either been killed or removed to a safer section of the prison. Suddenly she chanced upon the form of a man who was kneeling beside the prostrate figure of a woman. She bent down close to the face of the former, and to her joy discovered the saddened brow of Flavius. He was praying to the God of the Christians; before him lay Pomponia, weakening and unconscious.

"Master," whispered Maria, as she bent near him, "I've come here to lead you away. If this is your love, lift her up and follow me."

Flavius recognized the voice of his hunchback slave, but he believed she had fallen the victim of Julius' wrath and that now insanity had taken possession of her. He looked up into her face. Her eyes were clear and bright, a faint smile brushed over her countenance as her eyes met those of Flavius.

"Save me? Save us?" he gasped. "How? Child, do not mock me! I would have saved Pomponia if I dared, but it's too late! too late!" Here he fell weeping on the breast of the unconscious Pomponia.

"Come, come Master," said Maria, with an air of impatient authority, "are you a Roman? Will you weep when courage can save you? Come with me if you love Rome and Pomponia. Come with me and bear her."

Flavius saw the determination of the visitor. He felt the sting of reproach. "Go," he agreed, "I'll follow you."

So saying, he lifted the form of the Roman lady and cautiously followed Maria. They moved along close to the wall, where the total darkness served as a curtain to conceal their actions. Softly and slowly they approached the half-closed exit. Once out in the ante-chamber, Maria quietly waited to hear the measured step of the guardsman. Flavius was breathing hard and fast. Now for the first time he was convinced that he had been visited by Maria the real, genuine Maria of his father's household. He was speaking lovingly to Pomponia, when a step was heard outside the walls.

"Hush!" demanded Maria. Silence followed. Flavius listened.

"Roman?" exclaimed the muffled voice of the guard.

"That and true," acknowledged the newcomer. "Did the two-faced Christian come?"

"Yes," assured the other, "she is safe within the walls. Mark the security of her keeping," as he roughly struck the iron bolt with his spear. The sound of the weapon against the iron bar reminded Maria that she still had a supreme difficulty to surmount.

The soldier was very familiar with his visitor. The latter informed the guard that he had not come to reward, but only to invite the dutiful Roman to the distinguished presence of Marcus. Naturally, the armed man was flattered, and proud to accept the invitation. He immediately made sure of the prison door's security, and then exclaimed, "I'll go with you to Marcus; all is safe here, for none but the most base and treacherous would unlock this door." With this the two men started on their journey to the palace of the noble Marcus.

No one had heard the conversation, save the cripple Maria. Flavius on hearing the step hastened to a dark corner and there awaited further directions from Maria.

The steps of the returning men had just hushed into stillness, when another and more elastic tread was heard. It approached the gate with quickness and evident familiarity. Maria was lost as to its meaning, but was unshaken in courage and faith in her God. She approached the entrance and awaited the coming of this mysterious guest.

In a moment it was in the ante-chamber. Here it assumed a slow, meditative, devout g it. Maria came closer.

The new arrival, on seeing the girl paused and whispered, "Woman, where are my children?

My own Christian sons and daughters?"

"Whom do you seek, Master?" asked Maria kindly.

"My children, daughter. You can not see my garments or you would blush to ask me that. I am their priest, the annointed of God. I come to speak one last word of comfort and cheer to my dear ones."

Maria was inflamed with devotion and admiration for the zeal and unselfish care of the religious man.

"I humbly beg your pardon, Father," pleaded the cripple as she kissed the hand of the robed visitor. "The door that leads to your children of faith is open. Go and whisper some word of cheer. I will pause at the entrance and give you warning of approach."

"That's true of you, child," said the other as he raised his hand in benediction over her kneeling form. "I'll not stay long, for I have other children that are not in this fold; these I must visit tonight. Stay you here and protect my age and office."

Maria led the late-comer to the open door. Fortunately she had not locked it. The other was not suspicious when the heavy door was quietly opened. He slipped into the dungeon, leaving the innocent Maria to her promise.

At once, the cripple hastened to the side of Flavius. By this time Pomponia had become conscious.

"Go now, my lord," urged Maria to Flavius. "The doors are open. Nobody watches, save God and He will protect you. I will follow shortly. I must wait to accompany a priest who just came to give his last blessing to the prisoners."

Flavius immediately led the weak Pomponia to the gate. Maria cast her own shawl over the shoulders of the lady. Flavius and the woman passed quickly through the unguarded entrance out into the night, down the great road that lead to the silent and peaceful precincts of the Via Sacra. Meantime, Maria stood at the open door of the dungeon. The priest was long in returning. Maria waited patiently. The obedient cripple had lingered some time. The period of the guard's absence was fast drawing to completion. She must call the reverend man lest his love for duty jeopardize his life. Just at that moment the silence was broken by a loud roar. "Ho! Ho! What? No guardsman and the door open? There has been murder here." Almost immediately a tall Roman warrior entered holding a burning torch in one hand, a shining sword in the other. As soon as he stepped into the chamber he espied Maria. He flew across the room with a triumphant yell, drawing his weapon at the innocent and loyal breast of the cripple.

"Ho! You would evade the law of Caesar, back to your pit until the lion's tongue has lapped your blood from his mighty paw; back, damned witch."

Maria was not frightened before. Now she became cold and trembled. Unconsciously she moved into the fatal dungeon. She had lost all power of self control and recollection. She thought not of herself, but of the old priest that had come to bless and give comfort. Once inside, the Roman soldier slammed the iron gate. The lock snapped and Maria's fate was sealed. The loud noise brought the priest to the entrance. He made at once for the door, but his strength was not sufficient to break the least force of the hold that made him a prisoner. He called aloud to the retreating guard, but the spearman was impervious to his calling. Maria came to his side, and falling on her knees beside him exclaimed, "Father, I could not save you. I could not speak when the Roman soldier approached. He would have killed me if I had called for your help."

"My child," said the other, trying to control his excited mind, "all shall be well. I have a sincere friend who is high in esteem of Nero. His name is Julius, son of the wronged and honored Antonius. 'Twas through his wish that I came hither to save his lover who was thrown in this horrible place by the orders of the ambitious and sinful Flavius."

Maria's heart almost broke with indignation and resentment, but her respect for the priestly dignity restrained her wrath.

"Yes," continued the other somewhat nervously, "my friend, the good Julius, sent me here to find a certain Pomponia and to bring her away. To tell her that she may remain faithful to her creed, yes and with impunity if only she marry and love the noble Julius"

"Fortune, Father, has sent you to me. Pomponia is free and so is noble Flavius. I came here to free them and I did. While you were blessing your patient children I had concealed Pomponia and her protector in the outer room. When all was still I led them to the open gate and they fled into the night."

"What? Freed Flavius and that scorpion Pomponia?" cried the astonished man as he raised his hands in despair.

"Scorpion?" replied Maria equally surprised. "Father, why call her that?"

"Why, thou poisonous traitor, ask you why? Hell shall answer you with its burning tongue." So saying he seized the cripple by the throat and would have extinguished the fainting spark of life had not her screams aroused some of her Christian prisoners who rushed to her aid.

The grip of the murderer was snapped by the hand of a giant slave. He flung the raging man against the stone wall with such force that the victim was knocked unconscious. His head struck against a sharp cut of the rock and blood spouted forth from the wound. Maria had fainted. She was led away by some sympathetic women who assured her of safety and kindness. The Christian men lifted the gory form of the robed man and carried it to the dimly lighted section of the chamber.

There he lay panting and twitching like a snake. He gasped and tore the priestly robe from his body and to the gaze of all showed himself no other than the proud Julius of yesterday. Maria who was watching him in fear and anguish recognized his face. She screamed and fainted again in the arms of a prison companion. The surrounding Christians, whose alarm had been awakened, did not perceive the cause of the cripple's agitation. They only knew the disguised man was a wolf in sheep's clothing and in their faith they believed the hand of God had touched the false representative of His benediction and power. The women of the dungeon managed to calm the nerves of the cripple, and after some difficulty they succeeded in lulling her to peaceful slumber.

Julius had not been restful for one moment. He ranged furiously, deranged his garments, and his face was assuming the look of insanity. His eyes bulged forth with the fire of anger, his lips were dripping with frothy saliva; his cheeks were pale and the blood from the wound had bespotted his jaws and neck. At last he stood up under the flickering glow of the lamp and seemed to have regained his mental equilibrium. "Here," he muttered in a low tragic tone, "you tell me you baptized her sister? How comes it then they are not sisterly in union? I know Pomponia, the supposed daughter of Decius, but her sister, is she a lady of Roman rank?" A short silence followed. "Yes, you say she is a hunchback. A free woman or slave? How comes she is not free? Oh, Decius loved her mother once. Ha! ha! blood is thicker than water, eh? Ha! you tell me in truth that Pomponia the beautiful was nursed by the same breast as the hunchback that serves Marcus. Mark that, what, a step? See, behind you a light. There, there, damned informer of the fair—Roman, steel would rust ere Christian blood would dry. There, stay in this reeking bosom of treachery and vice." As he uttered these words he thrust his dagger several times into the ground, and finally drove it therein to the hilt. He left it buried. He rose and renewed his ungodly screaming.

"Ha!" he cried again as he kicked at what he supposed to be the form of the murdered priest, "only I want your garb, I would not bend to kick you. Here, untie that cord. Untie it, I say," as he pulled against an invisible procumbent form. He continued in his quick unconscious actions for a few moments and then stood erect as if admiring his proclivity for the priestly attire. "There, Julius," he boasted with a smile of satisfaction. "Go to the dungeon and promise love and protection to Pomponia. Ha, Flavius, death for you. For me, your lady, your dignity, and your fame."

The fit returned worse than before. His oaths and wild, ungovernable actions had frightened off the women. He rushed again to the silent entrance and there crouched against its iron strength. He was exhausted, physically and mentally. He groaned and sat biting the ruined mantle of the priest. Talking to some unseen person and calling upon his father for help. Maria slept on. Her nerves were quite tranquil now; she had been so tired that Julius had not disturbed her by his outbursts of insanity.

When the first beam of sunlight peeped into the dungeon it found the Christians united in prayer. Maria had awakened, she was refreshed but still very weak. She had reconciled herself to the evident will of God. Julius was still bound in a profound sleep. The pure and clean of heart were not thinking of the torture that awaited them. They considered only the kingdom of heaven that He would give to those who were faithful unto the end.

Chapter III

The sun was already well above the eastern hills. The Circus Maximus was crowded almost to overflowing. The anxious faces of the crowds marked their impatience for the games. High on the stately throne sat Nero. A smile of satisfaction brightened his lustful eye. He was decked in all the splendor of majestic pomp. Around him was gathered a brood of flattering attendants and treacherous worshippers of wordly ambition. Among the distinguished officials was Antonius, who had been informed of Flavius' fate. Marcus was not present and as yet neither the Lord of the Prison nor the keys of the Dungeon had appeared. Nero observed his favorite's absence by a comprehensive "Marcus is long in coming." As yet no word of suspicion had been fastened on the absence of Marcus.

This was indeed a day of jubilation and joy. The great entertainment was about to commence. The charioteers standing on their two-wheel vehicles, each drawn by four horses excited the impatience of the onlooking crowd. The race was followed by several combats of gladiatorial skill. After several hours of this amusement the blood of the Romans was warmed to a degree of uncontrolable desire for slaughter. "Christianos ad leones," they cried. Nero could not oppose the people's will. "Christianos ad leones," he ordered, but none stirred to obey him. His imperial highness was irritated by the delay. "Where is Marcus?" he demanded in a hoarse voice.

"Christianos ad leones," cried the populace.

"Marcus! Advance," shouted Nero.

"He has not attended your festivity, divine king," returned Antonius. "No doubt he has prepared something that will surprise and move us all. I fear not for his skill."

"Marcus, on your life halt not the wish of Caesar or of Rome," cried Nero. "Here," pointing to Antonius and a few that awaited on his person. "Away with you; force open the gate." Antonius lost no time in complying with the Emperor's wishes.

In a few moments several men appeared in the arena carrying a large and powerful battering ram. They came against the iron gate with the full force of their strength. A few hard blows bent the iron bars, a few more and the hinges gave way before the force of the deafening crash. The gate had yielded, a twisted mass of iron.

At the same moment an unearthly yell broke the silence of the arena. The people were startled by its shrillness. Even Nero was moved with terror. Suddenly a raging form issued from the darkness of the dungeon. His face was swollen and bloody. His garments were spotted with gore and dirt. A long brown train was attached to his waist. It was Julius—and he was mad.

Some of the Roman soldiers had entered the dungeon with torches and spears driving every unfortunate slave from thence. The Christians appeared amid the jeering and curses of the rabble. "Christianos ad leones," cried the surging mob in fury. The condemned slowly approached the center of the arena, cheering one another and offering prayers and acts of love and contribution to God. While the soldiers were fleeing to a place of safety, Maria, who was united to the Christian in sympathy and prayer, came from the group and exposed her crippled form to the contempt and derision of the arena. Julius spied her leaving the assemblage. The thought of her deceiving him flashed through his mind. He rushed across the sand and seized her weak frame with the fury of a wolf. As he did the golden ring fell from her breast. Nero espied them.

"Great jove," cried the emperor, "there is the wretch that caused this unexplained delay. Freedom to the slave that murders her."

It seemed as if Julius had understood the ruler's words, for he had thrown the fainting Maria on the ground and was strangling her mercilessly. He tightened his grip on her throat and as he held her dying body he looked up into the face of the Emperor who was smiling with

satisfaction. A moment of sanity revealed the face of Antonius to the murderer. Julius screamed and cast the unconscious Maria from him as if she were polluted. He staggered back from her pallid face. At that moment the mighty thunder of human cries broke forth. The Romans howled with joy, the Christians shrieked with pain. Julius turned to the place whence came the call of sorrow, and as he did a full grown tawny pounced upon him and sunk its sharp curved claws in his flesh. Julius screamed again, more horrifying than before. He fell, beneath the weight of the beast across the body of Maria. As he did the brown garment that was hanging from his waist slightly waved, just sufficient to cover the face and breast of the child. The lion did not lose his mighty grip but sunk his claws deeper into the flesh of the victim. He tore the greater part of the shoulder from its place with one mighty twist of his jaw. In a few moments the tawny beast had so mangled the body of Julius that nothing remained but scraps of carrion strewn around the unbroken corpse of Maria. The beast sat peacefully and proudly near the remnants of a human being after the indescribable slaughter, chewing on a gory *ulana*. It was a dreadful sight. The Romans had their full of butchery. Little attention was centered on the mutilated bodies of the Christians. It was certain that none had survived the fury, but yet there was lack of interest for them.

The sun was far in the western skies when the Roman people poured out of the arena. They had enjoyed a glorious day and Nero was high in their favor. The lions had been driven back to their dens. The bodies of the dead were gathered in one place to be burnt. Maria's figure alone remained intact. One of the slaves managed to secure her body from the official of the Circus. It was taken away to the catacombs where it would be buried. The golden ring stained with the blood of Julius was restored to Marcus. When evening came the sands of the arena were stained with blood and the crimes of barbarism.

Chapter IV

On the day following, Marcus was sitting peacefully in his garden when a young man approached him. "I would speak with Marcus," said the intruder.

"Marcus is present," informed the Roman. "Speak."

"Come with me," requested the other. "Flavius desires to see you."

"Where is my son?" demanded Marcus. "Is he safe?"

"Come with me, that is his word to you," replied the messenger.

Marcus did not question further but obeyed. The two men passed down the road across the outskirts of the city into the poverty-stricken section of Christian Rome. They came to a small wooden house. Here they entered. The guide led Marcus across a dark chamber. Soon the Roman found himself descending into a dimly lighted passage. The two men proceeded through the darkness until a faint light broke through a little door before which the guide paused, knocked, and thereupon the visitors were admitted without question.

There Marcus saw the secret place of Christian worship. At the far extremity was an oblong box in which burnt a red light. Before this were two forms, a man and a woman kneeling with heads bowed in prayer. Marcus approached them. His step attracted the attention of the man who arose. It was Flavius and he was safe. Marcus embraced his boy with joy and blessing. While father and son were exchanging words of love, an old man entered the chamber. He carried a small book and a crucifix. He was a priest and he had come to join the Roman and the lady in matrimony. Pomponia rose on hearing the shepherd's voice. Her eye met Marcus'. The latter could not withstand the joy that was bringing him onwards to devotion for Christian faith.

As the priest was about to unite the lovers Marcus cried, "First tell me where is Maria?" Then the woman looked at Flavius.

"Here she lies," said the priest, pointing to the oblong figure. Marcus approached the coffin, raised the cover and saw the dead child, Maria. In her hands was the wooden cross. She was calmly sleeping in the Lord.

A storm of sorrow and affection swept over the soul of Marcus. "Christian parent," he said to the priest as he laid his hand on the breast of the corpse, "here is the preserver of my son's life. I cannot reward her, but if you tell me where I

can find her kindred I will give them protection and honor while I live."

"This is the fruit of prayer," returned the priest. "Before you is Pomponia, the only sister of Maria. It was a secret told me by my brother priest on the eve of his death. Now is the power of prayer disclosed."

At these words Marcus fell on his knees and wept. His heart was in the coffin with Maria, and his love was with her cross.

"Let this be a sign to you," he said as he approached the dead girl, and replaced the wooden cross by the golden key ring, "that I will cease from seeking Christian blood until these keys unlock the gate of life and let her live again." So saying he thrust the cross in his breast. "From henceforth Marcus will be a Christian and his son will love the sister of an angel."

"Eloise"

Oh would that just we two lived on this earth,
—My Eloise,
Just you and I alone, and joy and mirth.
—My Eloise.

With springtime always in the air,
And roses blooming everywhere,
And clearest skies of blue above,
Just you and I, and joyous love,
—My Eloise.

We'd make this world of ours a paradise,
—My Eloise.
It seems that now when I look in your eyes,
—My Eloise.

An Eden that the angels envy me,
For in your eyes I hope some day to see
A sparkling, joyous, heaven-kindled light,
To fill my aching heart with gay delight.
—My Eloise.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.

THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. III | JUNE, 1919 | No 5

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Commencement

ONCE again Alma Mater bids more of her sons go forth and fight, armed with the principles with which she has fortified us, for God, for country and for ourselves. For her it is but a milestone in her glorious career, another gem in the diadem which crowns the success of her noble mission. But for us in whose care she entrusts her treasures, our parting day has a peculiar and individual significance. The ideals that have been placed so vividly and constantly before us in the dim light of the horizon of practical life which is now looming up have an added lustre. Heretofore we were accustomed to view these treasures of virtue and knowledge as they are in themselves, disassociated as it were from the actual conditions to be found in life. And now, as we are about to apply them, a new view, a wholly different aspect is forced upon us. Never before were young shoulders so heavily burdened. Today we are commissioned to combat in our own spheres the evils that beset the progress of good in the world. Verily these evils are not to be repudiated as something old, diseases that have disturbed society for centuries. Conditions exist today which never before engaged the attention of the wise and the good. Evils which tend to dethrone God and substitute for Him matter and reason are constantly spreading over the world and becoming more deeply rooted in the minds and hearts of men. The life of our country, the principles of democracy are being assailed. Reorganization seems inevitable and it is for us to see that it is brought about, if it must come, upon sane, true, established principles of wisdom and virtue. May we not shrink from the noble task entrusted to us! Our duty is clear and with all the vigor of



SOPHOMORE PRE-MEDICAL CLASS

At top: Edmond F. O'Brien; middle row: W. Warren Fahey, C. Vincent Ash, Harold J. Wiegand; bottom row: Michael A. Grieco, Leo A. Delohery.

THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. III | JUNE, 1919 | No 5

STAFF

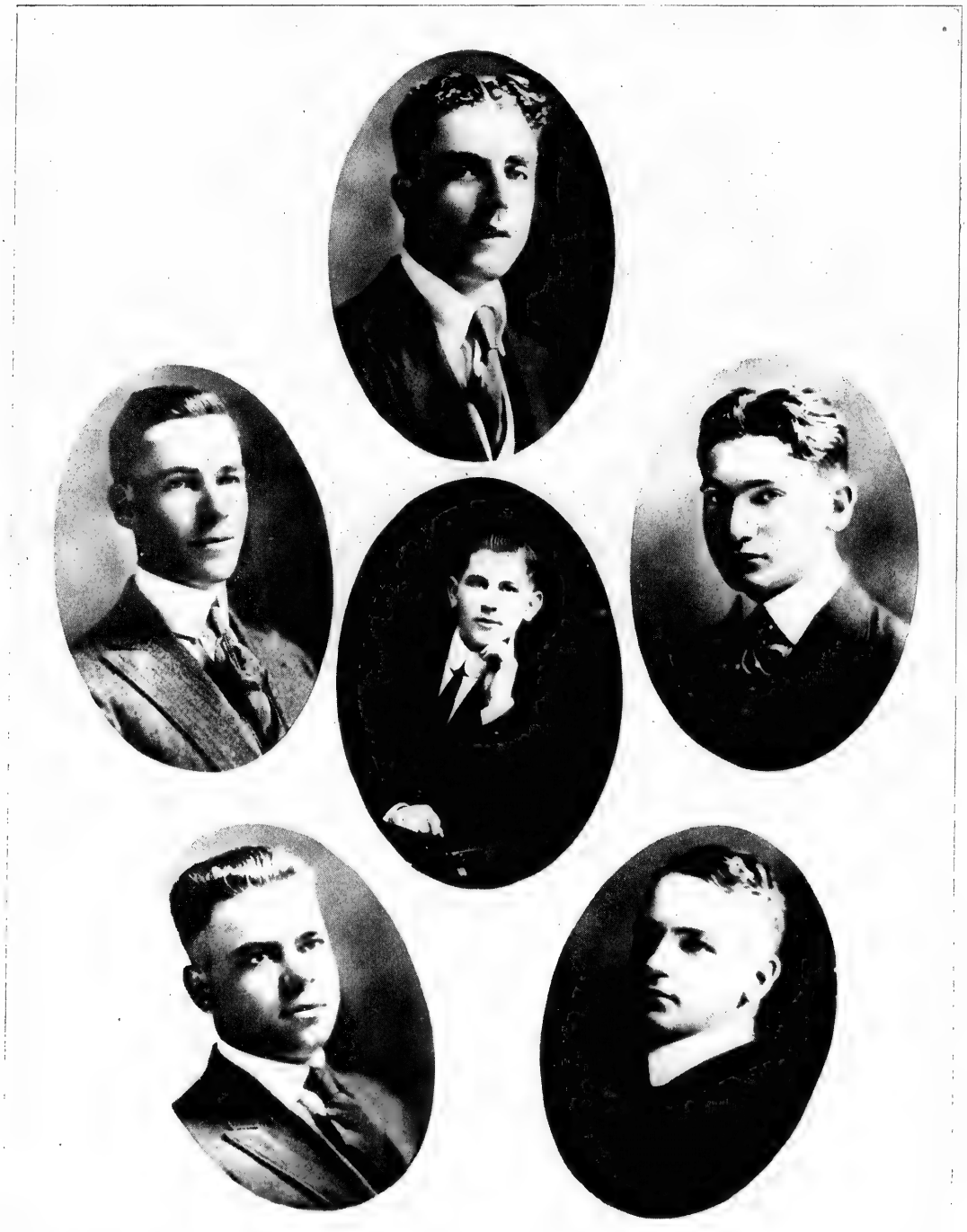
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THOMAS R. HANLEY, '20.....Alumni
HAROLD J. WIEGAND, '21.....Exchanges
REV. G. A. O'MEARA, O.S.A.....Literary Adviser
REV. JOSEPH A. HICKEY, O.S.A.....Faculty Director
ALFRED F. KANE, '21.....Athletics
JOHN W. JONES, '20.....Advertising Manager
FRANCIS A. MURPHY, '20.....Circulation Manager
EDWARD A. McKENNA, '22.....Business Manager
GEORGE F. McCANN, '20.....Staff Artist

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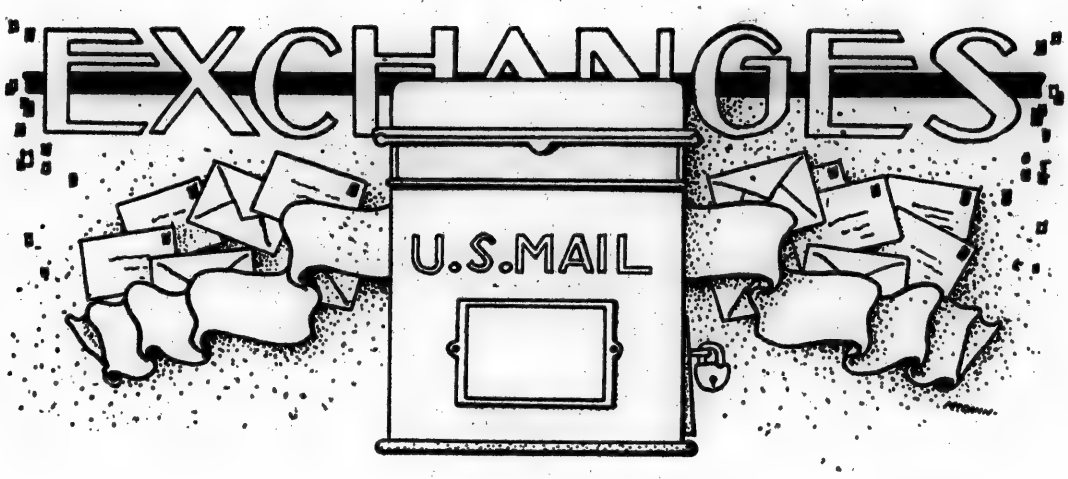
youthful hope we set out to perform it. May we do justice to Alma Mater! May time not dim in our minds the truth of her teachings! May association never lessen the lustre of the principles she has made clear to us! As for our own well-being in after life, when we must care for ourselves, let us remember that prosperity and true success do not always go hand in hand. Let salvation and success be for us synonymous. Villanova, we bid you a fond adieu!

Alumni Drive

WE, who have not as yet passed from under the care and supervision of the fond mother, cannot imagine how any alumnus can easily forget the kind and loving care so lavishly showered upon him in his college days by Alma Mater. In actual life, one of the keenest regrets of grown-up men who have been deprived of their parents is the fact that they have lost their own chance to be grateful for the care, the watchful interest bestowed upon them in childhood by loving parents. In dreamy moods, in days of reminiscence, they look back to the time when their hearts and minds were being trained by the virtuous wisdom of God-fearing parents. They can picture themselves at their mother's knee, lisping in repetition the prayers which fell from her dear lips. They feel again the loving caress of her hand; they hear again her admonition to be good always. They see again in her eyes the light of love interesting itself in everything that would redound to her children's welfare. With a sigh of regret they now feel their utter helplessness to show their appreciation, for the object of their loving thoughts is gone. She is but a fond and cherished memory. But there is another mother, a mother equally as loving and interested in her children's welfare, and that mother still lives. Is it because she lives that she is neglected? Had she gone, too, would the lavish care she bestowed on many young minds and hearts be more vividly recalled? Alumni of Villanova! You have not forgotten your college days, the inspiring lessons of truth and goodness that fell from the lips of interested professors. To many of you now she is a childhood dream. Often must she be the object of your thoughts, but do you regret that you are not doing more than you are at present to show your appreciation for the good she has done for you? Villanova needs you now and because she knows you think of her often and kindly, she is going to ask you to show in a practical way your appreciation of her work.

There is a pressing need at Villanova, one which has long been felt for a suitable gymnasium and swimming pool. Now the time is ripe to satisfy that need. Before long, it is hoped, our dreams, our earnest desires in this regard will be realized. But this cannot be effected without the support of our Alumni. Material aid, together with moral support, is necessary. Therefore, are Villanova's graduates approached to help in some way the good work which their Alma Mater is carrying on.

Alumni, Villanova has been to you a fond mother. Often in climbing the ladder of success you have thought of the help she afforded you in your youthful days. Now she needs your help. Her needs are forever growing. Her mission is rapidly expanding. The opportunity is presented to you now to show your appreciation. Your help is asked. Be kind, thoughtful, grateful children to a fond mother.



IN THE April *Fordham Monthly* we found a very well-written article, "A Pair of Traitors," dealing with those widely dissimilar Orangemen, Sir Edward Carson and Sir Roger Casement. The writer evidently knows whereof he speaks, and his comparison of the lives and deeds of these two Irishmen, one of whose violent sedition against the British Government was rewarded with a Cabinet office, and the other whose valiant fight for his country's liberty brought him a disgraceful death, is skilfully drawn. To call Casement a traitor to England is certainly as far-fetched and absurd as it would be to call Washington, Adams, and Henry traitors to that same power.

The story, "Camouflage Will Out," in the April *Boston College Stylus*, is deserving of the highest praise. The author has mastered a hackneyed plot in a very clever manner and has produced a veritable little gem of a short story, pleasantly reminiscent of O. Henry.

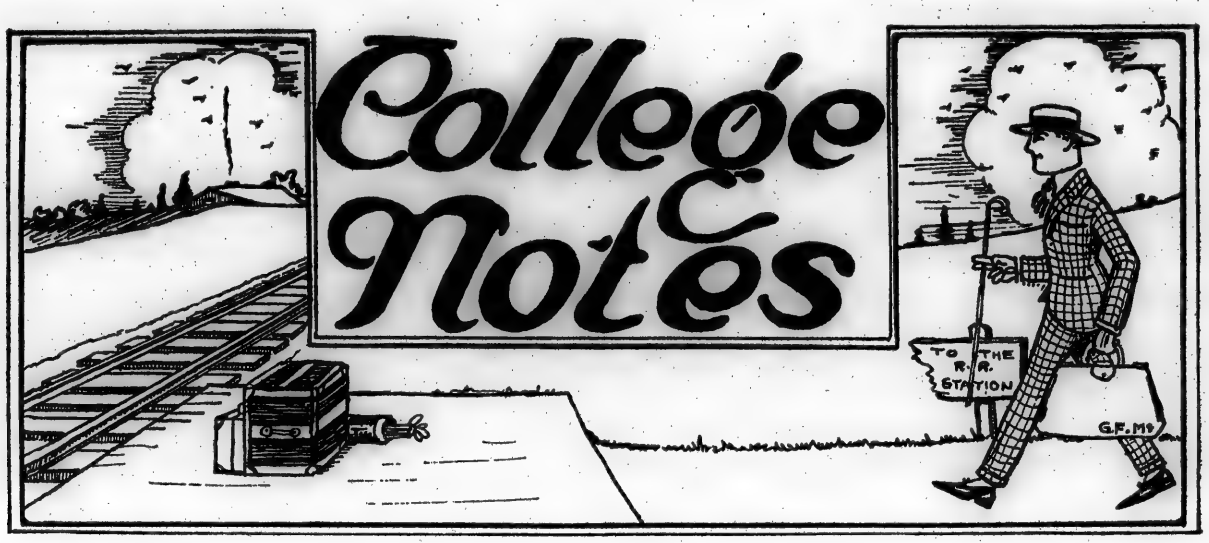
The essay, "Vagaries of a Vagrant," in the March *Niagara Index*, is written in a charmingly personal vein that is very pleasing.

The essay, "Mother," in the April *Morning Star* from Conception College, deals briefly but tenderly with a very sacred theme. But after all, we think that no one but a literary artist of the greatest genius could even begin to picture adequately the perfection, the sanctity, the dignity of motherhood. A mother's life, her sacrifices and sorrows, is the best eulogy, the most lasting tribute of all, because it is written in blood and tears and stamped on the hearts of womanhood for all time. The word "Mother" is the most exquisite poem ever conceived.

We were rather disappointed with the dearth of literary articles in the *Georgetown College Journal* for May. The various school and athletic notes seem to take up most of the room, but we think more space should be reserved for a few stories. The article on Lieutenant Guynemer, the French "Ace of Aces," is interesting and well written. There is a good deal of verse in this issue but with the exception of the two poems, written by an alumnus, none of it is noteworthy.



Villanova Unit of the R. O. T. C., Lieutenant A. B. Scott Commanding Officer.



Ordinations

Rt. Rev. D. J. Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, raised to the dignity of the priesthood a large class of young men on Sunday, June 8th. The impressive ceremony took place in the chapel of Overbrook Seminary. Villanova was well represented. Those ordained from the College were Revs. Thomas B. Austin, Joseph Bartley, Francis A. Diehl, Ruellan P. Fink, Michael A. Hopkins, Peter C. Hufnagel, James M. Kelly, Thomas C. McLeod, John P. McGuire, Emile Misson, John S. O'Leary, James R. Simpson. The newly ordained priests celebrated their first masses in their home towns on Sunday, June 15, 1919. To each of them the Villanovan extends "Ad multos annos."

Honor for Rt. Rev. Chaplain

Villanova recently welcomed Chaplain Waring when he made a short visit to Alma Mater. There was an added pleasure in receiving the great chaplain because he bore a recognition of his abilities and his efficient work before and during the work in the honor conferred upon him by the Holy See—the title of Monsignor. The students were overjoyed when it was announced that the Chaplain would talk to them. He spoke on the good work of our boys overseas, from which he has just returned and urged upon the student body the necessity of military training.

Doctor of Divinity for Father Hickey

On May 20, 1919, Very Reverend Thomas C. Middleton conferred on Rev. Joseph A. Hickey the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Hickey successfully passed examinations for this degree in Rome and for the past five years has been Regent of Studies at Villanova. The Villanovan extends congratulations to Dr. Hickey on this new honor.

Staff Changes

The Annual Banquet of the Editorial Staff was held on Thursday evening, June 12th, in Kugler's Hotel, Philadelphia. The election of officers for the coming year was announced. Editor-in-Chief James J. Egan will be succeeded by Harold J. Wiegand. We entertain no doubt of Mr. Wiegand's success. His work to help along the cause of journalism has been efficient and varied. Thomas Hanley will be succeeded in the Alumni Notes by Stephen Burke. Howard Thornbury will take charge of the Exchanges; Assistant Advertising, Kevin Reeves.

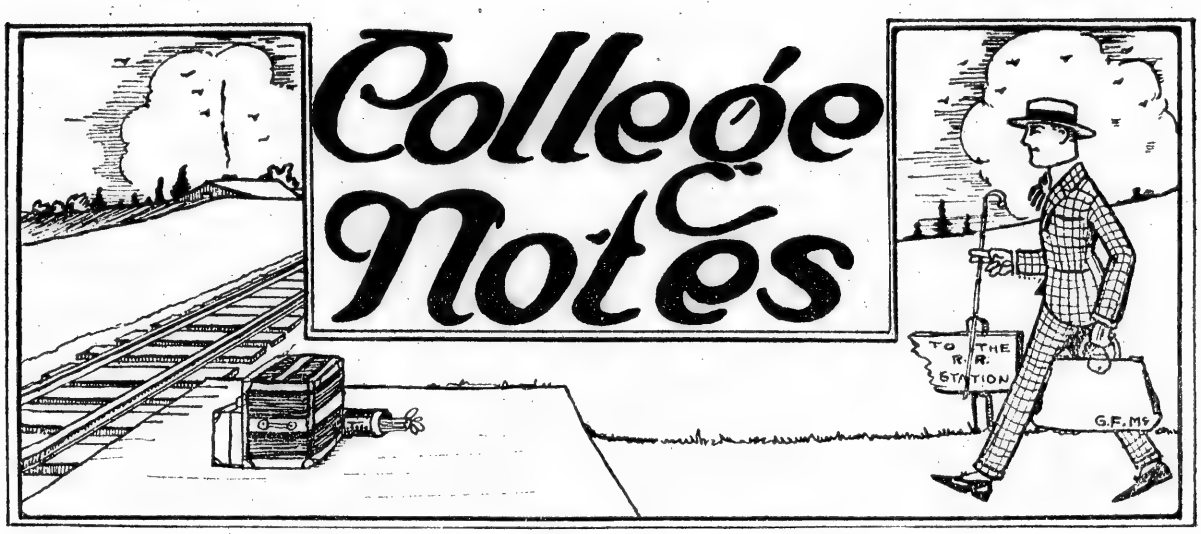
Our President, Father Dean, and Doctor Hickey, Faculty Adviser, were present and encouraged the workers to greater achievements while congratulating the members of the staff on what has been done.

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of '19. Nature seemed never to have decked herself so gaily. The flowers and lawns and birds sounded a harmonious chord of peace and jubilation. The procession of graduates and alumni proceeded first to the beautiful chapel. Here a note of sorrow was struck when thoughts welled up in our hearts of our Villanova boys who had given the supreme pledge of devotion to their country. A Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated for these boys by Rt. Rev. Monsignor George J. Waring, U. S. Army Chaplain and Vicar-General of Chaplains.

At ten o'clock His Grace Archbishop Dougherty of Philadelphia presided at the Commencement Exercises. Rev. James J. Dean, O. S. A., President, conferred the degrees. The Salutatory was delivered by John T. Coan. Harry Caffrey gave the Valedictory. Hon. Charles McEvoy addressed the graduates.

The following degrees were conferred:

Honorary Doctor of Laws—Charles Denis McAvoy, George Joseph Waring, James A. Kelly.

Master of Arts—Rev. Thomas B. Austin, O. S. A., Rev. Joseph C. Bartley, O. S. A., Rev. Peter C. Hufnagel, O. S. A., Rev. John F. Hammond, O. S. A., Rev. Emile H. Misson, O. S. A., Rev. John P. McGuire, O. S. A., Thomas C. McLeod, O. S. A., Rev. James R. Simpson, O. S. A., Lieutenant John V. Domminey, Charles H. Herken, Sister Mary Alma, O. H. M.

Master of Science—Rev. Francis A. Diehl, O. S. A., Edward J. Dougherty, Rev. Ruellan P. Fink, O. S. A., Rev. Michael A. Hopkins, O. S. A., Rev. John S. O'Leary, O. S. A.

Civil Engineer—Thomas H. Easley, '14, C. Raymond Larkin, '14.

Bachelor of Arts—Sister M. Adele, Sister M. Immaculata, Sister M. Gabriel, Sister M. Mercia, Sister M. Regina, Sister M. St. Thomas, Sister M. Vincenza, Bernard M. Albers, Henry A. Caffrey, John T. Coan, James J. Egan, Gerald F. Hart, Alexander J. Malone, Anselm A. Moreau, John F. O'Brien, Edward J. Quinn, Francis A. Rafferty, Francis D. Ronan, John A. Walsh.

"Carry on" along military lines, in order to be well prepared for the future.

Lieutenant Sweeney's Lecture

On May 23rd, Lieutenant Joseph Sweeney of the Class of 1912, who was on active duty with the Artillery in France for over a year, gave an interesting lecture on his experience with that branch of the service, dwelling particularly on the status of the Engineer in the Artillery.

Lieutenant Sweeney's knowledge of the subject was far-reaching and his explanations of the types and methods of use of the various shells, bombs, and field pieces and the elaborate scheme of communication during attacks upon the enemy proved a source of enlightenment to his appreciative audience.

Gymnasium and Swimming Pool

Plans are already completed for the erection of the new gymnasium and swimming pool which are expected to be ready for use in September. Work is to be begun on these projects as soon as possible in order to have them ready on time. These two additions will fill long-felt needs. The pool is to be 60x25 feet and the gymnasium likewise will be of good proportions and equipped with every facility for development along athletic lines.

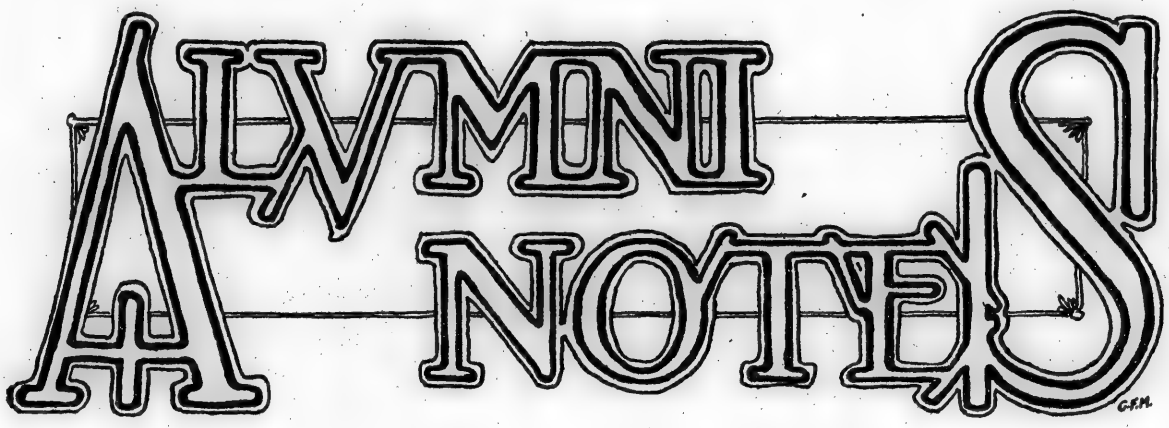
Thesis

The thesis for the month of May was delivered by J. Howard Tyrrell, '20, at the regular meeting of Phi Kappa Pi Society. Mr. Tyrrell's subject, "Oil Furnaces", was well developed and touched upon practical rather than technical advantages and disadvantages to this type of furnace which is being used in many foundries today. Detailed drawings of the more complex workings of the furnace supplemented the unusually interesting lecture.

Society Elections

The results of the election of officers for the Phi Kappa Pi for the year 1919-20 were as follows:

President—John J. Maguire, '20.
Vice-President—Alfred Kane, '21.
Secretary—Elme Hertzler, '22.
Sergeant-at-Arms—William T. Bride, '21.



Alumni Gymnasium Fund

THE Alumni Fund, started in 1915, has been allowed to drag along for the past two years because of abnormal financial conditions. We believe that the time is now ripe for a new drive. What are you going to do to help the cause?

This is our present program: We intend to begin building this summer. Our plan embraces the remodeling of the old Academy, the construction of an up-to-date Gymnasium in the east wing of the same, and the building of a first-class swimming pool. The Provincial and the Definitory have assured us of their material assistance. We look to the Alumni to contribute generously. If we can raise an additional $20,000 between now and Commencement success is assured. What will be your share? A little teamwork and Alumni Hall will be in process of erection by July 1st.

Here is the situation in a nutshell:

Cash	$9,405.00
Cash, S. A. T. C.	823.50
Liberty Bonds	600.00
Pledges unpaid	2,556.00
	$13,384.50

HONOR ROLL

Cash

General Morrell	$5,000.00
Thomas B. Austin	1,000.00
V. Rev. N. J. Murphy, O. S. A.	500.00
J. Stanley Smith	500.00
Rev. John I. Whelan	300.00
H. G. McCully	250.00
Rev. A. J. Plunkett	250.00
Dr. B. J. Daly	200.00
John J. Tierney	100.00
Rev. T. A. Healey, O. S. A.	100.00
Murtha P. Quinn	100.00
Rev. E. G. Dohan, O. S. A.	100.00
Edward M. Bok	100.00
Dr. Charles Jones	100.00
Edward M. Clarke	100 00
Rev. Francis P. Moore	100.00
Hon. Thomas Higgins	100.00
Dr. Kolmer	50.00
Rev. Father Flood	50.00
Charles McGeehan	50.00
Dr. M. T. Barrett	50.00
Hon. Charles Nagle	50.00
Louis B. Tucker	25.00
John J. Quinn, Ph.D	25.00
Joseph Rafter	25.00
Thomas M. Dalton	25.00
Edward J. Dougherty	25.00
Dr. Charles Magee	20.00
Dr. George H. Meeker	10.00
Joseph Rapp	10.00
William B. Miller	10.00
Frank Rooney	10.00
John Reeves	5.00
Judge Joseph T. Daley	5.00
Charles R. Strong	5.00
Gerald O'Connor	5.00
James M. Kelly	10.00
Raymond Larkin	40.00
Total	$9,405.00

LIBERTY BONDS

Rev. Howard A. Barry	$100.00
Rt. Rev. W. A. Jones, O. S. A.	100.00
Paul Quinn	100.00
William A. Slavin	100.00
Lawrence Tierney	100.00
Rt. Rev. George J. Waring	100.00
Total	$600.00

PLEDGES

THE VILLANOVAN	$100.00
John J. Tierney	1,000.00
Paul Quinn	500.00
Rev. A. J. Plunkett	500.00
Edward M. Clark	500.00
Thomas M. Reap	100.00
Edward J. Dougherty	100.00
John V. Domminey	50.00
Rev. James J. Hasson, O. S. A.	50.00
Dr. M. T. Barrett	25.00
J. T. Pallis	15.00
	$2,940.00
Total	$2,940.00
Paid on same and credited as Cash	384.00
Pledges due	$2,556.00

In addition to the above, the following donations and pledges were made on the occasion of the Alumni Banquet, June 16, 1919.

Evan Quinn	$500.00
Dr. Steinbach	100.00
Rev. P. A. Lynch, O. S. A.	100.00
Rev. D. J. O'Mahoney, O. S. A.	100.00
LIBERTY BOND	
Rev. Dr. Farrall Martin	100.00
CASH	
J. Stanley Smith	100.00

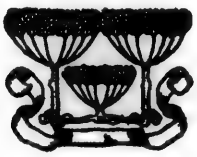
Edward J. Dougherty, '12, has been placed in charge of the Philadelphia District of the Empire Engineering Company with offices at 2214 Chestnut Street. He has been connected with the company since his graduation. The appointment was made April 1st.

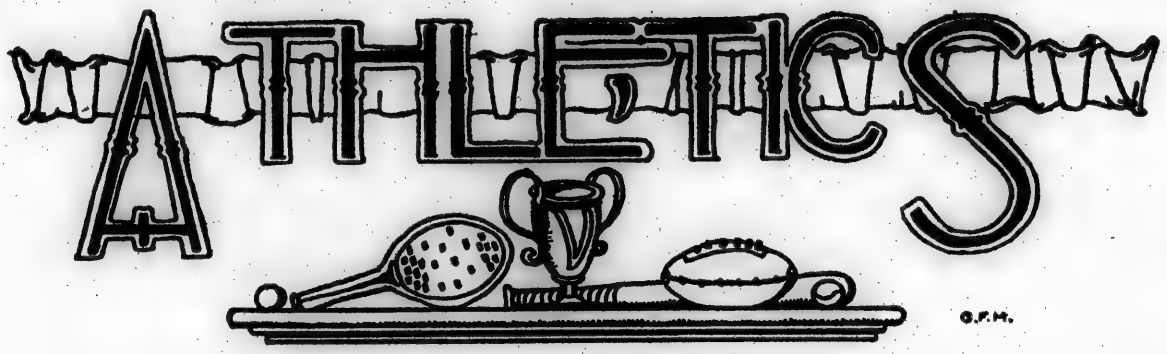
The Annual Alumni Banquet took place in the College Dining Hall on Monday, June 16th, at one o'clock.

On May 6, 1919, Rev. Hugh A. Gallagher, for many years Prior of Villanova, died at St. Agnes' Hospital. Father Gallagher had been sick for the past year. The funeral took place at Villanova on Friday, May 9, 1919. Father Gallagher's life was an exceptionally active one. Villanova will always love and cherish his memory. His old parishioners will grieve at the loss of one who was a true pastor of souls. May he rest in peace.

Chaplain Father McDonald, O. S. A., who was a lieutenant at Camp MacPherson, Oglethorpe, Ga., has been advanced to the rank of captain.

Robert J. Williams, A.M., an alumnus of Villanova, has returned from France where he was a second lieutenant in the Medical Corps of the army. He has opened an office in Hartford, Conn., for Minor Oral Surgery and has built up a large practice.





BASEBALL

VILLANOVA, 10; CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, 6

On April 23rd, the 'Varsity journeyed to Washington to cross bats with the Catholic University team, and proved itself more than a match for the Capital City nine, winning its fourth consecutive victory, 10 to 6. Though the home team only solved Jones' delivery for four hits, the passes accorded them aided in the scoring. Jones was unable to locate the plate in the first three innings, and passed seven men which coupled with three hits and a wild pitch netted the home team five runs. After that the big fellow settled down and held his opponents to one run during the remainder of the game. Specht and Dawling who twirled for Catholic University were easy for the 'Varsity sluggers, who acquired no less than fifteen hits off their delivery. Robinson was the chief offender at bat, getting four safe blows in five trips to the plate; Cronin and McGeehan also hit well, the latter having two doubles to his credit. Though there were two hours and ten minutes of play, the game proved very interesting and exciting throughout.

VILLANOVA	R	H	O	A	E
Robinson, cf	3	4	1	0	0
McAndrews, ss	0	1	3	1	1
McGeehan, 3b	2	2	0	2	0
Murray, 1b	0	2	11	0	0
Smith, rf	0	0	0	0	1
Kane, cf	1	0	3	0	0
Cronin, 2b	2	3	3	3	1
Hertzler, c	2	1	5	2	0
Jones, p	0	2	1	5	1
Totals	10	15	27	13	4

CATHOLIC U.	R	H	O	A	E
Glennon, lf	1	0	5	0	0
Rooney, 3b	0	0	0	1	0
Corwin, c	2	2	3	1	0
Lucey, ss	1	1	2	4	2
Schwartz, 2b	1	1	4	3	0
Hopke, rf	1	0	2	1	0
Carroll, cf	0	0	0	0	0
Hendricks, 1b	0	0	11	0	1
Specht, p	0	0	0	1	0
Dowling, p	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	6	4	27	13	3

Villanova	2	3	0	0	1	1	0	1	2—10
Catholic University	2	0	3	0	1	0	0	0	0— 6

Two-base hits—McGeehan, 2. Three-base hit—Corwin. Sacrifice hits—Kendricks, McAndrews, Smith, Hertzler. Stolen bases—Lucey, 3; Carroll, Hendricks, Robinson. Struck out—By Specht, 1; by Dowling, 2; by Jones, 4. Bases on balls—Off Specht, 1; off Dowling, 1; off Jones, 7. Hit by pitched ball—Hopke, Jones, Cronin. Time of game—2.10. Umpire—Bishop.

VILLANOVA, 11; HAVERFORD, 1

The 'Varsity continued its winning streak, when on April 30th, the Haverford nine was completely outclassed on the local field. The Villanova batsmen solved Kearney's delivery for thirteen hits, including three home runs, two triples and a double. Murray started the twirling for Villanova and held the visitors to one hit in four innings after which Coach McGeehan sent Jones to the mound. The big fellow was in fine form and held the visitors hitless during the remainder of the game. In this game Smith and McDermott had circuit clouts. The hitting of McGeehan, Murray and McAndrews featured the contest.

										R	H	E
Haverford	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—	1	1	3
Villanova	3	2	3	1	1	0	1	0	x—11	13	1	

Two-base hits—McGeehan. Three-base hits—McAndrews, Murray. Home runs—McGeehan, McDermott, Smith. Stolen bases—Robinson, McAndrews, Cronin, Crosman. Sacrifice hits—Kane, 2; Carey. Double play—Cronin to McDermott. Struck out—By Murray, 6; by Jones, 7; by Kearney, 7. Bases on balls—Off Murray, 1; off Jones, 1; off Kearney, 2. Time of game—2.10. Umpire—Griffith.

Army, 2; Villanova, 1

Villanova sustained its first defeat of the season, when, on May 3rd, after a string of five victories, the team lost to the Army nine, 2 to 1. This game proved one of the fastest and most interesting contests seen on the Cadet diamond in many seasons. The contest was replete with fast, snappy plays, and both Jones and McGrath displayed rare form in the box. Once more, however, the wildness of Jones proved disastrous. In the fateful second inning, the big lad gave passes to Tate and Honnen, the first men up that inning. The next two men were retired on strikes, but Jones grooved one for McCarthy and the stocky backstop drove it to deep left center, sending in the only tallies made by the Army. The next man fanned, making three strikeouts for the inning.

The 'Varsity fell short of tying the score in the third when Hertzler opened up with a single. He went to second on a wild pitch, took third on Robinson's single and scored on McAndrews' fly to deep center, Robinson taking second on the throw in. McGeehan made a vain attempt to tie the score when he hit a long fly to left. Johnson started for it at the crack of the bat and only after a hard run terminated by a sensational catch did he prevent the tying run and an extra-base drive for McGeehan.

Jack Domminey, a graduate of Villanova in the 1917 class and first Editor-in-Chief of the Villanovan, played third for the Army nine and put up a fast fielding game. He also secured one of his team's three hits. Hughie McGeehan had a great day in the field, accepting five difficult chances perfectly.

Villanova	R	H	O	A	E
Robinson, lf	0	1	1	0	0
McAndrews, ss	0	0	2	1	0
McGeehan, 3b	0	1	1	5	0
Murray, 1b	0	1	10	0	0
McDermott, rf	0	0	1	0	0
Kane, cf	0	0	0	0	0
Cronin, 2b	0	0	1	1	0
Hertzler, c	1	1	8	1	0
Jones, p	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	1	4	24	8	0

Army	R	H	O	A	E
Domminey, 3b	0	1	3	1	1
Wilhide, 2b	0	0	3	3	1
Lystad, cf	0	0	2	0	0
Tate, ss	1	0	2	1	0
Honnen, rf	1	1	1	0	0
Billo, 1b	0	0	8	0	0
Johnson, lf	0	0	3	0	0
McCarthy, c	0	1	7	3	0
McGrath, p	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	2	3	27	10	2

Villanova	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Army	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	x	—2

Three-base hit—McCarthy. Sacrifice fly—McAndrews. Double play—McGeehan to Murray. Stolen bases—Tate, Honnen. Struck out—By Jones, 8; by McGrath, 7. Bases on balls—Off Jones, 3. Wild pitch—McGrath. Time of game—1.20. Umpires—Cullum and Marshall.

Villanova, 5; Catholic University, 3

In an interesting game on the local field on May 9th, the 'Varsity defeated the Catholic University nine for the second time this season, by the score of 5 to 3. Jones was on the mound for the Blue and White and although inclined to be erratic at times, he held the visitors to three hits. Excellent fielding by his teammates at critical stages of the game kept the scoring down.

After Catholic University had pushed over a run in the opening session, mainly through the home team's misplays, Villanova took the lead with two runs in its half of the inning. Robinson singled, took second on McAndrews' sacrifice and scored on McGeehan's hit, the latter taking second on the throw in. McIntyre's

muff of Hertzler's fly put McGeehan on third. He scored on a wild pitch.

In the third, Captain Jim connected with one of Long's fast ones and sent it over Lucey's head for circuit of the bases. Singles by Jones and Robinson together with an infield out netted another run in the fourth. Villanova's final tally came in the eighth when Robinson's triple brought in Cronin, who had reached first on Long's error.

Schwartz's catch of McGeehan's fly to deep center in the third inning robbed Villanova of another tally, and proved to be the feature of the game. The fielding of McGeehan with ten chances and McAndrews excelled for Villanova. Rooney's work at short for the visitors was sensational.

Catholic U.	R	H	O	A	E
McIntyre, lf	1	0	0	0	1
Rooney, ss	1	0	0	6	0
McDonough, c	0	0	6	2	0
Lucey, rf	0	1	1	0	0
Schwartz, cf	0	0	1	0	0
Carroll, 3b	0	0	1	1	0
Fitzgerald, 2b	0	0	2	0	0
Kendricks, 1b	0	0	12	1	0
Long, p	1	2	1	4	1
Totals	3	3	24	12	2

Villanova	R	H	O	A	E
Robinson, lf	1	3	0	0	0
McAndrews, ss	0	0	4	2	1
McGeehan, 3b	1	2	4	6	0
Murray, 1b	1	2	14	0	0
Hertzler, c	0	1	4	1	1
McDermott, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Kane, cf	0	1	0	0	0
Cronin, 2b	1	0	1	1	2
Jones, p	1	2	0	3	0
Totals	5	11	27	13	4

Catholic University	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	—3
Villanova	2	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	x	—5

Three-base hit—Robinson. Home run—Murray. Sacrifice hits—McAndrews, Cronin, Murray, McDonough, Schwartz. Struck out—By Jones, 4; by Long, 6. Bases on balls—Off Jones, 5; off Long, 1. Passed ball—Hertzler. Time of game—1.55. Umpire—Griffith.

Villanova, 4; Lebanon Valley, 1

In the first game of its trip through central Pennsylvania, the 'Varsity defeated the Lebanon Valley nine at Annville, Pa., by the score of 4 to 1. Captain Jim Murray, who twirled for the Blue and White, proved himself master of the day and was never in danger. The big lad held the opposing sluggers to four hits and fanned fourteen, retiring the side in the first and fourth by the strike-out route. The hitting of McAndrews and McDermott, coupled with Murray's pitching, featured the contest, while Fishburn at short for Lebanon Valley played a fine fielding game.

Villanova	R	H	O	A	E
Robinson, cf	1	0	0	0	0
McAndrews, ss	2	3	2	1	1
McGeehan, 3b	1	1	2	1	0
Murray, p	0	2	1	4	0
Hertzler, c	0	0	13	0	0
McDermott, 1b	0	0	0	0	0
Kane, cf	0	0	0	0	0
Smith, rf	0	1	0	1	0
Cronin, 2b	0	1	2	0	0
Totals	4	9	27	7	1

Lebanon Valley	R	H	—	A	E
Fishburn, ss	0	0	1	3	1
Bachman, 2b	0	0	4	1	1
Moore, p	1	1	0	5	0
Zeigler, 1b	0	1	9	0	0
Duncan, rf	0	0	2	0	0
Zellers, 3b	0	1	3	1	1
Dougherty, lf	0	0	0	0	0
Rahenn, Mf	0	1	1	1	0
Uhler, c	0	0	7	0	0
Totals	1	4	27	11	3

Villanova	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	—4
Lebanon Valley	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—1

Two-base hits—Murray, McDermott, Rahenn. Three-base hit—McAndrews. Stolen bases—McAndrews, McGeehan, Cronin, Moore, Zeigler, Rahenn. Struck out—By Murray, 14; by Moore, 10. Bases on balls—Off Murray, 5; off Moore, 3. Hit by pitched ball—Uhler. Dropped third strike—Hertzler. Time of game—1.45. Umpire—Clemens.

VILLANOVA, 4; GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 31, 3

On May 13th, the 'Varsity nine were the guests of the General Hospital No. 31 baseball team at Carlisle. Playing before several hundred wounded soldiers, the 'Varsity succeeded in making it eight victories out of nine starts, when the twelfth inning brought to a close one of the most interesting games the Blue and White nine has participated in this season. The game was replete with fast fielding and snappy plays, which brought forth rounds of applause from the convalescing heroes. Jones' pitching was effective throughout, holding his opponents to five hits and fanning fourteen. For the 'Varsity, McGeehan and McAndrews fielded well, while Hertzler, Murray and McDermott were the chief offenders at bat. For the soldiers, Brosius played a spectacular game in center field.

VILLANOVA	R	H	O	A	E
Robinson, lf	1	2	1	0	0
McAndrews, ss	1	0	4	9	0
McGeehan, 3b	1	1	3	2	1
Murray, 1b	0	3	11	1	1
Hertzler, c	1	2	13	4	0
McDermott, rf	0	3	2	1	0
Kane, cf	0	0	1	0	0
Cronin, 2b	0	1	1	5	0
Jones, p	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	4	12	36	16	2

GENERAL HOSPITAL, 31	R	H	O	A	E
Brosius, cf	0	1	4	2	0
Bowles, c, 2b	1	1	8	0	1
Pierson, 3b	1	0	4	0	0
Carswell, rf	0	1	1	0	0
Barry, lf	0	0	1	0	0
Toner, 1b	1	1	11	2	0
Tappan, 2b, c	0	0	4	2	0
Jarrett, ss	0	0	1	3	2
Warm, p	0	0	2	5	0
Totals	3	4	36	14	3

Villanova	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2—4
Army Hospital	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	1—3

Two-base hits—Hertzler, McGeehan. Three-base hit—Brosius. Double play—Brosius to Pierson. Sacrifice hits—McAndrews, 2; Kane. Sacrifice fly—Cronin. Stolen bases—Robinson, Murray, McAndrews, Cronin, McDermott, Pierson. Struck out—By Jones, 15; by Warm, 7. Bases on balls—Off Jones, 1; off Warm, 2. Hit by pitcher—Tappan, Jarrett. Dropped third strike—Hertzler. Time of game—2.25. Umpire—Denny.

GETTYSBURG, 2; VILLANOVA, 0

On the last day of its trip the 'Varsity journeyed to the world-famed battlefield of Gettysburg, and staged a battle with the Gettysburg College nine. Though supported by the gilt-edged pitching of Delohery, the Blue and White nine were unable to add another victory to their long string. After a month's absence from the mound, owing to a bad arm, Delohery returned and pitched a masterly game. Up to the eighth inning the home team was held to one hit by the spit-ball artist, but in this eventful inning two hits coupled with an error and a sacrifice netted the Gettysburg team two runs which proved sufficient to win the game. The fielding and hitting of McAndrews featured the game. Menchey, who twirled for Gettysburg, displayed rare form allowing the 'Varsity but five hits, so scattered as to be of little effect. This contest proved to be the first in which the Blue and White nine failed to score.

VILLANOVA	R	H	O	A	E
Robinson, lf	0	1	0	0	0
McAndrews, ss	0	2	2	6	0
McGeehan, 3b	0	1	1	2	0
Murray, 1b	0	0	9	0	0
Hertzler, c	0	0	9	2	0
McDermott, rf	0	0	1	0	0
Smith, cf	0	0	0	0	0
Cronin, 2b	0	1	2	4	1
Delohery, p	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	0	5	24	15	2

GETTYSBURG	R	H	O	A	E
Kyle, 1b	0	1	6	1	0
Gingerich, 2b	0	1	0	3	0
Sieber, 3b	0	0	1	0	0
Apple, rf	0	1	1	0	0
Redcay, ss	0	0	4	2	0
Hersh, cf	0	0	3	0	0
Flynn, lf	1	0	2	0	0
Shaulis, c	0	0	10	1	0
Menchey, p	1	1	0	0	1
Totals	2	4	27	7	1

Villanova	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
Gettysburg	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	x	—2

Two-base hits—Apple, Gingerich, McAndrews. Sacrifice hit—Delohery. Stolen bases—Flynn, 2; Robinson, McGeehan. Double plays—McGeehan to Cronin to Murray; Delohery to McAndrews to Murray. Struck out—By Delohery, 9; by Menchey, 8. Bases on balls—Off Delohery, 1; off Menchey, 1. Time of game—1.25. Umpire—Wisetsky.

Delaware, 9; Villanova, 4

On May 16th, in its fourth contest of the week, the 'Varsity was defeated at Delaware College, 9 to 4. Murray, who twirled for the Blue and White, proved an easy mark for the opposing batsmen, who solved his delivery for twelve hits. McGeehan's absence necessitated a change in the 'Varsity line-up, McAndrews being moved to third and Kane going to short. McAndrews slammed out a triple and two singles in four trips to the plate. Horsey with a triple, two doybles and a single led the home team at bat.

Villanova	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	—4	8	2
Delaware	0	2	0	3	2	0	2	0	x	—9	12	1

Ursinus, 6; Villanova, 5

Villanova sustained its first at home this season, when the Ursinus nine from Collegeville succeeded in pushing three runs over the plate in the tenth inning of a drawn-out contest, winning 6 to 5. Weird fielding by the infielders in the first inning enabled the visitors to tally three runs. At the ending of the ninth the score stood 3 to 2 against the 'Varsity, when Robinson singled, stole second and scored on two passed balls, tying the score; but in the tenth Jones was unable to hold the opponents down; he walked Grove, then singles by Griffen and Hefren, and a double by Deisher netted Ursinus three runs. The Blue and White came back in their half of the tenth and made a strong bid for victory, but fell short by one run. McGeehan singled, Murray flied to Knipe, Hertzler was hit, putting McGeehan on second; McDermott's infield out advanced McGeehan and Hertzler; Smith's double scored two runs but Cronin grounded out, Deisher to Grove. The hitting of Robinson and Deisher featured the game.

Ursinus	R	H	O	A	E
Grove, 1b	2	0	11	0	0
Griffin, lf	1	3	2	0	0
Hefren, c	2	1	8	0	0
Isenberg, 3b	1	0	0	0	0
Deisher, 2b	0	1	5	2	0
Canan, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Moser, cf	0	2	2	0	0
Knipe, ss	0	0	1	2	0
Hunter, p	0	1	1	5	0
Totals	6	8	30	9	0

Villanova	R	H	O	A	E
Robinson, lf	1	2	2	0	0
McAndrews, ss	0	1	2	2	1
McGeehan, 3b	1	1	1	1	0
Murray, 1b	0	1	12	1	1
Hertzler, c	1	1	6	0	0
McDermott, rf	0	1	1	0	0
Kane, cf	0	0	2	0	0
Smith, cf	0	1	1	0	0
Cronin, 2b	1	1	3	4	1
Jones, p	1	1	0	5	0
Totals	5	10	30	13	3

Ursinus	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3—6
Villanova	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	2	—5

Two-base hits—Robinson, Smith, Jones, Deisher. Stolen bases—Robinson, Hefren, Deisher. Struck out—By Jones, 5; by Hunter, 8. Bases on balls—Off Jones, 1; off Hunter, 2. Hit by pitched ball—Hertzler, Grove. Double plays—Cronin to Murray; Murray to McAndrews. Time of game—2.10.

Gettysburg, 5; Villanova, 1

For the second time this season the 'Varsity suffered defeat at the hands of the Gettysburg nine, this time 5 to 1. The game was listless and uninteresting throughout. Noll, who pitched for the visitors, allowed but six hits, and kept them so well scattered that the 'Varsity scored but once. Delohery pitched well, fanning twelve, but the eight hits off his delivery were bunched into four innings which enabled the visitors to run up a total of five runs. For Gettysburg, Redcay and Flynn hit well, the former having a triple and a single in four attempts.

Gettysburg	R	H	O	A	E
Kyle, 1b	1	1	9	0	0
Gingerich, 2b	0	1	2	1	1

Sieber, 3b	0	0	1	2	0
Apple, rf	0	0	2	0	0
Redcay, ss	2	2	4	0	0
Hersh, cf	1	1	1	0	0
Flynn, lf	1	2	0	0	0
Shaulis, c	0	1	7	1	0
Noll, p	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	5	8	27	6	1

VILLANOVA	R	H	O	A	E
Robinson, lf	0	1	1	0	0
McAndrews, ss	0	1	3	2	1
McGeehan, 3b	0	1	0	2	0
Murray, 1b	1	1	9	1	1
Hertzler, c	0	0	12	1	1
McDermott, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Kane, rf	0	0	1	0	0
Smith, cf	0	2	1	0	0
Cronin, 2b	0	0	0	2	0
Delohery, p	0	0	0	4	2
Totals	1	6	27	12	4

Gettysburg	1	1	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	—5
Villanova	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Three-base hits—Murray, Redcay. Sacrifice hits—McAndrews, Gingerich. Stolen bases—Smith, 2; Flynn. Double plays—Gingerich to Sieber to Redcay; Kyle (unassisted). Struck out—By Delohery, 11; by Noll, 7. Bases on balls—Off Noll, 4. Time of game—1.45. Umpire—Griffith.

LEHIGH, 9; VILLANOVA, 0

In a listless game played at South Bethlehem the Lehigh nine defeated the 'Varsity, 9 to 0. Johnson, who performed on the mound for the home team, was in excellent form and allowed but three hits, while Jones the Villanova slab artist was touched for twelve hits, one of which went for the circuit. Savaria and Webb were the stars at bat, the former getting there singles and two passes in three trips to the plate, while the latter hit for a homer and single in three attempts.

Villanova	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0	3	4
Lehigh	1	1	0	0	2	1	1	3	x—9	11	2

VILLANOVA, 5; LEBANON, 15

On Memorial Day the 'Varsity traveled to Lebanon and there met the Bethlehem Steel league team of that place in a double bill. The morning game resulted in a defeat for Villanova, 15 to 5. Delohery and Murray were on the mound for the Blue and White and the opposing batsmen had little trouble in finding their slants for substantial drives, a total of thirteen hits being secured off their delivery. Mecherly was the chief offender at bat for Lebanon. He connected safely in each of his four trips to the plate. A beautiful running catch by Kane was the outstanding feature of the 'Varsity's playing in this contest.

Villanova	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	3	0—	5	8	2
Lebanon	4	0	0	0	7	0	2	2	x—15	13	3

VILLANOVA, 6; LEBANON, 3

The 'Varsity's efforts in the afternoon game met with better results than the morning fracas. Jones was Coach McGeehan's choice for duty on the mound and the big twirler performed capably. Despite an injury to his leg sustained early in the game, Jones' effectiveness throughout was not curtailed. McAndrews and Fishburn were the fielding luminaries in this game, each accepting six difficult chances with but one mishap apiece. McGeehan also played a fast fielding game. Smoyer starred at bat.

VILLANOVA	R	H	O	A	E
McAndrews, ss	2	1	1	5	1
Robinson, lf	0	0	2	0	0
McGeehan, 3b	1	1	2	3	0
Murray, 1b	1	1	12	1	0
Hertzler, c	1	1	8	0	0
Smith, cf	0	0	0	1	1
McDermott, rf	0	1	0	0	0
Kane, 2b	0	0	2	0	0
Jones, p	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	6	6	27	10	2

LEBANON	R	H	O	A	E
Fishburn, 2b	0	0	5	5	1
Smoyer, ss	1	2	3	2	1
Babbington, lf	1	0	2	0	0
Mecherly, 3b	1	1	1	2	0
Smith, cf	0	1	1	0	0
Hart, c	0	0	3	1	0
Troutman, rf, p	0	0	0	0	0
Moore, p, rf	0	1	0	7	0
Zerbe, 1b	0	1	12	0	0
Totals	3	6	27	17	2

Villanova	0	0	2	0	0	1	3	0	0—6	
Lebanon	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—3	

Two-base hit—Smoyer. Sacrifice hits—Robinson, Smith. Stolen bases—McAndrews, Jones, Mecherly. Struck out—By Jones, 7; by Moore, 1; by Troutman, 2. Bases on balls—Off Jones, 2; off Moore, 3; off Troutman, 2. Wild pitches—Jones, Moore. Time of game—1.45. Umpire—Clemens.

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THE VILLANOVAN

VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1919 NO. 1

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The Northeast Wind

From off Atlantic's rock-bound coast
Shrouded in fog, like a hoary ghost
I rush with many a frenzied roar
Lashing the billows against the shore,
Filling the air with a misty chill,
Chasing the seagulls whose voices shrill
In inharmoneous chorus rise,
Shrieking for help to the leaden skies,
The while they beat their futile wings
Against the spray that the ocean flings
Upon them mocking their misery
Until exhausted, they seek the sea,
And scornful swirling white-capped waves
Mark their storm-tossed watery graves.

Streaks of lightning cross my path,
The heavens thunder forth their wrath
As lashing water in my wake
I hover where the billows break
Upon the ocean's sandy floor
And vent their fury on the shore
Where land and sea each show their might
And desperate in ne'er-ending fight
Wage nature's war eternally.
I am an ally of the sea.
With lashing rain and stinging hail,
And all the fury of the gale,
I rush from out the misty sea
And lead the waves to victory.

I am the spirit of the storm—
A horrid, misty hidden form
That fisherfolk and seamen see
Sometimes at night when dismally
The lashing wild northeast winds howl,
The dim-seen cloudy heavens scowl,
And on the shore the wave breaks high.
There against the northeast sky
I stand enshrouded in the night
And show the world my scornful might—
A world of rain, of wind, of sea,
A world that bows its head to me
Merciless scornful, most unkind,
The spirit of the northeast wind.

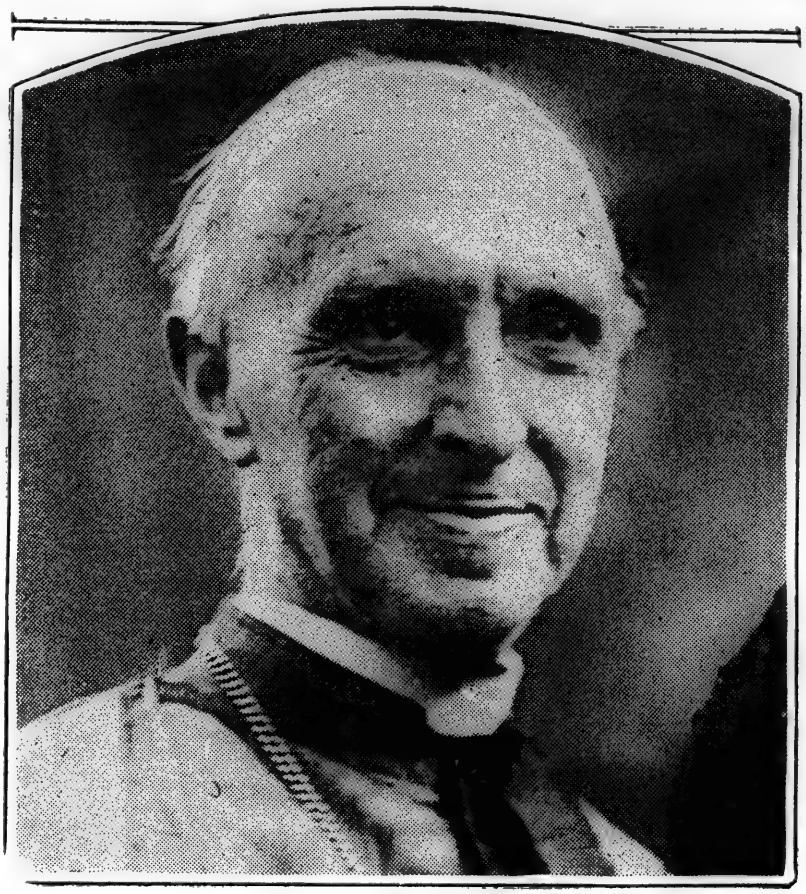
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Cardinal Mercier

J. F. M.

THE tremendous ovation accorded Belgium's fighting Cardinal by the American people bears evidence to the fact that they are the keenest in the world to discern true merit, and the most generous in giving praise where praise is due. Probably nowhere in the world are noble deeds and devotion to principle more sure of recognition than right here in America, whose history teems with such qualities and where no man or set of men can warp the popular verdict in favor of their own selfish interests. Here all are deeply imbued with the consciousness of an inherent right to judge for themselves and to give free and full expression to every best thought within them. It is this fact—supreme faith in the innate virtue of the human soul—that forms the basic principle on which all true democracy is builded. It is this principle that has given our country its long and happy lease of life and which proves to the world at large that the experiment of a republican form of government raised in justice and right on such a foundation is bound to succeed and show forth to the effete dynasties of the past a perfect model of human government. It is this faith in the saner judgment of men and in their desire for peace and happiness that has enabled our country to weather the storms that had to be met in its upward progress, and it will continue to look forward with the same undying confidence to a future of golden harvests and bounteous fruits for humanity, despite the ugly shadows of anarchy and syndicalism thrown athwart its path from time to time by the pestilent vapors arising from the ferment of labor troubles and the general unrest succeeding a four years' struggle for world supremacy.



No event could have been more timely for the purpose of crystallizing this saving sentiment and of affording it the desired opportunity for vehement and decisive expression than the coming of Belgium's militant primate, who presents in his calm but resolute bearing a most striking type of the spirit of America—that spirit which, in its brief but glorious history, has faced many a similar crisis with an unshaken faith born of its faith in the triumph of right and justice over the malignant forces of might and evil. What a powerful and electrifying example of patriotism this fearless

Shepherd of souls has exhibited to all the world! Not only does America express her profound appreciation of the heroic stand taken by this patriotic churchman against his country's oppressors, but she will profit by his example to face with invincible courage whatever trials the uncertain future may have in store for her.

But beside the living example of fearless and unquenchable courage, shown by the Belgian Cardinal, there is another outstanding fact that will not be lost sight of by his observant admirers, namely, that this fearless exponent of love of country and his country's rights, is no less a personage than a Prince of the Holy Roman Church, a Professor and teacher of Catholicity, that often despised and maligned religion which has been slanderously proclaimed to be inimical to patriotism and inconsistent with love of country. This fact is pointed out, not to give it undue prominence, nor as a boast to offend our religious brethren of other denominations, but in the hope that it may prove a *coup de grace* to that fast diminishing element of blatant bigots whose vociferous patriotism has ever been found to be in inverse proportion to their fighting qualities. Even amidst the chorus of universal acclamation that has everywhere greeted the eminent ecclesiastic is heard occasionally the discordant yap of some disgruntled bigot cloaking the meanness of his thoughts under the transparent guise of a superpatriotism.

But the general outburst of praise and recognition on the part of all creeds and denominations has most effectually smothered the envious cry of calumny and united all in a more reverent and helpful spirit that no longer seeks out and emphasizes discrepancies to quarrel over, but rather points of similarity and a common ground on which to unite and work together for the uplift of mankind. This happy change effected by the Cardinal's visit was expressed with much felicity by Rabbi Krauskopf in his address of welcome, as follows: "His brave words and fearless deeds stamp him as the son of every creed. . . . And his passing through our land will prove a fruitful journey. It will awaken a new spirit in the hearts of men. It will awaken a new zeal among the men of the church. It will show what must be said and what must be done; what must be dared and what must be suffered, if the thousand tyrannies that still afflict mankind shall be conquered."

And over all we hear the clarion tones of the Cardinal's deathless words trumpeting the everlasting truth to all the oppressors of little peoples the world over: "Right violated by wrong is still right. Injustice supported by force is still injustice."

The Rosary

When doctrines new and error drifted wide,
The Mother Church must needs her faith defend,
Her children save and holy champion send
To calm the storm and Peter's bark to guide.
Throughout the West the haughtiness and pride
Of unbelief was threatening to rend
The faith apart, but now false creed shall bend
To God Himself who by His Church's side
Through storm of every kind must always stand.
The grace was given to Dominic to stay
The heretics by that first Rosary
The Blessed Virgin placed within his hand,
"With this through me let all the faithful pray,
And the Church shall never fear from heresy."

W. H. COTTER, '13.

The Trusted Thief

By John O'Brien

THE visitor to New York City often finds delightful interest in gazing on the great structures and temples that enrich this metropolis. Perhaps the most frequented locality is Wall Street, an old-time center of finance. The historic environment that enhances its distinction has long since been admired and retold. Of all the thoroughfares in Manhattan, Wall Street has undoubtedly done more to fill the coffers of American millionaires than any other public street in the state. Its narrow paved way that is continuously shaded by the tall majestic buildings which have been erected along its path, assures us that here at least there must thrive the full force of sheer ambition and personal character. Many a helping hand is needed to turn the great wheel of American finance, and myriads earn their sustenance in this narrow road of intense industry. Many an affluent gentleman emerges from a gorgeous limousine and surlily dismisses the timid attendant. Here there is one aim in life, one visible goal, one ambition for all—the attainment of wealth. Each man trusts and distrusts his fellowman, each man rivals and schemes against his brother, each man considers first the profit and then the guilt.

It was in such an atmosphere that Mr. Harmon had imbued the spirit of suspicion about his employees' fidelity. He had started on the market some twenty years before, and his long experience taught him that there was only one creature true to him; and that one was himself. His wife, a gentle gray-haired lady, had kissed him that morning with the same devotion that sanctified their earlier days of happiness. His son, a full-grown man, now stood where his Dad once started some long years ago.

"It must stop now!" shouted Mr. Harmon as he struck his desk a blow. "There'll be no more patience! I'll send the man to jail!"

There were several clerks busily engaged a short distance from the employer's desk. The blow distracted them, and the words of Mr. Harmon filled them with amazement.

"What's wrong, Sir?" inquired an elderly man, who was usually considered the secretary to Mr. Harmon.

"What's wrong? Why some contemptible thief stole another hundred last night. That's the third time in a month. Here," he exclaimed, calling to the other men in the room, "have any of you information to give me about this?" All present acknowledged their ignorance. "Wait until Walter Jr. hears it," warned the old man. Walter Jr. was the son and heir of the Harmon estate. He had been received into the firm by his father some few months previous, and thus far had been quite promising of future ability in the game of finance.

"We'll call the police," suggested the secretary, "perhaps they will locate the culprit."

"Police! Bah!" sneered Harmon, "I'm not complaining because of a hundred dollars. I want to thrash the miserable rascal myself."

At this Walter entered. He seemed rather tired. Although his father had not seen him since the early part of the previous day he did not greet him with the ordinary salutation.

"Mornin', Dad!" smiled the young man as he stalked across the floor dressed in the finest clothes procurable.

"Robbed again," complained his father.

"Robbed? How much?"

"A hundred! That's the third!"

"Oh! Don't worry about that," returned the son, "maybe the poor fellow needed it more than we."

"Why doesn't he ask for it?" demanded Harmon.

Walter only shrugged his shoulders, removed his outer garments, and proceeded to his private desk, leaving the half frightened and half be-

wildered employees to face the wrath of Mr. Harmon.

"I'll catch him sooner or later," growled Harmon senior as he motioned the clerks to their desks.

All obeyed. Mr. Harmon sat gazing inquiringly at his son whose only interest was centered in the latest social affairs recorded in the morning newspaper.

The clerks had scarcely resumed their tasks when Mr. Harmon was interrupted in his musing by one of the office attendants. "Gentleman to see Mr. Harmon," informed the boy.

"Which one? Blockhead! there's two you know."

"Mr. Walter Harmon."

"You dumb boob! distinguish again, Senior or Junior?"

"I'll see, Sir," returned the confused attendant as he withdrew.

"We'll see," agreed Harmon, "but I'll not be here to see him." So saying, he arose, lifted his hat and coat from the rack, and left the room.

In a few moments the office boy returned to acknowledge his error, but the irritated financier had already gone.

Naturally Mr. Wells was greeted by Walter Jr. The visitor was a young man about Walter's age, though more settled in his ways and mannerisms.

"Howdy, old man," greeted the financier.

"Howdy, Walt, how goes it?" Mr. Wells handed his hat and coat to the boy who withdrew immediately. "How are things?" asked Wells, "What time did you leave the Club?"

"About three!" answered Walter, carelessly. "Say, the old gent is raising Cain about the hundred. He can't understand how it's going."

"That right?" lamented Wells, "he's got plenty, and shouldn't miss it at all.

"Let him rave," mumbled Walter, "it will all be mine some day anyway and I may as well enjoy it now."

"Sure, that's right, and also you are part of the firm now. By the way, pal, there's a big time at Doyle's next Thursday. You and I are scheduled for that evening, but we can call that off and go to Doyle's instead."

"I'm with you," consented Walter, "but I am broke after last night."

"Don't forget your dad has plenty. He won't mind if you take more."

"Well! we'll go to Doyle's anyway. I'll take Alice as usual."

"So long, old man," said Wells as he arose to go, "I'll see you before then."

"Bye! Bye!" returned Walter as he grasped his companion's hand. "Take care of yourself, and remember me to . ." Both laughed heartily, and Wells passed out into the corridor.

One week had passed and by degrees Mr. Harmon Sr. had gradually become more sociable and contented even though he had not as yet been able to discover the missing money. The market had favored him during the past week, which tended to allay his wrath. Perhaps, after all, the stolen money had gone to some charitable end.

The consciousness of his remaining blessings comforted him with the thought that after all there was more in life than money or desire of revenge. He indeed still treasured blessings that neither wealth nor distinction can acquire—the love of a devoted woman joined to the devotion of a loving son.

Chapter II

Doyle's party had been a widely published social success. Mr. Wells had impressed the eldest daughter of Mrs. Doyle most favorably. His many distinctive talents and his personal magnetism seemed to make him attractive to many of the younger folks present at the affair.

After the guests had departed Walter and his friend remained for a few moments. Miss Alice Greer, a clever débutante, had long since won the attention of Walter. She was a remarkably charming young lady, even though imbued with some rationalistic and materialistic principles that characterize modern culture. Her views on religion and morality were deplorably distorted. She loved the stage of up-to-date amusements and took extreme pleasure in the empty vanities of style. Her predominant fault was jealousy—in fact, Walter had mentioned his discovery of this blemish in her—but her stubborn pride resisted his information

by haughtily acknowledging the fault to be hers and therefore she would answer for it.

To satiate her ravenous desire for entertainment, Walter had secretly stolen money from the firm's account. As the days slipped by her influence over him became more tyrannical. He could not understand the force of her pouting or smiles.

While Walter and his friends were bound for home, the party spoke of several incidents that made the evening enjoyable.

"Wasn't that a divine necklace Miss Kerns wore?" exclaimed Alice. "I'd love forever the man who would give it to me." The challenge dazzled Walter. Wells smiled and assented that the necklace in question was a beautiful one.

A moment later the car in which the party rode drew up before the home of Miss Greer. She bade her friends a hasty good-night, and hurried noiselessly through the entrance into a peacefully resting home.

Before Wells and Harmon separated that evening the latter, who was evidently struggling against the temptation of further thefts, asked in a rather timid manner, "Tell me, old man, how can I procure a string of beads like the one Alice admired so?"

"Well, several ways!" returned his companion, demurely. "Buy one, if possible."

"Buy one!" exclaimed Walter, "why, man, that necklace cost half a million if it cost a cent."

"Well, steal one," suggested the other dryly.

"Impossible! There's only one like it in the country."

"Well, steal that one," persisted the other.

"That's impossible too," said Walter disappointedly. "I may pilfer a hundred or two on the old man, but I'm not a highwayman, at least as yet."

"Well, then buy some one to steal it," continued the other coolly.

"What do you mean? Pay another man to steal for me? That's impossible too! Who would undertake the job, and where will the money come from?"

"Where did it come from before?" asked Wells with a grin. "You get the money, Walt, and I'll get the man."

Young Harmon thought for a while. "I'm with you. Next Friday evening I'll meet you at the Club, say at ten! Meantime I'll see that the old boy's in good keeping."

Wells shook on the promise and soon bade him good-night.

The days that intervened until the night of the planned robbery fled by speedily. Walter did not have much time for anything but acquiring alacrity in working the combination to the vault. He determined to come armed, lest another might attempt to intrude on his actions. The premeditated deed needed little encouragement. The scheme was simple and apparently undiscoverable. But what are the snares that fate has set for sinners? The wisdom of Eternal Justice ties the cord that binds the guilt unto our hearts. We stand convicted by ourselves—awaiting love or justice to deliver us.

Chapter III

On the Friday evening following, Mr. Harmon came home earlier than usual. He and his wife were to attend a concert that evening. Mr. Harmon had received the tickets from Walter, that morning, as a slight acknowledgment of devotion. The old couple were almost ready to leave when Harmon discovered that he had left the tickets on the office table. There was no one to fetch them. Walter was not at home and he could not send any of the household servants. At once he called to a servant for the car to be made ready, and immediately was driven to Wall Street.

When he arrived there he found the busy pavements of a few hours before silent and deserted. A few dimmed office lights that indicated the endurance of energy with which the ambitious were inflamed made the solitude more intolerable. Harmon alighted from his car and pushed a heavy swinging door inward. Almost immediately he was greeted by the night watchman, who recognized the financier and permitted him to pass without question.

He tread almost silently along the marble floors of the halls. Although he had no need of hurrying in order to be present at the opening of the entertainment, there was a strange presentiment in his heart which seemed to mock his actions. He knew that all was well at home,

his son was somewhere enjoying life, but as he approached the office door there was an inner voice that insisted, "Do not enter!" In spite of these admonitions Mr. Harmon proceeded to the door of his private office and thrust a key into its massive door. He was surprised to find it unlocked. "What's wrong with Dowd?" he muttered to himself as he pushed into the office. He had scarcely entered when a sudden click and the flash of a light attracted his attention. He turned toward the vault, and a strange sight greeted his eyes. Just then a shot was fired and the ball lodged itself in Mr. Harmon's thigh.

Mr. Harmon screamed and fell to the floor. The culprit muttered a few strange ejaculations and escaped through the door at the opposite end of the office.

The echoes of the shot, and the scream, united to fill the watchman with horror, and he at once hastened to Mr. Harmon's office. When he arrived there he found the victim writhing on the floor in agony, with a wound a little above his knee which was bleeding freely. The financier could not speak, but made some strange motions for the watchman to find assistance. Like a flash the attendant turned from the scene, and hastened along the silent hall to his post. He snatched up the telephone and half distractedly informed the Police Station of the affair. A few moments later found him accompanied by a fellow workman at Mr. Harmon's side. They lifted the wounded man gently and carried him to his car. The driver was ordered to the nearest hospital.

When the police arrived they discovered the victim's name and whereabouts. They could find no evidence of the culprit. On examination it was learned from one of the watchman's companions that two men had passed out hurriedly a few moments before, and had disappeared into the night. But none knew who they were or whence they came.

"A case for Holmes," exclaimed the police captain, as he left the office building.

Chapter IV

Mrs. Harmon waited patiently for her husband's return. When the hour for the opera to commence had arrived she decided to remain home that evening, consoling herself that the decision was based on personal motives, rather than on necessity. The evening sped on, and as yet neither Mr. Harmon nor his son had returned to their fireside. The old "lady", as her life's companion was wont to style her, sat in her private apartments, anxiously hoping that the next moment would bring her dear ones home.

The servants had retired to their rooms for the evening. There was a homelike serenity resting around the open fireplace. Although disappointed, Mrs. Harmon was by no means uneasy about the financier's delay. She knew that he would not deceive her, and their many years of married life assured her that Mr. Harmon had not purposely delayed.

At last the door bell rang furiously. One of the attendants was at hand to answer the summons, and on opening the door he admitted two hospital nurses who were carrying Mr. Harmon. Mrs. Harmon was called at once. She arrived breathless, and on seeing her husband so afflicted, screamed and fell on the soft carpet of the hall. A little attention from the nurses soon restored her to consciousness, and on being assured of Mr. Harmon's safety she became more tranquil.

When Walter returned home some two hours later he found his father suffering untold agony. His mother was hurrying hither and thither, half distractedly, striving to do her utmost to alleviate the pain of her beloved one.

The patient had been borne to his room where every means for his comfort was at his disposal.

The news that greeted Walter, as he came into the hall, was, "Your father has been shot, my dear!" It was told him by his mother, who kissed him a tender welcome, and thanked God within her heart that His gracious hand had preserved her son.

"Shot!" exclaimed Walter with theatrical surprise. "By whom? Where? When?"

"By some thief," informed his mother.

"Dangerous?" asked the boy.

"No, but serious enough." Then Mrs. Harmon related as well as she could the chief

incidents as told her by the half conscious victim.

"Where is Dad?" demanded Walter a little nervous.

"In his room. You must not disturb him now. The doctor has ordered absolute rest. His heart is not very strong. We must let him rest, and leave the punishment of the wretch that shot him to God."

Walter was ready to collapse. His mother was indeed nervous, but her good conscience sustained her spirit when under affliction. He on the contrary was physically strong and robust, but the worm of guilt was gnawing at his heart so that he imagined every word of his mother was teeming with hatred. Everything she did seemed to tell him that some strange prompting told her and the world that he had assaulted the man who had reared and loved him. He dared not sit lest the weapon in his pocket would explode and confirm the whispering of imagination. He dared not turn and depart lest some unseen figure would point to the bulging garment and discover the revolver. He dared not fall on his knees and confess, as the shock would kill his father, and perhaps prove fatal to his mother. He dared not to run away and hide, for now above all times his comfort was demanded. There was only one way open for him to follow—a sincere resolve to lead a better life. His memory of Christian instruction that was retained at least in snatches told him that God loves a generous heart, and that His mercy knows no bounds. The very thought of repentance struck fear in his heart lest sorrow for his faults would be an eternal acknowledgment of their commission.

After a few moments he realized that his best friend in the world was present, and that by some Providential care God may have prevented the crime from reaching her ears.

"We must follow the doctor's advice, mother," he said. "Give Dad the best we have; he deserves it."

Mrs. Harmon had not the least impression of what troubled her boy. She was ready to consign her life and all her belongings to his disposal, if the sacrifice would make him happier.

A few moments passed during which Walter spoke very devotedly to his mother and comforted her by his sympathy. He calmed her by pretending to understand just how serious the wound was, and assured his mother that he could deeply sympathize with her.

Mr. Harmon became more easy during the night. The united efforts of the doctor and those of the household effected much comfort and consolation to him. Walter greeted him in the morning, attended by the doctor.

"Good morning, Dad!" smiled the boy, as he slightly raised the curtain. "You are looking fine this morning."

The medical man who busied himself about the pulse of the patient agreed that appearances were not deceiving.

"Rest well last evening?" asked the physician.

"Yes," acknowledged Mr. Harmon, "considering all I am putting up with."

Another arrow of accusation shot through Walter's heart.

"But I'll rest fine when I see the scamp on the gallows. I'm going to follow this up, doctor," continued the patient irritably.

"Here, Dad," interposed Walter, "don't get excited about something that might have been worse. You'll be all right in a few weeks and then we will talk about catching the villain."

"He who hesitates is lost," sneered Harmon.

"But not always because he hesitated," answer Walter.

Here the doctor renewed his order to keep the patient quiet. He suggested that all unnecessary information about the office be withheld until Mr. Harmon had regained his former strength.

Walter emphatically approved of this suggestion, and assured his dad all would be well at Wall Street.

As the physician was preparing to leave he insisted that Mr. Harmon's condition should not be the occasion of alarm. "He is doing nicely, this morning. However, his heart is still unsettled. Any surprise or shock might bring disastrous consequences."

Mrs. Harmon promised personally to carry out all directions exactly, trusting to God to restore her husband to the same health of body in which He had preserved her son.

Chapter V

As agreed Walter had kept his promise to Wells. At ten o'clock Friday evening the money had been handed over to Harmon's companion. At the meeting it was mutually agreed upon that on the following night the necklace would be delivered to Walter with the respects and best wishes of his pal.

The younger Harmon arrived at the office on the following morning, a little earlier than usual. The clerks and the other members of the firm were whispering about the dreadful disaster of the previous evening. Naturally they in turn offered their sympathy to Walter. The stains of blood had been cleaned away, and nothing remained of the crime but the memory and the guilt.

"Where is Mr. Dowd?" asked Walter.

"That's a fact. Dowd is not here," observed one of the group.

"Perhaps ill," suggested one.

"At heart," put in another, believing he had discovered an ambiguity in the former's words.

"No! Not exactly."

"Well, call him up," offered the first.

"Good! Do so!" agreed Walter.

Of course young Harmon stood as his father's representative. Today, above all days, it was important for the older member of the firm to be present. It had been rumored through the office that Saturday was to witness an all-important transaction, and as Mr. Harmon Sr., was the predominant character in the bargain, it was greatly feared immeasurable loss would result from his absence.

It occurred to Walter to call up his father and ask to postpone the transaction. This suggested Mr. Dowd's unexplained failure to report for duty. Consequently Walter soon had the injured parent on the wire. Mr. Dowd's absence concerned the older Harmon more than the transaction. "Now to think of it," he muttered to himself, "the voice I heard sounded like Dowd's. I wonder if he has been deceiving me? I'll make an example of him I'll warrant."

Mrs. Harmon entered the room just in time to soothe her husband and prevent him from giving vent to his anger.

"You must be calm, my dear," insisted his wife. "The doctor has ordered absolute rest for you."

"Calm? Yes. Calm! I have caught the thief. I've noticed his surly disposition these last few days. The man I trusted with my secrets and life's plans robs and deserts me in the hour of my need. I say," he shouted across the wire, "send the police to find him." Here he dropped the receiver, and fell back exhausted.

The task of dismissing a man who was not present amused Walter. He understood at once that his father's secretary had been unjustly discharged, and accused of a crime that he himself had committed. However, he must obey, but he sincerely hoped to restore Mr. Dowd's good name before serious financial difficulties had come upon the secretary. The click of Mr. Harmon's receiver struck fear in Walter's heart. The doctor had predicted irreparable evil to follow to Mr. Harmon on the least excitement. Could his hasty deed in mentioning the situation have likewise been punished for his disobedience?

He stood for a few moments meditating on the scene before him. Every object in the room seemed to stand as an infallible witness to truth that he was the reason for all of this disorder.

"Mr. Dowd has not been home since last evening," informed one of the clerks. "His wife knows nothing of his whereabouts."

"He's the villain," observed a member of the firm.

"Yes! He's the thief. We'll apprehend him, though, if we must follow him to Egypt."

Young Harmon was silent. Words of defense for Dowd stuck in his throat. "We'll be just with him," he said, "even though he has deserted us. Whatever business my father has planned for today must be postponed until he can attend here in person."

All proceeded to their respective places, each had a task except Walter. His desk had no attraction for him now. There were but two thoughts in his mind, a wounded father, and an innocent man wronged, and he to blame for both afflictions. He sat gazing at the closed vault. He turned his head away in horror.

The scene again flashed across his mind in all its vivid preciseness.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed as he closed his desk, "I can't stay any longer. My heart is burning to be with my father, and I sorely lament Mr. Dowd's absence and strange conduct. If he arrives this morning kindly inform him we have found it expedient to discontinue his services. Good morning!"

One of the firm assumed the office of spokesman and bowed consent. Walter made for the door. He opened it and turned again to the vault. "By the way," he said, rather nervously, "if a Mr. Wells calls to see me tell him I will be unable to keep my appointment this evening." He passed out. The clerks continued at their desks until noon. Then they were dismissed, but as yet neither Mr. Dowd nor Mr. Wells had appeared.

Chapter VI

Mr. Wells waited for Walter until midnight. Of course Mr. Harmon's condition, and the circumstances that prevailed around Walter made it impossible for him to keep his appointment with Wells. He had tried to get his companion on the telephone several times, but always the same response returned, "Not at home."

As a result Wells became deeply incensed against Walter, not so much because the latter had evidently withdrawn from the plan, but mainly on account of the abrupt manner in which he was deserted.

"That's all well and good for me to risk my reputation by dealing with thugs," observed Wells. "Money may talk but it doesn't reveal the owner's name. But he has not outdone me yet. I'll give him until twelve tomorrow." With this the disgusted man started for his home.

The following morning Wells was still waiting for young Harmon. Midday arrived, and still no word of explanation came.

"I have the jewels now," muttered Wells, "and besides a few hundred to boot. If Harmon is too good to do some of his crooked work he doesn't deserve the cake."

Wells had indeed hired a professional thief to rob the Kerns home of the necklace. He knew the family was accustomed to spend the week end at some fashionable pleasure resort, and hence he assured his tool that there was comparatively little danger of apprehension. The hired gunman found little difficulty in procuring the coveted jewels; but, before turning the spoils over to Wells he shrewdly asked for his employer's address, under the pretense of warning him of any ensuing suspicion that might arise. Naturally Wells was easily led into the trap. The beauty and value of the prize dazzled him. He did not realize the snare that such information might entail.

But now all was over. The thief had departed to parts unknown, Harmon had apparently quit the game, and he, Mr. Wells, as he designated himself, held the gems. He remembered the remark that Alice had offered as a challenge to Walter. "Why could not he be the recipient of that love?" he asked himself. "All I have to do is to claim it, and that I'll do. If she is a match for Harmon, I should be suitable for her. There is no catching game unless we hunt for it."

The thought was followed by the action. He repaired to his room, donned his best garments, and carelessly thrust the necklace into his pocket. "I'll treat it as a trifle, and it will make me look more important," he whispered to himself. "For of how much greater worth am I than this heap of junk."

An hour later the suitor arrived at Miss Greer's home. The young lady had already dressed for the evening. She had been waiting to receive Walter. This was the first Sunday he had disappointed her, and to embitter the situation he had not written or called her for nearly a week.

Mr. Wells' visit surprised her. She had never made any overtures of affection to him, and as yet accepted none. She had met him on several occasions, and she observed that his personality was indeed fascinating. The servant who ushered Wells into her presence respectfully withdrew.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Wells," exclaimed Alice, placing her soft white fingers into the visitor's extended hand.

"Good afternoon, Miss Greer. I trust I find

you well," returned the other with a delicate obeisance.

The young lady gratefully acknowledged her good health and invited Wells to be seated. He accepted the proffered chair, and assumed a dignified and intellectual posture.

"You may wonder at the purpose of my informal visit, Miss Greer," he commenced, "but you'll pardon my intrusion, at least I think so, when I explain its occasion. You remember no doubt that on last Thursday evening you and several other young people were guests at the Doyle's?"

Miss Greer recalled the occasion distinctly.

"You may also recall," continued Wells, "the trend of the conversation that occupied our attention while we were homeward bound. No doubt you recall your remarks about Miss Kern's charming necklace."

"Yes! I—I—think I do," answered Alice, smiling as a bright blush enlightened her countenance.

"Well, my dear, you'll pardon my familiarity, but I feel that I am justified in claiming the reward you offered. Here is a necklace, equally valuable, for it was made by the same jewelers as Miss Kern's. It cost the same price, but of course the price was the least of the question; what worried me was the pattern."

Miss Greer would have given vent to her indignation toward Wells' presumptuous request, had not the sight of the necklace prevented any such violent attitude.

"You have promised, my dear," coaxed Wells, noticing the young woman's hesitancy, "and no lady of social repute ever breaks a promise. Moreover you may feel bound to respect Harmon's attentions. I respect Harmon as a companion, but let me warn you to beware of a coward and a slacker. I offered to assist him to secure that string of beads, in order that he might present them to you as a token of esteem. He agreed, but when the time of bargain came, he fled and left the paying of the money to me. Harmon is not worthy of you."

Alice sat gazing out of the window. She recalled how many times Walter had told her of his love, and now to desert her. "Do you think, Mr. Wells, he has found favor with Miss Kern?" she asked anxiously.

"Perhaps," conjectured Wells. "I hope she finds him faithful, which of course he can never be. You can't get blood out of a brick Miss Greer."

"No!" acknowledged the young lady, "a deceiving lover will be a deceitful husband."

"But for your answer," insisted Wells, regaining self-consciousness from Miss Greer's prophecy. "My heart is gasping like a tortured dove. Have I merited the joy of your eternal presence?"

"I'll be true to myself first by being faithful to my promise, and I will accept your devotion and I await your pleasure. There is no reward too rich for the truly devoted."

Wells pressed her to his bosom. "My dear," he whispered, as he looked into the tear-filled eyes of the young lady, "your beauty has ever been the happiness of my life. But it is not your beauty, nor your charm, nor your learning, nor your fascinating smile, but yourself that is happiness to me. You are more fit for royalty and sway than any woman in the land." He kissed her forehead, and stood smiling at her drooping eyelids for a moment.

"Come to me soon again," she said timidly.

"Be sure of me," returned Wells, "and since you are mine now I would suggest you send a word to Harmon telling him that you could never love a coward, for, by Heavens, if you insist on my delivering the message I fear my hatred for him could not speak save in a bullet."

"I will write at once my dear, and tell him as you bid me."

(To be continued)

Rambles

A Series of Essays

By John F. Burns

I HAVE been blessed with many friends. Some of them are living. Some—and alas! far, far too many—have long since passed away. But even of those that are gone before me, many there are whose voices still ring in my ears, whose smiles are even now present to my eyes. (Ah, memory! How sweet, and yet how sad, thou art!) And many, too, there are, whose kindly voices I have never heard, whose bright smile I have never seen. Yet they have been dear to me none the less. For, strange though it may seem, they too have often spoken to me. Hours and hours and hours have we whiled away together, their wonderful words showing me what must have been the sunshine of their presence.

By this time, dear reader, you have probably surmised my meaning. However, merely in confirmation of your thoughts—or, it may be, in correction of them, I may state that these friends are the authors of my books. And it is they (I confess I am looking for excuses now), it is they who are accountable for my speaking to you at this moment. For, when they talk to me, and I see how wise, and kind, and powerful they are, I cannot but do the most natural thing in the world—I cannot but resolve, if not to emulate, then, at least to imitate their work. And so it is, that I find myself chatting away with you now, essaying to hold your interest. But, as to what I am going to say—let us not decide that yet. Let us just ramble along together for a while, and see if we can become friends. For, if we do, then there will be plenty to engage us. Between friends, you know, there is never a dearth of topics—or of interest, either. In fact, for me, the mere presence of a friend is a source of keenest pleasure. And I shall tell you, presently, how I judge others (contrary to the dictum of the old maxim) by myself.

To return to the authors, however, I must again confess to no small desire to imitate them—to so write that people would be glad to sit down and pass the time with me. And it has not been so very long since I actually thought I could do so. But, like a "Certain Professor," and in his own words too, "however hard the lesson, I have learned to come down full many a peg." And "if I were allowed, now, to choose a place in the temple of fame, I should select the quiet, comfortable corner in which the Essayists congregate." At first, of course, "nothing short of an *epic* would satisfy my ambition. Nothing daunted by the knowledge that all through the ages there have come but four great Epic Fathers—I began to think the time fast ripening for a *fifth*. Then, after a deep plunge into Shakespeare, it struck me that the drama was, after all, the most comprehensive, if not the highest form of human composition. I would be a dramatist. True, on considering these matters in detail, I found, oddly enough, as it seemed to me then, that my predecessors had forestalled me in the most available subjects." And so, one by one, my exalted aspirations all dwindled down to the hopeless phantoms that they really were. It amuses me, now, to think that I ever had the sang-froid even to entertain them. Ignorance is certainly bliss. At present, however, I should be quite content, if I could leave behind me a work that would resemble the "Professor's" in even this one respect—that in it, "the writer would not appear so much the author, as the friend and the companion of the sweet hours of rare holidays."

Not that I would "willingly intrude my gossip on people who are busy. I would rather wait for the well-earned holiday, and I would then ask my reader to come out, as it were, for a walk. We should not much care whither we were going, only taking care that our road led through pleasant places. We would not

feel bound to any dusty highway—we would burst through the hedges of the wayside, and ramble on through green fields, or under the shadow of old forest trees. We would hail the travellers on the road, and talk to the laborers at their work—and sit beside some babbling stream, and fling flowers on the waters, and listen to the sage advice the stream would be sure to give whilst hurrying them away. In due time we should get home—perhaps somewhat weary, but with that pleasant weariness that befits the close of such a ramble. For my part, I would not take it amiss, if my friend yawned in my face on bidding me good-night—provided that, in shaking my hand, he would say: 'We must certainly have another ramble some day.' "

And how often have I myself said the self-same words. How often has the "Professor", and others, too, taken me by the arm, and, as we treaded ways I had thought so familiar, pointed out to me things I had never noticed—harvests of thought that they had reaped, quarries of lore that they had exhausted—and which, on my own merely passive intelligence, had been quite lost; beauties, also, of nature and of human nature, of which, hitherto, their stupid, but delighted companion had never even dreamt.

And thus it is, that I, who have enjoyed so extremely, these chats and rambles with others, have ventured—timidly, I must admit—to hazard an occasional observation of my own, in the hope of striking, now and then, at least, some spark of interest, or of pleasure. Not, dear reader, that I expect to win you, as the genial Elia might, or to lecture (if I may employ the term) with any of the acumen or pleasing familiarity of the "Professor". This were presumption indeed—and the very worst way, perhaps, to attain a place in your esteem. One might as well flaunt a placard with inscriptions to the effect of "This is I! And I am It!" and then expect a kindly welcome. His chances for the same are scarcely better, I am afraid, than those of the pleasing animal that occasionally visits a lawn party.

If we can only manage to stroll along without strain, or formality, or too much reserve in our intercourse, discussing whatever of interest occurs to us, but choosing, when we can, the things that people do, or perhaps, the way, how, and why they do them—if we can do simply this, and in a manner not unpleasing, then I shall be quite content. "*Quicquid homines agunt.*" Our topic, potentially, at least, because of the wide field of observation that it opens, admits of no small interest.

But, dear reader, we have rambled rather far already, simply in the process of becoming acquainted. It is time now that we were saying good-bye. Before bidding you adieu, however, I should like to explain, in accordance with my promise, my apparently contradictory attitude toward the wise old adage, "Judge not another by thyself." So, with a somewhat apologetical introduction I will commence.

I have often observed that my fellowmen are human (notice the astounding acuteness—nay, the consummate wisdom of the observation) that they are all, as it were, cast in the same mold, and in general, have similar viewpoints of ordinary things, similar joys, similar sorrows, and similar sources of the same. In a word, they are, as the saying goes, "built" very much alike, even physically. The very close resemblance, in different people, of effects produced by like causes, and like motives, is quite obvious. And it is under the influence of this observation that I have come, contrary to the maxim which many supposedly knowing persons have often so wisely quoted for my benefit, to judge others, in great measure, by myself. I suspect that the people just mentioned, themselves only half understand, and half appreciate the adage. They do not realize that they too, in judging others, do so with their own self as a standard. And so does each one of us, for the adage, properly understood, and properly applied, warrants this method of procedure. A man's knowledge of himself, his appreciation of his own likes and dislikes, of his inclinations, his longings, his hopes, fears, and regrets—is it not all these, is it not himself really, that serves as the foundation for the various impressions, opinions or judgments (as the case may be) that he forms of his neighbor? But, to repeat, I find myself, at least, judging other folks by myself. Not, however, that I should care to admit any indulgence in that

narrow, cramped up sort of judgment that is based only on our own foibles, eccentricities, peculiarities, prejudices, and the like. The estimation of others, founded on that ugly, selfish, one-eyed, and, sad to say, all too prominent and importunate part of our makeup, which never sees, and never wants to see anything else but "self"—this is the old slogan's target. But I think it incorrect to maintain that the maxim would decry, indiscriminately, each and every judgment that is based upon self—or that it should, philosophically speaking, be taken "*simpliciter*" and not "*secundum quid*".

Self, as we know, might well be called the "hub" of our own little personal universe. It seems natural for a man to be always looking out for himself. Very good. But there is a worthy side to self; and there is a blameworthy side. When self-consideration becomes selfish, then, in our judgments, it is time to be mindful of the adage in question. But when self-consideration teaches us, as it undoubtedly will, the fundamental laws of human nature, then, even with self as a foundation, we are in a fair way toward judging our neighbor correctly. "*Novi terpsum,*" say the Greeks and Latins. The inference is obvious. The sense of the following words of Horace might also be applied to all that has been said, "*Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.*"

But, au revoir, until our next ramble.

Hope

(To C. M. M.)

I love to wander o'er the sandy way,
As tardy gleams return unto the sun,
And lurking shadows creep out one by one,
Till moody darkness clouds the face of day.
Proud, rolling billows toss their heads in spray,
Break foaming, seething as some passion high;
But powers unseen soon bid them subject lie,
Returning them as rebels led astray.

Thus when Death's shades my lingering life surround,—
Ambitions, honors, transient as the dew
Fade into naught before Sin's specters grim—
May God's great mercy and His love profound,
Though not through mine, but His Son's merits due,
Lead me to rest, to heaven, and to Him.

A. B. MAXWELL.

Influence of Literature on Life

By H. J. Wiegand

With the exception of religion, literature has always had the greatest and best influence on life of all considerations that affect humanity. Religion of course influences our lives to a pre-eminent degree. Some inherent religious perception, some knowledge and fear of God, some idea of a hereafter is deeply imbedded in the inner consciousness of every human being, whether the lowliest of savages or the most erudite of theologians. There is not a race nor a tribe on earth that does not observe in varying degree some external devotion in honor of the Deity, some ritualistic practices in honor of the unseen Omnipotence that rules the universe. And because of our inborn religious sense, aided by the outward observances and doctrines of religious creeds, the influence of religion on our lives is paramount.

In a lesser degree literature has the same abiding influence on humanity. This is true not for today only but it is an acknowledged historical fact that even in the most distant ages, in what is to us, the dark and uncivilized past, the clear voice of literature was heard all over the habitable world, teaching, entertaining, guiding. And after all those long centuries, we can hear even now the splendid echo of that early literature resounding in the dim corridors of time. Did not that literature affect the lives of those ancient races wherein it received its nourishment? Did not the Bible of the Jews, our Old Testament, with its prophetically revealed Words of God, its wonderful Psalms, its splendid history of their favored race, awaken in the Jewish people a fervent response that strengthened them in their work of preserving the true religion in a pagan world?

Did not the writings of the old Greek philosophers, of Plato, Socrates and the rest, influence to a great extent not only their own people and their own time, but all subsequent philosophical study?

Did not those grand epics, those monumental achievements of a blind Greek, the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, have a colossal influence on the Greeks? Were not these works the mental nourishment of that heroic race? Was it not the traditions of their forefathers, the stirring deeds of their ancestors, so well preserved in the lives of Homer, that roused the Greek manhood to glory and valor that is the wonder of the world?

Literature affects all of us and it influences every branch of human endeavor.

What would religion itself be but an empty tradition without the sacred literature that guides its course? Is it not in the God-given Gospels of the Evangelists that the Christian faith finds at once its guidance, its inspiration and consolation? Is it not in the Koran that the Mohammedans find that fervor or fanaticism that urges them to death itself to establish that bloody religion? And so likewise, Buddhism, Brahmanism, Shentoism, Taoism and all the other religions find their strength and inspiration in some sacred book, some ancient religious literature. In our own Catholic Faith, we are aided to an inestimable extent in our piety, in our devotion, by all that wonderful mass of religious books that found their source in love of God and loyalty to His Church, from the Imitation of Christ, and the Lives of the Saints to the Prayer-books and the religious literature of our own day. Are we not helped to a greater devotion to God by this literature? It is true they can do nothing without a fervent devotion within us, but they do awaken our dormant fervor to respond to a true sense of piety. Is not the theology, the moral philosophy that guided the Church but the teachings of the Fathers as preserved in their works?

All nations are affected by political influences. But would not politics be but a meaningless word, would not law and justice be almost unknown, were it not for those riches of political literature that the world possesses, those historical documents, those wonderful orations that have thrilled the world? The laws of Solon guided the Greek democracy for many years;

the law of the early Romans was contained in the "Twelve Tables." The Magna Charta of England and America's Declaration of Independence are immortal documents forever dedicated to man's freedom. Did not the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, the speeches of Burke, of Henry, of Otis, of Lincoln have a great influence on the history of their times, and does not that influence still affect the trend of modern political thought? Considering only the events of the last few years, did not the so-called "war-literature", the newspaper articles, the magazines, affect public opinion to a colossal extent? Had it not been for the stirring articles in the daily papers revealing accurately and unmistakably the menace of Teuton domination, would this nation of peaceful people have entered a bloody war, whose battlefields were thousands of miles from our shores? Would our great campaigns to raise funds to carry on the war to a victorious conclusion have been so eminently successful without the aid of the press? On the other hand, how could the Germans bolster up the lagging courage and the failing convictions of their people without their propagandist literature? And without this same stupendous and poisoned literature how could she ever have allied to her arms still other nations?

In an economical and financial sense the influence of literature is very large; in considering the sciences its influence is so evident that it requires little comment. Was not the learning of the ancient Greek, Arabian and Egyptian sciences preserved for our benefit today in their literature? Is not the literature of Italy, of Germany, of France and England full of scientific writings whose influence on modern life and modern scientific research is inestimable? Are we not reaping the benefit of the writings of Farraday, of Galvani, of Huxley and Darwin, of Mendel and scores of other scientists?

Considering only those forms of literature whose function is not so much to instruct as to entertain we find its influence very great indeed. Take the essay for instance. The essays of Addison, DeQuincy, of Stevenson, of Ruskin, to name but a few of the English essayists, are full of that facile diction, that scintillating wit, that clear perception of human truth that make a well-written essay a sparkling spring wherein the reader can drink his full of gloom-dispelling truths.

In fiction, in the novel, the short-story, the romance, we find an interest, a refreshment, and an unconscious guidance, found nowhere else in such a gracious form. Who can read the works of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Scott, without a feeling of intense pleasure, and of profit too. And when one is weary of the world's strife and toil, can we not find untold delights in the charming stories of O. Henry, of Jeffery Farnal, of R. H. Davis? Does not this fiction influence us? I think it does, though often unconsciously. In the greater number of works of fiction we can obtain again the true perspective of life, and we can rejoice again in the careless joyousness of youth, after the matter-of-fact world has almost robbed us of the romantic glamour that we all love.

And finally is not the influence of poetry on humanity wonderful? We have commented upon the heroic poetry of Homer and its vast influence on the Greeks. In a similar manner all races have been affected by poetry, because we all have the lyrical sense in some degree. The Romans had their Æneid, the early Britons their Beowulf and the Germans the Nibelungenleid. Ballads, songs, and doggerel rhymes, easy for the people to learn, have always had a great influence in the world's political struggles. Even in our own American literature we can observe the great mass of political ballads and satires that stirred our forefathers at the time of the Revolution; and it is an acknowledged fact that the abolition movement was aided to a great extent by the stirring and often bitter ballads and poems of the abolitionists, notably Whittier.

Are not the works of Shakespeare still inspirations for all of us? Do not the wonderful poems of Dante, of Milton, of Goethe, of Hugo, still find echo in our breasts? And if we seek to find surcease from troubles can we find greater delights than in the charming lyrics of Wordsworth, Longfellow, of Keats and Moore?

Literature's influence is boundless.. It affects us all, the chubby child lisping his nursery rhymes, the spectacled lawyer perusing his gloomy tomes; the winsome maiden racing

through a romance with the aid of caramels; the business man reading the world's events in his newspaper, the man of science finding his needed formulae in his books; the theologian reading his Patrology, the tired mother finding relief in a good story, and the romantic youth copying a verse from Moore to send to his sweetheart.

Without the delights and the guidance of literature this world would be a very poor place indeed. Literature is co-partner with religion, and where they never conflict, they both lead us as nothing else can from our animality into the realms of the blessed.

The Criminal's Diary

By J. A. Mahoney, '21

OCTOBER 1, 19—. I have been sick for months, or at least I think I have been sick, which is just as bad. I feel as though every pulsation of my heart is its last one. Everything I eat is loathsome. I detest going to meals, still, when something is before me I eat, but I am never satisfied. There has been a lump in my throat for some time. Water, wine, champagne, whiskey, gin, and even raw rum have I tried but the lump will not go down.

October 2. There is an indescribable feeling within me. Something is pulling at my heart's core. Is it only a feeling? I try to put it off but persistently it stays with me.

October 3. I tell myself that a long walk among the beauties of nature will relieve me; so I walk. But the flowers which you say are beautiful are hideous to me. What wonderful scents these roses give! Burning brimstone? I walk faster. The giant oak, how majestic! Its massive arms reach forth to grasp and crush me. In each leaf I see a hideous face with mocking, snake-like eyes and mouth turned down in scornful grin. I flee it. The babbling brook, what silvery notes it sings! It mocks me with its endless, monotonous tune—Death! Death!! Death!!! The gorgeous sunset what harmony of colors! Colors? Rather the absence. All is black, but it singes me. Where may I run that its burning rays will not reach me? Ah! it is twilight and the pale moon rises. Pale, yes, even as I am. The flickering stars! My life is flickering and waning fast. When will it all end? I seek repose in sleep.

October 4. Sleep! What is sleep? I have not experienced its refreshment since this state came upon me. I dozed, but only for a moment What was it I saw? Surely not a ghost for it touched me. That clammy hand sent a fear through me which I have never before experienced and those deep sunken, burning eyes seemed to pierce my very depths. That shrill, screechy voice, what did it say, or rather echo? Just one word—Death! I dozed again and when I awoke I was burning hot with sweat streaming from every pore. I tell myself it is only my imagination run riot, "there is a fool in the house," but it is of no use. This feeling will not quit me. When the moon went down I was paler. Again I feel my flesh shrivel under the heat of the sun.

October 5. I went to see a doctor, the best in the city, and explained my case. He examined me thoroughly. There is nothing wrong with me, physically, he says, purely a case of hypochondria. He tells me to forget myself. I try but I cannot do so; I linger on. This thing cannot last much longer.

October 6. I feel the same. What misery! What wretchedness! I have decided to end it all, tomorrow.

October 7. I am in my room, gun in hand, before a mirror. Ah, at last!—What was that? Who said I couldn't shoot? There is no one around; shoot, fool, shoot! I can't, I can't. Someone is at the door, what relief!

October 9. It was two "plain clothes" men. I am now in jail and tomorrow I am to be put on trial for the murder of my father. . .

October 15. The trial is over; the evidence was all against me. Although I denied the charge at first, something within me cried out

and confessed all. Yes, I did it. I killed him in cold blood, after an argument over the division of our spoils. I have been sentenced to the chair on the ninth of December. . .

October 22. How these days drag. The chair is ever before me through my sleepless nights and fearful days. Will the time never come?

October 25. For the past three days I have been in agony. The prison chaplain, a Catholic priest, was here today. He told me of the all-merciful God, Who would pardon and reward the truly penitent. I thought I was hopeless until he explained to me how this same God pardoned a thief who had reviled Him on the cross. I think I have a chance.

October 27. The chaplain was here again. I remember now, long ago my dear old mother told me these same things. My boyhood days come back; I can picture myself at mother's knees, praying that this God Who died on the cross would turn Pa from his way of crime. But Ma died when I was very young, the neighbors said of a broken heart. Now I know what they meant. I went to school for some years but when I became old enough to be of any use to him, my father took me and I followed him in his path of crime. It is so plain now—Ma and God—Pa and crime.

October 29. The old feeling is again upon me. Something is crushing me. There is Ma, how sweetly she smiles on me! There is Pa—what an ominous look in his devilish eyes as I strangle him; my God deliver me from him.

The chair—the chair! Ah, it is not necessary. I'm dying! My God forgive me, I am heartily sorry—I'm dying—I'm dying—I'm dy——



Hindenburg Line, September 29-30, 1918

Here, where simple peasants daily tread
Ne'erending tasks, where careworn farmers plod,
A warlike host, a mighty army trod;
These war-torn fields of green were colored red,
Red with the blood a thousand heroes shed
That we might live, upon this very sod
A thousand men laid down their lives for God,
And joined the ranks of saints, the martyred dead.
Think not, O valiant ones, you died in vain!
You who saw your duty was to give
All without return, your passing by
Was loss to us, but Heaven's lasting gain;
Living you have taught us how to live,
And dying you have taught us how to die.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.



Paradoxes Orthodoxicated

"A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made."

TEMPERAMENT and environment have long been recognized as powerful, formative influences in the evolution of our ideas. In fact much of what we consider sound judgment and firm conviction is nothing other than the synthesis of these forces. Even Cain is able to discover apologists on these grounds So too, in the event of disapproval, do we hope to justify ourselves. For, however reluctantly we would admit the fact, we can not gainsay it—*contra factum non est argumentum*—we have feelings. Yes, we have feelings, that, although they may at times smolder unknown in the hidden recesses of our human heart, or wherever *our* cognoscitive faculty be located, need only the breath of an opposing breeze to fan them into a fretful, fuming volcano. We are at present suffering under the stress of one of these sentimental eruptions. Yet we hope that our presumption in falling back upon this apologetic, or as some would have it in this case, apoplectic defense, will not exceed the bounds of sound logic and good sense, despite the fact, that logic is an exact and unimaginative science.

Life is replete with paradoxes, with ironical twists and turns; those subtle contradictory strains that interweave themselves throughout our daily deeds and doings, and experiences. A paradox must be supported by truth. It is but an apparent contradiction, not a mere sophism. It serves to throw us into the very heart and nature of the thing. If there is anything true, anything sound, logical, practical, lively and liveable, that something is life, no matter how mysterious, no matter how paradoxical we may find it. Somewhere, sometime, and when we least expect it, the bright rays of the sunshine of happiness break through the dark and gloomy clouds of adversity. A paradox based on the philosophy of life is as fundamental and practical as life. It is as true as life itself. Our aim and purpose is not against such as these. Our quarrel is with those that contradict *our* philosophy of life, which, perhaps, is as eccentric and whimsical as a cent watch.

In your experiences, and who of us has had none, no doubt, you have come upon the epigrammatist; that trader, both wholesale and retail, in paradoxical speech-wares, who on the slightest provocation will force you to buy his *adagedotings* and proverbialisms. As for ourselves, we have encountered countless, both in season and out of season, indoors and out of doors, in humor and out of humor, until we have come to welcome them with the same saving grace as we would the ghost of our misspent past. There was a time though, that period of gullible, garrulous youth, when we not only willingly imbibed them, but imparted them wholesale. But now, that we have arrived at that epoch, found in the life of every man, when he doubts and criticizes the most widespread notions, the more extensive the better, we question, we doubt, we criticize their aptitude.

There are times when one can scarcely make any observation, astrocomical or otherwise, but he is squelched, so to speak, with some rejoinder, such as—"A bird in the hand gathers no moss," "No matter how hungry a horse is, he can't eat a bit." Remarks uttered, too, with all the profundity of worldly wisdom, with all the unceremoniousness and unhesitancy of authoritativeness, that is inexplicable. Perhaps, they imagine that the wise "saws" of Poor Richard, or of that renowned Chinese scholar, Hum Bug Ching, admit of no contradiction; are not to be gainsaid, but to be said again and again. Now we maintain, that neither the apology of custom immemorial nor even the latitude permitted analogical propensions, is a criterion for the propriety and correct usage of epigrammatical effulgences. But you might reply that an analogy need not be carried out

to its logical consequences. Quite true, friend, quite true. But the parody must at least attempt to assume the virtues of consistency, for when an analogy necessarily resolves itself into a "*reductio ad absurdum*", the argument becomes decidedly "*ad hominem*"—whatever that is.

Whenever some indulgent friend would philosophically admonish us, by reason of some procrastination on our part, that "the early bird always got the worm," we could never, for the life of us, understand what the worm was doing up so early. It appears to us to have been an unmistakable lack of foresight, on the part of Mr. Worm, for which he deserved to have gotten it "in the neck", as the saying goes. Then again that saying of Poor Richard: "early to bed and early to rise." Alas Poor Richard! Such a norm of life, no doubt, served very well in the days when one could scarcely keep their feet from dozing off after the Curfew had sounded the knell of parting day. Surely, now in these days of the jitney-bus and traffic police, such a standard would curtail one's stock of knowledge. As for ourselves, we would never have gotten "wise" to very, very many things under those conditions. Talk may be cheap, but with the advent of the "long distant" it has assumed the qualities of luxury. Moreover, to those of us, that would assume the semblance of wisdom, even a *word* would be superfluous.

We suppose that many, like the schoolboy, have often heard that history repeats itself. But unlike the schoolboy we perhaps never wished that *ours* would. Some claim that man becomes wiser and wiser as the years roll on; that progress is our watchword, and no earthly power can stem the tide of advancement. While others, though they concede the metaphor over the road of time, argue that in fact there has been no development, that the world has known but one Homer, one Virgil, one Dante, one Shakespeare; that never has man paralleled those colossal sarcophigi of the Pharaohs, or those monuments of grinning gargoyles and lofty Gothic spires of the *Siècles des Ténèbres.* Both argue against the statement of our epigrammatist. So, too, do we know that many ancient customs are now held in an altogether antiperistatical light. Take for instance, that custom of drinking out of a lady's slipper, so prevalent in the days of chivalry, when bold knights vied with each other in deeds of prowess and chivalrous gallantry. Nowadays such a procedure evidences that the party is getting slippery, to say the least. The "riot act" would be in order.

We have no doubt, that by this time our reasonable critics have relegated us to a madhouse. We fully realize that we are crazy. But it is a curious, psychological phenomenon, that those that most vociferously deny any aberrated mentality are confined in straightjackets. *Exhoe, quid sequiters?* Not long ago we were the guest of a certain alienist and sociologist in a tour of inspection at one of our Bedlams. There was an inmate in the front yard pushing a large wheelbarrow upside down around the lawn. Whereupon, we assiduously propounded to him the efficiency of shortcuts and the impropriety of the barrow's position. We received this answer: "If I cut across the yard, I shall finish too soon, and if I turn the barrow upright, they will put something in it." The logic, practicability, and cogency of the rejoinder is patent to even a sane man. Another inmate in a padded cell endeavored to impress upon everyone that approached him the fact that *he* was the superintendent and manager of the institution, but our escort had said that *he* was. In the face of such evidence we doubted whether even the clocks were right. The grinning cracks in the walls belied the very roundness of the building itself.

A. B. MAXWELL.

THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. IV | OCTOBER, 1919 | No 1

STAFF

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GEORGE F. McCANN.....Staff Artist
REV. GEORGE A. O'MEARA, O. S. A.....Faculty Director

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Foreword

IT WAS with a new spirit of hope and determination that we witnessed on September 22d, the official opening of Villanova for a new year of college activity. The number of new students registering broke all records, and a great many of the old students whom the grim call of war had called away from college have returned, aglow with enthusiasm and progress.

Last year was a year of discouragement and confusion. The three months' régime of the S. A. T. C. with all its attendant military discipline, confusion and scarcity of time for study, put a large and decided crimp in college enthusiasm. When we revived normal college life in January the year was too far gone to reap the benefits that would have been gotten from a full year. This year all is changed. We find among the old students a spirit of enthusiasm that last year was sadly lacking. Between the upper classes there is a feeling of unity and good fellowship that is a promise of great things for Villanova. The first meeting of the upper classes in the first week of school, when officers of the Athletic Association were elected, gave evidence of a union of feelings and a common loyalty to the College that reflects very well upon the spirit of the upper classes and promises much for the glory of our College.

To the new students we offer a hearty welcome and the assurance that they will never regret entering the doors of old Villanova. Already they must feel that spirit of good fellowship among us for which Villanova is noted. They will find no snobbishness here, no autocratic class distinction, no feuds or bad feelings. They will get due credit for anything they accomplish.

We should like to call the attention of the new students to a few of our college activities that need their hearty support, not only now but all the time. And we would wish you old students to take notice too. Villanova has always been known for her high quality athletic teams. It has acquired that well-deserved reputation only by the work of the teams and their coaches. We face this year a hard football schedule, but if every fellow in college that possibly can would go out in the field and offer his services to the coach, even though he has not even the slightest prospects of making the team, we are sure that the coach would be confident in facing any opponent. Let us bear in mind that victories aren't won alone by the first team; it's the second and third teams that round out a victorious Varsity aggregation.

The Athletic Association is the common society of all classes. Let us show our loyalty to the College by doing our utmost for the Athletic Association. If we cannot find a place on a Varsity squad we can surely pay our dues promptly and be on hand for every game to cheer the Blue and White to victory.

THE VILLANOVAN is the college magazine. It records all the college news; it fosters good literature in the college and it serves as a link between the college and the alumni. It is your magazine, so let it be represented by you. Don't get the idea that the VILLANOVAN staff is supposed to contribute every article it publishes. Remember that the VILLANOVAN travels all over the country to subscribers and to other colleges. See if we can't make this the VILLANOVAN'S biggest, brightest and best year as a college journal. If every one in the whole college would take a little interest in the matter, in writing articles, stories or verse, in contributing "Splinters", in soliciting subscriptions and ads, it certainly would be the VILLANOVAN'S best year. It is taken for granted that every student worthy of the name of Villanova has already subscribed to the VILLANOVAN. Bear in mind the fact that due to the present high wages and cost of material, the cost of publication of the magazine has increased enormously and unless the whole student body takes an active and practical interest in his college magazine, it will be impossible to have it.

Heroes

HERO worship is an inherent part of human nature and the recent war with its gloriously victorious conclusion evidencing the valor of our warriors has shown that we Americans are only too glad to lay aside our everyday practical business-like mien to worship at the shrine of heroism. Our gallant millions of soldiers returning daily for many months after the close of the war were accorded enthusiastic receptions and heartfelt welcomes by all of us. Each city and town had its own parade of its own large or small group of returned heroes, and every enthusiastically cheering hero-worshipper along the line of march felt a thrill, a fervent throb of pride and glory that can only come from the sight of such gallant heroes as our returned soldiers.

This series of brilliant welcomes and public receptions culminated in September in the glorious home-coming of the Com nander of the American Expeditionary Force, General John J. Pershing. We have heard of the great reception in Washington at the close of the Civil War in honor of General Grant and his victorious veterans. Some of us perhaps witnessed Admiral Dewey's triumphal return from his victory over the Spanish Fleet, but for most of us, this was the first opportunity to welcome in person or in spirit a Commander-in-Chief of an American Army returning from a glorious victory. The reception accorded General Pershing in New York and a little later in Philadelphia, as well as the eulogies in the press throughout the country, were of an enthusiastic

and heartfelt nature as never before were witnessed in our country. Throughout all, Pershing was always the same quiet, majestic but unassuming leader of men. His short addresses in response to the welcomes, were modest above all. If he possessed presidential aspirations like Grant and Dewey, he has never voiced them. The nation has rewarded him with the rank of full General, placing him in immortal equality with Grant, Sherman and Sheridan.

Immediately preceding in one case and immediately following in the other, two other great receptions were accorded by America to honored visitors from Britain and Belgium—the Prince of Wales and Cardinal Mercier. It will be interesting to analyze their receptions and to compare them with each other and with General Pershing's.

These three men, each of whom the war raised to prominence, came among us each for different reasons. Our own General Pershing returned home gloriously leading his armies to victory, to report to the Secretary of War the successful completion of the work the American Expeditionary Forces had set out to accomplish. Edward Albert Windsor, the Prince of Wales and Heir Apparent to the throne of Great Britain, visits Canada as part of a great political move. England's valiant Colonial troops from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India and South Africa have returned home and the Prince's advisors ever alert to keep the vast colonies centralized on the English throne, will have him visit each colony in turn, while the returned troops still remember the quiet boyish figure they had seen on the battlefields of Flanders. Cardinal Mercier, the beloved and heroic Archbishop of Malines, comes among us as a representative of Belgium and the Belgian king to thank us for our helping hand so long stretched out to his suffering country.

These three men are symbols and their receptions were accorded to them as such. Pershing is a symbol of the magnificent army that he led against the German hordes, he is a symbol of that blessed army of our valiant dead who sleep in France; he is a symbol of those poor, broken, wounded heroes who still live on among us. It is as a symbol he was welcomed and he recognizes that fact. Pershing is not a hero in the complete sense of the term. He did not sacrifice his life nor risk his limbs in the fury and hell of battle. Each modest doughboy is more of a hero than his Commander-in-Chief. Pershing was the leader, the director of heroes and as such is the representative of our whole heroic army. The crowds that cheered themselves hoarse as the General passed by on Fifth Avenue or Broad Street, cheered him for his skill, his determination, his strategical handling of men, his valiant leadership, but most of all they cheered him because of the heroes that supported him.

The Prince of Wales is a symbol of the British Empire, of the throne that knits together those distant lands and alien people into one great nation, owing allegiance to one flag. His reception in Canada and his future receptions in other colonies or here in the States are a tribute to his clean-cut youth, to his fearlessness in appearing at the front, but most of all they are a tribute to the Mother Country, to England and to the throne of Alfred, of Elizabeth, of Edward III, of Victoria. On our part it is a tribute to our great Ally and to the valiant soldiers of Britain who fought beside us in the great fight. The young Prince's welcome is only symbolic of the friendly feeling that goes out to England and her warriors.

Cardinal Mercier also is a symbol but the welcome accorded him is more personal than those accorded either Pershing or the Prince of Wales. Mercier is a symbol of Belgium, suffering but indomitable. He is a symbol of Catholic priesthood, fearless before all men. But most of all he is a symbol of himself; of the three men he is most heroic.

With President Wilson and Marshal Foch, Cardinal Mercier will live in history as one of the immortals produced by the Great War. He was alone in his heroism. Pershing was backed up by America's bravest millions; the Prince of Wales had behind him the world's greatest Empire; Mercier confronted the diabolic malice of Prussianism armed only with the cross and the consciousness of his duty. Alone unsubdued in a devastated land; alone, fearless

of consequences; alone encouraging his suffering people in their desperate fight with a merciless invader, Mercier stands out as the most sublime, the most heroic of all the prominent men figuring in the war.

And so we can understand why the thrill we feel at sight of the gracious Cardinal is different from that we feel at the sight of our great General or the young heir to Britain's throne.

Follow the Leader

ALL of us like to be considered original in our ideas. New fads and fancies, ingenious new inventions and novel ideas of all sorts quickly win the favor of the public. We like to think of this as a progressive age. We think the world is moving faster than in the old days. The rapid conception and development of new industries, new forms of art and literature, new fashions and new ultra-modern ideas of everything has led us to believe that the world of today bears little resemblance to the world of yesterday, that the modern spirit of progressiveness has carried us far ahead of the old-fashioned concepts of a few years ago.

And yet if we but stop and consider a noment we may perceive that these new ideas of the present day have made little change in any of us, and humanity and the world are still very much the same as many centuries ago. Even in the little insignificant things of everyday life we act just as our father did. We are slaves to precedent. Custom rules us all with an autocratic hand. We honor tradition as much as our own parents.

The observance of tradition in religion, as in the liturgy and ceremonials of the Catholic Church, in the history of a nation, as in our own well-loved legends of the foundation of the republic, or in a college or a military or fraternal organization, is proper and necessary, but the servile submission of the people to petty customs and precedents is an insult to our intelligence and our much vaunted progressiveness.

Why do women bow to the dictates of fashion? Why do foolish, extravagant styles weary our eyes? Why do we tire ourselves over the giving of gifts at Christmas, forgetting at the same time the proper observance of our Lord's Nativity? Why must men on a certain day discard one form of hat-wear and affect another, utterly unsuited to the season? Why do we use a calendar, unfitted to business, confused and inconsistent, and a clock system of two twelve-hour periods instead of a twenty-four-hour period in one day? Why do we endure a million other little things unsuited to the present age, making us undergo small but unnecessary hardships and all of them striving against the very progressiveness of which we are so proud? It is because iron-bound custom is so completely the master of the human intellect.

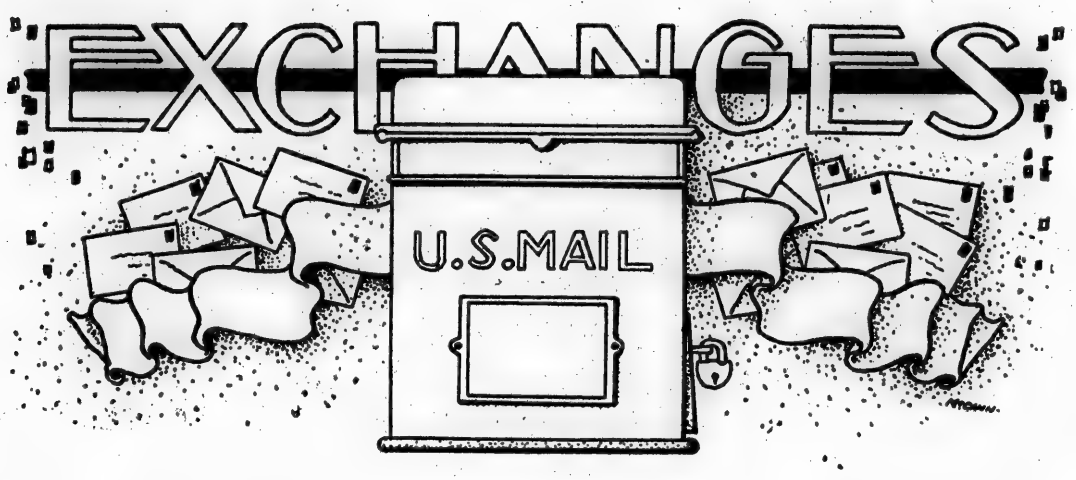
Why did the nation gasp and a thousand old fogies nearly suffer heart-failure when President Wilson first addressed Congress in person, or more recently when he left our shores to take part in the preparation of the Peace Treaty? Because such things had never been done before, because a precedent had been established against such ideas which most of the President's predecessors had considered an unwritten law.

There is no constitutional law against a President three terms in office, there is no conceivable reason for not allowing it and in fact there are many stable reasons for permitting a good executive to continue his administration

for many terms, but because of a precedent unknowingly established by our first President, we have yet to see a national executive in the White House for three terms.

Why do many of our non-Catholic friends profess a certain belief? Because their fathers and their grandfathers did. And for the same reason we find many of the sturdiest partisans owing their political affiliation more to the political belief of their relatives and friends than to any knowledge and belief in the standards of a certain party.





IN AGAIN taking charge of the Exchange department the writer feels that a few words about exchanges in general and our own policy in particular would not be out of place. We are making a new start with a whole bright year of college journalism ahead, and profiting by our past mistakes, we shall try to make this department a worth-while and creditable feature of the VILLANOVAN, a department where we can receive helpful suggestions from others, and perhaps contribute our own modicum of good in constructive criticism.

It is very difficult to properly handle an Exchange department. Many of the Exchange editors seem to think that they are given charge of this part of their magazine merely to pick to pieces in an idle jesting manner every article that another college journal sees fit to publish. The exchanges are not conducted to show the superiority of one magazine over another, but to enable us to get a perspective of college journalism all over the country, and to receive suggestions and criticisms of our own literary attempts. These Exchange editors resort very often to personalities in their adverse criticism of an article, they question in a scornful way the writer's knowledge of his subject, they needs must always cry "plagiarism" at an article with which they can find no intrinsic fault, they brand every opinion that does not coincide with their own as misleading and false, they do not believe in suggesting a remedy for any fault they may find, they give no reasons for their statements. Their opinion, they think, cannot but be the correct opinion. These Exchange editors, and their name, unfortunately is legion, seemed to have adopted for their motto: "I am Sir Oracle: when I ope my lips let no dog bark." At the other extreme is the incompetent or careless Exchange editor who always casts bouquets. His review of any magazine that comes in his hands is cursory to say the least. He chooses a story or a poem haphazardly and goes into ecstasies about it. He joyfully proclaims the advent of another Kipling or O. Henry as the case may be, and considers his duty done.

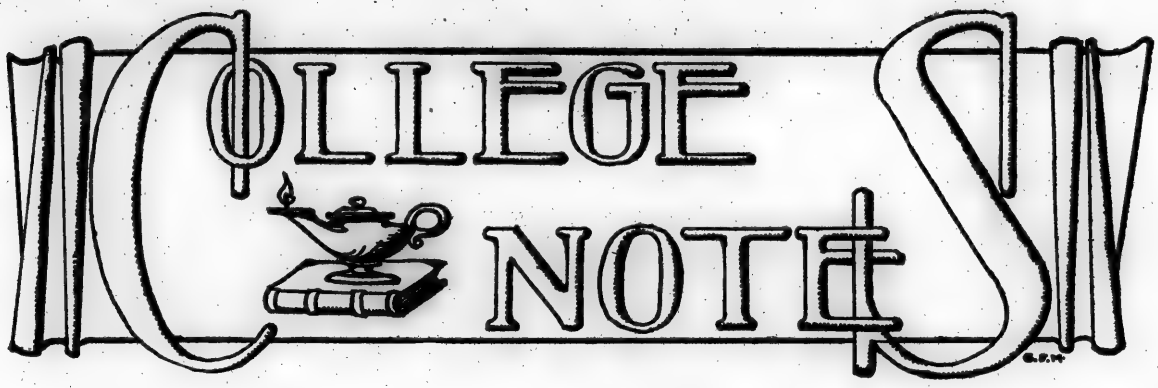
Between these two contrasted types of Exchange editors who are of no help either to their own magazines or their sister-journals, we believe there is a golden mean. We believe there is really such a thing as constructive criticism and we shall do our best to use it. Exchanges will always find fair play here and we hope too that the VILLANOVAN will find its way into the hands of Exchange editors who will lend a helping hand where it is needed and give praise where praise is due. Empty flattery is not in our line; we shall not praise without reason nor shall we "knock" without reason.

As none of this year's "exchanges" have

come in yet we must hearken back to the Commencement Numbers of our sister-journals, the very name of which brings back memories of valedictories, exams, baseball and prospects of a long summer vacation. All the magazines devote most of their space to Commencement activities and various records and histories of the graduating classes, but there is room left for quite a number of really worth-while literary articles. The outstanding feature of the *Lumina* from St. Ignatius College is undoubtedly the poem "De Profundis." Human grief is a very difficult subject to treat adequately in black and white. When the heart is full we do not speak. Tears are the language of grief but there have been a few talented minds that have succeeded in embodying grief on canvas, in music, and in poetry. We are not placing the author of this poem immediately among the immortals; the verse has its faults, but the author has grasped admirably the main idea in conceiving a poem such as this. When we grieve for one who has left us, and especially one who was very dear to us, we always think of how much that person loved us and did for us and how pitifully small our gratitude was. Our grief is nearly always essentially selfish. We miss one who has gone because a gap is left in our lives that no one can fill, because of that person's love for us and our love for him or her, and because we would like to repay in some small measure the many things that had been done for us. The theme of "De Profundis" is the death of a mother. The greatest grief that we can humanly experience is on the loss of a mother or of a child. A mother's love for a child is the most wonderful and yet the most natural of human emotions; deprived of that love we are lost in the realms of unconquerable grief. This meditative grief the author of "De Profundis" succeeds in embodying in that poem. His thought is very well developed and he has realized that a short poem is best for his purpose. The verse-structure, while not uneven, is not above the mediocre especially in the first stanza, but at the end of the poem the emotion underlying the verse has adapted itself to the form of the poem and the result in the four final stanzas is really masterly.

In the Commencement Number of the *De Paul Minerval* there is a very well written and interesting article on "The Romantic Movement and Civilization" which discusses the poetry of Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge and Byron in its contribution to the perfection of the spiritual nature. Needless to say, the decision reached is that the poetry of the Romantic Period, as exemplified by its leaders, was little or no help in the perfection of civilization. We think though that the author is just a bit too harsh in relegating these poets entirely to the discard because their idea of beauty was decidedly unspiritual. We shall never go to the Romanticists for aid spiritually or even intellectually, but for brief enjoyment in the contemplation of nature's beauty and the pleasures and fancies of the everyday world—superficial though they may be—we can certainly go to these five masters of poetic fancy.

The *Minerval* maintains a high standard of literary excellence and all its departments are ably conducted but for real merit, enthusiasm, and all-around excellence its Exchange department last year was undoubtedly its most praiseworthy feature. The Exchange editor of last year's *Minerval* cannot be too highly commended for the justice, dependability, and really constructive criticism that made this department so noteworthy. Mistakes were very few indeed and these were graciously acknowledged and rectified. The Exchange editor of this year's *Minerval* has a difficult task at hand to keep that department as well conducted as it was last year. The Exchange department of no other college journal that came to our notice anyway near equalled the standard of the *Minerval*.



Mercier's Visit

Villanova was signally honored on Saturday morning, September 29th, when the great Cardinal Mercier paid a visit to the College.

Just at noon the flower-bedecked car bearing the Cardinal, the Most Rev. Archbishop Dougherty, Rt. Rev. Bishop De Wachter and Mayor Smith drew up to the College gates. The President, Rev. James J. Dean, LL.D., O. S. A., followed with the Executive Committee consisting of Rt. Rev. Monsignor Crane, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Drumgoole, E. T. Stotesbury, Judge Monahan, Samuel Vauclain, and William Vare.

The students formed a guard of honor as the distinguished visitor passed up the avenue leading to the College. A company of the R. O. T. C. in uniform stood at attention. The joyous scene was completed when the Corr Hall Band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner" and the Belgian national hymn.

Cardinal Mercier was then introduced by Father Dean to each member of the Faculty. Mr. William Simpson, business manager of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, through Father Dean, presented to Cardinal Mercier a purse of five hundred dollars.

The procession then proceeded to a platform erected at the foot of the flag-staff from which floated the American and Belgian flags. As the members of the Faculty, the students, and a large body of visitors stood about, Father Dean presented Cardinal Mercier. "It would be folly on my part," he said, "to introduce to you the best known man in the world." He spoke of His Eminence as Churchman, as statesman, and as the only example of a living martyr. In hearty, enthusiastic terms, he welcomed the great visitor to Villanova. His Eminence responded briefly but with a voice teeming with emotion. "I expected," he said, "to meet friends in America, but I did not expect this deep sympathy you have shown for me and my people." He emphasized the sufferings of his heroic nation, the lessons that that suffering should teach humanity. True education, education which strives after nobility of ideal and perfects the whole man, he said, is a necessity for the rejuvenation of the world. The Cardinal then asked Father Dean for a free day for the students. When put to a vote, those in favor carried the day. While all knelt on the green the great hero of modern times; the stately, digfied Churchman; the unflinching statesman; the simple self-sacrificing priest called down upon them the benediction of the Almighty.

The formal opening of Villanova took place on Monday, September 22nd. Father Dean, our President, celebrated a Solemn High Mass on this occasion. The student body shows a remarkable increase in numbers over any other year. Students whose course had been interruped by the war flocked back to continue their work.

Changes

The faculty loses Rev. J. M. Fagan, O. S. A., who has been sent to St. Augustine's Church, North Troy, N. Y., and Rev. W. F. Gough, O. S. A., now stationed at St. Rita's College, Chicago, Ill. The Rev. Fathers Austin, Diehl and Bartley have entered the newly founded house of studies at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

Rev. James T. McGowan, O. S. A., Rev. John Whelan, O. S. A., and Rev. John Dwyer, O. S. A., have been added to the faculty.

Villanova's Summer School opened July 1st and continued until August 8th. Seventy-five Sisters and twenty-five lay students attended. Courses were offered in all branches of higher Mathematics, Logic, Metaphysics, Psychology, Natural Theology, Ethics, Sociology, English, Biology, Physics, Chemistry. The Professors were Rev. Fathers Dean, Driscoll, Hickey, Murphy, Powers, Fitzgerald, Hopkins, Fink, O'Leary, Colgan, Sparrow, Grelis, Mr. Martin, O. S. A., and Prof. Charles McGeehan.

Villanova Extension Courses are open this year in the Girls' Catholic High School, Philadelphia. All College courses are offered. Already one hundred and twenty-five Sisters are registered. The courses are in charge of Fathers Dean, Driscoll, Hickey, Powers, Murphy, Kavanaugh, Grelis, Sparrow and O'Meara.

The usual initiation of the Freshmen into the Traditional Society was conducted on Monday evening, October 6, 1919.

The class in Public Speaking was organized in the auditorium of the College on Monday, October 6, 1919. All the college men were present and gave evidence of much earnestness and enthusiasm in the work. A Debating Team is in progress of organization. It is also expected that a Dramatic Society will develop from this class.

Frank Nostri, a member of the Freshman Engineering Class, died in Bryn Mawr Hospital, Monday, October 14. He had been suffering for some time before his entrance to college from abscess on the brain, and died as a result of it.

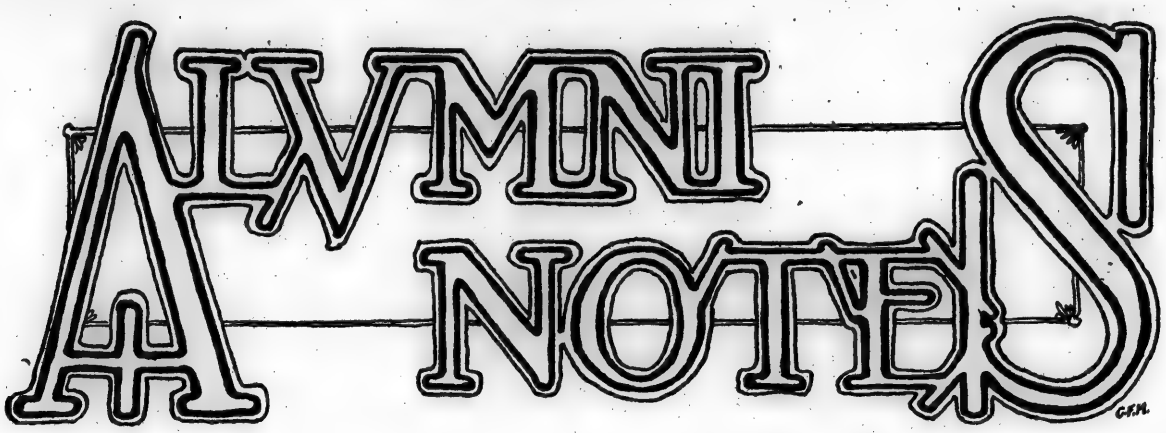
To his family THE VILLANOVAN extends condolences.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The officers for the year 1919-1920 are as follows:

President—J. Howard Tyrrell, '20.
Vice-President—Alfred Kane, '21.
Treasurer—Frank Brahan, '20.
Secretary—James Mitchell, '22.

Mr. Tyrrell has been elected football manager and Mr. Kane assistant manager.



Visitors

MANY of the old Villanova boys visited Alma Mater recently. The most distinguished was the Rt. Rev. Bishop Jones, Bishop of Porto Rico, who spent a few days with us.

Harry Towhey and Walter Guy on returning from France made their first visit to Villanova.

Patrick Regan, Charles McGuckin, Leo Lynch and James P. Kelly, paid several visits and lent their efforts to forming a strong football team.

Bernard Villars Haberer and his young bride spent a few hours with us.

Other visitors, John Malone, James Koch, John Reardon, Harry Sherer, Rev. Joseph R. Sergel, Thomas V. Brennan and Mrs. Brennan of Chicago; Harry E. Hernandez, Ocean View Hotel, St. Augustine, Fla.; Michael Boyle of Stamford, Conn., Henry Rynkiewicz, Francis Murray.

Weddings

On June 24, 1919, John B. Mockaitis, formerly Professor of Chemistry at Villanova, was married to Miss Helen Irene Miller of Maizeville, Gilberton, Pa. The couple have taken up their residence at 235 W. Grand Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

William Boyd Miller and Miss Jennie James were recently united in marriage at Villanova by our President, Rev. James J. Dean, O. S. A.

A pretty wedding took place in the Church of the Assumption, Philadelphia, on Friday, August 15th, when T. Leo Lynch and Miss Agnes M. Rauscher were married. Rev. James J. Griffin, O. S. A., officiated.

On October 6, 1919, at Wayne, Pa., James O'Brien, '12, and Miss McDermott were united in marriage. Pat O'Brien '16, was best man.

Harry Sherer was married on August 23, 1919, to Miss Mary French. The ceremony took place in St. Colman's Church, Ardmore, Pa. Rev. John S. O'Leary, O. S. A., Professor of Chemistry at Villanova, officiated.

As we go to press the news arrives of the marriage of Edward V. McCullian, '17, on October 15, 1919.

The announcement has been made of the marriage of Patrick O'Brien, '16, to Miss Magee of Collingswood. Miss Magee is the granddaughter of the first graduate of Villanova and a brother of Richard Magee, a former student here. The marriage will take place November 5th. Father Hickey will officiate.

To all these couples, the Villanovan extends felicitations.

Condolences

The Villanovan extends sincere sympathy to Rev. Thomas Kiley, O. S. A., Professor of Greek at Villanova, in the loss of his mother. To Prof. Charles McGeehan, '12, in the death of his little daughter, Rose Marie.

Jottings

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kurz are rejoicing over the birth of a young son, John Robert—September, 27, 1919. Joe is a member of the Class of '15. Martie Connors and Frank Prendergast are likewise enjoying the distinction of becoming "Fathers". Congratulations of the Villanovan.

Thomas Hanley, '19, is now studying Law at Columbia. Frank Murray, '19, has entered Penn Law School.

The Class of '15 will hold its reunion during this coming winter or spring. The date will be announced later. The members of the class are requested to communicate with the Secretary, John Kiley. Why not plan a substantial monument of loyalty to Villanova in the form of a drive for the new Gymnasium?

Dr. Martin Connors is doing intern work at Erie Hospital, Erie, Pa.

Claude Cassidy, a former Villanova boy, is employed in the axle plant of the Cambria Steel Co., Johnstown, Pa.

Jim Koch, '16, has been romoted to assistant-chief draftsman in the Electrical Department of the Cambria Steel Co. Jim is also Professor of Electricity in the Cambria Night School.

Charles McGuckin, '18, a former Villanova football star, was recently discharged from Service.

John T. Coan, '19, has accepted a position as Professor of Classics and Mathematics in McGill Institute, Mobile, Ala. James J. Egan, '19, has entered Niagara Seminary.

The VILLANOVAN congratulates Rev. M. J. Corcoran, O. S. A., on his recent publication, "Our Own St. Rita."

Dr. Tourscher has completed a valuable work on the History of the Work of the Sisters during the Influenza Epidemic of last year.

Many of the Alumni have not been heard from in the drive for funds to pay for the new Gymnasium. Remember your Alma Mater, put your signature to a check and thus prove your love and loyalty!





FOOTBALL

AFTER a long period of idleness, the Villanova Athletic Field is once more the scene of great activities. In response to Coach Reap's call for football candidates, more than thirty husky athletes trotted out on the field all willing to withstand the grind necessary to make them fit, to don the Blue and White uniform and defend Villanova on the gridiron. Through the combined efforts of Coaches Reap, McGeehan and Slavin, what appeared to be a bunch of green men, untrained in the tactics of modern football, is rapidly rounding into a formidable array of gridiron athletes. With the cessation of hostilities in France, many of our athletes of former years have returned, eager to rekindle their fighting spirits on the gridiron. Capt. McGeehan will once more be seen in the backfield, ready to pick his way through the opposing lines; Blanchfield who attained so much fame wearing the red and black of the Prep. on the football field has graduated to 'Varsity football and will undoubtedly add to his reputation while wearing the Blue and White.

McCarthy, a veteran of former years, will be seen on the line, and with his great addition in weight should prove to be as formidable as ever. Kearns, whose accuracy and distance in throwing passes won him fame on the Prep. team of three years ago, will hold down one of the ends in this year's 'Varsity line-up; he is exceptionally fast and should prove an asset on the receiving end of any aerial passes, upon which the 'Varsity will rely, owing to the present light weight of the line. Bill Cronin who starred for Villanova last year will continue his good work in the backfield.

Among the new candidates who are showing up exceptionally well are Dolan and Cullum in the backfield, Hertzler at end, McClearnan and Yadusky on the line. McGrady, well known as a punter of ability, is also playing up to the standard.

McGuckin who won for himself the honor of being picked for the all-star eleven, four years ago, has appeared on several occasions on the gridiron, eager to lend his assistance to the best of advantage; in his few days' work he has added style, accuracy and distance to the drop kicks of many of the probable booters, and should the occasion arise we will have several men who are capable of dropping the calfskin between the bars for a deciding score. Lynch, former center for Villanova, has also contributed his share of help in developing the linemen.

Due to the untiring efforts of Assistant Coach McGeehan and Manager Tyrell, the following schedule has been arranged:

Sept. 27—Villanova vs. Lehigh at S. Bethlehem, Pa.
Oct. 9—Villanova vs. Lebanon Valley at Lebanon, Pa.
Oct. 11—Villanova vs. St. Joseph's at Villanova, Pa.
Oct. 18—Open.
Oct. 25—Villanova vs. Susquehanna at Sunbury, Pa.
Nov. 1—Villanova vs. Muhlenburg at Villanova, Pa.
Nov. 8—Villanova vs. Gettysburg at York, Pa.
Nov. 15—Villanova vs. Army at West Point, N. Y.

Nov. 22—Villanova vs. Catholic University, Washington, D. C.
Nov. 27—Villanova vs. New York State Aggies at Long Island, N. Y.

LEHIGH, 47; VILLANOVA, 0

On September 27th, the 'Varsity eleven journeyed into the camp of the Lehigh Gridiron warriors and were defeated 47 to 0. Though the result seems to picture an overwhelming defeat, the backers of the Blue and White do not consider it as such. Though we are not trying to offer any alibi for the apparent drubbing, the attendant circumstances should be considered. With but three afternoons of practice the Blue and White eleven were called upon to stack up against the Lehigh eleven who outweighed their rivals on an average of 25 pounds to the man; this in itself is a serious handicap. Two-thirds of the Villanova eleven were playing their first game of college football, and their showing certainly argues well for a successful season.

In the first few minutes of play a fumble proved costly and enabled Lehigh to hold the upper hand. McGeehan received the kick-off but was downed in his tracks; on the next play Simindinger of Lehigh recovered a fumble and crossed the line for the first score of the game.

In the first quarter Lehigh rolled up 22 points owing to the apparent weakness of our line, but as the game progressed the Blue and White line strengthened. The inability of our backfield to pierce the opposing line forced McGrady to kick frequently, and his slowness in getting the punts off proved disastrous; invariably his punts were blocked due to the weakness of the line to hold and his slowness in getting the kick off.

In the first few minutes of play Dolan was forced out of the game, Cronin going to quarterback and Blanchfield to the backfield. The latter played a brilliant defensive game, figuring in many of Lehigh's incomplete passes and pulling off some neat tackles. Simindinger and McDonald were the Lehigh luminaries, the latter proving to be very strong on the defense, while the former was Lehigh's chief ground gainer.

VILLANOVA, 0; LEBANON VALLEY, 0

The 'Varsity tackled the Lebanon Valley nine at Lebanon, Pa., on the 4th of October and a more creditable showing could not have been expected. After four quarters of gruelling play neither team had succeeded in carrying the ball over the opponent's line and the game went down on record as a scoreless tie.

Though the Blue and White eleven had innumerable first downs, when the final plunge was needed the Lebanon line buckled up and held for downs, Capt. McGeehan attempted three drop kicks but all fell short. In the third period he attempted one from the fifty-five-yard line and missed by but a few inches. Blanchfield directed the play from quarterback and nothing but praise can be said for the youngster's work.

Duffy in the backfield played a stellar game; he figured in many of the end runs and passes completed by the 'Varsity and was exceptionally strong on the defense. Great improvement was seen on the line and owing to its good work, Lebanon was frequently forced to punt. The work of Hervey for Lebanon was exceptionally good.

VILLANOVA PREP., 0; ST. JOSEPH'S PREP., 0

The football season at home was officially opened on Wednesday, October 8th, when the Prep. eleven lined up against the representatives of St. Joseph's Prep. The game was replete with action, but as the teams were so evenly matched neither team effected a score.

Hennenberger was a mountain of strength on the Prep. team and was the chief ground gainer; he pulled off two neat end runs and forced his way through the opponent's line innumerable times for gains. Burke also played a good game; his quickness in intercepting a forward pass prevented a possible score by St. Joseph's. Dougherty pulled off some neat tackles and also gained considerable ground. Crowley also played well for the Prep. as did Ceravolo and Capt. Jones. McClernan starred for the visitors.



"BERENICE"

Dainty—
Rosebuds are dainty, all glist'ning with dew,
Nodding aloft at the heaven's deep blue,
Yielding their scent to the drowsy spring air
That softly and languidly drifts everywhere,
Seeming with perfume the whole world to fill;—
Rosebuds are dainty, but daintier still
Is Berenice.

Lovely—
A lily is lovely that stands all alone,
Apparelled in white like a nun who has known
The things of the world and has left them to pray,
And kneeling in solitude all of the day,
Speaks only to God, with her soul all athrill;—
A lily is lovely, but lovelier still
Is Berenice.

Joyous—
A robin is joyous that wakened at dawn
Blinks his tired eyes at the dew-sprinkled lawn,
Flutters his crest and spreads dainty wing,
First tries his voice and then starts to sing,
Slowly, then faster, with many a trill;—
A robin is joyous, but more joyous still
Is Berenice.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.

Tyrrell will have to get a soap box if he wants the lower classmen to look up to him.

Prof. (in Railroads)—"What are 'quarter ties'?"
Maguire—"The kind you get at Christmas."

First Mac—"Did you dance at the Block Dance in Bryn Mawr?"
Second Mac—"Why, did you see the road being repaired?"

Seen on a sign in a millinery shop: Wanted—Girls to trim rough sailors.

And while we are christening Fagan the "Blond-haired Caruso", please don't forget McManus, the "Youth's Companion".

Gobble-Gobble Night revealed a rival to McCormick in McNally. So say the Baldwin girls.

Locke—"You're rather a light sleeper, aren't you?"
Mitchell—"Yes, about one hundred and twenty pounds."

Bunny—"Where tonight, Jake?"
Sheehan—"To make my 'di-butt' at Norristown."

O'Leary—"I lost my watch in Garrett Hill last night."

Dooley—"That's the 'high cost of lovin' for you fellows."

Delohery (decorating his boudoir)—"Where shall I hang Sy?"

McDermott—"I don't know, but I am in favor of it."

Reeves—"I spent ten dollars on my girl last night."

Thornbury—"When do you expect to pay her back?"

Jake Sheehan's specialties—Latest collars, race track news, prize fighters, movie actors and actresses, ball players, track records, New Jersey longshoremen, and politics.

Jones—Father Driscoll reminds me of an umpire. He never thinks we are safe when we are out.

Locke (Biology)—"Doctor, these scales have gotten my goat."

Doctor—"Well, Locke, you will never be a successful doctor unless you have 'patients'."

Waugh (taking the boys out for a "rattling" good ride)—"Say, Gillespie, stop dragging your feet. I can't make this hill."

Mary—"Oh, Mr. Sheehan, you tickle me."

Jake—"Aw, you tickled me first."

Ted Carroll (looking at J—'s bagging trousers)—"When are you going to jump, Jake?"

Hank—"Why didn't you join the cavalry in the war?"

Arthur—"When that retreat sounded, I didn't want to be dragging any horse after me."

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"Dip"—No, what was it?
"Sip"—A pair of socks.
"Dip"—A pair of socks?
"Sip"—Yea, one in each eye.

Diner—Waiter, put some walnuts in the ice-cream.
Waiter—Sorry sir, but the Blue Laws forbid us serving anything on Sundaes.

* * * *

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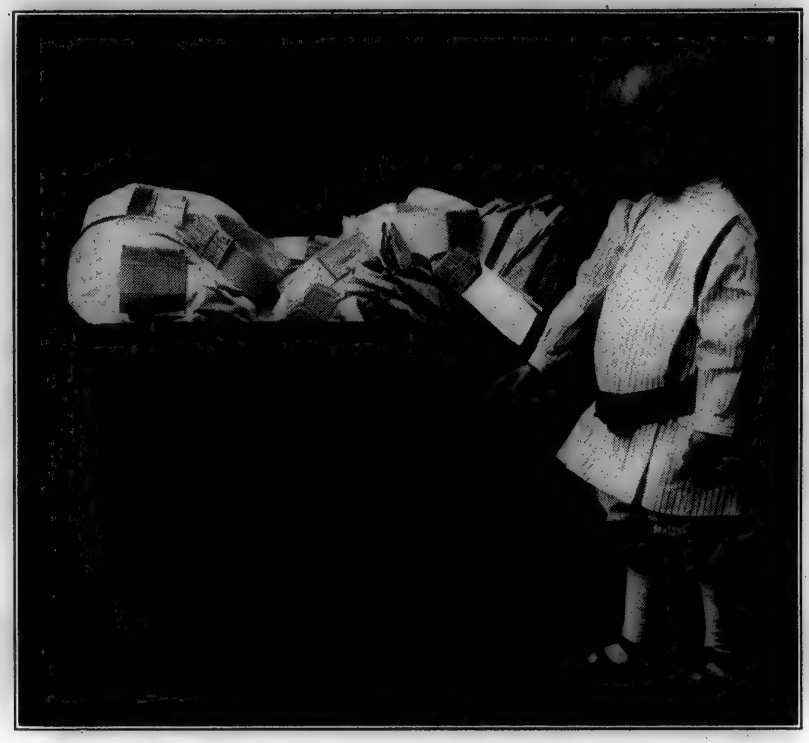
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THE VILLANOVAN

VOL. IV. DECEMBER, 1919 No. 2

A Christmas Carol

(From the French)

BY HUGH A. O'NEILL

Nature's blackened sky concealing
Earth's white bosom from the light;
Joyful bells a truth revealing—
Christ was born that Holy Night.
Near the crib the Virgin Mother
Gazed enraptured on the face
Of the Child, for whom no other
Had a soul so full of grace.

Not in curtained halls attended
With the comforts of the proud
Came the Lord of Hosts befriended
By the great or high-endowed,
But where Poverty reigned keenest—
Asses' stalls befogged with chill—
Wrapt in mantle of the meanest
Came Love's High Eternal Will.

Dearest Jesus, meek and lowly,
Holy infant, frail and cold,
Would that we could love Thee only
With a heart of purest gold!
Then Thy present pain and sorrow
Would outweigh our love untold,
For the sunlight of the morrow
Would our warmth of joy unfold.

'Neath the snow-clad thatch that covered
Virgin Mother, Child and beast,
Where the chanting angels hovered,
Came the mighty of the East.
At His feet they lay their presents—
Myrrh and frankincense and gold—
While the humble shepherd peasants
Kneel to worship Christ foretold.

The Adventures of Secundus

By O. Locke Lynne

Chapter I

IMAGINE, if you can, a bachelor in his library one evening about 8.30, during the month of March. Generally, the theater or club claimed my presence in the evenings, but that evening the weather was so unpleasant, that even to think of going out gave me the chills. The wind howled and whistled, and rattled everything, making the rain beat an incessant tattoo upon the window-panes. The air damp and cold, seemed to pierce everything. It was terrible. For once, at least, I really felt the truth of "There is no place like home," though home for me meant solitude. Thus it was, that upon that wintry night, I was all alone in my library.

I have called it library, though library hardly describes it. Books there were in plenty, but there were other things besides. In one corner there stood quite a collection of firearms. It was almost a small arsenal. There were revolvers of all kinds and sizes, small target-rifles, shot-guns for small game, and heavy rifles for big game.

Many trophies of hunting expeditions adorned the walls and floors. Here was a mounted head of a deer which had fallen by my hand some years ago in Western Pennsylvania. There, a stuffed red fox, with an extraordinary long, bushy tail, killed during the same expedition. A large black bear-skin was stretched on the floor, surrounded by pelts of various other smaller animals—the white jack-rabbit from the West, the weasel, the lynx, the wild-cat, and many others.

Another corner was occupied by an assortment of fishing-tackle. That was my favorite sport, especially surf-fishing. For what can be more exciting, than to face those powerful breakers of the Atlantic, and to judge to a second just when they are going to break, knowing that a slight error in judgment results in a fall or at least a splashing? What could be more pleasing than to make a good cast between waves? Or what can make a man feel better, than to experience those frantic, energetic pulls and tugs upon his line?

In the middle of one wall was built an old-fashioned fireplace. In it, that night, roared a great fire; for a great fire was necessary to drive away the chill. It crackled and hissed, and shot up the chimney as if in endeavor to drive away the storm. Before it was an arm-chair. On my right hand was a small table, upon which were a few books, an ash-tray, and a small miniature of the Washington monument, made out of old paper currency.

There, on such a night, I could sit for hours with my pipe and book, and there I was on this particular evening in March. Just what I had been reading, I do not now remember. It could not have been anything very interesting, for I can recall that I had placed the book aside and fallen to musing.

My whole life passed before me. I saw, with my mind's eye, my old home, and all the old familiar faces, my father and mother, and my brother. I acted over again all my boyish pranks. But now all were gone, and I was left alone, with not one near relative in all this wide world. I became depressed and sad because of my musing; yet, strange to say, I enjoyed musing in this way, even upon sad things.

From musing it is only a step to dozing, or rather to a state where one is not asleep, yet the sounds around no longer attract attention, unless some new one is introduced. For a long time I was in this condition. Then I became dimly aware that something was disturbing me. What it was I could not say; yet it was there, and I hated to rouse myself to investigate. Soon I became unconscious to it.

But it grew louder and more persistent. I became fully conscious, sat up, and looked around. I heard the sound, but could not place it. It seemed to be stiff paper crackling in the wind, yet I could not see any at all.

Again I composed myself, but still that noise continued. It seemed to come from the table at my right. I inspected it. A book or two, a pipe, an ash-tray and a miniature souvenir could not make the sound, and the table seemed steady. The miniature caught my eye. In aimless action I picked it up, for it had been closely examined many times before. But a new turn was given to my reflections by beholding it.

Three years before I had been on a visit to our national capital. While there I had visited the treasury department. Among other things I saw the old paper currency bills being destroyed. To me the whole process had been very interesting. After being examined and counted, they were placed in a machine called the "macerator" and ground into pulp. This was then pressed, some into a very rough paper, some into such like souvenirs. As it took qu te a few bills to make the miniature, one could get a small fortune for a quarter. The idea pleased me and I purchased one.

I was bringing it before me when, to my amazement and horror, I heard that noise again. I heard it come from the miniature, and I recognized a voice. I could distinguish words. I threw it from me. My hair rose on end. I sat there staring at it, my eyes bulging out, my tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth. It spoke again, this time in loud complaint. "A fine way to treat me. I never harmed anyone, least of all, you."

It had fallen quite near the fire. Soon it would burn. I hoped it would, and quickly. I sat there watching it, and seeing the eager flames springing toward it. Surely, it must soon burn. But it didn't. Finally, my courage came back in a small degree. Carefully I reached for it, picked it up. It spoke. I listened. And what a tale I heard!

Chapter II

I was, at one time, part of a large tree growing in the Maine forests. For years I dwelt in company with my brethren. We were happy in our own company. Lovingly we had intertwined our arms, making, when in full leaf, a shelter for the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field. The whole country round about had as yet been unexplored by man. We knew him not. Our one object in life was to grow up, decay, and then fall, wrongly thinking our purpose of life had been fulfilled. How sadly were we mistaken! In our pride, we forgot that the things of this world were made to serve man, and in so doing give glory to the Creator. We were humbled for our pride, and taught that man had dominion over us.

One balmy spring day, when we were just commencing to shoot forth our foliage we heard sounds as of thunder. The earth trembled, as from a far-off earthquake. Yet the sky was absolutely clear. We knew not what to think. The noise and trembling continued incessantly, and seemed to grow louder and more pronounced. We talked in whispers, asking each other what it meant. Finally, one of the eldest amongst us told how years ago a terrible storm had passed over the whole country. The lightning leaped here and there, cutting down the noblest trees. The thunder roared and seemed to shake the earth to its very foundations. The wind, aroused to fury, lashed the trees together and even tore some up by the roots. Nearly all the old ones perished in this manner. Only the younger escaped destruction, by reason of their strength. For many days after the storm had ceased, trees that had been weakened by the wind continued to fall. They made noises and produced tremblings just as we now heard and felt. They were the death groans and struggles of our brothers.

Hearing this tale we all grew frightened. We anxiously scanned the sky to see if a storm was raging. There was not a cloud in the sky. Yet the sounds continued. Evidently, some other agent than the elements was at work causing the death of our comrades. It must be man, we thought.

Day by day the roarings grew louder. The tremblings changed to violent shocks. By day, we could hear shouts of men, even above the blows on the trees. At night, their camp-fires twinkled in the distance.

Soon they were quite near. How sad we were, words cannot tell. We could plainly

see them now. We watched them with anger in our hearts. Yet they still moved on. Finally, those nearest me were attacked and cut down. The arms of my brothers were roughly torn from me. In fear and dread I awaited my turn, which soon came.

Two men, with long-handled, sharp-bladed axes, attacked me. My blood began to pour out. I weakened. I trembled. I commenced to totter and sway. At last, with a fearful roar, I tore my branches loose from those of my brothers and fell to the earth, that kind mother, who had nourished me so long. There I, with all my pride, lay stretched at full length.

Other men quickly stripped off my arms and bark. I was cut into smaller pieces, and by chains and hooks dragged to the brow of a hill by horses. From there I was rolled over and over, till with a mighty splash I struck a river. The water closed over me. All became dark. I wished to sink and to remain there at the bottom of the stream. Because of my pride, I hated the very sight of man, who had so disgraced me. But I could not sink. It was my nature to float. So, do what I would, I soon rose to the surface.

On looking about I discovered that I was not alone. Many of my brothers were in the same predicament as myself. I was much comforted. Misery is hard to bear at any time, but especially so, when one is all alone. In misfortune the soul yearns for sympathy, and none can give sympathy so well as those who have either experienced, or are experiencing, the same trial. So, in the companionship of my likewise troubled brethren, I found solace.

For days we floated down the river, past high, overhanging mountains, and peaceful villages. Sometimes the river became very narrow. Then we were crowded and pushed together, and banged each other cruelly. Sometimes we even piled up and stopped. The ice, just broken, filled in between us, and we formed an immense dam, causing the water to back up or flow around us. The men then had a hard job to loosen us. They pried with great hooks, and if still unsuccessful, used dynamite. Once freed, we would tear along with all the force of the pent-up water behind us.

Sometimes the river would widen into a lake, and then all would be peaceful and slow. Thus for days we floated down upon the breast of that sometimes turbulent, sometimes peaceful river. It, too, had its ups and downs, yet ever and always it pursued the same course, turning wheels for man, doing good generally, but at times, harm. From it I learned a lesson. It was useful to man; why should I not likewise serve a purpose? Yet my thoughts would again revert to my peaceful life on the hills, and I became sad. But it was all because of my pride. Following the good example of the river, I tried to take things as they came, and to subdue my pride. Life is but a burden, yet it must be borne; and why, thought I, make matters worse by grumbling? Let destiny have its own way, and happiness will be greater.

After some days of such journeying, we gradually approached a large city. Houses lined the hills overlooking the river. Mills were built on its banks. The river itself seemed to flow more and more slowly. At last, its motion was barely perceptible. All unnoticed we had come to a large dam, which by holding back the water, formed a lake of no small dimensions. I could see a mill at one end of it, and wondered what was to come next. I could see men working about the logs. They seemed to be pulling them into the mill. By degrees I drew near and watched. A heavy chain was wound a few times around the log, the chains tightened, the log moved, slowly at first, then quickly, and in a few seconds was hauled up a slide, and disappeared into the mill. My own turn came. The chains were fastened. I began to move, just as the others had done, and soon I was in the mill.

Chapter III

Yes, I was in a mill! When I had been pulled into it, the men unwound the chains and placed me on a large table, which was on wheels. While they were doing this, I was looking about. There were machines everywhere, but especially circular saws, which revolved over a thousand times a minute. Yet the motion was so smooth that it was hardly perceptible to the eye. The ear informed one

of their motion. Because of their high speed, they made a kind of humming noise, which changed to a sound resembling the discharge of firearms, only much more rapid and regular, when they cut anything solid.

The men were hurrying in and out among them, some feeding them, others taking away what had been cut. It was a very busy place.

My investigations were cut short by the motion of the table upon which I was lying. I was placed in such a way that I could not move. The table moved slowly and regularly. I noticed that a man was standing on the front end, his hand on a lever, and by it he controlled the speed. Steel tracks guided it. The speed increased. I looked to see where I was going. I turned sick at the sight that met my eyes. There, just in front of me, were saws, not one but many; and I was rapidly drawing near. Man seemed very cruel to me then. There I was, a noble tree of the primeval forest, in all my strength and beauty, brought to this condition, and, worst of all, being cut up. I felt rebellious, but could do nothing. I struck the saws. I hoped they would break, but they did not. Their cruel teeth pierced me. They tore me apart, rather than cut. My anguish at that moment could not be described; yet looking back now, I am, in a way, rather glad all those things happened to me. But, then, you know, I could not see the future.

After passing through that, or rather, after the saws had passed through me I was in several long pieces over an inch in thickness. With a sideward motion of the table, I was placed in front of more saws, and cut crosswise. Now I was in pieces of the same thickness as before, but much smaller in length. I was cast into a truck, which carried me to another machine. It had finely pointed teeth all over it. These tore me up into very minute shreds. My pride was now fast deserting me. What was left of me? Only small particles. Where were my strength and beauty? All were gone. However, wiser thoughts presented themselves. The lessons received from the river were recalled, and I resolved to take my fate as calmly as I could. From that time on, I was rebellious no more.

From the machine with the teeth, I passed on through a slide to a large vat. Here I was mixed with old rags ground up like myself. Water was poured in, and all mixed thoroughly. Then I passed under rollers, which crushed me in a terrible manner, into a long thin strip. I continued on under other rollers which were heated, and so dried. I turned white, and from hearing the men working about say "paper", I knew I was that very useful article. To what use I was to be put, I, of course, could not tell. I was to be used, and my heart rejoiced.

After being thoroughly dried by the hot rollers, the paper was cut in squares, tied in bundles, and placed in carriages, just like the ones I had seen crossing the bridges on my journey down the river. I understand now men call it a car.

Many speculations arose in my mind as to just what I was to be. It seemed to me that I could not be so very valuable, yet I knew I was from the great care taken of me. Men in blue uniforms were to be seen everywhere. They inspected us, counted us, and labeled us many times. I could not understand it all. Suddenly the car-door was banged shut. There was a terrible bump, a swish of escaping steam, a bell rang, and the car began to move. We were off, for where, none of us knew.

Chapter IV

For over two days the jolting and rumbling of the car continued almost incessantly. Sometimes, it is true, it stopped, but not for long. Stops were unpleasant, too, because before we started again on our journey, we were pushed about for short distances, with many bumps, jerks, and sudden stops. It was more unpleasant than the steady travel. Sometimes I could hear other cars passing, and I often wondered what they contained. Had the things in them suffered like myself? What would they become? It was useless to think about them, for I could never know. Yet I had to think about something to pass away the time and to relieve my own sorrow. It was very uncomfortable in the car, still, my lot could have been worse. I was near the door, and about midway to the ceiling. I

thought frequently of the others on the bottom and piled away back in the corner. They indeed must have suffered.

At last, the car again came to a stop. I could hear many other cars being pushed about. Bells were ringing, men were shouting, and the engines were making all kinds of shrill noises. Presently, I heard men at the door. They fumbled with the lock for a time, and then, to my great joy, the door slid open. The light nearly blinded me at first, but that soon wore off. I looked about. Men in blue uniforms were there, and a wagon was standing by. Into it we were hastily thrown. The wagon, drawn by two large white horses, started off down a broad, well-paved street, lined with stone houses of all colors. Cars, filled with people, ran on the streets, which seemed to me to endanger us. The driver, however, seemed very skilful, and we met with no accident. I saw, with wonder, the large buildings, the broad streets, so straight and regular. To me man appears as a god since he could accomplish such wonderful works.

After traversing many such streets, we drew up in front of a large red brick building, which, I have since learned, is the largest brick building in the world. Of course, I could not see it all. But one thing struck me particularly, and that was that above the windows of the first floor, I think, there were representations in bas relief of men, marching. Some were cavalry; some, infantry; others belonged to the artillery. I had barely time to see these, and to notice the great number of windows in the building, when I was carried inside. Even here I could see very little, for I was hurried to a dark room, and there left, behind locked doors.

It was as unpleasant there, as it had been in the car, but it did not last so long. We remained only over night in that close, dark chamber. Early in the morning, more men in blue came, opened the door, and gave me to a girl, who carried me to an immense room, the largest I have ever seen. It was completely filled with men, women, and machines. The men, for the most part, were rather o'd, and stooped. Nearly all were kind looking, with cheery faces, though they seldom spoke. The women ranged from girls in their teens, to women past thirty, if I could judge by appearances. All were clothed in dark skirts and white waists. They, too, seemed contented and happy, but they, also, were rather silent. The machines were all set in rows, with plenty of room between. They were queer looking things, to say the least. They appeared to be a long steel table, a box on the top, and a large wheel protruding on the side. The wheel had no rim, leaving the spokes sticking out, affording a firm grip to the man who turned it.

The girl to whom I, with many others, had been given, carried me to her machine and placed us on one end of it. The old man, who worked with her, picked up a steel plate from the table, rubbed a dirty, inky-smelling cloth over it, and placed it again in a groove on the table. The girl placed one piece of paper on it—the man turned the wheel—and, to my surprise, the paper disappeared under what had seemed to me to be a box, came out on the other side, all covered with pictures, figures, and numerous fine lines, all intermingled. The girl picked it up, the man reversed the machine, and the operation was repeated. I watched more closely this time. I saw that the box was a covering for rollers, which revolved as the man turned the wheel, and which by pressing down upon the paper, had pulled it under them and over the die underneath. And so, I thought, this is what man intended to do with me. Then I was to be put to some important use. My pride again arose. Here I was a thin, insignificant piece of paper, being stamped with various markings and becoming of value. It was almost too good to be true. With an anxious heart I awaited my turn, which soon came. The machine moved, I passed through it, and behold, I came out stamped like my brethren, on one side only to be sure, but with very beautiful designs. I examined myself closely. There seemed to be four sets of markings, with a small plain line between each. Each set was identical with the others. I was one of the inside sets.

The girl, after finishing stamping us all, gave us to another girl. She, in turn took us to her machine, where the selfsame work was gone through and we were all printed on the

obverse side. Now, indeed, I was very beautiful, adorned on both sides with beautiful figures and lines, and moreover valuable. The figure "2" was in the four corners, so I supposed that was my value.

Next, we were cut apart in another machine. I had now finished my various changes, I was sure. And, indeed, I had undergone enough. First, I was part of a tree; then, pulp; and, finally, stamped paper. But what was to happen now? That was the all-important question.

I did not have long to speculate. I was put into a wagon, which ran without horses, and which made a terrible noise when starting. This time I was conveyed through many streets to a large white stone building, with bars on all the lower windows. Here more men in blue received us. We were quickly taken to a room which was divided off by partitions, though they did not extend to the ceiling. There were many windows in the partitions, but, instead of glass, they were made of bars. Here I was left lying, along with many others. We were then counted, and separated, some remaining, of which I was one, and others were taken away. The men all seemed very busy. They moved noiselessly here and there, counted small pieces of shining metal, wrote in books, and gave out pieces of paper like myself to men who presented themselves at the barred windows. With great interest I watched those who came to the windows and tried to study out the character of each one. Some came, dressed in high silk hats, full-dress suits, and swinging canes. They, as a rule, seemed to be haughty and domineering. They threw down small pieces of paper, or bright metal, and demanded others. They seldom asked for it. The men inside always complied with great respect and politeness. Others came, neither so well dressed nor so proud. Some were even cringing. One I remember plainly. He was a tall, red-faced man, plainly dressed in black. He placed the shining metal on the shelf under the window, and said "Bills, if you please." I saw the man inside count them, then hand out paper. This gave me new light. "Bills"? So that is what man calls me. In the same way, I learned I was a "Two Dollar Bill", whatever that meant. I knew I was of greater value than the metal pieces, or at least some of them; because, for many of them, sometimes only one bill would be given.

Lying there watching and waiting with nothing to do but watch and wait, I began to speculate as to whom I should be given. What would he be like? Would he be one of the well-dressed, haughty class, or one of the polite ones? How would he use me? Of course, I could not answer any of these questions, but I just had to do something. With great impatience I noted the slowly decreasing pile in which I was. My turn was coming, but not fast enough. At last it came. I was on the very top. Then with anxiety I watched the window. Who would be the next man to apply. Ah! There he was just coming in the door. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and dressed in dark brown. But his countenance interested me most. It had little to recommend it in the line of beauty, but it had an expression that would not fail to win anyone who looked upon it, and to yield to the feeling of confidence it created. The expression was of truth, sincerity, and purpose. I was much oleased with him, and hoped sincerely that to him I should be given. He pulled out a leathern wallet, took from it some metal pieces, placed them on the shelf, and said that magic word "Bills". My fear and anxiety increased as the man began to count them and to get the bills. He appeared to avoid me. He reached here and there to various piles, but not to mine. My heart sank within me. I longed to be given to that man, yet it seemed impossible. What! Yes, there comes the hand of the man again, and this time to me. He took me; he handed me out through the bars, along with the others. Ah, what joy! I had attained my wish.

Carefully my kind master straightened us out and placed us in that wallet. Then he folded it. We creaked and crumbled to let him know that he was hurting us, but all to no purpose. I thought my master was not so kind as at first he seemed. Then I recollected that I had seen many others fold their wallets, and thought that, perhaps, all men

do it. Then I was not creased so badly. They were not sharp, and perhaps, would come out easily. Thus I, in my own mind, excused the master. So it is in the life of men, as I have since learned. They pardon many things in those they love, but the same injury coming from one who is not a friend, seems unbearable.

My master put the wallet in his pocket. All became dark. I then felt conscious of motion, and could hear his footsteps resounding from the tile floor. The door creaked a little, and the noise of the street became plainly audible. He walked a little distance, and then stopped. The rumbling noise of a street car could be heard, then it ceased. My master entered it, and we were off.

When I again saw the light of day, my master with his wallet in his hand, was standing in front of a window, just like the one where he had received me. He took out some bills; but, to my joy, I remained. For them he received a small piece of thick, white paper, which though printed on both sides, was not so pretty as the bills. I could not understand it. A little piece of printed paper was more valuable than myself; and I so beautiful.

While I was thus meditating, the wallet was closed and my master started off. Sounds of cars and engines came to me, but I could see nothing. He ascended a few steps, and then sat down. Now, to my sorrow, I have terrible things to relate. Oh! why did my master ever enter that car? What cruel fate had so decr ed? Yet he had entered it, and nothing but trouble, both for him and myself, came from it.

Chapter V

The train started off very smoothly. My master was reading the paper and smoking a cigar. How peaceful he felt, all unconscious of the coming storm! I was resting very comfortably in his inside coat-pocket, safe in his presence, and desiring nothing else. For nearly an hour he remained in nearly the same posture. But whether it was the monotonous rumbling of the wheels, or his prolonged reading, or perhaps both, I do not know, but he fell asleep. He nodded and nodded, sometimes, as it seemed to me, almost falling off the seat. Then he apparently found a stable support for the nodding ceased, and his deep, regular breathing gave evidence of his being sound asleep. How long he slept I never can tell, for he was yet in slumber when I was unjustly and in a dastardly manner torn from him. A hand quickly, but gently, oh, so gently, moved down along his breast, and took the wallet. I knew it was not right, but I could do nothing. How the theft was committed, or why no one saw and prevented it, I cannot understand. Again the wallet was quickly placed in another pocket, and the bearer left that car for another. There he opened it. My first glance was cast upon his face. To my surprise, it was a handsome countenance, free and open. It was marked by no sign of dissipation. The eyes, dark blue in color, only gave evidence by their rapid movement, of the restlessness of the soul beneath. He was young, having attained the age of twenty-five. Yet despite his youthful appearance and fine appearance, he was a thief and old in crime. He took all the bills out of the wallet and placed them loosely in his coat-pocket, while the wallet itself was thrown out the window. I rattled and creaked but no one paid me the least attention. The pocket was dirty and odoriferous. Tobacco and liquor united to give off a smell nearly overpowering. Moreover, it was warm, and I, who had shortly before been so clean and stiff, was now dirty and limp. It was a sad change from the cool, sweet scented wallet of my rightful owner.

The train all this time kept on its steady way. The wheels pounded the rails with a certain rhythm, which very soon changed to monotony. I felt sad. I had just entered upon life, you might say, and already I had seen a very wicked deed committed. My faith in mankind was fast departing, and had it not been for the image of my first master, which continually rose before me, I think, I would never again trust a human being.

After some time of continual travel, the train stopped and my bearer got off. We were in another city. I could hear the footsteps of the people passing by, the cars, and

the wagons. Where I was I had no idea. I could not see where I was being taken, but my master was going along at a swift pace. At last, he entered a house, walked up a flight of stairs, gave three peculiar knocks, and being answered, walked in, the door banging shut after him. Many voices shouted out a greeting to him; he shook hands with many persons and then sat down. With great gusto he told of his recent successes in his nefarious calling; and others, too, told some of theirs. All seemed to be hardened criminals, and some were even murderers. Some, too, had spent time in prison, and others were on the verge of it. From all that I gathered, they were a gang of thieves, banded together after a fashion, acknowledging a sort of common leader, but they united for big things only; otherwise, they worked singly or in pairs.

Soon, a game of cards was proposed and all acquiesced. All gathered about a table, and put thei money directly in front of them. My master placed me on the top of his pile, so that I could see everything that went on. But such a sight! There were eight or ten men gathered around a small table all eager for gain. Their faces, with the exception of my master and one other, bore marks of terribly sinful lives. Vices of every kind were plainly written there. My master seemed to be the youngest man present, and the newest member of that crowd. He, as I said before, had a free and open face. The other exception was the man they all called "Captain". He was above all the others in general appearance and education. He seemed born to command, but not such a motley crew as that. I noticed that he seemed to be more friendly toward my master than any of the others.

At first, only small sums were wagered, but as the players warmed to the game, the stakes and excitement increased. One by one, the men had to withdraw as they had lost their all. The number dwindled to two my master and the captain. They held all the money of the others. The crowd stood around and looked on, some encouraging the captain, very few my master. But even they grew tired of that and by degrees all left the room. The players themselves, now that they were alone, lost interest, and finally ceased playing altogether. Each gathered up his winnings, which were very large, and placed the money in his pockets. My master still retained me; and I, along with the others, was again put into that vile pocket. Then the two began to talk, first of the future work of the gang, but neither seemed very enthusiastic about it. Both knew that the strong arm of the law, personified in the persons of detectives, was in hot pursuit. The captain, though known very well, had so far escaped apprehension. My master expressed a desire to give up the life; and, to my surprise, the captain expressed the same intention. Their motives were good, too, or seemed to be. Both seemed tired of the constant excitement and crime, and expressed desires for a better life. The captain had entered the gang merely for the excitement such a life offered. He did not follow the trade from necessity, but from pleasure. Now the pleasure was gone, and the enormity of his crimes alone remained to haunt him. He could, he said go back to a respectable life, assume his own name, and perhaps atone, in some degree, for the many wrongs he had committed.

I sincerely pitied my master when I heard him tell this history of his past life. "I was," he said, "the first son of good parents, of the middle class of society. Having finished school early, I began to work in a large factory. My work was easy and the pay good. Father and mother were set on making a lawyer of my brother. I had refused a higher education, so I turned all my wages in to help my brother. We two were the only children, and words can never tell how our parents loved us. My brother worked at all sorts of odd jobs in the evening, even while going to school. He and I loved each other dearly, and when I saw how hard he worked, just to please father and mother, I, too, worked harder to help him. But all our plans had to be laid aside. My beloved father caught cold one night coming home from work, and in a few days died of pneumonia.

The old saying about troubles coming together proved only too true in our case. The bank in which our money was deposited, failed, and we suffered heavily with all the others

These two calamities were bad enough, but I added more. I worked with men who drank and gambled. I began to frequent their society, and soon I was as bad as the others. My wages, I still faithfully turned over to my mother, but gambling, drinking, and boon companions take money. Yet I could not deprive my mother. I then began my career of crime. Of course, I convinced myself that I was not stealing, only borrowing, but I took money belonging to others. I fully intended to pay back all, when I won at cards, but I never won. I wa a thief, and my name was ruined. My act was discovered, and the loss of my position followed. Then I became desperate. My mother was heartbroken. She and my brother paid back what I had stolen, and no word of complaint ever passed their lips. They tried to win me back by kindness, but I was deaf to their silent entreaties. My brother left school and opened a shoe-repairing shop. I even stole from him. Then I could stand my mother's uncomplaining silence no longer. I left home. As yet I had evaded the law, not through my own management, but through the kindness of others. But forbearance has a lim t, and I should have soon been in court, had I not left the state. I associated with all the outcasts of soc ety. Yet I never descended to their level. I drank, but not like them. I stole, but differently from them. At first, I wrote to my brother, but then they had to move, because of the name I had left behind me, and I failed to write, and so lost track of them. Such, Captain has been my past. The rest you know, for then I joined your band. The future will be different. I am going to quit, and that soon. For a while, I lost heavily at cards and I am deeply in debt to some of the men. They look askance at me even now. I cannot go until they are paid. Just one day more like today, and I may go. But that day must come quickly, for they will not tolerate my tardiness much longer." The captain simply replied, "We will quit together."

With these good resolutions the two parted—the captain to go to see about his several men, my master to stroll about the town.

His thoughts were deep and sad as he wandered about. I judged this from the listlessness of his walk, and sometimes from what I heard him say to himself. His beloved mother and brother were constantly haunting him. He would form plans for his new life, and then he would come back to the present by thinking of his debts yet to be paid. His comrades would be satisfied if once he could pay them. Perhaps if he remained, he could become leader. Those claims must be paid. But how? Long, I think, he pondered this question, yet he seemed to find no conclusion.

At last, he entered a building. I heard him ask a man to mend his shoe. "It needed little," he said, "and he was in a hurry." The reply must have been satisfactory, for he gave his shoe to the other, and he himself sat down to wait. He took out his bills, and began fingering them. I was singled out. The others were replaced in the pocket. I could now see the whole shop very plainly. My master was sitting on a box, just to the right as you entered the door. His back rested against a case, containing polish, brushes, and shoe strings. Directly opposite, close to the wall was the working bench. It was low, terribly low, I thought, yet it appeared comfortable and handy. The tools and leather and shoes were scattered about, some on the bench, others on the floor. On the left of the bench was a large window, looking out into the street, and affording very good light by day. A lamp, suspended from the ceiling furnished illumination by night. To the right of the bench was a large tub of water. I could not see what could be its use. Then on past that, extending to the end of the shop, were shelves completely filled with patterns. One window was in that end of the shop; otherwise, it was bare. On our side of the room, a closed closet of dark wood, a door leading off to another room, or a flight of stairs, another row of shelves, upon which was the finished work, a rolling machine, and the show case filled up all the space, except a little alcove in which was the sewing machine at which the man was now working. His back was to me. He had a mass of curly black hair, and massive shoulders. He appeared, as far as I could judge, to be quite young.

While I was thus surveying the room, and, to some degree, the owner of it, he finished sewing and turned around. He was young, almost youthful. His face was open, his smile engaging. But with all his gayety, a chastening sorrow seemed to pervade him, which made him only the more attractive. My master handed me to him. I was glad, yet I was sad to depart from even this thief. I wanted to be with him when he changed his manner of life. The cobbler tried to make the change but could not. He left the room and returned bearing a canvas bag well filled with money, both bills and coin. My master trembled when he saw it. His temptation was upon him. The change was made, a few words passed between the two men, and then the door closed upon my second master, a thief, but now, I hoped, a prodigal son.

The cobbler put the bag in a drawer and resumed his interrupted work. I could hear hammer and rasp. He even sang a little. His voice was pleasant, but it contained a note of sadness. Then I heard him stop, put away his tools, and lock up for the day. He took the bag with him and groped his way to the door. His voice rang out loud and clear in greeting to his mother. Ah! the shoemaker was in his home now.

Chapter VI

As a rule, people do not like to have the privacy and secrecy of their homes violated, as I am going to violate the privacy and secrecy of the fireside of this cobbler. But, you reader, will agree with me, when you have read, that I have told nothing that does not redound greatly to the honor of that family. So I will tell all that I saw and heard in that modest, peaceful home.

The cobbler spoke in a most cheery manner, of the events of the day, his different patrons, and the news he had gathered. I could hear his mother bustling about, rattling dishes and silverware. I could smell the appetizing odors of supper. No other person was about. They were alone. "Mother," said the son, "we can soon have our own home. Today business was exceptionally good. Just one more day like today and we may buy both home and store. Then you will have more comforts." The mother was rejoiced, but, just as all mothers, she thought of others before herself. She thought of the ruined life of her absent one, and the blighted prospects of the other. She seemed discouraged. She spoke of the trouble neighbors had caused formerly by their incessant talk about her and her lost child. Perhaps, it would all come out again, and again they would be forced to move. But no! said the hopeful son; his brother and his brother's name were far away, and peace and good fortune smiled upon them.

The night advanced, the supper ended. Still, the mother and son talked on; the mother desiring and fearing for her wayward son; the son cheering and comforting the mother. Finally, after everything was cleaned and put away, they separated for the night. To my surprise, the son forgot his money-bag. It was left lying on the table. In a short time, all became quiet except for the regular and deep breathing of the cobbler. I heard the clock strike eleven, twelve, and so on to two o'clock the next morning. Then I thought I heard a sound, as of a board creaking under the weight of someone walking. I listened more intently, and the sound was repeated. Why, I do not know, but that noise sounded ominous to me. Again the boards creaked. I could almost feel the presence of some one. The door slowly opened. It made a very slight screeching sound. Then all was as silent as the tomb. Padded, groping footsteps approached. Then a hand took hold of the bag, and quickly opened it. A gasp, a suppressed cry sounded. I was drawn out. A bright flashlight nearly blinded me, but when my eyes became accustomed to it, I saw, there before me, the face of my former master, the thief. His face was drawn and worn, the eyes glittered with satisfaction. This was a great haul for him. Then again I heard a door open. The robber's light went out, yet the room was lighted. In the open door, in the full glare of a gas-light behind her, stood the cobbler's mother. The robber gave one look, his nerves tightened, he trembled, he spoke in a whisper just two words, "My mother!"

Those two words contained volumes. Here was the son about to rob his mother and brother. Could he do it? His hand shook violently. I could imagine his thoughts. He had failed to recognize his brother in the day, but now he saw before him his mother, whom he had injured so deeply. Did she, would she recognize him? God forbid. Here indeed was a situation —the son in great need of money to save his already stained honor, money sufficient for this was in his hand. But that money belonged to his mother. Could he take, and pay his gambling debts, or leave it and face the gang? Would he do it?

For nearly a minute both stood thus: the mother afraid to enter, the son fearing to move, lest he should become known. And all that time the struggle was going on in the man's heart. The good in him won. He dropped the bills and ran from the house.

The noise wakened the cobbler. He came hurrying from his bedroom. Explanations followed. A light was struck. They carefully counted the money. None was missing. In their joy all thought of pursuit escaped their minds. Very carefully was all the money hidden, and again all became quiet.

The next day, I was put in a bank for safe keeping. I was now in a sad plight. I was dirty, creased, and even torn a little. The bank officers seeing my wretched state, laid me aside. Then I, with many others, in like condition, were packed in boxes. A journey followed.

To my surprise, I found myself in the white stone building with the partitions and barred windows. Here we were all counted and sorted by women, and then ground up again. I was pressed into this shape. You purchased me, and treated me kindly until tonight. When you placed me on your table, I thought that peace had come to me; but just now you tried to burn me. Take pity upon me. I served man's purposes and now I am worthless. Remember my trials and sorrows, and you will have to admit that my life as a "Two Dollar Bill" was a stormy one.

Here the voice ceased talking. Carefully I placed the miniature on the table. I looked at the clock. It was just about to strike midnight. The rain was still beating against the windows, the wind was still whistling around the casements. My pipe was out. The log fire was low. With perplexed thoughts I betook myself to bed to dream of "Secundus" and to live over in my dreams the scenes of his life.

Consolation—A Sonnet

By Emmett A. Flynn

leams th' autumnal sun thro' mother-trees,
Gilding the children-leaves, as if He meant
Their faithful love to pay,—their mother's mission spent.

Did she not cherish them thro' trial and ease?
Her early offspring, clothed in green to please,
In joyous spring had flown, their task fulfilled.
Still cling the faithful, e'en when frosts have chilled.
Lo! gold their raiment, floating on the breeze!

So, from man's earthly life, some early go
To reign in bliss with God, their task complete—
Whate'er their portion, 'twill be what is meet!
But we who stay to do our tasks more low
Still shall be tried until we prove our gold,
And then receive our joy a hundred fold.

The Village Graveyard

By John F. Burns

The restless waves in tossing billows surge;
The ocean sings an everlasting dirge,
As if to lull the spirit of the dead
Who sleep unquiet in its watery bed.

But come! and in a place from tumult free
Behold the lonesome graveyard's stilly sea,
Where motionless and green the billows rise—
Their grassy crests uplifted toward the skies
And flecked with flowery spray of blossoms fair,
Tranquilly pendent on the windless air.

Here, lulling murmurs ever softly sound,
Like distant ocean surges rumbling round.
Yet here no mighty motion moves the deep;
The mounded waves are still, as if asleep,
While undersongs of bees the place pervade,
Like distant echoes from th' eternal shade.

The Province and Departments of a College Magazine

By Arthur B. Maxwell

THE college student lives in a world of manifold phases. Every class—we might say, every student—has peculiar educational pursuits and recreations. Oftentimes it happens, that only those directly concerned know what the respective classes are doing. Hence, a pleasing and profitable means has been found to comprehend all these activities in one—*The College Magazine.*

It behooves us, then, to determine the object, the province, the departments—in fine, the true economy, of a college magazine. Success in a project involves clear and distinct knowledge of its object. We cannot hit the mark unless we locate the target. Random shots rarely strike home. Efficiency demands economy. Economy eliminates waste. The object of a college magazine is to educate in every branch of college life. It presents a threefold aspect: it brings the college before the world; it brings the world before the college; it welds the bonds of mutual fellowship between student and student, and between the students and their Alma Mater.

For ultimate success, we must not restrict ourselves too much or make the magazine exclusively local. This will be done by setting college life before the world in its true colors; by arousing the interest of the outside world. Many people have an erroneous idea of college life. They immediately associate college boys with fashionable clothes, extravagant tastes, and Rah, Rah-ism. This idea will be quickly dissipated in the face of the knowledge of college activities. Special attention may be paid to essays, editorials, stories, and poems; and even the good derived from a joke column is apparent. Great care should be exercised in all of these branches and the false notions be eliminated. There is no better means to bring out the personality of the students than the essay. In it he learns to appreciate his own ideas and develop originality. The editorial is a highly appreciated and valuable element in education. It may easily tear down or instruct. The editorials of the day are too often full of jingoism and false ideas. The stories and poems, when not too local, are greatly appreciated and develop the talents and genius of the author and poet. Too much care, however, cannot be taken, even in so little a matter as the joke column. It may be divided into the personal and elevating joke. The personal may enter in, but should be judiciously handled. Our humor or wit should always tend to the elevating.

Though the college be a world in itself, and a very busy one at that, it is not apart from the world. Men are educating themselves to carry on the business and work of the world. They should keep their future work before them always by bringing it often into their daily life. The student should write essays on what the world is doing. Here is opportunity for a department of college life to engage in what it seldom appreciates. The engineer seldom takes part in literary efforts. He should write essays on his own subject. He should make us acquainted with the great questions of the day in electricity, chemistry, and the many phases of engineering. There are also great questions in economics, politics, and general conditions of the country that may be profitably considered. What time more favorable than the present for such questions of importance to be discussed. The world is in a great fever of agitation and unrest. The difficulty will eventually resolve itself into an economic, political, and social one.

For the success of any college, bonds of fellowship and good-will must be welded between the students themselves and a spirit of loyalty between the students and their Alma Mater. This is very strongly fostered by interest of the students for each other and for their school. Essays on college ways and means should be written and find a place in the college paper. College stories arouse

great enthusiasm among students and keep alive the college spirit and memories of college days.

It seems to us that two new topics may be entered upon here—two that we have never seen in a college magazine, yet topics of interest and sources of much information and pleasure. One of the greatest factors in education in good books. An interest in reading should be stimulated and guided by a book-review column. This, however, may not be within the sphere of a student, but could be placed in the hands of a competent member of the faculty.

There are also, in studies and in everyday matters, difficult points that arise for the average student, which might be considered in a department of information or a Question Box. Here may enter disputed points on pronunciation, grammar, and rhetoric, and obscure problems in literature, history, and philosophy. This, indeed, would require the services of a competent person, who might also give advice on how to study best, how to take notes, how to keep a commonplace book—in a word, direct us to the many short-cuts to the field of knowledge. It is the deplorable cause of much loss of time and energy, that many students do not know how to study. Hence, this department, we feel sure, would be a well-spring of profitable instruction and curious information.

In consideration of the scope of a college magazine and its manifold fields of operation, who, then, can doubt the great benefits that must accrue from its proper management? From a full realization of its importance and utility, from concentrated efforts for its thorough development, may the College Magazine rival, as a classic, the renown of the *Spectator*, the *Rambler*, or the *Edinburgh Review*.

A Rondeau

To sit and dream is my delight,
And truths and vereties undo,
While coupling up some fact untrue,
With glorious dreams—your proselyte!

To picture god and parasite,
To vanquish fiends, ay demons too!
To sit and dream.

We never see you in true light—
Delusive, futile, false—'tis true;
But while you please we'll never rue,
Although your mood be uncontrite,
To sit and dream.

JACK DONOVAN.

The Trusted Thief

By John O'Brien

Chapter VII

MRS. HARMON had proven herself a worthy wife. Every moment of the day was spent with her husband. The doctor's skill and the soothing balm of time soon restored the wounded limb. Then Mrs. Harmon had persuaded the physician to permit her husband to leave his couch and to be pushed about in an invalid chair. This was only a means devised by Harmon to hasten his return to Wall Street.

A little more than a week had passed. The affairs at Wall Street were thriving. Walter had grasped the opportunity of proving himself equal to the task of representing his father and results showed he had been quite competent in the work.

All concerned with the firm were deeply absorbed at their desks. Walter had just read the social column of the morning papers. His eyes suddenly started when they fell on the announcement of Miss Greer's marriage to Wells on the previous evening.

"Mistake," he shouted, "can't be! I'll go and see for myself."

He arose to go when the postman entered and handed one of the boys several letters. Walter noticed the mail carrier and paused. The attendant handed the envelopes to his employer's son and withdrew. Young Harmon glanced over the addresses. One came from Montana, and several from New York and the proximate vicinity.

"Mr. Wallis Harmon, Jr.", he read. "That's mine!" He broke the seal and read its contents. As he perused the lines his face showed a changed expression. The note was from Alice—and she had been faithful to Wells' request.

"Great Lord of Heaven and earth," exclaimed Walter. "Married with Wells! Faithless! Coward! Rejection!"

Several of those present looked up and smiled at the ridiculousness of such a combination.

"What's wrong, now?" asked an office boy of his companion.

"Oh—the Lord's going to marry well off, I guess," whispered the other with a laugh.

Walter dropped into his chair. He had indeed neglected to explain the reason for breaking the agreement with Wells, and the many occupations of the past few weeks had prevented his visiting Miss Greer. "But why didn't she give me a hearing?" wondered Harmon. He seized the letter again and read, "You need not seek to explain or congratulate me, for my love and I have gone where I don't wish you to come."

"We," gasped Walter. "Traitor, you'll regret this. You may have your love, my lady, and you may find that treachery cannot betray the truth. A traitor marked is worth two at large."

Here the office door was pushed open and Mr. Harmon was wheeled into the room. Every man present arose and welcomed the invalid. Surprise, comfort, support, and every means of admiration greeted him. The sudden outburst naturally found appreciation in the old man's heart. He smiled and thanked each in his turn for the warm reception. Walter was as much surprised as the others, but none had the welcome at heart like unto his. The porter halted the vehicle just on the place where Mr. Harmon had fallen on the evening of the shooting, and Mr. Harmon's keen observation soon remarked the coincidence. Walter could hardly withstand the pang of remorse that was surging in his breast. He longed for the courage to confess all to his Dad, and like the prodigal, ask for a servant's place in his father's house. But before confessing his own guilt, he must clear the suspicion from Dowd's name. He had determined to reveal his deed to his parents, but he was unable to sum up sufficient courage to do so.

After many moments of happy reunion Mr. Harmon was pushed to his desk. There

were several letters to be opened and Walter acted as secretary in opening them.

"Mr. W. Harmon, Sr."

"Yes," remarked the old man. (The letter was from Dowd.) "My dear Sir," he muttered. He read on. His face reddened. "By George," he exclaimed. "The thief has confessed. Five thousand dollars! A man whom I trusted with my life's secrets. 'Pardon the hasty departure,' he writes. I'll pardon him—when I lay hold of him!"

The words of Mr. Harmon were accompanied by intermittent poundings on the desk. These physical phenomena produced a twofold effect in Walter's mind—his father was regaining his former strength quite rapidly, and there was little hope of softening the old man's heart toward the thief. Walter had become so accustomed to insinuations from his father, that he imagined his parents were patiently awaiting an open confession. Dowd's letter bewildered him. He had not suspected the secretary of any reproachable deed—but here was a strange witness that troubled him more than Miss Greer's unjustified rejection.

"What else?" grunted Mr. Harmon, Sr., as he picked up another envelope. "Mackie & Stark, eh! California!" he read. "That's what a man gets for trusting a thief," he exclaimed. "The California deal is off. The land has gone to the Harper Brothers. There's fifty thousand dollars gone to the dogs."

The desk sustained another violent assault.

"Damn the fate that brought such a man to my assistance. Here—bring me to the box," ordered Harmon.

The invalid, was accordingly pushed to the vault. Walter opened the great iron door. A few moments of examination and he found a note placed on a small pile of checks. It was an acknowledgment of the money. It designated the amount of five thousand dollars —and a promise of repayment within a month. The name of William Dowd, secretary to Mr. Walter Harmon, Sr., was signed at the bottom of the paper.

"Too bad he didn't acknowledge his attempted murder," observed Mr. Harmon sarcastically. "We'll be patient with him and allow him the month. If he doesn't appear, I'll hunt him down like a wolf."

"I am sure Mr. Dowd's explanation will be satisfactory," said Walter. "He may be engineering a scheme to bring Mackie & Stark to their knees."

"He was always honest before," added one of the firm members.

"We'll see," insisted the older Harmon. "We'll see. Time will reveal all, even though cowardice would conceal it."

Walter felt contented to know that Mr. Dowd was still in a tolerable estimation with his father. Now, that the long anticipated transaction was lost, there must be found something equally profitable to take its place. It was true that the other members of the firm were not only zealous and ambitious men but equally prudent and far-sighted in their moves. There were several bargains occupying their attention, and hence they lost little time in regretting the misfortunes of the past. They determined to strive more assiduously in the future and sustain the high reputation that their firm enjoyed. The incidents of Mr. Harmon's personal assault had been circulated in the papers and this notoriety had the effect of spreading the firm's name more widely among the people.

The wounded man did not remain long at his desk. He hurried through a few letters, signed his name to some documents that were awaiting his signature, and prepared for home. He was satisfied with learning that all was well, even though his personal direction was lacking.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said as his chair approached the door. "I'm mighty glad I have such trustworthy men as you—all honest and loyal—except my most trusted companion, whom I will gladly forgive when he explains and apologizes."

He passed just in time to miss Walter's tear-stained eyes. These words of his Dad were surely meant for him. If Mr. Harmon had tarried but one moment longer his son would have confessed, but the servant promptly obeyed the signal for departure and the golden opportunity for reconciliation was gone. Walter longed for courage to follow his father and explain all—confess indeed the theft, and

acknowledge his carelessness. But how could he convince anybody that the shooting was accidental? "A thief is always a liar," rang in his heart. He could not appeal to Alice, she had branded him as a coward. Wells knew him to be a thief, and his own heart told him his father was a victim of a son's gun. What if God should reveal all the thoughts that tortured him, to his mother? Would not her heart burst with grief. He could tolerate suffering himself, but he could not bear to see his mother in sorrow.

He sat for a few moments meditating on the uncertainty of the future. The generous father's reference to his knowledge of the real culprit filled young Harmon's heart with anguish.

Alice was not worthy of him. Wells was a scamp, but his parents were, after all, the only true companions of his life. He would confess, make reparation for his evil deeds, and prove his sincerity by devotion and loyalty.

He soon made ready to leave the office. "Gentlemen," he said, as the men raised their eyes, "the strange actions of Mr. Dowd will soon be explained; let us trust that the man who shot my father will soon have courage to confess his deed." He bowed and left the office.

Chapter VIII

Alice Greer had married Mr. Wells. The couple had entered upon their matrimonial career with similar misfortunes. Mr. Greer, a proud and presumptuous man, had dismissed his daughter from her former abode of leisure, and threatened her with physical discomfiture at her next appearance in his presence. "No daughter of mine shall sneak away and marry with a man that has not consulted me," Mr. Greer assured his wife. "I have spent years of my life and money to rear her, and now she scorns my approval or refusal."

Consequently, Mr. Wells was forced to furnish a suitable home for his young bride and himself. His own parents had refused to harbor him or his life's companion, and they based the reason for their actions on the same principle with which Mr. Greer had justified himself.

The merry tones of wedding bells were already hushed, and their lingering echoes seemed to sound as knells of anticipated joy. Although married but a few weeks, the young couple had disagreed on several occasions, and pretending to manifest his hatred for Alice, Mr. Wells had deprived her of the coveted necklace. He imagined the loss of it would make her subservient to his every wish. Indeed, Alice's attitude toward him had changed. She was no longer the doting flatterer, or the diplomatist that seemed to wonder at his innumerable talents. She was open, candid, at times sarcastic, again generous and forgiving. Her varied character strongly influenced Wells. He realized that she was not the cause of all his misery. He placed the blame on the fate that had cursed him from the first.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells had left the vicinity of their parents' homes and had repaired to a thickly populated locality of the city. Amidst the motley crowd they hoped to become unnoticed and thus escape the stare of "newsmongers".

Their apartments were scantily furnished. The young husband had very little money to establish a home, and hence only the necessaries for ordinary conventionalities were purchased. Again, the man of the house, as he was pleased to style himself, had not secured a position, and, in fact, he had not thought of such a difficulty. He had always lived on his father's bounty, and had hoped to increase his father's opportunity for charitableness by bringing another to the parental board.

Mrs. Wells, Jr., was busily engaged about the house. Her husband was sitting alone in the other room of their limited apartment. He was mumbling to himself, complaining of the cursed fate that induced him to marry.

"Four nights straight," he growled, "and not a wink of sleep. Curse the day I met Harmon, and curse Harmon too for entrapping me in this. There, that's the secret of all—the damned string of stones! I wish they were a thousand times heavier. I'd tie them around young Harmon's neck, and throw him into some boiling sea of oil! Why did I trust the old man any way? I should have known you can trust none but yourself—

not even your own father or mother. They know I never worked—they never taught me how. I wonder where Harmon is now—telling the Kearn woman how I stole that junk, I suppose. But mind my words, Harmon, I'll show you up! I'll show you up!"

The facial expression and bodily gestures that accompanied this rambling clearly indicated the unsoundness of Mr. Wells' mind. He was an object of pitiable depression. He twitched from head to foot. His limbs were continuously trembling. He had a steady vacant stare that seemed to picture the absent objects of his wrath. His face was pale, and the darkened room gave his countenance the aspect of insanity. He looked inquiringly around the room—there was no living mortal there, but himself. He listened, all was still, then quickly extracting a thin vial from his pocket he consumed one of the tablets that it contained.

He sat back and rested. In a few moments his eyes became bright and sparkling. He arose, stretched both arms upward, and heaved a deep, long, agonizing sigh. At this, his wife entered the room.

"A postal for you," said Mrs. Wells, civilly, as she handed him the communication.

Her husband snatched it out of her hand, looked at her drooped eyes contemptuously, growled and sauntered to the window, raised the curtain, and read the writing on the card. His wife left the room immediately. As Wells followed the lines he thrust the bended fingers of his hand through his long, black hair.

"How did he trace me," he gasped. "More money. Impossible!" The message was a word from the thief who had stolen the necklace from Kearn's mansion. It was a demand for more money accompanied with a threat to secretly reveal the facts of the case to the police, if the demands were not complied with. Wells realized his helpless condition. His parents disowned him. Harmon would not assist him. He had no resource of his own on which to rely; his wife was apparently against him and now the hired thief had tracked him, and was waiting the opportunity of exposing him to the judge. There was but one course to pursue, and even that was filled with difficulties. He must flee, flee from all. He could flee from the eyes and power of the local civil authorities, but he could not flee from himself. The more he tried to banish the thought of the threatening accomplice, the more the thief's name tantalized his mind. The influence of the tablet was weakening. Again the fit of nervousness was getting hold on him. He felt its trembling grasp shaking his limbs almost to dumbness.

"Wonder if that witch has read it," he muttered thoughtfully. He proceeded to the other room and demanded of his wife who was trying to drown her sorrow in tears, "Did you read this?" The woman acknowledged she had.

"What! You did?" shouted Wells, as he rushed across the floor and dangled his closed fist in her weeping eyes. "On your life, never read another word of mine or I'll put you where I'm going to put the man that wrote this."

So saying he turned, seized his hat, and rushed from the room.

Mrs. Wells' lot was indeed a pitiable one. She who had been accustomed to leisure and pampering was now the miserable wife of a human brute. How long would it last? Where would it all end? These were questions that haunted her. She dared not desert him lest he would pursue her and kill her on the spot where she would be discovered. She had moreover no money of her own, and, like her husband, she could not earn a living; she had no welcoming friends to receive her. "Would that there was a God," she exclaimed. "Perhaps a tender, loving father would pardon me and help me." She drew a plain wooden chair to a bare table, sat down and buried her head in her folded arms. She wept bitterly, till finally, she found consolation in a restless slumber.

The sun had already started to descend behind the city housetops when Wells entered the room. He carried a small package in his hand. His clothes were soiled and wrinkled, his hat splashed with mud, his face bulging forth with feverish dread, his lips pale and trembling, his eyes, glassy and rolling—a picture of hopeless dejection. He noticed his wife. He stood gazing at her for a moment and then placed his hand roughly on her shoulder and aroused her.

"Here," he grunted. "Get what belongings you have and come with me."

The woman awoke, rubbed her reddened eyes with the back of her hand and stared stupidly at him.

"Don't stand like a fool," he shouted, "the police are on our tracks. Get your duds together, and come with me."

"Why are they after us?" asked Alice, realizing the cause for her husband's haste.

"Never mind asking questions," snarled Wells. "Get your things together and come. Now or never!" He turned and proceeded to the other room.

Alice stood dumbfounded. It suddenly dawned on her to inquire more.

"Where are we going?" she asked timidly, as she approached the threshold that separated the rooms.

"I'll decide that. You get ready," snapped Wells.

The woman, without further delay, gathered the few garments she possessed, and before long the young couple were ready to start on a journey. They hurried along the street, Alice carrying a satchel, and a package containing Mr. Wells' belongings. The "man of the house" strolled along, his hands thrust in his pockets, a half-consumed cigarette hanging loosely from his swollen lips, his hat pushed to the back of his head and his face badly in need of tonsorial treatment. There was a small package snuggled under his right arm. The two wanderers boarded a street car, and soon they were at the railroad station.

"Where are we going?" asked Alice nervously, but wishing her request to be interpreted as a demand.

"I'll decide later, woman," snarled Wells.

"Tell me or you'll go alone," then retu ned Alice, a little spirited.

"What?" snapped Mr. Wells. "You'll go where I tell you to—understand? And you'll stay as long as I want you to—understand? Remember, woman, I have something with me to stop you any place I choose. The first signs of desertion or defiance on your part and that will be your last, understand? I'll plug you full of lead. Now any more of your stubbornness and beware!"

Alice remained silent. She dared not move against her husband. An hour later the mighty train pulled in to the terminal. The gateman called, "All aboard. Chicago limited! All aboard."

"Come with me," demanded Wells of his wife, and Alice obeyed.

They passed the guard who examined the tickets and motioned for Wells to proceed. Alice followed. Down the iron railed steps they descended with the crowd. They boarded the train, secured a seat and silence ensued. At last the train moved smoothly away from the depot. It passed through green fields and smiling villages. The silence continued and at last Wells opening the package, took a small vial therefrom, consumed some of its contents and sat peacefully. Soon he slept. Alice appreciating his unconscious civility, and tired from the trials of the day, soon closed her eyes in sleep. The train rolled on. The next morning when she awoke she found herself in a strange country. She watched the hills and vales, as they passed quickly before her. She knew not whither she was going. Too late she realized that she was bound for some unknown region, and that she was unable to retrace her path, or prevent her arrival there.

"I did not know where I was being lead when I consented to reject Walter," she lamented as a tear traced its track on her cheek.

No! neither did Wells realize whence he was bound when he betrayed the same man. Neither do we know where fate shall lead us when we tempt the unbeaten paths of treachery and vice. The train moved on. And Alice wondered whither she was going.

(To be Continued)

Take a Sleep

If you suffer from the blues
When the folks forget your news,
  Take a sleep.
Do not worry night or day,
For the blues will pass away
When you gently hit the hay
  To take a sleep.

If your classes all go wrong
And you're told where you belong,
  Take a sleep.
For you'd never hear what's said
When the teacher'd lose his head,
If you'd make your seat a bed
  On which to sleep.

If you fail in any test,
It just shows you need a rest—
  So take a sleep.
For you know you did not pass;
You're the end man in your class,
And you won't be wasting gas
  When you're asleep.

If you're asked to leave the school
For infractions of the rule,
  Take a sleep.
Two short weeks will soon pass by;
Then you'll get another try,
And no dad will bruise an eye
  That's dead asleep.

If you're cheated in a game
Just be wise and do the same,
  Then take a sleep.
For what man will dare deceive
By a card from either sleeve,
If he thinks you make believe
  That you're asleep?

If you get into a fight,
Punch your foe with all your might,
  But be asleep.
For you're bound to lose or win,
And you won't commit a sin
If you rap him on the chin
  While you're asleep.

If you've linked the wedding chain
And your temper's not too tame,
  Take a sleep.
For you will not want to know
Where your husband got the snow
That has made his pace so slow,
  If you're asleep.

If you're sent away to jail
When your friends refuse you bail,
  Take a sleep.
They won't place an iron charm
On your foot or on your arm,
For they know you'll do no harm
  In peaceful sleep.

If these lines bring you to shame,
Gentle reader, I'm to blame,
  Now take a sleep.
But to prove I hold as true
The advice I've handed you,
I must bid my last adieu
  And take a sleep.

FRANCIS A. RAFFERTY.

THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. IV DECEMBER, 1919 No 2

STAFF

HAROLD J. WIEGAND, '21....Editor-in-Chief and Exchanges
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HOWARD THORNBURY, '22....Alumni
ALFRED F. KANE, '21....Athletics
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REV. GEORGE A. O'MEARA, O. S. A.....Faculty Director

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Our Alumni

EVERY man sent forth from Villanova's Hall must feel that he owes his Alma Mater a debt that he can never fully repay. Surely that thought is in every true Villanovan's heart.

Often these thoughts are allowed to die before they accomplish much good for the object of them. Our union as true Villanova men will mean our strength.

We have at our command an admirable means of making our union strong and impregnable in the VILLANOVAN. More than your subscription, the VILLANOVAN needs your moral support. There is some information that you have about your classmates' success. We want to know it; so do the other members of the Alumni. Why not assume this personal obligation of keeping us in touch with the boys of yesterday.

The boys of today need the encouragement of those who have gone through the fight and achieved victory. We will look during the coming month not only for the subscription of every Villanova man, but for a letter addressed to our Alumni Editor. Do it for the sake of the Blue and White that you love. You will be contributing your power to her advancement.

"Christmas"

CHRISTMAS—what a throng of memories swarm 'round us as we sit in the growing dusk and think of its approach! Our life—lonelier as it advances—is again peopled with myriads of loved ones. The scenes about us—barren as age creeps on us—put on a thousand new and old appearances. The cold, modern work-a-day room is transformed into a cosy, little, old-fashioned living-room. The modern radiators fade and bright flames shoot up from burning logs. The long rows of books, the evidences of financial cares, vanish and are supplanted by the holly branches, the hemlock tree, the thousand little reminders of the season of the Christ-Child.

But vacant chairs there are—and even imagination cannot fill them—for the Grim Visitor has so lately made his visit.

Christmas will mean in 1919 what it has not meant to the world before for four long years—a time of Peace. That Peace means also sacrifice—it must include the note of sorrow. It cannot include forgetfulness—

The flowers are faded, the trees are bare,
The meadow-lark has fled.
An ermine robe of spotless white
Upon the earth is spread,
Whilst we who lie here celebrate
The Christmas of the dead.

Blest feast of joy, what memories
Thy name brings to our ears!—
Dreams of mother, dreams of home,
Dreams of vanished years
That live but in our memories
And in our mothers' tears.

Cold are the pillows beneath our heads,
Cold our couches of clay;
Ye who are warm beside your hearths
At home far, far away,
Have ye forgotten those who died
That you might have today?

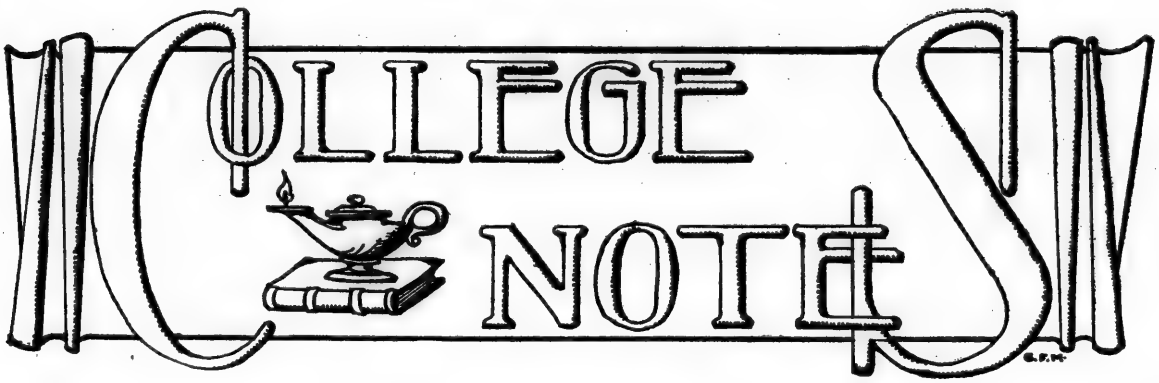
Situation and Fight

SITUATION has been well-defined by a great Educator as "the pressure of circumstances." It is the vehicle by which a novel makes its progress of action and interest. A drama could never reach a climax without it. Dry and uninteresting and unprofitable would a sermon be were it not present.

It is strange how much each of us is involved in situations, be our life ever so ordinary or quiet. Men today, cultured and modern, are apt to look upon the lives of the great heroes of humanity—the Saints—with an eye of scorn or, what is worse, pity. Sometimes we ourselves, feel that the men we read about in Butler's "Lives" were weak, untried persons. Yet deeper study proves to us that they also had situations—they, also, had what we do not always have—the fight.

A man in a boxing match is in pressure of circumstances. If he rely only on brute strength, on pounding away at the other fellow aimlessly —he usually does not keep the spectators very long. But he shows fight when he knows the science of the game—when he works with his brain and with his heart as well as with his hands.

The situation is the fundamental law of life. We are placed in it whether we will or not. The "fight" is its invariable solution. College days require it—the days to come will require it even more. It is not sufficient to summarize our effort in the word strength. Since "All things are against us", since on every side we have a new circumstance to involve us, we must be men of carefully planned, prudently expended energy.



Villanova Honored

Villanova feels a just pride in the appointment of her president, Rev. James J. Dean, LL.D., O.S.A., to a position not held before by the head of any Catholic College. Father Dean is now a member of the council which approves or refuses to grant or revokes charters empower ng colleges and universities to confer degrees. Father Dean's prominence in educational circles, h s many scholarly achievements in the interests of higher education, have brought to Villanova this novel honor.

Catholic Educational Association

The Catholic Educational Association of Pennsylvania will hold its annual meeting on December 29th and 30th in the Girls' Catholic High School in Philadelphia.

Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan will preach

at the opening Mass. Father Dean will open the General Session on Monday morning with an address on "Aims and Benefits of the Association." The same morning Father Blakely, S. J., will discuss the National and State Legislation affecting our school system.

At the General Session on the afternoon of December 30th, Rev. F. A. Driscoll, Vice-President of Villanova, will read a paper on "Summer School and Extension Courses for Teachers."

The meeting will be closed by Father Dean speaking on "Report of Committee on Catholic School Conditions with suggestions regarding the establishment of a Catholic Normal School."

Public Speaking Class

Weekly meetings of the class in Public Speaking are being held in the College Auditorium, and keen interest is being displayed in this line.

Among the important topics discussed during the month were the following:

"Germany's right to invade Belgium."

"The Justice of Ireland's claim for Independence."

"The Adoption of an Honor System in Education and the Advantage of Labor Unions."

In addition to the debates, dramatic offerings have been given by Howard Thornbury, John W. Jones, Leo Devine, John Maguire and Charles McKlernan.

"Richelieu"

In deciding to present "Richelieu" this year the Dramatic Society set a difficult task for itself, yet preparations and rehearsals are progressing favorably and the admirable cast has already been selected for the performance which will probably be given before Lent.

The annual Minstrel Show which had to be foregone last year because of the shortened scholastic period due to wartime stresses, will be restored to its former status this year and Director Fink, of Philadelphia, will find no dearth of material when he takes charge of this feature after the New Year.

Epsilon Phi Theta

The regular monthly meeting of the Epsilon Phi Theta was held on Thursday evening, December 11th, and the following officers were elected for the year of 1919–1920: President, David O'Brien, '22; Vice-President, Thomas McGrath, '22; Secretary and Treasurer, Howard Thornbury, '22; Spiritual Director, Rev. George A. O'Meara, O.S.A.

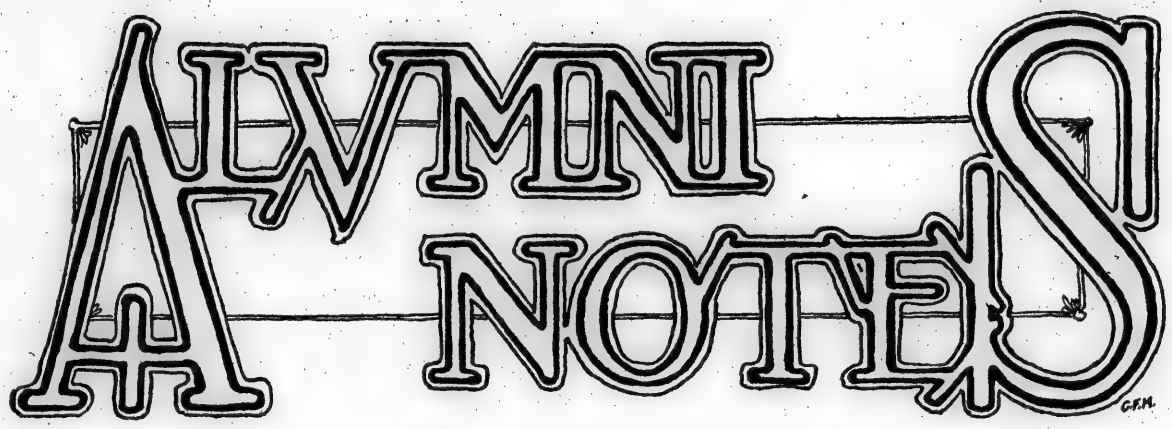
Mr. O'Brien outlined the plans for the coming year and the society expects to have a banner year. Father O'Meara, spiritual director, gave an interesting and encouraging address and urged the Membership Committee to secure as many new members as possible.

Phi Kappa Pi

The Phi Kappa Pi fraternity was considerably increased in number at the initiation proceedings held just before the Christmas holidays and the new men were formally received into the society at the smoker in their honor under the direction of the Entertainment Committee.

The thesis for November was given by Frank Brahan, '21, his subject being, "The Manufacture of Big Guns". Mr. Brahan hald a responsible position at the Watervliet Arsenal during the war and his practical knowledge of the subject stood him in good stead. His audience was decidedly interested in the subject and many questions were put to the lecturer at the conclusion of his address.

MISSING
PAGE(S)



Gymnasium Fund

Following is the report of the fund for the new gymnasium and swimming pool. By our next issue we hope to have many more of the Alumni included in this list.

Additional contributions:

Our Mother of Consolation Church, Chestnut Hill	$100.00
St. Lawrence O'Toole Church, Lawrence, Mass.	100.00
St. Augustine's Church, Lansingburgh, N. Y.	100.00
St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia, Pa.	100.00
St. Nicholas of Tolentine Church, Bronx, N. Y.	100.00
St. Augustine's Church, Andover, Mass.	100.00
Our Lady of Good Counsel Church, Tompkinsville, N. Y.	100.00
St. Mary's Church, Waterford, N. Y.	100.00
John Derham, Jr., Chestnut Hill, Pa.	500.00
Hon. John M. Patterson, Philadelphia, Pa.	50.00
	$1,350.00
The total contributions to date	$14,911.00

To Members of the Alumni:

The staff of the Villanovan has begun work this year with the ardent hope of making the year 1919–1920 a banner year in the history of the Villanovan. The fact is obvious, that the support of this magazine must not only come from the student body, but even more, from the Alumni. The Villanovan, therefore, sends out an urgent appeal to all Alumni. Please send in your subscription.

It is important, also, that we keep in touch with our Alumni. We feel that it should be a matter of class spirit. Any information about the members of your class will be appreciated and will tend to make a union that will result in strength of achievement for Alma Mater.

Weddings

A very pretty autumnal wedding took place at St. John's Church, Collingswood, New Jersey, on November 5, 1919, between Anna Mary Magee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clement Magee of Oaklyn, N. J., and Patrick Joseph O'Brien, of Pittsfield, Mass. The bride was assisted by her sister, Ellen Magee, and the groom by his brother, Edmond F. O'Brien. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Joseph Hickey, D. D. O.S.A., assisted by Father Farrell, pastor of St. John's Church and Father Sweeney of Trenton, N. J.

The bride is a graduate of Mt. St. Joseph's Convent and the groom a member of the Class of '16, Villanova.

After the ceremony a wedding reception was held at the home of the bride in Oaklyn, N. J. Among the guests present were: Rev. Ruellan Fink, O.S.A., and Rev. John S. O'Leary, O.S.A., members of the class of the groom.

Jose Caminero, Vil anova Civil Engineer, '19, writes the following interesting letter:

MY DEAR FATHER DEAN:

Several days ago I had the pleasure of mailing you a copy of *Arquitectura*, in which I have inserted an advertisement of Villanova.

In your last letter you advised me that you had sent a picture of Villanova. As I never received it, I used a cut from a Villanova catalogue.

Last Saturday (November 15) I flew from Key West to this city (Havana, Cuba), making the trip in one hour and twenty minutes. I carried the *First Mail Service* brought by aeroplane.

Hoping that you have received the magazine and are pleased with the "ad".

Very respectfully yours,
JOSE CAMINERO.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR:

I am fulfilling a promise made by me to Father O'Meara last summer, that I would send for the Trophy Room the only existing photograph of Villanova's original and—you will pardon me—"greatest" football team of twenty-five years ago.

The picture is filled with meaning. You will note the background. It is the rear end of the old chapel that stood between the present beautiful church and what nowadays is called the "old college". When the buildings that adorn and beautify the campus were being erected they encroached upon the chapel, and forced it to go the way of the many generations of students who had gathered within it for council and for prayer. With it went its hesitating reed organ that used to dole out a sigh, or a sob to our song or chant, and I found a tear creeping down my cheek at the memories that seemed to be falling with its every falling stone.

The upper floor of the chapel was given over to the Brothers,—Dominic, James, Kiernan, Fidelis, William, Patrick, and much abused Joe, who cared for our rooms and clothing. All of these good souls, excepting William and Patrick, are sleeping in the little cemetery on the hillside. Beneath the chapel's slanting roof did "Brother Cobbler" live, and he fought many a wordy battle as to the "proper party" whom he should charge for repairing our football gear—the college or the man. Usually, the man paid the bill at the end of a flying "last" while the cobbler's squirrel hurried round its twirling cage.

The photo is likewise a study in youthful demeanor. You will remark the "ease of position" and complete lack of "posing" assumed by the occupants. I would call your attention to the natural, jaunty, nonchalant air of Gonzales, Jim Kirch, and Joe McCoullough in the bottom row. In the middle row from left to right let me introduce to you, our pet mascot John Sheehan, Walter Burns, John Hadyn, later a big leaguer; Captain, now Rev. James McDonald—and if you must know the name of the remarkable center piece, "that's me", with Tom Rogers, Lee Buffington, and Andy Whitely. In the top row stand "Chic" Wade, Frenchy DeForge, big Bill Hazel, Jimmie Dean, now president of our college; Bill Shanahan, at present a major or something bigger in the American army; Harry Conway, a priest of the Order; Bill Nolan, the sixteen-year-old beauty, and Jimmy Hayes of Green Mountain fame. Charley McAvoy should have been in the picture, but he was absent on sick leave, as was Lou Tucker. They had been out of "bounds" the night before.

All of them were right good fellows, jolly companions and steady students. With two exceptions we had reached that eventful time of a boy's life, "the know it all, and the know it nothing" period from seventeen to twenty. You understand it of course, the period when a chap begins to wear cuffs, parts his hair with a frizzing iron and rubs his face with a little more sweet-smelling powder than is necessary; particularly if it scents like the scent that "SHE" wears. Please do not overlook the fact that the gay Lothario mustachio was even then in vogue. The chrysanthemum was our "breast piece", and the derby hat bruised our heads, when not in play, and concealed many a wondrous thought beneath. To be sure jazzes were beating the jungled ears a quarter of a century ago, and found no room in our cultural curriculum, but many a song

we harmonised and mighty cheers sent forth as our team swung down the field to victory.

One of our choice ditties, and one often wafted to the moon lady who rode the clouds over Bryn Mawr, ran somewhat like this:

Sue dear don't you keep me waiting,
Seems to me my love grows stronger
Day by day;
Sue dear, don't you think I'm fooling,
Bless your heart, I love you in the
Same old way.

In *illis diebus* our musical director was Rev. John Leonord, and no more gifted pianist have I ever known. He could p'ay anything you hummed over for him, and seemed never to forget a theme. On a recent visit to Villanova Father Leonard was the e and gave joy to my heart by playing over many of "the old-time songs we used to sing". Ask him to play for you "Sue dear", "Come where the lilies bloom", "Away to the wildwood" and others of the long list that memory sings to the lads of years ago. And perchance the modern boy may imbibe some of the spirit that gripped ce tain of us and held us fast to Villanova.

Did I tell you I was the manager of Villanova's first football squad in 1894? Yes, and I say it with as much restraint as its importance allows, on my youthful shoulders fell the honor, a great honor it was, of inducting Villanova to the football world. With small resources and less experience we hewed an opening for our college in big athletics that led the way for the big events which have come to her since those first thin days. Even that opening year bore promise for the future as we won most every game we played, and closed the season on Thanksgiving Day with a banquet in the Windsor Hotel in Philadelphia. In those days banquets were worth going to.

This picture was taken by Father Walter Coar, the vice-president of the college; Dr. Lawrence Delury was president. Could you not print a cut of this "First Team" in the VILLANOVAN? I am sure it would add to the monthly in the eyes of the older Alumni. The photo is for the Trophy Room and I hope to see it there on my next visit. As I said it is so far as I am aware the only one in existence and has a value to the fellows of a quarter of a century ago. And let me add in conclusion, if I might call that old squad into line again we would compel your 1919 'Varsity to wear all its headgear and shin protectors as we rushed them down the field for a goal.

Faithfully yours,

ANDREW PLUNKETT, 1896.





Officers: Prof. Charles A. McGeehan, Graduate Manager of Athletics; Thomas Reap, Football Coach; J. Howard Tyrrell, '20, Undergraduate Manager of Football.

VILLANOVA on Thanksgiving day completed one of her most successful football seasons. The result is due to untiring efforts of true Villanova men. First among these must be mentioned Fathers Dean and Driscoll, President and Vice-President. Nor can we forget that the unselfish, who ehearted work of Prof. McGeehan, Manager of Athletics, who in this work as in every other Villanova enterprise, coupled his skill in managing and training with energetic, royal Villanova spirit.

Especially appreciative are we of the able coach of our team, Thomas Reap. Out of what looked to be only indifferently good material, light, and not many experienced men, Coach Reap turned out one of the most successful teams in the college world. For his evident deep knowledge of the game, for his unswerving efforts the VILLANOVAN extends gratitude and congratulations.

The boys who did the work on the team are worthy of great praise. Whatever might have been the odds the element that contributes most toward success was ever with them—they were manly, indomitable fighters.

VILLANOVA, 33; ST. JOSEPH'S, 0

St. Joseph's College eleven journeyed out to battle on the 11th of November and were given a trimming 33 to 0. The contest was too one-sided to be a thriller yet there were many interesting stages of the game. St. Joe's were completely outclassed and never once threatened to score. Blanchfield was at quarter when the game started and proved himself a capable leader. Duffy, McGeehan, McGrady, and Blanchfield accounted for the Blue and White's scoring. After a sufficient margin of safety was reached Coach Reap sent in his second string men who showed well and kept the visitors from scoring.

VILLANOVA, 19; SUSQUEHANNA, 0

The fact that the Susquehanna eleven boasted of being the only team to score upon an aggregation of such a caliber as Colgate and had only one defeat up to date, by no means worried the Villanova boys, when they journeyed to Shamokin, Pa., on October 25th and stacked up against this fast eleven. Playing in a veritable sea of mud the Blue and White proved to be a little too much for their up-state opponents, and when the final whistle blew Susquehanna had met her second defeat of the year, at he hands of Villanova 19 to 0.

The game replete with everything that constitutes Villanova spirit was one to be remembered by all who witnessed the fray. With the odds heavily against the Blue and White, the 'Varsity entered the contest with a determination to upset the dope, and carry off the laurels. Capt. McGeehan's all-round playing featured the game and he is credited with all of Villanova's score. In the first quarter he circled right end on his own forty-yard line and supported by perfect interference travelled 60 yards for a touchdown; again in the same period and aided by the same interference he carried the pigskin 40 yards for another score. The final score was made in the last quarter when McGeehan received a punt in mid-field and

was stopped only after crossing the opponent's goal. Blanchfield started at quarter and showed good generalship in calling plays; an injury in the last quarter forced him from the game; Collom replaced him and Duffy took Collom's place in the backfield.

For the home team Swartz stood out prominently and the bulk of the work fell on his shoulders.

GETTYSBURG, 20; VILLANOVA, 0

The 'Varsity met its second defeat of the season when the Gettysburg eleven came out on the long end of a 20 to 0 score at York, Pa. It was not until the last quarter any score was made. In this period a blocked kick, an intercepted pass and a fumble all resulted disastrously for Villanova and enabled Gettysburg to carry off the day. Casey was easily the star in this fray.

ARMY, 62; VILLANOVA, 0

With a badly crippled aggregation the 'Varsity travelled to West Point only to be smothered under by the heavy Army eleven. Though Villanova completed seventeen passes the Blue and White were unable to score, while the soldier backs found very little opposition in ploughing through the line.

VILLANOVA, 20; CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, 13

On November 22d the 'Varsity added another victory to its string by defeating the Catholic University eleven at Washington, D. C., 20 to 13. In this game an entire new method of play was resorted to by Coach Reap. Though only one week was available in which to perfect this new method, it proved sufficient as the plays were manipulated as though they had been in use all season. The grid warriors from the Capital City played a fine brand of football throughout but were unable to stop the Blue and White eleven. In the first half McGeehan, McGrady, and Duffy carried the ball down to the ten-yard line by a series of line bucks and two passes; then Capt. McGeehan took the ball around right end for a touchdown. The second score was made when Yudusky blocked an attempted punt and ran the ball back for a touchdown. The last score was made by Duffy, when he hit the center of the line for six yards. Villanova's aerial attack was successful in many attempts. McCarthy at center played a heady game and proved a stumbling block to all the opponent's line plunges. For the home team Glascott was easily the star.

VILLANOVA, 7; N. Y. AGGIES, 0

In order to bring the season to a fitting close the 'Varsity journeyed to New York on Thanksgiving day and defeated the N. Y. Aggies 7 to 0 at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn. As usual the Blue and White were confronted with a slimy wet field on which to stick up against the husky embryo farmers. Before a crowd of about two thousand shivering fans, both teams put up a fine brand of football, and the spectators realized before the game was over that it was well worth the inconvenience to endure the cold and witness as neat a game of football as has been staged in that section in some time. The game was replete with thrills and new formations and all hands were kept on edge wondering what surprise would be pulled off next.

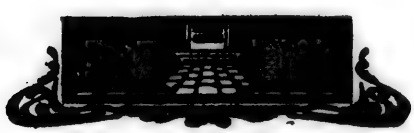
In the opening minutes of play the N. Y. Aggies back tore through the Blue and White line for considerable gains but were stopped before any damage was done. Duffy, McGeehan, and McGrady found little opposition to their line plunges, while the foremost tore around the ends for frequent gains. In the second period Capt. McGeehan received the ball on a cross buck on the twenty-yard line and ran for a touchdown, but holding brought the ball back again and in an attempted pass the Aggies were given the ball and immediately kicked out of danger. The first half ended scoreless. In the third quarter with the ball on Villanova's ten-yard line, McGrady kicked and Nicholas of the Aggies fumbled and McCarthy recovered on the 25-yard line; on the third down McGeehan skirted right end for 20 yards and made the only touchdown of the game. He kicked the goal.

Nicholas and Winchester, the farmers' stars, brought the ball to the ten-yard line in the third quarter. A touchdown was within reach

of the Green eleven. But lo, the ball was fumbled on the next play and Pickett fell on it. That ended the Green's march and thereafter it never threatened to cross the Blue and White goal. In the last quarter McCarthy intercepted a pass and was off for a touchdown but was overtaken after a twenty-yard run. Frank Pickett playing his first game of college football deserves a word of praise. The husky guard was always on the alert, recovering fumbles and was a tower of strength on the defense. Byrne at end also played well, while Duffy was easily the star of the day. Johnny Dougherty showed his usual lightning speed and careful head work. This game ended one of th most successful seasons at Villanova in some years with five victories, one tie and three defeats.

VILLANOVA, 6; MUHLENBURG, 0

On the 1st of November the Muhlenburg eleven were the guests at Villanova, and, as in nearly every game played by the Blue and White this season, Jupiter Pluvius took the leading role. More than one thousand ardent lovers of football endured the continuous drizzle and witnessed a well-fought battle. Though heavily outweighed the Blue and White were the more aggressive throughout and never did the visitors come within striking distance of the goal. The wet ground proved disastrous to the Blue and White's method of attack. Heavily outweighed we were unable to pierce the opponent's line for any considerable gains. End runs were resorted to, but the ground was too wet for any men to get up speed to circle the ends and invariably the end runs accounted for small gains. The score though freakish, was legal, though the visitors disputed the referee's decision. In the third quarter when the ball was on the opponent's thirty-yard line, Capt. McGeehan attempted a drop kick; as the spheroid left his toe a Muhlenburg player tried to stop it but merely deflected the ball. The fact that he touched it made the ball free for all, and Yudusky grasping the situation fell on the ball after it had crossed the goal line, and the referee seeing the play, permitted the score. Crowley for the visitors was the mainstay on defense while Collum for Villanova proved himself a good general and was especially good in running back punts despite the slimy condition of the ball. Hertzler thrilled the crowds with his dashing speed and tackling and the opponent's backs found it difficult to make any gain around his end.



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"CONSTANCE"

Constance, thy beauty is to me
Like sunbeams on an emerald sea
That dance among the white-capped waves,
And peep into the ocean caves,
Mocking old Neptune's gloomy might,
Merry, sparkling, golden-bright,
Turning the scornful, dismal sea
Into a world of gayety.
So thine eyes of witching brown,
Thy full red lips, thy wondrous crown
Of dark-hued hair, thy flashing smile,
Have changed me in a little while
To a love-sick youth, whose only bliss,
Whose only joy is writing this.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.

They were sitting on the sofa in the parlor—she on one end and he on the other. Suddenly she spoke through the stillness:

"Suppose you start the Victrola, Howard."

"What's the idea, Mary?"

"Well—it's about time you started something!"

"Did you ever notice how Tyrrell elevates his eyebrows when you call him 'Shorty'?"

"Certainly. It makes him look at least two inches taller."

Joe McDermott says that as a social butterfly he is a cocoon just now—but we're inclined to think he's cuckoo-ed.

Jake (to his dancing partner)—"I like a big hall when I'm dancing."

She—"How do you spell that, Mr. Sheehan—h-a-l-l or h-a-u-l?"

Freshie (to Prof. in Mechanics)—"Couldn't you give me a better mark than zero for the month?"

Prof. (after deep thought)—"Well—I might double it."

She (discussing the English and American spelling)—"Which 'parlor' do you prefer, Pat?"

Pat Byrne—"Oh, the ancient, parlour, of course."

Prof.—"Have you read any of Shakespeare's works?"

McCool—"Yes, the 'Midshipman's Night's Dream.' "

Songs that never grow old—I wish I had died in my cradle. J. MAGUIRE.

Weirdly delirious, crazily led,
Gamboling and romping and ravingly mad,
Playfully jesting with everything said,
Harsh grating music considered not bad.
Barrels of fun in profusion o'erspread,
Joy unresisting o'erflowing each lad,
A whirling and twirling in everyone's heaad.
Is merely a glimpse of us when we feel gld—

J. PADRAIC DONOVAN.

Listen my children, and you shall hear
The tale of a comical engineer
Who, in mineralogy,
Was given a piece of "ore" to see
What metals he could find in it;
He took it, sighed, and thought a bit,
Washed it once, washed it twice,
Tasted it, and said, "How nice!"
Chased it all around the floor,
Poured some $H_2 SO_4$
On it, then H NO_3,
And gravely said "It's plain to me
This ore contains some rhodium,
Some silver, lead and sodium,
A lot of calcium carbonate,
A trace of ferrous silicate,
And—well, I guess that that's enough
To show I know what's in this stuff."

* * * *

But gentle reader, was he right?
Alas, the "ore" was anthracite!

H. J. WIEGAND.

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Wise Cracker—His nose.

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Moo Martin—What's the name of it?
Sullivan—Marblehead.

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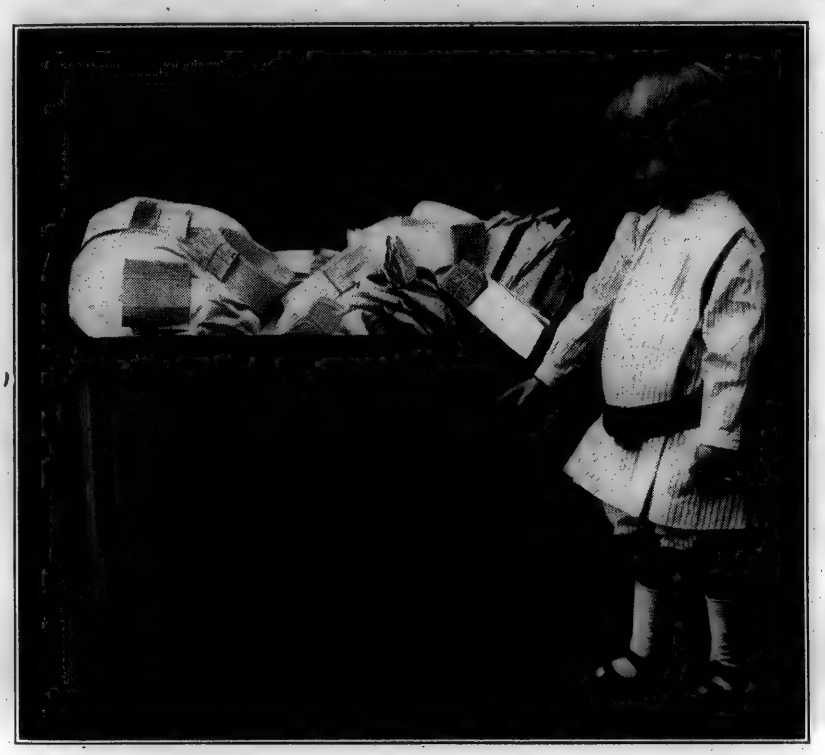
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She—Naw, wanta carry it.

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THE VILLANOVAN

VOL. IV. FEBRUARY, 1920 No. 3

Erin's Freedom

On the bleak and restless ocean
Floats a little island fair;
Washed the beach by water's motion,
Gliding with caressing care.

Ne'er forgotten is this island
Long as loyal men can fight:
Freedom's cause each lowland, highland,
Served with ardor, served with might.

As I wandered hill and valley
Echo footsteps this refrain:
Heroes answer Freedom's rally,
Though they fall and nothing gain.

To my fields ancestral turning,
Liberty to see enthroned,
'Neath the tyrant's yoke were yearning
People who for centuries groaned.

Blackened walls in ruined masses—
Terror's form confronted me:
Horrid image of the classes
Living proud across the sea.

Hearth and home, though once possessor,
Now I vainly looked to claim;
Shot, shell, ball of dire oppressor
Marked the spot with deadly aim.

Gladly for the cause of Ireland
Father gave his all—his life;
Brothers, kinsmen, for the sireland
Fell in that same noble strife.

May the tyrant's crimes ascending
Like a Babel to the skies
Meet a like confusion—ending
Hopeless, in defeat of lies!

Come, then, friends of Freedom's banner,
Come and fight the fight amain!
Drive the tyrant from his manor!
Ireland's freedom is your gain.

Freedom never called you vainly;
Blood keeps green the dear old sod;
Shoulder each his burden mainly—
Give the sacred cause to God!

WILLIAM F. BERRY.

The Kiss of Peace

By Clement C. McHale

OUT of doors it was twilight of a summer evening. But within already the great, elaborately decorated electric lamps of the clubroom shed forth their radiance, causing the objects, that had begun to be but dimly outlined in the departing rays of the setting sun, to resume their accustomed splendor. The large, soft-cushioned Morris chairs seemed to invite one to enjoy a few leisure moments in comfort after the wearisome hours spent in the hard, wooden revolving desk chairs. The cool breezes of the numerous electric fans almost begged the pleasure to cool one after the turmoil of the busy streets and suffocating offices. The latest magazines, of every description, lay scattered about several large tables, each one offering a special invitation to travel some different part of the world. A card game, in one corner, sent forth its charms to distract the wearied business mind, while, in other parts of the room, the gay chattering of some of the club members solicited your company for a time. Everywhere one looked, something seemed to entice, to draw on. Everything, in the line of comfort, that man's genius could invent, was there, sending forth, as it were, magic spells to distract and divert the solemn business mind.

It was still too early for most of the members to be present; but the more easy going were there, some reading, some smoking and talking gaily, and still others watching the outcome of the card game.

The hours sped quickly in this realm of pleasure and now the room was quite filled with pleasure seekers. All ages, from old age down to young manhood, were represented. The old men, naturally more sedate, sat apart by themselves, preferring a quiet talk on business matters to the light and frivolous conversations of the youths. Planning parties, balls, or dances was their favorite talk and, usually, they used the clubroom for these purposes. They generally had places more attractive than the clubroom to which they would hasten after a few minutes' talk. But occasionally some of their plans were miscarried; then they did the next best thing—sat around and talked. This story opens on just such a night.

The young men, under the leadership of Harry Leslie, picked out a corner of the room for themselves and proceeded to pass the night as pleasantly as possible. Conversations on different matters were raised, some followed by heated arguments, others merely made mention of. Some hours passed in this idle talking, and some of the fellows were shifting nervously. They were, doubtlessly, laboring to be content under the circumstances, which, unfortunately, could not be bettered. Their nerves, steadily under a strain of excitement, caused them to be uncomfortable when they tried to pass a quiet evening. Slowly, but steadily, the seeds of discontent had found root in the heart of each. Already, on some faces, plain misery was pictured. Leslie, as leader, was bound to stop this by thinking up something to make the night pass more pleasantly. Gradually, he grew calmer; his face took on a serious expression and he gave himself up to serious thought, hoping that something would turn up to give the boys what they silently begged.

He was half-sitting, half-standing against a small round card-table, making the table support his heavy, well-set, powerfully built body. He was admired by all, but especially by his fellow members at the club. They had a faint suspicion that there was some sort of mystery connected with his past, which, for some reason or other, was carefully concealed. His black, shining eyes and jet-black hair, together with his dark face, gave one the impression of foreign birth. But his companions maintained that, in America, and nowhere else, could such big strong shoulders and wiry body have been developed. His winning personality and quick thinking were the main causes of his election to be the club's "Grand Leader" in the absence of Dick Traverse, his most intimate friend and

oldest acquaintance in the society. Dick Traverse was called upon to serve his part in the World War. He answered the call cheerfully, leaving behind father, mother, sister, friends, and a possible sweetheart, to serve what was plainly his duty. At this time, he was in France in high expectations of his home-coming.

Leslie was at his wits' end. He could devise no scheme to raise the spirits of the fellows. But, just then, as if some unforeseen hand had directed him, Jack Kearney, the jolliest of the club, strolled through the door. Jack was always on hand with something which the boys liked. So Leslie contented himself thinking Jack would not fail to disperse the cloud of despair which engulfed everybody tonight. But as Leslie watched him, he noticed that some heavy disappointment was weighing upon Jack, and his wonderful strength and fine physique seemed to be heavily burdened with it. Jack lighted a cigarette and slowly walked over and seated himself in the Morris chair near Leslie.

Every one in the crowd saw Jack's dejected spirit, and, not being in too good spirits themselves, decided to raise their own and have some fun at Jack's expense. Jack was silent for a long time under the teasing, not minding much what was said, until some one, bubbling over with mischief, mentioned the name of Gloria. That was the beginning. It was Jack's one weak point, because he didn't think it right to have Gloria's name mentioned, unless it would be to praise and honor her. Gloria Traverse was to him "the only girl in the world". He was not jealous but insisted that her name was too sacred to be made use of in ordinary conversation. He flashed a look of indignation at the person who uttered it. But he had more than one to answer now. Each took it up in his turn and said something about Gloria. His anger rose steadily to fever heat. This was the thing they wanted. Leslie, thinking to hasten matters a little, leaned over and whispered to Jack, in a sympathetic tone, "What's the use of getting angry, Jack? I was never so jealous as to lose patience at the mere mention of Gloria's name."

Leslie intended to say more, but his limit was reached. Jack leapt from the chair like a furious bull. He looked steadily at Leslie as if to force something out of him. But Leslie, calm as ever, returned the stare. Jack tried to speak but the words caught in his throat and he sank to the chair exhausted. This seemed only to raise the spirits of the boys. They called the waiter and ordered drinks for all and one for Jack. The waiter returned soon with the drinks. Jack swallowed his quickly and it seemed to have a cooling effect on his temper. Gaining some possession of himself, he entered a hot discussion with Leslie. But Leslie had decidedly the upper hand. He offered fairly convincing arguments that he stood higher in Gloria's esteem than did Jack. Here Jack hesitated. Was Gloria true to him? or, did she prefer Leslie? He pondered seriously for some minutes. He knew Leslie's standing in the Traverse family, but his old love for Gloria returned, and he reproached himself inwardly because of his doubts. Then he laughed heartily at Leslie. But Leslie was not so easily eluded. "Why," he continued, "Gloria would return you your ring tomorrow and marry me if I asked her."

Jack resolved not to let himself fly into another fit of passion. He suspected what Leslie was after. "You'll pardon my merriment," he said, "but, really, you put on airs. Why, Gloria thinks no more of you than if she had never seen you. I see what you're up to, though. You just want some fun at my expense."

"Well, have it as you will," pursued Leslie, "but you think I have not still some hold on Gloria? Ha! Why do you think Dick asked me to serve as her brother during his absence? You must plainly see that I stand higher in esteem with each member of the Traverse family than you do with only one. I still tell you she's mine for the asking, and, what's more, I'm willing to prove it."

"You seem very confident of yourself, anyway," argued Jack, "and I'll ask you to prove what you say. But one condition: nothing that would be insulting, or, I might prove too good a match for you," he finished threateningly.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll kiss Gloria Traverse within forty-eight hours and in your presence, and that, without any physical compulsion."

Jack answered this with a roar of laughter.

He did not think about its being insulting. He was certain no such act could be performed. The more he thought, the more he laughed.

"You almost make me think myself unable," Leslie broke in, sarcastically, when the laughter had somewhat subsided.

"I apologize sincerely," said Jack, "but surely, you are jesting. You cannot mean it. Do you mean to say you do?" he said when he saw Leslie's serious expression.

"Never more serious in all my life, and I will prove it," said Leslie, forcibly striking the table with his clenched fist. "And to let you know that I'm fully confident of success, I'll put up a case of my best champagne as security."

"Well, I'm interested in your case," said Jack, smiling at the ambiguous statement, "so I'll put up five of mine that you won't win."

"Indeed!" pursued Leslie, "you seem more confident of success than I do; but, since you want it in form of a bet, I'm willing. It ought to be at equal prizes, though. So, I'll add four to my one. There you are, boys," he said turning for the first time to the crowd. "A bet's on. You're all witnesses of it. Five cases of Jack Kearney's champagne against five of mine, that I won't kiss Gloria Traverse in his presence within forty-eight hours."

"Well and beautifully stated," said one rising and bowing awkwardly.

"Hold on!" cried Jack. "I want to change something in that bet. Leslie's first offer was one case. I refuse that it be raised to five. He may need the extra cases when Prohibition is passed."

"Well, have it as you will," agreed Leslie, tired of arguing. "It makes no difference whether I offer one or five. The result will only be to empty your own cellar."

Jack now took upon himself the task to convince Leslie that he had the power to permit or prevent Leslie from carrying the bet to a successful finish. Although Leslie was quite tired of arguing, the spirit that the boys showed in this new subject was sufficient to enlist his voice. Jack was quickly overpowered by the number of arguments presented to him and was forced to withdraw. He had not a single one on his side. They all followed the most likely of winners, Harry Leslie. He was known, from past experiences, to come through successful on any such feat as this. So, they didn't think of his failing this time.

After Jack's withdrawal from this new topic, a "move to sojourn" was "seconded". This was the signal to depart. They were just beginning to separate, when a tall, sleepy looking fellow, who was in the extreme end of the gathering all evening, rose, stretched, yawned, and then spoke in a long, drawled-out way, "Say, fellows, you forgot something!" At this all turned to see what was forgotten. "You didn't say when this forty-eight hours begins," he finally managed to say.

"Oh, that's right, too!" called out Jack. "Good for you, Charley. I knew you'd wake up before the morning sun rose again." Then turning towards Leslie. "Here's another point for you to settle, Harry. I'll give you every chance in the world and still you won't win."

"I wouldn't be too boastful, Jack. You don't know what can turn up in forty-eight hours." Here Leslie stopped to look over to a night messenger, who had just entered. "Are you Mr. Harry Leslie?" asked the boy, trying to look as much of a man of importance as he could. When he received an affirmative answer, he said laconically, "A telegram, sir!" Leslie took the telegram and saw it was for him. He signed his name to the book and returned it with a dollar bill. The messenger, common to boys of his age, twelve or thirteen, thought himself rich now, and with a "Thank you, sir!" and a gratuitous bow left the club. Jack repeated his question as to the time of the bet, but Leslie, ignoring the question entirely, opened the enevelope and read the telegram. Surprise and joy at once pictured themselves on his face. He suppressed with difficulty a loud cry of joy. He thought a few minutes, walked to a telephone booth, and called up the Pennsylvania Railroad information bureau. No one heard his questions, "How long does it take to travel from New York City to this place? What time will No. 5 arrive?" Being answered, he noted the reply, thanked the clerk, and hung up the receiver. Returning to his companions he noticed a look of intense curiosity on each countenance. He smiled, and shook his head slightly to their curious questions. "You'll

know in a day or so," was his only answer. Then he took up Jack's question.

"Well, Jack," he said, "as you are so obliging, I'll consent to announce the time of the beginning of the bet. Let's see; it's just one-forty-five a. m. now. Well, say we start at three a. m. this morning. If it's not satisfactory to you, break it, and make your own time."

"As you say, Leslie, it starts at three this morning and finishes at three Thursday morning. Let's shake on it," he continued, putting out his hand. Leslie took it and shook vigorously.

All being now settled, they decided to return to their homes. "One last drink" was necessary to carry them home, though. So, collectively, they entered the saloon to bid good-night to the glass. But a few fell in love with the bottle, with the result that they took just one too many affectionate draughts. A strong and friendly hand was needed to escort them through the lobby to the waiting taxi. Their friends volunteered to serve in this extremity. Slowly all withdrew and the clubroom was silent. Only a few in the corner, either players or interested spectators, remained to give evidence of human beings in this homelike scene of a few hours before.

Harry Leslie was up early next morning, or rather the same morning, and, after a light breakfast at the club, called his chauffeur and gave directions to the Traverse home. He ascended the steady incline up the long drive to the Traverse home in his new powerful runabout. After giving orders to his chauffeur to wait, he mounted the steps and rang the bell. The door was soon opened by the butler. Leslie stepped inside and asked to see Traverse. A name card was unnecessary to one so well known in this house. Upon the butler's leaving, he walked into the drawing room and seated himself. Soon the butler returned with the reply, "Miss Traverse will see you in five minutes, if you will wait."

"I'll wait," said Leslie and settled himself back into the large chair, thinking over the happenings of the early morning. He fell to considering what would be the easiest way to bring about success. Slowly he forgot his plans and let his eye wander about the room. As I have said he was no stranger here, but he delighted to gaze on the beautiful things in this large and luxurious room. His gaze wandered from one thing to another, until it finally fell upon the portrait of his best friend, Dick Traverse. He pulled the telegram from his pocket and read it a second time. "Poor chap!" he muttered under his breath. But just then Gloria entered. She was clad in a handsome olive drab riding habit, underneath which the high shining boots made themselves plainly visible. A gay little curl of auburn hair which protruded underneath her hat was made even more red by the gay morning sunlight coming through the east window.

Few were to be compared with Gloria Traverse in a beauty contest. Her bright blue eyes, always shining with the full joy of life, pictured somewhat the sweetness of character and sweet disposition which were her greatest virtues. The lovely smile forever playing about her lips gave expression to the fact that she always took things as they came, and made the best of them. She was slight of form, but graceful and willowy. Leslie was somewhat sorry to think she preferred Jack to him, but he couldn't blame Jack for working his hardest to gain Gloria. He was almost as happy as Jack himself. He didn't think he could be one-half as much a pleasure to Gloria as Jack was. So he quietly dropped out of the lists and left Jack and Gloria to settle things as they liked.

"Why, good morning, Mr. Leslie! You are a very early caller this morning," she said by way of introduction.

"Good morning!" returned Leslie. "I hope I am not a cause of inconvenience to you. If so, we can postpone the subject."

"No, indeed, Mr. Leslie! You're always welcome. But you almost missed me. I was about to take my morning ride through the park. You look terribly worried, Harry—I mean—Mr. Leslie. Can I be of service to you?"

"Well, I'm not just worried," Leslie made haste to assure her. "It's just something I want to be thorough with."

"I thought you were going to apologize," broke in Gloria, laughing, "judging from the serious expression on your face."

"But you might demand an apology before I get through."

"What do you mean, Mr. Leslie?" she asked, wishing to get his full thoughts. "Please explain what you are talking about."

"Well, if you won't interrupt me, Miss Traverse," he began, "I'll tell you just what I mean. I haven't much time, though," he said as if trying to sum up courage. "So you'll excuse my skipping over a certain amount, that might add interest, but isn't important. Last night," he continued, "we were all down at the club talking over many things. Gradually we lost all interest in conversation, when, who should step in but Jack? He was rather disappointed."

"Poor fellow," said Gloria, as he paused for breath.

"Then you were the cause of his disappointment," urged Leslie, trying to delay as long as possible.

"No, indeed!" said Gloria. "I wouldn't disappoint Jack for the world, you know," she broke off and blushed slightly. "I didn't even see him last night. He said he was detained on unexpected business. But, I've interrupted. Please continue, Mr. Leslie."

"Very well," Leslie began again, "we were teasing Jack for a long time, and it finally ended up in a bet."

"A bet!" cried Gloria, fully intent on Leslie's narrative. "This is more than interesting. Was Jack in the bet? But, oh, I've interrupted again. Please excuse me, Mr. Leslie, and I won't do it again."

"And the bet was between Jack and me," went on Leslie disregarding the interruption. "Jack put up five cases of his champagne against one of mine that I wouldn't kiss you in his presence within forty-eight hours."

Gloria jumped from the chair in which she was sitting, and a sudden sharp slap in the face was her only reply. She was too astounded to speak. Leslie rose also, apologized for his doings, and entreated forgiveness. Gloria's actions were no surprise to him; they were even milder than he had expected. But he was not repulsed. He began an argument which he thought would win Gloria to his side. He started off in a humble, soliciting manner. "Won't you permit me, Miss Traverse? It's only a favor I ask."

"Please don't try to coax me, Mr. Leslie," broke in Gloria, now for a moment forgetting her indignation. "You know Jack is first now in everything, since I am to be his wife. Do not try to persuade me. I cannot. Much as I'd like to grant you your favor, I cannot. I don't like to refuse a favor, especially to you, who are such a close friend of the family." She stopped short expecting Leslie would announce his discontinuance in the bet. But Leslie would not give in, at least, not yet.

"I trust," he said, "that you are not insulted, Miss Traverse. "Were it not for the standing I presume to have in your family, I would never have thought of accepting such a bet. But you remember, before Dick left, he asked me to take his place as your brother. Surely, no one would refuse a brother such a thing as I have just mentioned. Why not one who takes a brother's place?"

Gloria was almost persuaded to yield. But her thoughts returned to Jack. It would not be fair, she thought, to treat Jack in this manner.

"You almost convince me, Mr. Leslie," she said, as if giving expression to her thoughts. "But I couldn't act thus and do justice to Jack. He might not understand as you or I would. It might cause a coolness to rise between us. And I can't permit that."

"But," contended Leslie undismayed, "he was more than anxious to accept the bet. I don't see why he should complain if the odds are against him."

"You almost convince me," said Gloria, "but it cannot be. No, I will not allow it. I have always liked you, Mr. Leslie. You were ever a very good friend to all, but an especial companion to Dick. Still, I must refuse. You see in what circumstances I am placed and I must stand by Jack. Still, if it will suffice, I'll have father send you five cases of champagne, or six—six will be right. You can still be winner, and send one to Jack to pay your debt."

"That would not be right, though," Leslie still persisted. "Your father would be the one to suffer, and neither Jack nor I losers. It should rather be settled between Jack and me. We made the bet; according to its laws, one

must be winner, the other a loser. Although you have my sincere thanks for your proposition, I prefer to decline to receive your offer to make your father pay. If I must lose, I guess I must, but I'm not finished yet. I ask, though, that you will not be insulted, no matter how things turn out."

Gloria was silent. She had no answer to his arguments. Leslie mistook her silence. He thought it was because she didn't want to refuse, but still would not be persuaded.

"Let it rest, Miss Traverse," Leslie broke in upon the silence. "I am very sorry to have offended you."

"Indeed, it's because I can't grant your favor that I am grieved," Gloria answered.

They were silent again. Leslie could not content himself to leave just then. So he decided to change the conversation to some more pleasant topic, and then depart.

"Have you heard from Dick lately?" he inquired.

"No, not lately," Gloria made answer, glad of the change. "The last letter we had was almost a month ago. But you know all that it contained. He was saying he expected to sail soon. I wonder if he has been on the high seas since; I'm so worried about him. I wish he were home again."

"But he will be soon," Leslie said encouragingly. "I saw in the paper that a troop ship left France almost two weeks ago. I am hoping he was on that. I express the same sentiments you have just mentioned. I will be only too happy to see him back at the club again. But now I must bid you good-morning. I hope you will not take back your invitation to tomorrow night's party."

"No, no," said Gloria desirous of expressing her friendship in some manner. "That invitation is as good now as ever. If I cannot grant one favor, I will not conclude by taking back one already given."

At this they bade each other good-morning and separated. Leslie motored to the business section of the city to fulfill a business engagement. Gloria mounted her horse to feel the sweet morning air by her ride through the park.

* * * * * * *

Jack Kearney was in a high state of agitation all day. He sat in his office arranging some papers, but his mind wandered constantly to Leslie. He wondered if Leslie would carry out his side of the bet. Oh, how he would have liked to know just what Leslie was doing! He consoled himself partly, by saying to himself, "Well, while I'm not there, Leslie can't carry out the bet." Still he was in doubt, and though he did not doubt Glorai's love for him, he knew Leslie's standing in the family, and that he could have been a victorious wooer of Gloria in place of himself, if he had wished. It appeared to him that Leslie was a secret lover of Gloria but had sacrificed himself to make Jack happy. Often had he approached Leslie on this subject, but received only a smile and a head-shake in the negative. Jack was partly convinced, but a shadow of suspicion rested on his mind which he could not erase.

Finally, the day drew to a close and Jack called up Gloria on the telephone. He told her of an important business engagement that should keep him away tonight. "It was to be tomorrow night," he told her, "but I had it fixed for tonight. I want to be at that party tomorrow night." The conversation over the phone continued some time, but each party left aside anything which might bear upon the subject of a bet. Jack did not know that Leslie had told Gloria, and Gloria thought it had dropped. The conversation ended, and Jack resumed business. Gloria prepared to spend a quiet evening at home.

The night passed quietly, and Wednesday dawned bright and clear. Jack, no longer agitated, thought of the small amount of time left to Leslie to win the bet. Less than twenty-four hours, of which the most of the time would be spent in business. He already felt success was his and he licked his lips now and then, as if to taste Leslie's champagne. The thought once occurred to him that it would be only a matter of a few minutes for Leslie to carry out his side of the bet, but he quickly put it away. He plunged headlong into business and the time flew rapidly. Evening had come almost as a surprise to him. He closed his desk, took his hat, and prepared to leave. He directed his steps to his apartments to make ready for Gloria's party. He intended to be there first

and keep Gloria to himself all evening.

The time flew quickly and guests were arriving to make a merry evening. Leslie was first, although Jack tried to be. He saw him talking to Gloria in the far end of the dancing room. He bowed himself into their presence and joined in the conversation. Leslie wore a confident smile as Jack approached, which was not to be removed even in a most serious topic. Jack suspected something but said nothing. He resolved to separate Gloria and Leslie and keep them at a distance for the night.

Gloria reserved first and third dances for Jack, but gave second and fourth to Leslie. Jack must contrive some plan to separate them after each dance. But how he knew not. Suddenly a burst of music announced the start of the dance. Jack led Gloria to the dancing floor, and they started dancing. Jack's mind jumped from one plan to another in the vain hope that something would help him. The dance was nearly over when Leslie advanced to them and asked them aside for a few minutes. Jack thought he saw a victorious smile playing on Leslie's lips; his fear rose; he wondered if Leslie was up to some sort of trick. His fears were soon laid to rest when Leslie announced that he had received a phone call and must leave immediately. Gloria expressed her regret and Jack offered Leslie twelve hours of grace to carry out his bet. Leslie gratefully acknowledged the offer and accepted. Leslie called for his hat and cloak and left at once.

But, instead of dancing, Jack and Gloria decided to take a quiet little seat in a side room where they could enjoy each other's company without the fear of being interrupted. Gloria led the way, followed closely by Jack, to the most secure spot in the house, a small side room, dimly lighted, in which were many tall plants and ferns. Behind a large group of these plants was placed a small bench, just room for two. It would seem as though Gloria had selected and arranged this spot for herself and fiancé. There they remained until the dancing was over. Jack thought no longer of the bet; he now thought and spoke only of Gloria. Time flew only too rapidly, and what seemed but a few minutes were as a matter of fact hours. The last dance was over. They then must separate. Gloria had to play the part of polite hostess and standing near the door bid adieux to the guests and receive their thanks.

Finally, even this duty was over, and now only Jack remained to have a "few last words". But it took him almost an hour to say these "few words". He had finally finished these words and was on the point of leaving when the door-bell rang with such vehemence as to cause them both to jump from fright. Nor did it stop ringing until the butler, murmuring and probably more than murmuring, made his way down the steps and opened the door.

The butler stood still, horror-stricken, his one hand on the door-knob, the other pressing against the wall for support, his eyes almost bulging out of their sockets, and his mouth half open in surprise and fright. He tried to speak but the words stuck in his throat. Then slightly pulling himself together he stepped back to let the khaki-garbed figure come in. Yes, there was no denying it, it was his young master, Dick Traverse. The butler recognized him behind his tanned face and long beard, which must have had nearly a month's growth. He had served him too long not to recognize him even in this disguise. Dick shook the old butler's hand until he almost wrenched it from its socket.

"Oh, Mr. Dick!" exclaimed the old butler, the tears coming to his eyes, "you're back! You're home again! Oh, wait till I tell your father. Oh, but it does my old eyes good to see you. But here I'm detaining you. Go into the library where you'll find Miss Gloria; she's talking to Mr. Kearney. But I think they'll suffer the intrusion. I'll get your father down here in a jiffy." With this the old butler ran off up the stairs, thinking little of the rheumatism which often caused him so much pain that he could scarcely walk. Dick turned back through the door and whispered something, whereupon an old man whom the butler did not see in the excitement entered and stood still in the vestibule. But Dick proceeded a short space down the hall to the library door, which was open. Here he stood for a moment, just in time to see what was not meant to be seen.

The lovers had heard the bell ring but were unable to hear the conversation at the door.

They thought some one had returned for something mislaid or forgotten and were in a great hurry to get possession of that something. They expected Mr. and Mrs. Traverse down shortly and were preparing to part. The lovers' adieu was in full progress when Dick came to the door. A slight cough betrayed his presence and the lowers separated, Gloria blushing scarlet and casting her eyes upon the floor, unwilling to look at the unwelcome caller. Jack turned his back to the library door, afraid also to see the visitor.

"So, ho! what have we here? So this is what you do when I'm away! I never thought it of you, Sis."

The word "Sis" struck Gloria peculiarly. It was the way Dick was accustomed to address her, but she knew Dick was far from Chicago. She looked up for the first time and stepped back as if struck by lightning.

"Dick! Dick! Is it really you, Dick?" she cried and rushing over fell into his arms and kissed him many times. Tears of joy were streaming down her face. After her first flood of joy was over, she released herself from Dick's arms and stood a little apart, joyfully gazing at her brother. Jack now for the first time approached Dick and shook his hand with a whole-hearted "Welcome home, Dick!" Dick turned to Gloria again and whispered in her ear, "I've another surprise coming, and very shortly, too."

"What is it?" asked Gloria, interested.

"Grandpa is here from Winola," whispered Dick again.

"Grandpa!" cried Gloria in pure delight.

Gloria was "Grandpa's little girl", and Gloria always returned his love. They loved each other tenderly. This was the signal. At this the old-gray-headed, long-bearded man, whom Dick had brought in after the butler's flight, walked into the library. "Oh, grandpa!" she cried running to the stately old man.

"Come have a seat, grandpa," she said, offering him a chair. The old man sat down and Gloria sat on his knee.

"Isn't it rather late for my little girl to be up?" the old grandfather broke in.

Gloria hung her head and said nothing. The old man saw her discomfiture and spoke again. "What has my girl got for me tonight?"

Gloria, well acquainted with this old-time metaphor, reached over and kissed him. She remained on his lap for some time, now gently teasing, now pulling his long beard. But she pulled once too often and a little too hard. The beard fell off, disclosing the well-known features of Harry Leslie. Gloria jumped up in surprise. She appeared indignant at first, but the bet worked its way out upon her mind and she laughed heartily. "Well, you lost, Jack," she said.

Jack, inclined to be angry at first, restrained himself and soon joined in the laughter with the rest. Then the mother and father entered to welcome their son. It was progressing nicely, when a loud cheering in the hall caused all present to jump with fright. The boys of the club according to Leslie's plans had come around to act their part in the welcome. All shook hands with Dick and expressed their individual joy to see him home again.

After the first spell of welcome had died away, a meeting of the club was held in a corner of the room. Leslie resigned and Dick was re-elected as "grand leader". Dick resisted but he could not persuade the boys. They were determined he should be leader. So he finally accepted.

The boys soon made their exit, Leslie first, leaving the family to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. "You won fairly and squarely, Leslie," Jack said to Leslie when they were on their way out. "I'll pay my debt tomorrow."

"I won't take them," said Leslie, "Give them to whoever wants them, but I'll not accept. I proved what I wanted to prove. I gave the boys some excitement. We had some fun, and a pleasant surprise in the meantime. So I think that's sufficient. Keep the champagne as a gift from me. I won't need it where I'm going."

"What do you mean?" asked Jack. "Where are you going?"

"I'll tell that at the banquet tomorrow night," said Leslie.

"Well, I don't want to press you to speak, Leslie," said Jack; "but I'm certainly anxious to know where you're going."

"You'll know tomorrow night, Jack." Then they parted, each for his private apartment.

* * * * * * *

The next evening a welcome-home banquet was given. All were seated around one long table, that was burdened with the best kind of food in the best style. It was coming near the end of the banquet when Leslie suddenly arose, pushed his wine glass away from him and prepared to speak. He stood for a few minutes not knowing how to start; finally he began.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have a story I think will interest you; so I claim your attention a few minutes." He hesitated a moment weighing his sentences, then started in full earnestness. "Twenty-two years ago, almost to this very date, a young nobleman, Count Czethowitz of Russia, was arrested by the Russian government, accused and convicted of treason to the country. He was sentenced to twenty years in Siberia. I can swear before all present that that man was innocent, as innocent as I am. In fact, not more than two months ago, one of the accusers on his deathbed swore that Count Czethowitz was innocent, that he and several others, being jealous of his standing in court, decided to put him out of the way. They did so by forging letters, which accused him at the trial. But the confession was too late. Count Czethowitz was released, having served his term in Siberia. He was then in a hospital, having been severely wounded on the Austrian plains in defense of his fatherland, Russia. By skilful care of physicians, he was brought back to health, but no longer fit for duty. He then went to southern Russia, where he employed himself as a farmer. After war had ceased, he went to Petrograd and passionately pleaded before the court to have his lands retu ned to him, but in vain. He still swore his innocence of any sort of treason, but it was of no avail. He returned to southern Russia and continued his labors as a farmer, but now broken and disheartened. About this time the confession was made, the government requested his presence at Petrograd, asked forgiveness for the unjust sentence and restored his lands and fortune. He returned to his old castle, but now sadly in need of repairs. Twenty years had caused great cavities in the walls, and the towers were the homes of many bats and other night prowlers. For the first time he realized that his dear wife was gone—gone never to return. She had died shortly after his trip to Siberia. He obtained the address of his only child, now a man of twenty-eight or twenty-nine years, who was in America. He wrote and explained all in that letter to his son. I am that son!" broke in Leslie with emphasis. "I received that letter two weeks ago. I am the Count Czethowitz's son. My aunt, my mother's sister, scraped together whatever she could of our fortune and, taking me and my mother, started for America. My mother died suddenly as we were leaving the courtyard. My aunt left orders to have her buried and continued her voyage with me to this land. She died about ten years ago, leaving a letter at her lawyer's which was to be opened on my twenty-fifth birthday. She explained in that letter what had happened up to the time we left Russia. My father's letter clears all. I return to Russia to claim my father and my fortune. I will make his last few years happy. I leave Chicago early tomorrow morning and sail from New York on Monday. I bid you, one and all, a hearty good-bye. You see me no more unless you come to Russia. To say that I am sorry to leave such good friends and pleasant company is mockery. So I'll just bid you one more good-bye. Good-bye forever!"

Leslie left immediately. The others sat looking at each other dumbstruck and half paralyzed. Soon the old butler entered with a letter for Miss Traverse. His presence somewhat broke up the spell in which all seemed to be cast. Gloria opened the letter. All it contained was his Russian address and "Hope to see you and Jack on your honeymoon."

The party soon broke up, every one being plunged in sorrow at the loss of such a good friend and now having only memories to cheer them. Leslie traveled from Chicago next day, and from the United States on Monday. He had gone forever from the famous old club on M— Street, Chicago, and from the Traverse home and family.

Rambles

(A Series of Essays)

By John F. Burns

"ARS AMICITIAE"

INVENTIONS no longer startle the world. The world has become accustomed to the unordinary. Let a colossal discovery be suddenly announced. True, the busy world lifts up its head; it nods in satisfaction and complacent approval. But, nowadays, that is all. There is no startled flurry, no air of awe-struck wonder at the marvel. It seems that the "unexpected" is never unexpected now. The unexpected, people say, is "just what I expected."

But surely we *are* rambling now. For what have inventions, marvels, the unexpected, and the world's unruffled attitude to the same, to do with the topic of this paper? Simply this—that the topic is presented in what is perhaps somewhat of an unaccustomed light and is, therefore, somewhat of an invention—very unstartling, unwonderful, and unmarvelous, of course Here, apparently, is a new art—the art of friendship.

"What!" I hear you say: "Friendship an art! Impossible! Friendship is not an art—never was, never can be. Friendship is rooted away down in the tenderest, holiest depths of human nature. The child knows nought of art, of science, and the like—the uncultured, the savage know nought of art—and yet the child the uncultured and the savage may have the truest friendships.

So it seems. Many people look upon friendship simply as one of those "natural things" that won't admit of learning. There is no rule book, they say, no code of law for friendship. It is "just natural". And yet, if we consider, there does seem to be a bit of an art, or a science about it after all. Some people can make friends "right and left", as the saying goes, but they cannot keep them; others find their friendships slow of birth, and hard to make, but once born, once made, they are strong as death. Now, surely, there must be reasons at the bottom of this, causes that we can study out, and consequently arrive at some sort of a systematized knowledge in the making, keeping and treatment of friends.

"But," you will say, "if friendship is an art, then DEFINE it." Ah, here you press me too closely. I cannot parry this thrust. I cannot define it. And indeed, I would not even try. I would not lose the warmth of the sacred fire of friendship, by forcing it into the cold, chilling frame of "genera" and "species". Many things, noblest and purest, are best defined, best understood, when highest praised. Friendship is one of them.

"*Is aught so fair*
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous Friendship?—as the candid blush
Of him who tries with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes,
Or the mild majesty of private life
Where peace, with ever-blooming olive, crowns
The gate; where honor's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the scene?"

Friendship is as old as human nature, as young as the latest budding reason; as strong as death, as weak as a loving heart; as wise as a serpent, as blind as a mole; sweet, in its enjoyment, beyond the sweetest nectar, bitter, in its disturbance, beyond the bitterest gall.

But again I hear you say: "If friendship is and art, it has *rules*. What are they?" Here is a difficulty indeed. And our answer is doubtless a poor one, for we intend simply to hazard an occasional hint, not rule, that may possibly make our friendships truer, and therefore happier.

The following lines from Gay may well take the very first place.

"*Friendship, like love, is but a name,*
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers sha-e
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis theirs in friendships; who depend
On many, seldom find a friend."

Not that we hold that a man should have but one friend, and no more. That were to crush our natural cravings. But simply to beware of trading his gem for a mere pittance or of letting his friendships follow every wind of feeling.

Did you ever hear of a "character-leech"? But of course you did not. The term is not in the dictionary, and yet, in real life, there are only too many of the realities for which it stands. There are some friends (so called) who, on first acquaintance, are extremely affable. Friendship springs up spontaneously between us and it is not long before we "think the world of him," and so on. But (en passant—that little word "but" is a regular Cassandra, is it not?) after a while, a change comes over our friend. His friendship seems suddenly to cool. We are at a loss to understand it. We do our best "to make things right," but there is no response, and at length he drifts away from us, leaving, perhaps, a wound that will not heal.

Now, there is your "character-leech". You have "run out", and consequently, he has run away. Like the leech, he will "stick" till he gets his fill, and no longer. His fill? Yes, his fill of your character. Let me explain. He has fed upon and enjoyed the different phases of your personality. Your manners of thought, your philosophy of life, your "ways" at first were new to him. And the novelty attracted. He could enjoy you (and all unconsciously, perhaps, for he himself may have mistaken this enjoyment to be friendship) as long as he was still exploring, and discovering, so to speak, in your character. But when you had nothing new to offer, when you "ran out", then his *interest* lagged. He simply drifted naturally away to toy with some other life. And even now, perhaps, leech-like he is "stuck" to some one else, soon, when his interest wanes, to drift to still another. Have you met them? I have decided to avoid two things—a friend that is simply a leech, and to be simply a leech to my friend.

Who are the most unfortunate people in the world? I do not know. But I do know that a man without a friend is certainly not to be envied. Yet, there are many such. Happy enough do they seem? Yes, but their bliss is only ignorance. They have no friends. What they call so are mere "conveniences", destined for use, not for friendship. Surely these are to be pitied, and the "conveniences" to be pitied even more. The former are selfish. the latter are blind. And we pass them quickly by, with only a word. Let the selfish friend be ashamed. Let him not confound selfishness, mean and disgusting, with generous winsome friendship. And let the blind friend open his eyes.

"When friendship once is wounded
Though be healed and gone the sore,
There yet remains the ugly scar
To mar the beauty that it wore."

Ah yes. The poet speaks of the ungrateful friend. Who has not met him also? A friend devoted can give the sweetest earthly joy; but a friend untrue can inflict the deepest, deadliest, most harrowing wound.

Plant a rose bush in the rich, dark loam. Care for it, water it, and behold the wondrous bloom. Now plant it in the sand. Care for it, water it. In vain. It languishes and dies. The sand drinks all the water you can pour. But where is the return? And the ungrateful friend is somewhat like the sand. The rose bush of your friendship is planted in his heart. It is watered with the sweet, refreshing moisture of your kindliness and your solicitude. Ah, but where is the return, the beautiful, comforting flower that you hoped would bud forth? None! He drinks it all in, smiles for a moment—like the sand shows the moisture for a moment—but only for a moment. In the next it is gone, and bud and bush alike soon wither and die.

And yet, I would not straightway rid myself of an apparently ungrateful or unappreciative friend. You would not cast away your pearl because a little dull. You would not throw away your diamond because it yet requires to be cut and set. Teach him, educate him, if you can—and these offices, when at length he perceives them, will bind him all the closer to you. But (Cassandra is here again) if he cannot, or will not learn, then he is unworthy of you, then all the balm of your kindliness, all the perfume of your friendship is in vain. You are like the rose that "wastes its sweetness on the desert

air." The rose in question may well save its perfume if it can.

If it can, but it cannot. How like the rose in this respect we are. The rose could not withhold the sweetness, even if it would. And we at times cannot withhold our friendship. Here, of a truth, friendship ceases to be an art. Here friendship merges into love—a far, far greater, holier gift of God than even friendship—the gift of One Who is Himself true Love, is loving, too, and loved.

Friendship and flowers! Two beautiful creations and always, in the mind of man, related. Flowers are often a sign of friendship, and the cultivation of friendship is akin to that of flowers. Friendship wilts quite as quickly under too much care, as it does under too little. Don't overwhelm, deluge, soak, saturate, swaddle and smother your friend with friendship. "Gush" is not friendship. "Ne quid nemis, ever. There is a "modus" in "rebus", and a long, long distance, and a big, big distinction between friendship, and that other soft, dribbling affair, which, to be at least polite, we will call "molleycoddleism".

And, on the other hand, don't be afraid to show your friendship. Remember the lines of Pope:

"*Man, like the generous vine,* SUPPORTED *lives,*
The strength he gains is from the EMBRACE *he gives.*"

Friendship is a balm—a sweet, consoling, soothing lotion, and very often, the only ointment for a weary, troubled, discouraged heart. Who wants to go through life like a fish, cold-blooded, stifling even purest inclinations, making one's self unnatural, with no bonds of affection twined about our hearts? Man was not destined for an existence like this. Even He had St. John. So don't withhold, much less be ashamed of every little prompting of friendship. If you do you will never have a friend. Posts, fish, machines, sticks and the like, don't invite intercourse, much less friendship.

I remember reading the immortal Cicero's "De Amicitia". I remember reading it, but that is all. Like too many of my college classics, I fear it went "in one" only on its way to go "out the other". But I read a Chinese proverb once, and strange to say, while Cicero's inimitable strokes (I know they must have been inimitable, and all that, simply because they were Cicero's) left no lasting impression, the Chinese proverb did. And here it is, imparting to you one of the secrets, at least, of "keeping your friends".

"*Visit often the house of thy friend;*
The unused path is soon overgrown with weeds."

Verily the wise Mongolian did strike the nail squarely that time—so well that perhaps we had better say that now it is quite driven in—and, therefore, bid you farewell.

On the Job

By Jerome A. Mahoney

EIKIN HOOKEM, the well-known reform lecturer, was, in his heyday, a very slick crook. For many years he had been making daring hauls, but by his dexterity he had always managed to escape the police . . .

Away out in the country in a little one-horse town was the castle of Herman, "The Sugar King." Besides the castle, the town consisted of just three houses and a pump. "Cy" Corntassel, who prided himself on being the combination fire department, town council, and chief of police, occupied one of these houses. "Cy" didn't care so much about putting out fires or passing laws, but he sure was some chief. If any one had the temerity to question "Cy" on this point, he could show, in proof, a big star with chief stamped on it.

In order to achieve success in his chosen profession, "Cy", besides being a constant

reader of "Shamlock Jones" and "Kraig Kenny", was a close follower of the doings of the "Philly" and "Big Town" police. He made it his business to get pictures of all the well-known criminals that were at large; for, besides being of interest to him, "Cy" figured that a knowledge of their faces would do him no harm. "Cy" always said that, if he could catch a real slick crook, he should have realized his life's ambition. . . .

For a long time, Eiken Hookem had had his eye on the Herman Castle. In his circle he had often heard it reported that there were many portable valuables in the celebrated "Silver Room" of the castle—valuables that could be conveniently packed in a small bag and carried away. Two things, however, had Eikin's goat. The castle was well guarded by innumerable natural burglar alarms, dogs; and it also had one of the most complete scientific alarm systems ever installed. Hookem never for a moment took the police force into consideration. The only thing that prevented his robbing the castle was the fear that those two alarms would go off.

One morning, after a rather exciting night, Eikin picked up the paper to see how he stood with the police. Accidentally he happened upon this "ad":

Wanted—An old man to tend sheep. Apply before 11 A. M. at 954 Retz Building.

Now, Hookem was not particularly anxious to tend sheep. At present, however, he was a cynosure for all the police. So it behooved him, for a time at least, to retire to the country. Donning one of his ever-ready disguises, he proceeded to 954 Retz Building. Much to his surprise, this was the office of Mr. Herman, the great Sugar King.

Luckily, or unluckily, Eiken Hookem happened to be the first applicant. Mr. Herman was so struck by the old man's venerable and respectable appearance that he hired him on the spot, gave him his car-fare and directions to the castle, and told him to start work immediately after reporting to the steward.

Accordingly, Eiken reported at the castle. There seemed to be something strangely familiar about the steward. Try as he would, he could not dismiss the thought that they had met before.

For a few days Hookem was content with sheep-tending. During this time he made friends of all the dogs. Thus one alarm was disposed of. But could he beat that scientific device? He also met the steward every day, and finally recognized him as a former accomplice.

Hookem's contentment, however, was short-lived. The hours were long, the income slow. The old desire burned within him to make another haul and to get back to his friends and the excitement of the gaming table. He spent the next few days, not so much with the sheep, as with his thoughts, working out a plan of action. He remembered that Biggs, the steward, was married and had two nice young daughters who were elegant ladies traveling in select society. Biggs himself was a presbyter in a city church.

"Well, if Biggs wants to keep his head up," mused Eiken, "he is going to turn off that alarm tomorrow night."

Acting upon these thoughts, the next morning Eiken made himself known to the steward. At first, the reformed one would not listen to his scheme. However, fearing ruin for himself and family, and knowing how the cleverness of the slick Hookem had been eluding the police for years, Biggs finally consented to render perfectly mute the scientific alarm system.

That same night just as the clock was striking twelve, Hookem, convoyed from his quarters to the castle by three former alarms—Duke, Prince, and Carlo—silently entered the "Silver Room". The accounts he had heard of the booty therein contained were not at all exaggerated. Carefully selecting the most valuable portable articles, he filled his good-sized bag. Then assuming a nonchalant air, Hookem boldly walked across the lawn to the road. . . .

Sitting in his home-made rogue's gallery, "Cy" Corntassel was carefully scrutinizing the latest additions.

"That's a durn slick feller, that Hookem," thought "Cy" aloud. "He's been a-givin' the best of 'em the slip. Well, if ever I get

my nippers on him, you can bet a plug nickel he won't get away."

"Twenty minutes to one! Whew! Time I hit the hay," said "Cy".

He put out the light and went to the window. It was a dark, starless night. All was quiet without.

"Just the night for a murder!" mused "Cy".

As he was about to open the window, he saw a man with a bag on his shoulder walk under the street light opposite his house. His detective instincts were aroused. Putting on his "gum shoes" and arming himself with two repeaters, "Cy" slipped noiselessly out the back door, took a short cut across the field to a turn in the road, and waited for the man with the bag. To assure himself he was not nervous, "Cy" took a bag of "Red Bear" from his pocket and, after dropping it two or three times, finally succeeded in filling his mouth with tobacco.

He could hear the man approaching, although he could not see him. Presently "Cy" heard the man chuckling to himself: "This is the richest haul I ever made. Guess I won't need to work any more. I'll move out West, where I'm not known, buy a little ranch, and settle down to a quiet life."

"Hands up!" roared "Cy", jumping from behind a tree.

At this sudden and unexpected appearance, Hookem was so amazed that he forgot all his old tricks, dropped his bag, threw up his hands, and stared with eyes and mouth wide open into the barrels of the repeaters and at the insignificant hayseeder before him. With the acumen of a criminologist, "Cy" recognized Hookem.

"By gosh! You're some prize baby!" exclaimed "Cy". "And just think, there's $1,000 in real United States money offered for your capture. Pick up your bag, and go back to the castle. No, no! You go first, and I'll follow, protecting your back with this repeater."

From herding sheep, Hookem had learned a lesson; so, lamblike, he obeyed "Cy's" orders.

Imagine the consternation of the steward when he opened the door and beheld Hookem meekly obeying the orders of the police force. A chill ran down his spine; but he quickly recovered when Eiken gave him the sign that he would not betray him. The steward summoned his master. "Cy", having read of the slickness of the burglar, kept both guns leveled at him.

The "King" entered the room with the steward. The steward opened the bag. For the first time, "Cy" dropped his guns. When he beheld the priceless booty he had saved, he nearly fainted.

"Well done, 'Cy'!" said the "King," shaking his hand. "These heirlooms are worth a million dollars. You may rest assured you will not go unrewarded."

After a careful all-night vigil during which "Cy" never winked a wink, the "King" took the police force and his prize to the City Hall. Here the burglar was turned over to the authorities.

In due time, Eiken Hookem was sentenced to ten years "making little ones out of big ones." "Cy" received a check from the city government for $1,000. The "King" donated him a library of detective stories, and conferred on him the title of "Watchman of the Castle", by virtue of which "Cy" wears a big gold star.

For his good behavior up the river and for his good influence on the other prisoners, Eikin Hookem was released after five years. Since that time he has been lecturing at the "Whosoever Missions". By his simple, convincing eloquence, he has been instrumental in turning many criminally inclined to lead higher lives.

"The Snow"

Soft and slow, soft and slow,
Gently and peacefully falls the snow,
Clothing the earth in a robe of white,
Purest of ermine, refulgent and bright,
Hiding the bleakness of winter below.
Lighting the sky with a luminous glow,
Changing the desolate, barren, bleak night
To wondrous, soft paradise, filled with delight.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.

Nature's Lesson Leaf

(A Sonnet)

They dug into the earth and brought to light
An impress in the deep, damp, darksome clay:
A leaf had fallen in a far-off day
Whence it once flourished airy, joyous, bright.
As on the earth it fell and was fast bound,
Kind Nature buried it within the mold;
And year by year a growing tomb would fold
The beauteous leaflet in the lonely ground.

Know ye that man, like to this gorgeous leaf,
Must part from worldly cherished things and gay.
How quickly fades the momentary grief!
He is forgotten—e'en his place and day!
Lifeless his frame: yet passing all belief
The influence he leaves behind for aye!

FRED A. MANNING.

The Trusted Thief

By John O'Brien

Chapter IX

MR. HARMON and son had become inseparable companions. Since his father's injury, Walter had been a remarkably loyal son. The old man deeply appreciated his boy's sympathy and devotion and had welcomed him into the more private plans and transactions of the firm. In fact Mr. Harmon never made any important moves without the advice of Walter. Even though the young financier at times pointed to erroneous conclusions, yet the great number of his suggestions were worthy of the highest commendation. The other members of the firm had likewise observed in Walter an alertness of decision that emphasized his sterling qualities as a man of affairs.

The directors of the firm had gathered together in their private office in order to discuss a lucrative position that confronted them. The long absence of Mr. Harmon's guiding hand had effected a slight embarrassing situation. Many causes had converged to render the financial standing of the firm a matter of serious concern. They had planned on several probable transactions, but although they were only visioned in the far future, yet the possibility of their occurrence appeared somewhat endangered by these unforeseen misfortunes. The gentlemen who sat around the directors' table were attentively listening to their President's views on the fluctuation of market prices.

"You see, gentlemen," said Mr. Harmon, as he deposited the ashes of his cigar in a receptacle, "there's only one thing certain. We must move, and move quickly. Moreover, we must be prudent in reposing our confidence in the office help. You well remember our experience with Dowd. He was a trusted man and yet he proved to be a thief. Of all things, I despise the trusted thief—the man that plays the wolf in the sheep's skin."

All assented their approval by a brief applause. Walter twisted unconsciously in his chair. "When will it end?" he thought.

"But if a man is down," asked an elderly gentleman who sat close to Mr. Harmon's elbow, "do you insist on keeping him there?"

"Now," returned the President thoughtfully. "If that man didn't go down willingly, if he fell under the pressure of extenuating circumstances, I'll be the first to raise him up."

The door was suddenly opened and, to the amazement of all, Mr. Dowd appeared.

"Good morning, gentlemen!" saluted the visitor with a pleasant smile and graceful bow.

The directors did not know whether the phenomenon was objective, or that some invisible hand had deluded them all simultaneously. Like a squad of agile army officers they arose to greet him. Mr. Harmon was so overcome that he attempted to stand up but his convalescing limb restored him to a sitting posture.

Mr. Dowd could not help but gratefully acknowledge this cordial reception. Mr. Harmon's welcome was formal and cold.

"Be seated gentlemen," urged the President after a few moments.

Mr. Dowd, including himself among the persons invited, pushed an arm-chair to the table and sat down. His apparent impudence irritated Mr. Harmon who could not restrain his ire, and in a forced civil tone he asked, "Perhaps, Mr. Dowd will favor us by an explanation of his long absence."

The visitor smiled, bowed slightly to the President, took a cigar from a proffered box, perfunctorily carried out all the traditional ceremonies that accompany the "ignition of the weed" and sat back with an air of conscious importance.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced after a few whiffs of smoke were emitted from his nostrils, "there's a long tale to the occasion—and—and—the cause of my sudden departure—and—a—a—prolonged absence. Yes! Well, gentlemen, to avoid making a long story of my experience I'll mention only the—a—a—more salient features."

Mr. Harmon assumed a more comfortable posture.

"On the evening previous to the first day of my absence, I—a—chanced to be passing a few hours with the boys at the club. We had a pleasant evening. We were about settled down to play cards when an old college pal called me from the table and requested a few moments of confidence. Of course I—I—granted his request. Hem! Well, gentlemen, he asked me for $5,000 on some shares he had purchased in the Montana Copper Fields. Of course, being a poor man, I couldn't assist him. He offered me the five thousand shares in bulk at a dollar a share. At first the offer seemed rather suspicious, but I understood the reason to the extraordinary bargain, when my friend explained his purpose in selling.

"It seems that he was heir to an immense estate in England and on learning of his father's death, that had occurred there recently, he felt he had better appear at once in the London Courts in order to put in a claim for the property. In fact he was strongly advised to do so lest his step-brother would lay hold of the estate before him. So you can see, gentlemen, how sorely he needed the ready money. Of course he had a large house on Madison Avenue that he left as security for my money, if there was any difficulty about the Montana proposition."

"Well, that's reasonable enough," agreed one of the firm.

"But what of the long vacation?" asked Mr. Harmon with a smile of sarcasm.

"Of that at once," returned Dowd, as he relit his half-consumed cigar.

Several of the men present imitated the visitor's example.

"Well, gentlemen," continued Dowd, "I knew that Mr. Harmon would not object to my taking the sum required and, of course, I came at once to the office and helped myself. I was accompanied by one of my friends and after I had secured the five thousand returned at once to the club. I received the deeds and other legal papers for the property in the presence of witnesses. The next morning I intended to come here, but during the night it occurred to me to go at once to Montana and inspect the investment. I had to leave home quite early before any of you were stirring perhaps. Well, to make a long story short, I found everything O. K. out there. In fact I was anxious to start for home, but I saw an opportunity of collecting a few pennies for the firm."

"That's the stuff," shouted Mr. Harmon as he struck the table with his closed fist.

"I chanced upon an opportunity of buying $10,000,000 worth of stocks at almost half price. The offer was made by a man that knew of a certain Mr. Halpin of Texas who was anxious to secure the precise shares that I posssessed. A few days later I met this Mr. Halpin and sold him my lot for a hundred a share and I took the $50,000 and staked it on the $10,000,000 proposition in the name of my firm."

Every man arose as if electrified.

"You mean it?" gasped Mr. Harmon.

"Sure as you're born!" said Dowd nonchalantly.

"That's the best yet," exclaimed Harmon as he slid back in his chair. "Gentlemen, a rising vote of gratitude and congratulation to Dowd." All arose, except Mr. Harmon.

"Dowd," continued the president, "I had determined to trace up your tracks, only I found the note in the vault."

"Why didn't you wire or write?" asked one of the firm.

"I didn't dare," answered Dowd, "the chance was open to any one until I had firmly secured the settlement in court. Then I knew I could be here as soon as any communication."

"You're a good financier Dowd, but a poor shot," put in Mr. Harmon with a smile.

"A poor shot!" exclaimed Dowd. "A poor shot! What do you mean? I think I made a a pretty good shot and at that I was in the dark."

Walter was dumbfounded. What did Dowd mean by that?

"Well the next time you come unexpectedly to the vault don't try to murder people," requested Harmon.

"Murder people?" demanded Dowd, his brow wrinkled and a steady stare of bewilderment focussed on Harmon. "What's the inference? Be more explicit."

"Did you fire a shot while at the vault door?" asked Harmon pointedly.

"No! not a d—n one!" exclaimed Dowd. "Why who's dead?"

"Nobody's dead," confessed Mr. Harmon, "but I was pretty well nailed down! See here," as he exposed the injured limb, "I was shot that night. I swore it was you; that beats the deck of shades and aces!"

"That's news to me," observed Dowd as he disposed of his cigar butt. "Somebody's after your money, I figure."

Walter arose. His face was red, his lips trembling and his eyes modestly cast.

"Gentlemen," he said, "and particularly you, father, strange as it may seem you have all been wrong in your suspicions of the man who shot my father."

Some of the older members grinned at the youngster's apparent presumption to outwit older and wiser heads.

"Yes?" remarked one of their number drily.

"Yes, sir!" continued Walter, "I shot my father. I came here that very night and took five hundred dollars out of the safe."

"You did?" gasped his father.

"Yes, I likewise needed money to satisfy the desire of a friend. I took the money with full knowledge of my deed, but I did not shoot willingly. When I had securely placed the five hundred in my wallet, I flashed my light upon the combination wheel and as I did the door opened and an unexpected man entered. My gun was lying on the floor beside me. The strange appearance so frightened me that the light slipped from my hand. I grabbed for it and my weapon with one hand and the revolver exploded. I heard the scream, the thud on the floor and I fled. I remained in a building for an hour or so and then escaped through the rear entrance. Upon my honor, gentlemen, I did not intend to shoot. I stand for any judgment that my father may see fit to pronounce. As for the money, I have restored already and, to bargain, my friend for whom I stole has deserted me."

Mr. Harmon's eyes were filled with teardrops when Walter sat down.

"A man that's worth while!" exclaimed Dowd. "A man that sees his mistakes and confesses them."

"My boy," said Mr. Harmon as he extended his hand, "I am indeed surprised. Your words are indeed strange. I have suffered intensely from this injury, but before heaven I would rather submit to a thousand years of pain than to have a son who would not confess his errors. Yes, my boy, I have no punishment to impose on you. I know now why the good Lord has afflicted me, that I may be worthy of so good a son."

"I am the trusted thief, whom he said you despised," continued Walter. "But if a thief's word has any worth before heaven or men, I promise to prove myself trustworthy and to put aside the things of thievery. Test me and be convinced."

"We need no testing," said Dowd to the President. "Your son has confessed like a man, and a man needs no testing."

"That's right," chorused the others.

A momentary silence followed. Walter felt as if an almost insuperable burden had been raised from his breast. He breathed freely. The flood of joy that saturated his soul was indicated in his beaming countenance.

"Well, well, well," laughed Mr. Harmon, "that's a deep problem solved."

"Yes and the solution is as clear as spring water," added Dowd. "But there's a bigger question ahead. Gentlemen, there's a big proposition ahead."

"Let us have it," demanded Mr. Harmon.

"Do you all approve of my actions in the West?" asked Dowd as he measured each man with his eye.

All approved.

"Then, some one must go to Montana within a month or so," informed Dowd, "to handle the transaction. We must have at least three from the firm. Of course there's a whole lot more to be said. We'll consider details later."

"Gentlemen," offered one of the older members, "I would suggest that Mr. Harmon, Jr., represent his father in this affair, particularly in all details that necessitate traveling."

The directors of the firm then listened to some details which Mr. Dowd had reserved. A long consideration of the transaction was conducted and about midday nature reminded them that

man must also eat that he may live. The appointing of the representatives was left in the hands of the President. After hearing the advice of his associates four men were selected to face the problem of the "Montana Purchase". Among them were Mr. Dowd and Walter. After a few minor details were discussed the board closed its meeting.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Harmon, as the men pushed from the table, "tonight you shall all dine with Mrs. Harmon and myself. I wish to tender some acknowledgment of pride for my son. And as for you Walter, you are indeed a trusted thief; what you took from the safe I never missed, but by your confession of that fault you have stolen my heart. It's yours; I trust you with it, preserve it as your own. Tonight, gentlemen, at eight I'll welcome you, one and all." The directors agreed and disbanded.

Chapter X

Montana has ever been an object of much interest to the American financiers. Aside from its unequalled scenic beauty of mountain and valley, nature seems to have concealed its metallic treasures in her prolific bosom. Silverbow County, which is situated in the mid-southern section of this state, abounds in copper, and of all its centers of industry the city of Butte is perhaps the most famous. Raised on its high eminence it looks down supinely on the great span of wealthy soil from which it ascends. The Rocky Mountain tops, lifting their haughty heads into the cloud, stand like giants guarding the city of Butte from the ravages of the elements.

It was in this city that Mr. Dowd had discovered the exceptional opportunity. Here he had promised the directors of the Copperfield that he would soon return, accompanied by representatives of the firm, for whom he was an employee.

It was likewise to this city that Wells had brought his wife, after a weary and tedious journey across the country. Here he paused, hoping that at last he had anticipated Harmon's desire of punishment, and rejoicing in the fact of escaping, unsuspected of any misdemeanor.

When the young couple arrived at Butte their reception was not a welcoming one. There were no friends to greet them, no ready fireside to comfort them, their money was almost consumed by the expenses of the trip. Wells was half demented, and his wife dejected and discouraged. Their traveling was made more laborious by the sullen, sarcastic, irritable disposition of the Man, and the proud, pouting silence of the Woman. Yet she loved him, at least her heart did, even though her actions were unwillingly performed. She realized his helpless condition, and believed her beauty and one time fascinating smile had occasioned this pitiable state of mind.

As Mr. and Mrs. Wells walked through the developed section of Butte, they attracted more than ordinary attention. Wells suddenly became conscious of this fact, and his embarrassment was revealed in nervous fidgeting, and blushes.

"Here we shall stay tonight," he decided.

His wife paused, and found herself before a typical Western hotel. She followed him into a strangely furnished drinking room. The new arrivals had little difficulty in procuring accommodations. They were shown to a simple room, fairly large and inviting. Here Alice found rest for the first time since she left New York. Hence she had no objections to obeying her husband's command to "get to bed" as soon as possible.

A few hours had passed, and Wells was still awake. Noticing the soundness of his wife's rest, he leisurely sauntered out of the chamber and proceeded to the drinking room below. There he found a group of Western "fellows". Some were standing against a well-seasoned bar, others were attentively engaged in card games, and still others were intimately chatting the night away. Wells' strange costume and manners attracted the notice of the "fellows". The visitor bravely approached the bar, and ordered a beverage. The proprietor served the order; Wells consumed the liquor, and wiped the appearance of the drink from his lips, and waited for an opportunity of being invited to "play a game".

The good fellowship of the Western folk soon manifested itself. "From the East?" asked a peculiar looking man with a black mustache and long eyelashes.

"Yes! Yes!" acknowledged Wells. "From New York."

"New York? I used to know a man in New York named Miller; maybe you knowd him," returned the Westerner.

Wells regretted the fact that he was not acquainted with this Mr. Miller. A friendly conversation ensued, and before long Wells had invited every man in the room to the bar, and "treated all hands round to a glass".

"Tell me," requested Wells, as the men smacked their lips, "where can I stay for a few days until I get work. I am rather low in change now and my wife needs plenty of air, in fact that's practically all she's living on. I'd like a little hut or something, of course, to use for a week or so."

"Don't worry about that, friend," assured the Western stranger who had been speaking with Wells. "Down yonder is my cabin. That's yours as long as you want it. It's not much, but the weather's fine. There's not a finer place when the weather's fine."

"I am grateful my friend. As soon as I find work I'll repay you, you may be sure."

"Don't worry about pay," protested the other.

About midnight the party dispersed. Wells had squandered half of his money, but he had secured a home, such as it might be.

"We'll move tomorrow," he muttered, as he wended his way back to his room.

Alice had been in her dismal hut nearly a week. The kindness of the neighbors was beginning to wane, for they noticed that the "Man of the house" was hopelessly addicted to habits of idleness. They understood his wife as a clever woman who had seen better days, but whose "lot had been cast with sinners". Wells spent little time in the house and less with his wife. He passed most of the day sitting under an old tree, at the base of which he had piled up some dirt. Every morning at sunrise he would hasten to this post and, save for a few hours during the day, he kept the same tree attended. Here, as he gazed out on the majestic scenery, he assured himself of unquestionable security. "Those mountain tops will hide me from Harmon," he thought, "and I can watch the valley from here myself."

Mrs. Wells, in the meantime, was prompted by self-pride to secure employment in one of the city concerns. Her husband's continual absence embittered the loneliness of her life, and this divergence from household cares was interesting and lucrative. Wells always found a ready table when he returned home, though it never occurred to him to ask whence the food was coming. He rather considered it "her duty" to supply the necessaries of daily sustenance. Moreover, as time progressed, the opium grip was becoming more vigorous on him. Under the old tree he had concealed the same box which he carried when he left New York. Therein he had placed a small store of opium and wrapt in a handkerchief, the wonderful necklace which won him his lady's hand and heart.

It did not require many days for Mrs. Wells to decide to renovate her crude home. Her husband had never mentioned the conditions under which they were living, and hence she concluded he had rented their abode. There were but two rooms in the building. The living room had two windows that opened to the north and the west respectively; a thick boarded floor; on the walls time-stained plaster, and an unfinished ceiling that exposed rough beams of pine. The door was badly constucted and its lock useless. This fact induced Wells to obtain a long stout rope with which he secured the door every night against roaming cattle or uninvited visitors.

The days were not long passing when one evening, as the sun sank in a gorgeous display of its brilliancy, Mrs. Wells sat musingly gazing around the unadorned chamber. She was considering ways and means of making the old shanty more homelike. Her husband had not spoken to her in days. There was no co-operation to be expected from him, and hence the task of "fixing up" fell on her. While she was seriously engaged in planning, the door was violently pushed open and the trembling form of her husband rushed in. His eyes were starting from their sockets, a white froth was dribbling from his lips, and his hands thrown despairingly in the air.

"Save me! Alice! Save me for God's sake! Save! save my treasure! Alice! They are coming,

save me! girl! save me!" he screamed in high shrill cries of despondency.

Alice sprung to her feet, turned pale and trembled. "From what, who is coming?" she demanded with pretended coolness.

"There! There!" cried Wells as he fell on his knees and tugged at the woman's skirt with one hand, and pointed to a group of men who were approaching the hut. "Save me, Alice, for the love I bore you, save me—go save my box—it's under that tree. See! See! they are there! Alice! Alice! girl! save me!"

Mrs. Wells gently loosed her husband's grip and passed from the room out into the air. She took up the narrow footpath that led to the public road. Indeed a group of men had arrived at the junction of the public highway and the narrow passage that had been traced from frequent transgression.

Alice proceeded at once to greet them and to ask their business. One of the group, hearing a door slam violently, paused and looked in the woman's direction. He recognized Alice, for his name was Walter Harmon of New York. Mrs. Wells did not realize the visitor's identity until she had approached quite closely. When the revelation became known to her she screamed, buried her face in her trembling hands, turned and fled to her hut. Harmon, seeing how his presence had affected her, left the group and followed the woman. Mrs. Wells pushed against the "stubborn door". Her husband had piled all the furniture in his possession against it. At last at the utmost of her strength she entered, but she had barely slipped inside the room when she screamed again, reeled and fell in a dead faint across the door step.

This brought the whole group of men to Harmon's assistance., who arrived by the woman's side a few seconds after she had fallen. Some of the men pushed the door open, and rushed in to seek some means of reviving the unconscious woman but even these stalwart and hearty men stepped back in terror from the sight that confronted them.

There was Wells, suspended in midair. The rope with which he was wont to secure the rickety door was tied in a noose around his neck, and he hung from one of the cross-beams. His eyes were shining with the cold glassy stare of death, his tongue hung abnormally from the left side of his mouth, his hands were caught between the rope and his neck, his head was bent slightly forward to the left, and his body was slowly swinging to and fro. A chair, on which he stood to tie the noose, had been kicked away and lay fallen some distance from the "place of execution".

Two of the men raised the lifeless body of Wells, and others pulled the knots loose. They soon had him stretched on the floor but they were too late. They realized that human effort could not restore what only God could give.

Some of the neighbors were sent for and with their womanly assistance, Alice was brought back to consciousness. Harmon left her in the hands of these kind people, and promised to return that evening to see the woman.

"We must attend to some important business," he said to one elderly lady, whose dignified manner singled her out as an important factor. "I'll be back about sundown. Give Mrs. Wells the best available, and give me the bill. Don't let expense influence you in anything."

The woman spoken to bowed and promised obedience and the men withdrew.

That evening when Harmon returned he found Mrs. Wells resting in a neighbor's home.

"What a changed girl!" exclaimed Walter as he entered the room, wherein Alice was recuperating.

Alice covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly.

Harmon watched her. His own eyes were not normally dry. "Here," he whispered, "don't cry that way, my good woman. What's done can't be undone." Alice sobbed as if her heart were breaking. Harmon waited. Then, putting his hand on her cool brow he gently turned her face towards his. She opened her tear-filled etes. He smiled and whispered, "There, you are all right."

Alice's heart was breaking within her. She visioned the scenes of the past, the false love, and serious blunders that treachery entails. She thought of their happy hours, the devotion of Harmon, and then of how cruelly she had rejected him.

"Mr. Harmon," she ejaculated, "I can't tell you how I can thank—thank you—for your

kindness—I don't—don't de-deserve it."

"I'll decide that," returned Harmon, with a smile. "Don't worry about the past, that's gone and forgotten. The question for you now is get well, and return to New York."

Once Mrs. Wells was convinced that Walter meant her no harm, she became more peaceful. She told Walter of her husband's courtship, of his attitude since their marriage, of his strange fits of insanity, how he would sit all day under the tree, how he insisted on her warding off the imaginary danger; in fact this was the first time since she left her mother's side that she found a heart in whom she could confide.

Harmon listened attentively. He knew not which of the two he pitied the more. He told Alice of his purpose in visiting the West. It was far into the night when Harmon left Mrs. Wells. He assured her of seeing her husband decently interred, and insisted on her remaining in bed until the day of the burial.

"I'll come and bring you to his funeral," he said, as he drew a check book from his pocket, and wrote a few words on one of his blanks. "But in the meantime you may need some things, so take this and when I return you can have all you want," and he handed her a folded check.

"Good night, Mr. Harmon," returned the woman in a low voice as she accepted the paper from his hands.

"Good night, Alice, and may God bless you," whispered Harmon. He bowed and departed.

"May God bless you? Oh if I thought it were possible. His greatest blessing would be to assure me that Walter forgives me, and that He had forgiven my husband," she said softly. Her eyes fell on the check, she unfolded it. "A thousand dollars," she gasped. "Oh Lord of Heaven forgive me my sins, and let me prove to Walter my sorrow for them."

She turned and buried her face in the pillow and cried until she had drowned her sorrows in the depth of sound sleep.

(*To be continued*)

The Triumph of Hope

Oh! where are the joys and the hopes of my childhood,
When happiness prompted no temptings of pride?
And where are the vales and the lanes of the wildwood
That led to the chambers of pleasures they hide?

The sport of the lea, and the glee of the valley
Have perished and faded away in the past;
The craig and the braes whence in youth we would sally,
Now writhe 'neath the pressure of Ruin's dread caste.

The sweet-smiling sister whose kiss was impressing;
The dear, tender mother who lived for us all;
The brother, the father, whose hearts were caressing,
Have now fled the valley and answered death's call.

No more on the hillside I hear her sweet singing,
Whose echo resounds through the flowery dale;
No more shall I see her when sundown is bringing
Her back to the hearts that she loved to regale.

No more shall the mother with truest devotion
Await at the portal, her darlings to greet;
No more shall her heart throb with purest emotion
When distance re-echoes the tread of their feet.

In vain do I seek for a fond father's blessing,
In vain do I list for the sound of his call;
No mansion remains, but a ruin distressing,
For death and destruction have banished them all.

Alas! why did Fate by a vain hope deceive me?
And youth promise pleasures and years of content,
When Time, of my dear ones, too soon could bereave me,
And grant but the mem'ry of days that were spent?

Can Joy wear a visage as bright as the Morning,
When Fate sends it forth as the herald of grief?
Can Love be as bright as the sun that is dawning,
When Envy approaches and stabs like a thief?

Has God in His mercy or wisdom provided
A balm for the heart that is harrowed with care?
Has Justice, has Love, or has Power decided
The cruel and hard things that Mankind must bear?

I turn to the hillside and ask why its Maker
Has raised it to buffet the winds of the North;
I turn to the deep and I ask of each breaker—
What caused it to rush with such anger and froth.

The Mountain that raises his lofty dominion
And proudly observes the Horizon's far span
Resents with his might, the unhallowed opinion—
That God has abandoned the suffering Man.

If Mercy has perished, if Justice has altered,
If Charity thrives not, if Love has grown cold,
If Power has weakened, if Wisdom has faltered,—
Then Truth has deceived us, and God has been sold.

Although in a far distant land there are sleeping
The hearts of my dear ones, so silent and still;
Yet fondly their love in my bosom I'm keeping,
Till Time has accomplished Eternity's Will.

Though ruin has haunted the cot of my sire,
Though anguish has tortured my soul with its pain
Though sorrow has wrought by the sword and the fire
Yet Hope with its joys and its blessings remain.

No sting of despair, with its fang shall oppress me;
No sullen remorse of a heart rent with pride;
No whispers of spite or revenge shall address me,
And urge me to muse on the Fates that have lied.

I seek for redress in the Land of the Living,
Where Charity reigns with Omnipotent sway,
Where Virtue and Glory forever are giving
The tribute of Honor in anthem and lay.

I know that the griefs and the pains and the sorrow
Of man's mortal hour can not be compared
To the glory and peace of "Creation's tomorrow",
When Virtue shall govern—and wrongs be repaired.

Though Pleasure has fled me, though Joy has deceived me—
Though Love was unstable, though Time has deceived,
There's not in creation a mind to dissuade me
From loving the trials and griefs I've received.

May God from His bounty, with graces possess me,
May Charity govern each deed of my life,
May hope ever cheer me, and Heaven profess me—
When death calls me home—from this world and its strife.

JOHN F. O'BRIEN.



THE VILLANOVAN

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. IV FEBRUARY, 1920 No 3

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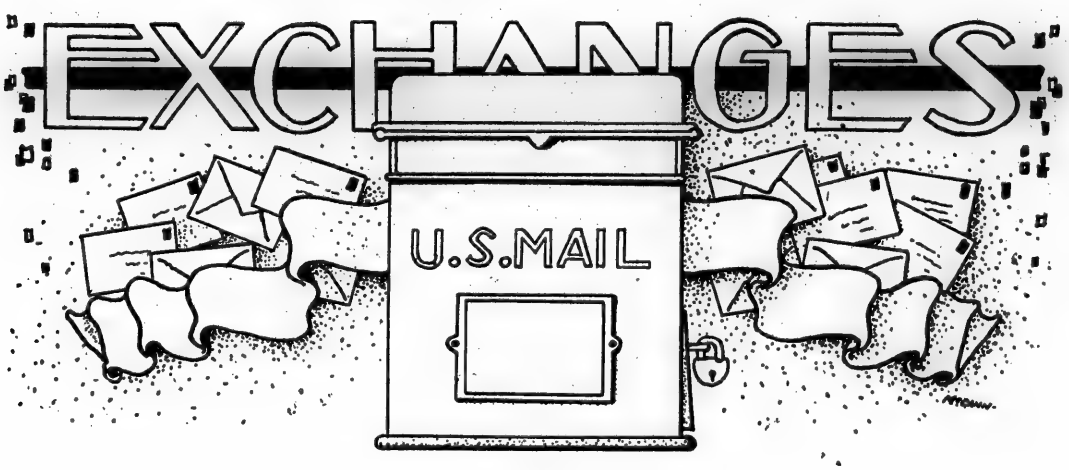
"The Irish Republic"

THE people,—and there seems to be a large number of them, who labor under the impression that an Ireland left to itself would be economically incapable of independent existence, and would quickly lapse into a condition of bankruptcy and misery, a prey to the larger nations and groups of capitalists, and internally racked with labor dissensions and governmental disturbances, are ill informed of the economic conditions and the latent resources of the Emerald Isle. Ireland has a larger population than the United States had fourteen years after the colonists threw off the British yoke, and nearly as large as the combined population of the present Norway and Denmark. Ireland's area is very nearly as great as the combined areas of Belgium, Holland and Switzerland. In the last year for which the complete figures are available (1917), Ireland did a business exceeding that of Serbia, Roumania, Portugal, Greece, Bulgaria, and Sweden combined. Ireland is every bit populous enough, large enough and rich enough to run her own national business. In one year she paid to England over $170,000,000, an amount in excess of that paid out by four out of five other small nations in transacting all governmental business. Ireland's resources will be tremendously increased when she can develop, independently, her coal mines and peat deposits, the marvelous possibilities in many of her industries, notably the leather and linen, and her enormous waterpowers and unrivalled harbors. Irish independence means increased trade with America, and Americans can "reap

some of England's" 95 per cent. of Ireland's $900,000,000 business.

Ireland is a republic today, and the recognition of its independence by America would be paying off but a slight part of that debt that we owe to the millions of Irish blood who have gladly fought for this country. Those who say that we should not meddle in other nations' affairs and that, if Ireland wants independence, she must fight for it unaided, show a lamentable lack of historical knowledge. Had not France recognized the struggling American Republic in 1778 and sent troops and money to assist us against Britain, the cause of the colonists would have been well nigh hopeless. The hearts, not only of the twenty million persons of Irish descent in America, but of every one that glories in the name of American, and the throbbing love of freedom and hatred of slavery and autocracy that the name implies, cannot but be with those valiant Irishmen who are even now building a free state in the proudest spot in the world. Those dear, dead millions of our loved ones who sleep beneath the battle-scarred fields of Saratoga, of Gettysburg, of Flanders and the Argonne, shed their precious blood for that same love of liberty and justice that fires the Irish blood today to new heights of glory and valor.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.



THE December *Fordham Monthly* contains a number of noteworthy poems. "The Song of the Spad" is undoubtedly the best of these; its vigorous style and metrical arrangement are very effective and well suited to the theme. "The Death of Autumn" treats of the bare dreariness of Autumn with a nice discrimination of artistic description, but some few of its lines seem forced to complete the rhythm. "Thomas Augustine Daly" is a well-penned poetic appreciation of Philadelphia's own poet. With practically all our Catholic college magazines devoting considerable space in eulogizing the poems of Joyce Kilmer it is inconceivable that one should rarely see an appreciation of Tom Daly's exquisite lyrics and unrivalled dialect verses. The verses "Philosophic Love" are very clever indeed.

The article, "The Virgin Goddess", in the December *Laurel*, is exceedingly interesting, and would have been even more so had some of the many quotations from Homer been omitted, and had the writer elaborated somewhat more extensively on his subject, Athena, the flawless goddess of antiquity, probably the only morally pure divinity of the Greeks. Classic mythology, with its vast field of interest, seems to be generally neglected in most college journals. The essay, "The Gossip of a Century", is a well-

written survey of George Eliot's life and works. As the writer remarks, her novels display an extraordinary delineation and development of character, and it is this ability to portray character that has raised George Eliot to her high place among the English novelists. Nevertheless, to us, her stories are unutterably dull.

"Our Lady's Lullaby" in the December *Villa Marian* is one of those exquisite little gems that abound in Sister Donatus' charming lyrics. "Mrs. Kilmer's Poetry" is a well-written appreciation of Aline Kilmer's poems, and "Apple Blossom Time" is pleasant reading. The essay "Old Maid Aunts", is easily the best prose contribution to the issue. The writer has the right idea of how to pen an essay of that type. Although many of its arguments against free verse are faulty and unconvincing, the essay "Free Verse" evidences, at least, strong principles behind it. I imagine the writer is rather a determined person. But very many critics would resent calling Whitman's poetry "gibberish". And why include the Canadian Bob Service among our country's poets, when Richard Le Gallienne, Edwin Markham, Tom Daly, Richard Burton and scores of other true poets could be mentioned?

"The Tyranny of Fashion" in the *St. Vincent College Journal* for January is a really worthwhile essay, entertainingly written. The subject treated is very apropos, and is handled extremely well. The article, "Peripatetic Vitalism", is worthy of great commendation.

In the December *De Paul Minerval* there appears an essay entitled "Thoughts on Coleridge" in which the author questions the greatness of the unfortunate Coleridge, "the slightly damaged archangel" of Lamb, whom Wordsworth called "the most wonderful man he knew", whom Carlyle called "a king of men"; that "man of grief who made the world glad", one of the apostles of Romanticism, whose poetry has placed him, in the minds of all able critics, in one of the highest niches of English poesy. Youthful iconoclasts do nothing more than demonstrate their immature reasoning powers. "We must be original," they cry forsooth. "We must not salaam to the genius of a by-gone generation; we must close our ears to the echoes of the past." And thus, perforce, if critics that have gone before us have placed a man of letters upon a pedestal of greatness, we must try to overturn that pedestal by beating our little, futile fists upon it, even though the only result will be scarred hands. Critical novelties are generally introduced for their novelty's sake.

But let us get back to "Thoughts on Coleridge". The author says that "A false philosophy and opium dreams can scarcely be taken for the wellspring of poetic inspiration". It is not for us to judge the lives of another. Granted that Coleridge did not possess the true faith and the true philosophy. That was not his blame but his misfortune. The light of true faith does not come to very many of us like a heavenborn flash of inspiration. Birth, environment and education have quite a lot to do with it. How many of us would ever possess the true faith if we had been born and bred in a sphere that was opposed to it? It seems a very malicious and un-Christian act to slur Coleridge for his use of drugs. It was pain, a horrible, ever incessant pain, not the wicked craving for an unholy pleasure that drove Coleridge to opium. And he triumphed over his habit when he was friendless, and homeless, and past his prime. We cannot prove that any of his works were produced when he was under the influence of drugs. In criticising an author's works, an unbiased critic will stick to his subject, i. e., the author's works, and leave criticism of the author's life to the Divine Critic alone.

The essayist passes on to an analysis of Coleridge's three poems, "Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and "Kubla Khan," which one critic declared should be bound in pure gold. Of "Kubla Khan" he says, "it is a meaningless fragment," and therefore cannot be a great poem. He calls attention to the distorted and fantastic element in the poem by quoting several lines. But what is abnormal about "huge fragments" or a "sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice"? A fragment means a dislodged piece; it need not be tiny. And is there anything extraordinary in the sun shining on ice? As to the poem being meaningless: it is a fragment, and as such, necessarily incomplete. But cannot something meaningless be beautiful? If it cannot we must discard the multitudes of meaningless figures

that throb in the imagination. The idea of a "land flowing with milk and honey" is more fantastic than any of the examples the author of "Thoughts on Coleridge" gives, but if my memory does not deceive me, that passage is in the Scriptures. A lover of poetry need only read the first five lines of "Kubla Khan" to know that he is in the presence of a master.

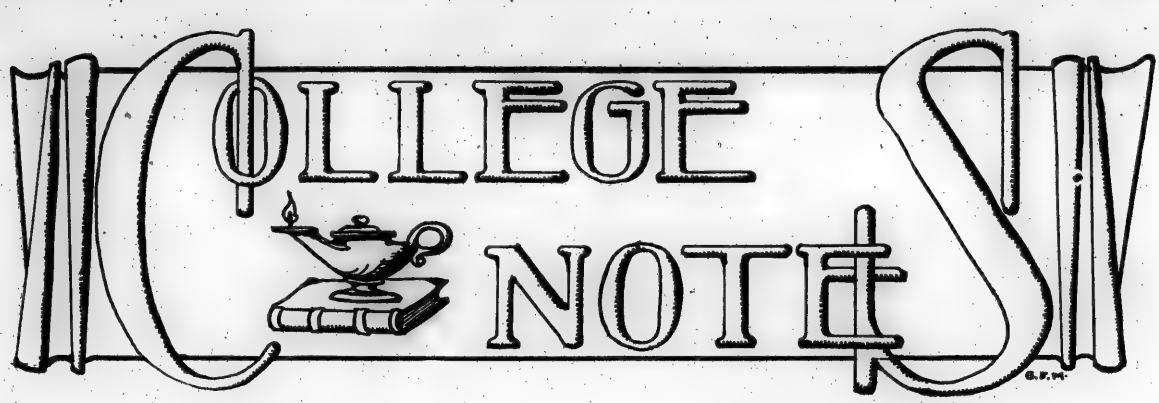
Of "Christabel" the essayist comments that it is "unfinished" and what rational creature could get a sane idea from something unfinished? Permit me to ask the critic that if Phidias, in forming his statue of Minerva, had only completed the head and thus left the statue unfinished, could not that exquisitely sculptured head still be an object of beauty? He further comments that the meaning has been withheld from the poem, and it is therefore imperfect. Are there not a million and one mysteries attendant on our daily lives, whose meanings have been withheld from us? The essayist says that the poem is based upon witchcraft and is therefore false and ugly. Does Coleridge in any way uphold or condone witchcraft? The mere fact of using witchcraft as the basis of a story need not condemn the story, however much we may condemn belief in witches. Would the critic have us discard the "Arabian Nights" and all tales in which sorcery, enchantment and witchcraft play a part? As to saying that the actions of Christabel and Sir Lealine were foolish, the critic goes too far. The actions of every person in every situation are never identical; every one's character is different. If it were not how would we have plots at all?

As to "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner", which more than one critic has called the greatest English poem, the critic asserts that the sights depicted are seen only by diseased imaginations; that there is no proportion between the crime and the punishment in the narrative, and the theme is consequently ridiculous, and that its mingling of pagan superstition and Christian faith is unpardonable. Even if we granted these propositions, which we do not, since they are all dependent on personal opinion, the "Rime" would still remain a wonderful poem. In no other poem can we find such pictures painted, such music played. It is difficult to find any passages anywhere as beautiful as those which narrate the lifting of the strange spell. Only a biased critic guided by strange standards of criticism will fail to find a wonderful depth of beauty and emotion in the imaginative pictures painted in the "Ancient Mariner".

The critic says that he wishes to be fair to Coleridge, and then belies this by criticising only the matter of his poetry, disregarding the form. It is in the form in which he clothes his poems that Coleridge has won the title of an artist in verse. With what effectiveness, what harmoniousness, what lovely blending of colors, what stirring bits of fantastic imagery, does Coleridge employ his tender brush! Real poetry appeals to our love of the beautiful, and depends both upon the ideas it contains and the forms it uses. A poem, according to Coleridge himself, whose Biographia Literaria contains probably the most searching and sound expositions of poetry in English, is "that species of composition, which is opposed to works of science, by proposing for its immediate object pleasure, not truth."

What standards of criticism has the author of "Thoughts on Coleridge" employed? I think it is contained in the line, "it is only the Catholic faith that has ever proved a wellspring of poetic inspiration." This is a very unwise remark. It displays unreasoning bigotry, and does not stand the test of literature, thus causing harm. Do the religious beliefs of Tennyson, Milton, Spencer, Longfellow, Poe and Bryant exclude them from the ranks of the great poets? The Catholic faith is too big and glorious and sublime to be dragged into a discussion of the relative merits and demerits of any poor mortal's literary talents.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.



On January 28th, work was begun on the new gymnasium. The entire east wing of the Academy building is to be remodeled for this purpose. When completed the new gymnasium will have a floor space of fifty by seventy feet and will be available for athletic contests and competitions as well as for reunions and entertainments of various sorts. The present plans contemplate a complete renovation of the entire Academy building. The swimming pool is to be placed in a separate building specially constructed for that purpose which will likewise contain the locker and assembly rooms. Work on the swimming pool will not be begun until the other improvements have been completed. It is hoped that the new gymnasium will be completed by June 1, 1920.

Death's

Rev. John W. Dwyer, O. S. A., Rector of St. Rita's Hall and Professor of Spanish, died of pneumonia at the College January 26, 1920. Father Dwyer was a young priest, in his thirty-second year, who had been assigned to the College last September, having spent the three previous years at St. Augustine's College, Havana, Cuba. Father Dwyer was well liked by the entire student body and his untimely death was a great shock to all. The funeral Mass was sung by the Very Rev. N. J. Vasey, O. S. A., Provincial, assisted by Rev. James J. Griffin, O. S. A., as Deacon, and Rev. James Bolton, O. S. A., as Subdeacon, who were companions of the deceased. Rev. William Cotter, O. S. A., a classmate, delivered an impressive funeral sermon. Interment was made in the Monastery Cemetery at Villanova. Requiescat in pace!

Epsilon Phi Theta Dance

The first formal dance since before the war was held at the College on Wednesday evening, February 11th, under the auspices of the Epsilon Phi Theta Fraternity. The affair was well attended and the well-arranged decorative efforts of the committee found instant favor with the gathering, the soft blending of the lights adding to the general harmony of the scheme.

The Patronesses for the dance were Mrs. M. Eckhart, Mrs. A. McAvoy, Mrs. J. J. Mitchell, Mrs. P. H. Quinn, Mrs. M. P. Quinn, Mrs. J. Stanley Smith, Mrs. M. M. Thornbury, Mrs. M. H. Walrath, Mrs. H. J. Wiegand, and Miss Ellen G. O'Brien.

The Committee in charge consisted of Messrs. Theodore Hammond, Carl J. Fox, Eugene J. Keller, Thomas J. McGrath, John Locke, Mathew Lynch, with David W. O'Brien as chairman.

Phi Kappa Pi Notes

The initiation rites of the Phi Kappa Pi Fraternity were administered to a large number of candidates on Thursday evening, February 19th. As is usually the case with Phi Kappa Pi initiation proceedings, the occasion was one which will linger in the memory of those concerned for many a day.

At the regular February meeting of the Fraternity, the thesis was delivered by John J. Maguire, '20, the subject of the lecture being "Methods of Laying Foundations Under Water."

Freshman Notes

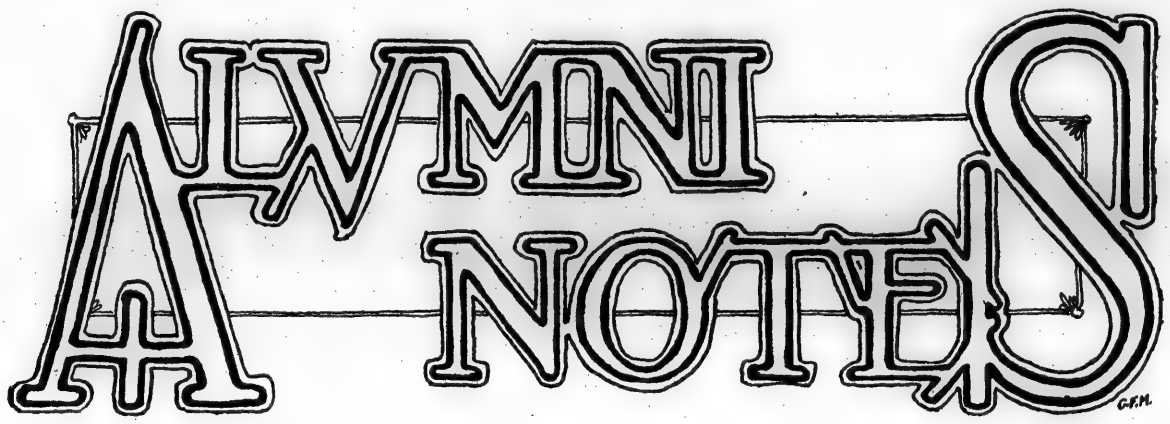
At the first meeting of the Freshman Class to be held during the second term, William F. Quinn was elected to suceed T. J. Prendergast as

Vice-President and Andrew T. J. Christensen was elected Manager of the baseball team. All the other officers were re-elected.

Friday, February 13th, a class smoker was held in the auditorium and an enjoyable evening was had by all. The program, which was in charge of William J. Ford, John G. Ketterer and John Hyson, was voted a complete success. Rev. C. A. Branton, O. S. A., delighted the large crowd present by his dramatic presentations and his vocal selections. Phineas Vize, assosted by Norman Jones as pianist, gave an exhibition of fancy dancing. Solos were sung by C. J. McNally, Edward A. McKenna and John Hyson. A pleasing novelty in magical mysteries was cleverly demonstrated by Hubert Langlois and John McCormick. The success of the smoker has induced the class to plan similar events in the future.

Gift to Laboratory

Through the courtesy of the Auto Car Company of Ardmore, Pa., the mechanical laboratory of the College has received recently a fully equipped auto car motor, admirably adapted for laboratory purposes.



The New Gymnasium

Work having begun on the new gymnasium, it is to be hoped that those members of the Alumni who pledged themselves to send their contributions as soon as work on the new project had started, will not delay in redeeming their pledges. Those who as yet have made no contributions are urged to do so as soon as possible. The Alumni on several occasions have manifested with great enthusiasm their willingness and determination to assist the College in erecting a modern up-to-date gymnasium and swimming pool, which at the same time would be a monument to the zeal and devotion of the Alumni Association. The long cherished plans for a modern spacious gymnasium are about to be accomplished and the hopes of so many Villanova men will soon reach fruition. It remains for the Alumni to prove in a tangible and practical way their protestations of loyalty. The Alumni Fund at the present time does not exceed $15,000. This sum represents but a fraction of the estimated cost of the new improvements. All donations from the friends and alumni of Villanova to the Alumni Fund should be addressed to Rev. James J. Dean, O. S. A., Treasurer, Villanova, Pa.

Jubilee of Father Devir

Sunday, February 1, 1920, Rev. John H. Devir, O. S. A., celebrated at Villanova the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. A large number of brother priests and friends came to Villanova for the occasion to assist the Reverend Jubilarian in celebrating an event so rare in the life of the priest, since but few succeed in reaching the half-century mark in apostolic labors. The Solemn High Mass was sung by the Jubilarian, assisted by Rev. F. J. McShane, O. S. A., Rector of the Augustinian House of Studies, Washington, D. C., as deacon and by Rev. Hugh O'Neill, O. S. A., of Villanova as subdeacon.

An eloquent sermon suitable to the occasion was preached by Rev. D. J. O'Mahoney, O. S. A., Rector of St. Augustine's, Philadelphia. Before the sermon Father O'Mahoney read a cablegram from the Holy Father announcing the bestowal of the Apostolic Benediction upon the Jubilarian.

Father Devir was born in County Donegal, Ireland, in 1841. He came to the United States in 1864, entering Villanova in 1865. The following year he entered the Augustinian Novitiate. After his ordination in 1870, he remained for some time at the College as professor of the classics. Later he was Rector of St. Augustine's, Troy, N. Y.; St. Mary's, Waterford, N. Y., and the Immaculate Conception, Lawrence, Mass. In 1890 he returned to Villanova as professor of classics and history.

To the venerable Jubilarian the VILLANOVAN extends a hearty "ad multos annos".

DEATHS

Word has been received of the death from pneumonia at his home in Portland, Me., February 5, 1920, of Thomas Catterson, who will be remembered as one of the finest baseball players that ever represented Villanova on the diamond. Tom Catterson pitched and played the outfield for Villanova back in 1906 and 1907. After the close of school in 1907 he was persuaded to sign a contract with the Brockton Club of the New England League, from which team he went to the Brooklyn Nationals, where for a time he enjoyed a brilliant career. Subsequently he played with a number of teams in the New England League. Tom was always popular both at college and with the "fans". He was a steady consistent worker and possessed an excellent disposition which gained him hosts of friends. The VILLANOVAN extends to his relatives its sincere condolences.

Dispatches from Washington announce the nomination by Mitchell Palmer, United States Attorney-General, of Charles D. McAvoy, A. B. '98, LL.D. '19, as United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania to succeed Francis Fisher Kane who recently resigned. Mr. McAvoy's nomination had not been unexpected. He had already been endorsed for the position by the Bar Association and the Judges of the District and seemed to be the logical candidate.

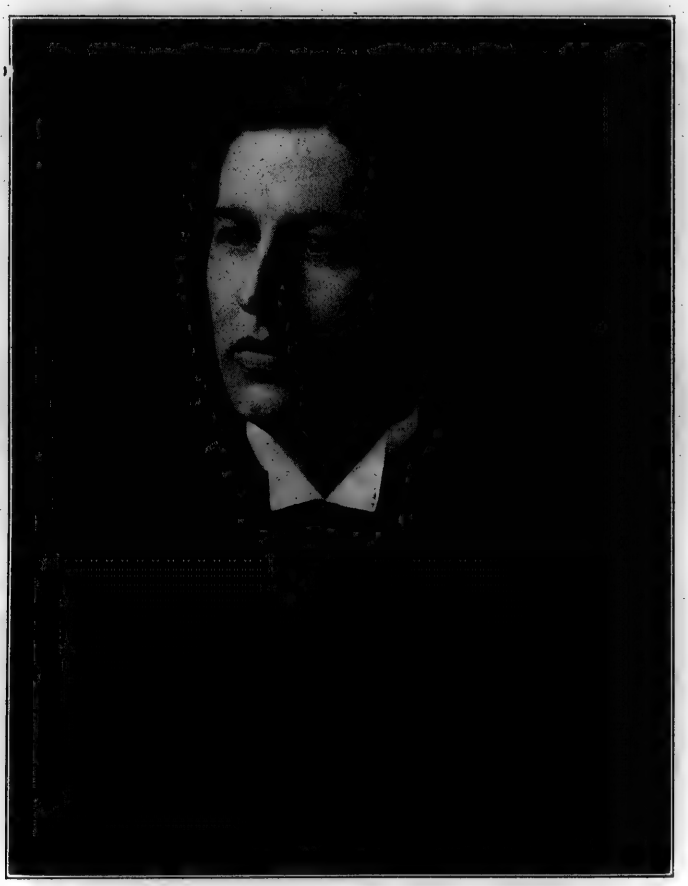
His previous experience as District Attorney for Montgomery County, his large experience in legal work of various kinds, his conspicuous ability as a trial lawyer, his well-known reputation for honesty all combine to inspire confidence in his ability to discharge the difficult duties of the high office with honor to the county and credit to himself. His Villanova friends, who realize perhaps better than most his sterling worth and conscientious regard for principle, rejoice in this new and well-merited honor which has come to one of Villanova's most devoted sons, and feel sure that Mr. McAvoy's administration of the office of United States District Attorney will serve to win from the public at large a recognition of those great talents which they have long known him to possess. The VILLANOVAN extends to this distinguished alumnus of Villanova its warmest congratulations and best wishes.

JOTTINGS

Armando Alvarez, '18, has recently received from the University of Havana, Cuba, the degree of Civil Engineer, having successfully passed the state examination prescribed by law. Mr. Alvarez upheld the Villanovan tradition already established in these examinations having passed with one of the highest averages given.

Patrick J. O'Brien, '15, has recently been appointed Advertising Manager for the Pierce Huston Company, of Philadelphia.

Among the recent visitors to the College were J. Stanley Smith, President of the Alumni Society; Frank Goodwin, James Haughey, Frank Monahan, Harry Touey, Collier Griswold.



Hon. Charles D. McAvoy, A. B.'98, LL.D. '19 of Norristown, Pa., who has been nominated recently United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

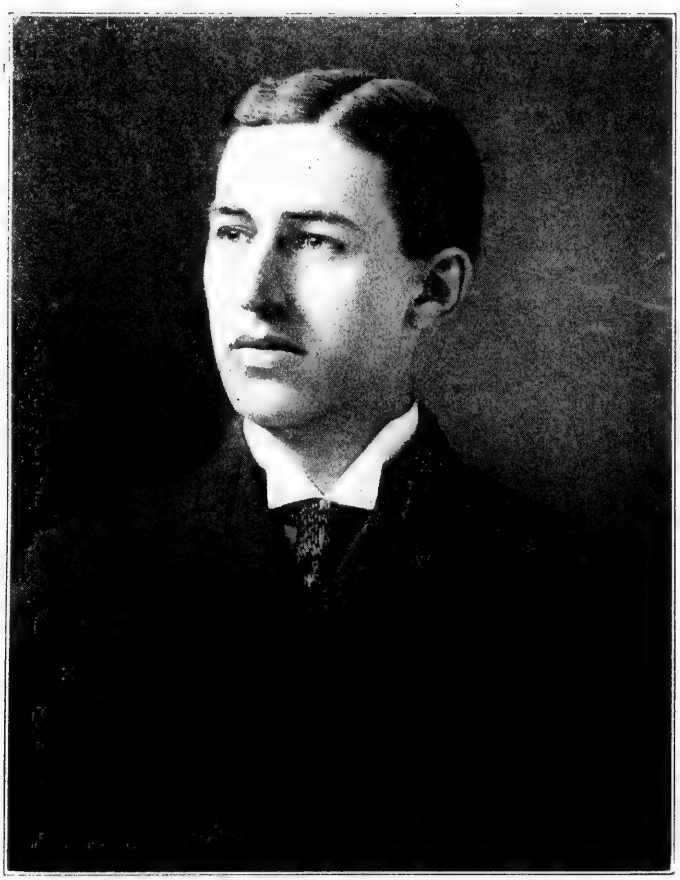


VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM, 1919-1920

TOP ROW—**J. E. Dougherty, J. H. Tyrrell, Manager, C. A. McGeehan, Grad. Manager.**

MIDDLE ROW—**W. P. Cronin, W. J. Keane, E. J. McGrady, E. F. Duffy, H. E. Blancefield, W. M. Yadusky, T. F. Kerns, P. J. Byrne, J. A. Collum.**

BOTTOM ROW—**C. R. McClernan, T. J. Kenney, J. A. McCarthy, E. P. Casey, H. V. McGeehan, Captain, T. K. Brennan, J. A. Connelly, E. M. Hertzler, C. E. Beltz.**



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At the football banquet held recently Elmer Hertzler, who was the star end on the Blue and White eleven this season, was elected captain of the football team for 1920. During the past season Hertzler distinguished himself in many instances on the gridiron, and proved to all his teammates that he was capable of holding the position of honor, and that he would make a worthy successor to McGeehan who led the team through the most successful season just ended. In offering our congratulations to the new captain, we also wish him every success and feel confident that our expectations of him will be realized.

The following men were awarded the football "V": Blanchfield, Hertzler, Duffy, Cullom, Kearns, Yadusky, Captain McGeehan, Byrne, McCarthy, McGrady, Casey, McClernan, Dougherty, Cronin and Manager Tyrrell.

BASKETBALL

All sporting activities are now centered on the basketball court, and great interest has been displayed by the representatives of the various teams. Since the Prep team has been entered in the Catholic League the gymnasium is the scene of many well-fought and exciting contests. The results of the League games played to date are as follows:

Villanova Prep, 13; La Salle, 11

In the first game of the league, the Preps traveled into Philadelphia and defeated the La Salle five, 13-11. The contest proved to be one of the most interesting witnessed on the armory court in some time. Hennenberger, with his clever floor work and his accuracy in shooting from the center of the court, kept the spectators on edge throughout the evening and proved a big asset in the Prep's victory. Brennan, for La Salle, made himself conspicuous by his consistent foul shooting and before the game had ended he had caged nine foul shots in as many attempts. The main reason for the Philadelphia five being credited with only one field goal was the close guarding of Kane; the husky guard was always alert and only rarely was the Red and Black goal in danger. Pickett's work at center also deserves a word of praise; his ability in getting the jump enabled the Prep team to carry out their signals to perfection. The inaccuracy of the shooting of the Preps, with the exception of Hennenberger, proved a big drawback, and kept down the score, as they had many opportunities to score.

Catholic High, 21; Villanova Prep, 16

The victory over the La Salle five put the Preps in a tie for first place with Catholic High, in the league standing, but the Catholic High team settled all dispute as to the rightful occupants of first place by defeating the Preps on the armory court, 21-16. The game was well played by both teams, and furnished many thrills for the spectators. The foul shooting of Hylan for the Preps, and of Gallen for Catholic High were the features. Pickett's all round work both defensive and offensive brought frequent rounds of applause from the onlookers; it was his fast floor work that prevented the opponents from running up a bigger score. Hylan succeeded in caging eight fouls out of nine attempts, while Pickett is credited with three field goals and Emmerton with one.

ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH, 31; PREPS, 21

The Preps made a vain effort to keep from the cellar position in the league standing, when they were defeated by the fast St. Joe's five, 31-21. The loss of Pickett necessitated a complete change in the Prep's line-up, which proved very costly to the Prep's chances. Hennenberger was shifted to center and Kelly took his place at forward. Hylan at forward was easily the star of the game; his frequent bursts of speed and his accurate eye in foul shooting netted a total of sixteen points. For St. Joe's, Breslin and Oakes were the chief scorers, the latter having six field goals to his credit.

Pickett's absence was caused by an injury sustained in the game against Catholic High. Though the sturdy center is still confined to bed it is expected that he will be able to return to the court before the Preps fall any lower in the race for the Catholic championship.

HOBOKEN HIGH, 34; VILLANOVA FRESHMEN, 32

The Villanova Freshmen five opened their basketball season at Hoboken, N. J., when they met the speedy five representing Hoboken High. The contest was fast and well played throughout and not until the final whistle was blown was it assured who would emerge victors. In the first half the home team set a fast pace, but were soon overcome by the freshmen who ended the first period with a lead of two baskets; in the second period Tabourski, playing forward for the home team pulled off some fast playing and dropped in three clever long shots which put the Hoboken five on even terms with the freshmen; for the last five minutes of play both teams played neck and neck until Tabourski again pulled off a difficult shot from the center of the court and the final whistle blew with the home team leading by two points. The foul shooting of Loughlin was spectacular, the keen-eyed guard accounting for 16 out of 19 attempts.

PENN FRESH, 40; VILLANOVA FRESH, 25

The effects of the Hoboken game were felt more keenly on the following night when the Freshman team stacked up against the Penn Fresh five and were decisively beaten, 40 to 25. The first half proved to be a very closely contested period and ended with the home team leading by one basket, but the second period found the Preps in a winded condition and when the Penn five started their speedy attack the visitors soon were left far behind. For the Penn Fresh team, Possen and Greenwalt were the heavy scorers, the former having eight field goals to his credit while Greenwalt had six. Loughlin for the Freshmen shot thirteen fouls in sixteen tries, while Jones and Gray each had three field goals. Had the visitors been in better condition they would have undoubtedly made a better showing, while as it was, the Hoboken game of the preceding night proved too strenuous a task for the Freshmen.

STEELTON HIGH, 31; VILLANOVA FRESHMEN, 21

In a well-played game the Steelton High basketball team defeated the Villanova Freshmen on the Felton Hall floor at Steelton by a score of 31 to 21.

The contest proved to be Steelton's from the very start and the home team closed the first half with a safe lead of nine points, the score being 20 to 11. Jones and Gray for the Freshmen showed great speed in floor work but were unable to break down the defense of the Steelton guards. Krout and Buccieri were the best scorers for Steelton, scoring twenty-three points between them. A large crowd witnessed the game.

PREPS, 23; WEST PHILLY CATHOLIC HIGH, 22

By defeating the West Philly Catholic High five on Saturday the 7th, the Preps moved up a notch in the race for the honors in the Catholic basketball league and are now third in the standing of the teams, and confident that with the return of Pickett to the line-up they will soon be battling for first position. The game on Saturday night proved to be very interesting and thrilling throughout, and the outcome was uncertain up to the last twelve seconds. Both teams were in fighting trim and put up a fine brand of basketball. The all-around work of Kane, the Prep's husky guard, was the feature of the evening, and before the whistle put an end to the contest this lad had five field goals to his credit. Hylan also deserves a word of praise for his accuracy in foul shooting; it was his

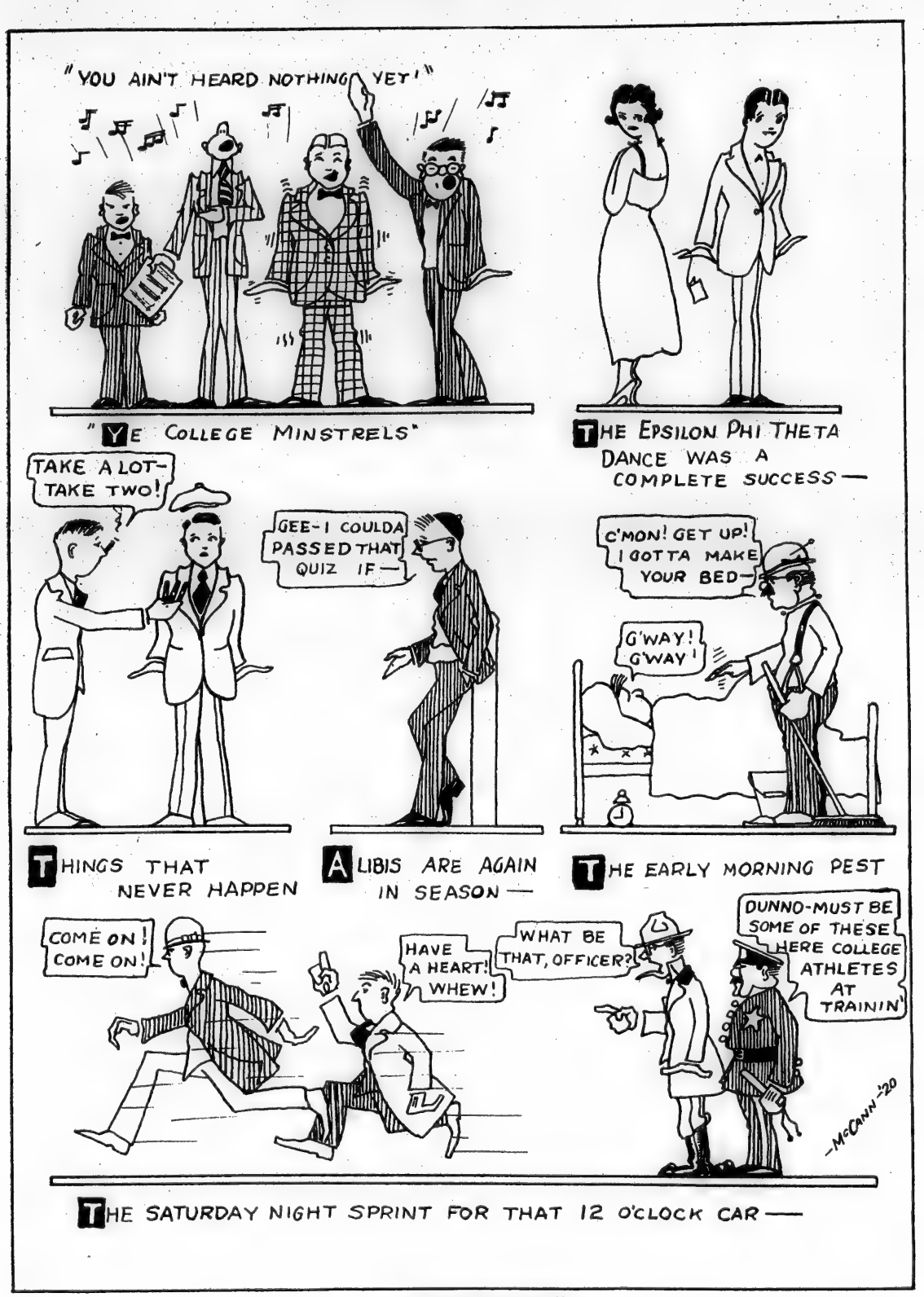
timely goal that decided the game and secured for the Preps possession of third place in the battle for supremacy in the Catholic League. For West Philly, Gallen played a consistently fast game; his floor work was excellent and his keen eye accounted for eight of his team's points.

Baseball Schedule

The following is the probable baseball schedule up to date, as arranged by Manager John J. Maguire:

Apr. 7—Fordham at Villanova.
Apr. 10—Ursinus at Ursinus.
Apr. 14—Princeton at Princeton.
Apr. 17—Haverford at Villanova.
Apr. 21—Catholic University at Washington.
Apr. 22—Georgetown at Washington.
Apr. 23—Mt. St. Mary's at Emmittsburg.
Apr. 24—Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
Apr. 28—Ursinus at Villanova.
May 1—Catholic University at Villanova.
May 8—West Point at West Point (pending).
May 14—Fordham at Fordham.
May 15—Seton Hall at South Orange.
May 12—Pennsylvania Military College at Chester (pending).
May 19—Lehigh at Bethlehem (pending).
May 21—Gettysburg at Villanova.
May 26—Navy at Annapolis.
May 29—St. Joseph's at Villanova.





"McCANNOGRAMS"

The Woes of Soph'more Greek

Awake, O Muse, thy mystic lyre!
Sweet Maid, inspire thou me!
My spirit burns with fire and ire
To sing my woes to thee.
Long have I lain supine and cold,
But nature roused is brave and bold;
My bitter thoughts must needs be told,
That vengeance mine might be.

The scholar's life's a gladsome song—
So sang the bards of old;
But harsher notes sweet songs among
Discordant tones unfold.
Once life flowed on in peace serene;
Then, like a foul incarnate fiend,
Euripides burst on the scene—
Oh, misery untold!

The fair Queen's charms are used in vain,
Thus runs the doleful lay;
And, lest the dirge should seem too tame,
The halter saves the day.
What care we aught if Phaedra died?
If Theseus thought his good son lied?
The Muses's woes my nerves have tried—
The lark no more is gay!

Why must a peaceful, loving soul—
As mine once used to be—
Like surging waters, tumbling roll
Whene'er that book I see?
The world now seems so dark and drear,
A prayer I raise with sob and tear:
From Soph'more Greek another year,
Ye Fates, deliver me!

GERARD DU COEUR.



"To Peggy"

My loving, grieving heart is ever thine,
Love like mine will never, never die;
I love thee still, and as I dream and pine
For other days, my joyless life drags by
Like some black cloud that crawls arcoss the sky.
But in the night, when all is dark and still,
I somehow seem to feel that thou art nigh,
And mine enraptured heart is all a-thrill·
My Peg! I love thee now, and always, always will.

Harold J. Wiegand.

He was explaining the beauties of college life to the sweet young thing:

"And if we are late for class we give the Professor a slip with the reason on it."

She—"Suppose the Professor is late?"

He—"We wait ten minutes and then give him 'the slip' anyway."

Prof.—"Why do they call a sea mile a knot?"

Stude—"Because if they didn't have knots they couldn't have the ocean tied."

The Seven Ages

Jollification.
Procrastination.
Preparation.
Examination.
Expectation.
Communication.
Continuous Vacation.

Soph—"I was absent from class yesterday because I sprained my ankle."

Prof.—"That seems to be a pretty lame excuse."

A gay young Parisian, De Laine,
Long courted an heiress in vain,
When he said, "Now or niver!"
She answered, "Au rivver!"
So he promptly, of course, went in Seine.

Prof. (in Concrete Design)—"Would the dead weight on the second floor be the same as on the first floor?"

McCann—"Oh, no! that would be another story."

Friends call me a musician. Yet I fear
That, should I take upon myself to break
The peaceful silence—from the organ wake
Sweet harmonies, I should by none so dear
Be held that they'd endure to long be near
Me; but to solitude would men betake
Themselves, to grieve that they at times must make
Brave efforts to endure what kills all cheer.

And so 'tis seldom I consult the Muse;
But in a humbler region am content
My place among the "motley crowd" to choose,
Lest, to my inspiration giving vent,
I cause myself most trusty friends to lose,
And in my solitary gloom repent.

Fred A. Manning



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"Invisible?"

"Yes"

"Let me see one please."

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* * * *

Soph.—Was Ascension Thursday free last year?

Junior.—No it fell on Sunday.

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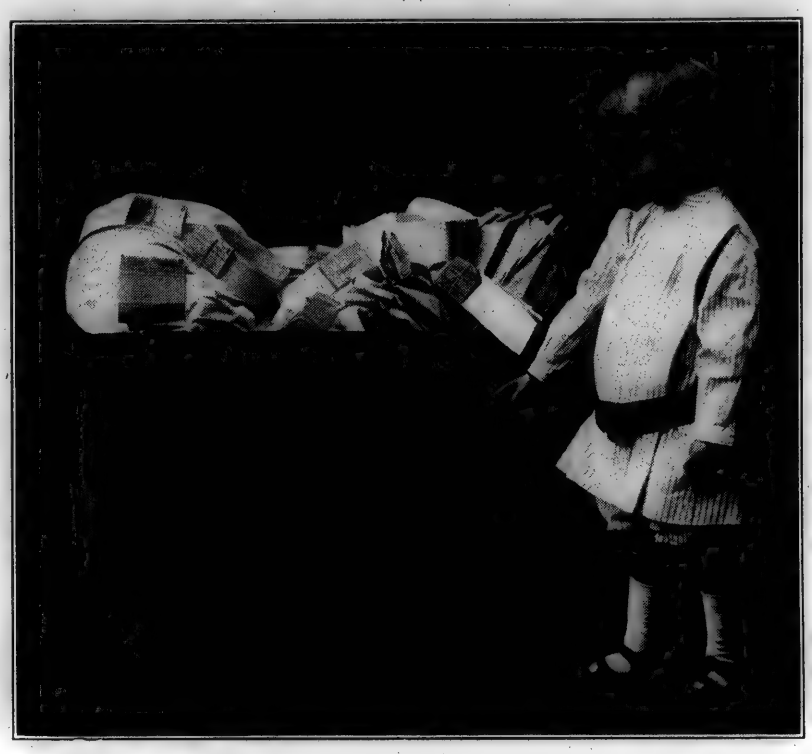
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The Villanovan

VOL. IV. APRIL 1920 NO. 4

To Erin

Proud isle of Erin! Wake thy mournful lyre,
Sweep thy hand across those drooping strings
That know so well the grief that slav'ry brings,
Thrill them with that burning, lyric fire,
That fierce resolve, that passionate desire
That lifts the peasants far above their kings,
That love of freedom and of unchained things
Bequeathed to bleeding son by bleeding sire!

Forget thy funeral dirges ever more,
Take up the joyous paeans of victory,
Sing of war triumphant,—happy war
That, though she make thee bleed, shall make thee free!
Remember all thy martyrs and their pains!
Proud Erin, live! Thou canst not live in chains!

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.

In Full Dress

By J. H. Tyrrell

IN AN alcove of the lobby of a New York hotel, two men sat watching the gay crowd that moved about unconcernedly. It was a sultry, muggy afternoon, and many remained seated around the lobby, reading, smoking, and talking about the latest happenings in the news of the day, doing anything to while the afternoon away.

These two men were detectives, and it was their duty to loiter around hotel lobbies in quest of clues which answered in any way the descriptions which they had in their note-books.

The younger and taller, who was doing most of the talking, was apparently the "boss". He was an Apollo-like man, whose name was in the papers only a few years before as a gridiron star. His light brown hair was brushed pompadour, and his clean-shaven face added to his attractive appearance; but in his eye was that cool determined sparkle, and his easy steady manners were made even more pronounced by his straight and heavy eye-brows.

The other, who was listening intently, was a thick-set man with a large pointed jaw. His two front teeth crossed each other a little, which, added to a few wrinkles, gave him a cross rat-like expression. By his facial expression you could almost read that he was no quitter and that any case he might be on would be fought to the end.

As they were sitting there, a small, light-built man, carrying a suitcase, came hurrying out. His face looked troubled, as though he had done something and was trying to get away unnoticed.

The detectives were on their feet in a minute and, making their way out through the exit, ran through the alley and reached the street just as the man was saying, "Chauffeur, Chauffeur, to the Grand Central! Hurry! Hurry!"

They now thought that something must have happened and that it was their duty to follow this mysterious person. So jumping into a waiting taxi, they ordered the cabby to follow the other. As the taxis sped on, one whistling after the other, bearing their mysterious riders, the detectives decided that the "boss" should track the man. The other was to go back to the hotel and, if anything was wrong, to get some clues that would aid them in the case, if there happened to be one.

As the taxis drew up at the Grand Central, the detective, jumping out, found his man and, keeping somewhat in the rear, followed him to the ticket office.

Seeing the man buy a ticket and hurry off, he ran up and demanded of the clerk, "Where has that man bought a ticket for?"

"Bellows Falls, Vermont," returned the clerk.

"Give me the same, and please hurry."

Receiving the ticket he hastened after his quarry and just was inside the gate as it was about to close.

The mysterious person boarded a Canadian-bound train and took a seat about midway in one of the cars. Swinging aboard, the detective dropped in a rear seat from which he commanded a view of the man.

Nothing of importance happened on the ride except that the man fidgeted about uneasily; and once, if the detective had not been quick enough in dropping behind the seat on the pretense of tying his shoe string he would have been seen, for the man turned around to see who was in the car.

Arriving at Bellows Falls late that night, the detective waited until the man alighted, and, seeing him board a car, did the same and managed to get a few seats behind him.

The man made signs of getting off. The detective therefore slid off under the rail and hid under the shadow of a large tree.

Fearing that if he should follow further, the man would get suspicious and seeing a

boy standing by the gate of a low farmhouse he walked over and asked, "Say, son, do you know that man who just passed down the road?"

"I might have," responded the boy, "but the night is so dark I couldn't get a glimpse of his face."

"Well, do you want to earn a quarter by finding out where he lives?"

"Leave it to me to find out where he lives. I'd do anything for a quarter," returned the boy, gleefully.

So after receiving a few instructions of what he should do, the boy set off down the road to find out what he could.

It was a nervous half-hour that the detective spent waiting for the boy's return, and many times he wanted to go down the road to see if anything had happened.

Finally, the boy came back running and all out of breath.

"Well, son, what did you find out?" asked the detective, rather impatiently.

"He—lives—in—the—first—house—about—half—a—mile down the road," gasped the boy between breaths.

"Is that all?"

"No, I stole up along the side of the bay window and heard him say, 'I am tired; I've just returned from New York and I don't want you to let any stranger in here unless I tell you to.' Then a woman's voice said, 'All right,' and she went to get him something to eat."

When the detective heard this news he told the boy to keep mum, gave him half a dollar as a further assurance that he should do so, and then left on the next car for the city.

Upon reaching the telegraph office, he sent a telegram to the other detective in New York which read as follows:

"Come tomorrow morning; bring five trusties, Bellows Falls, Vt."

Tom.

Tired after the day's work, he found a room in the lone hotel and turned in for the night.

The next morning he rose about seven o'clock and, after eating breakfast, went to the depot, where he learned that the first train from New York was not due until noon. Not wishing to waste the morning he set out on the same route over which he had gone the previous evening.

He had walked along for perhaps about fifteen minutes when some one crossing over from the opposite side of the street cried out in surprise, "Why hello, Tom Hawley!"

Turning around quickly, for he did not expect to find anyone in this part of the country whom he knew, he beheld a woman about his own height, wearing a white shawl and carrying a market basket.

"Well, if it isn't Nell Cushing!" exclaimed the detective.

For the benefit of the reader, we shall give a short account of the relations between Tom and Nell.

Nell had been the belle of the little town where they had lived as children, and naturally had had many admirers. But among the many Tom had been the favorite. As the years passed by, Dan Rogers, a son of wealth, had begun to press his attentions, and Nell, like every other wily girl, had listened to his flattering remarks. Tom had not liked the idea of being "cut out", and he and Nell had quarreled. Shortly afterwards Tom's parents had moved away, and that was the last they had seen of each other until the present meeting. It is no wonder that the old friendly light should jump into his eyes when he recognized Nell.

"Yes, Tom, that's who I am; but I have changed my name since you saw me last."

"Well, that's news; but aren't you living pretty far from the old home?"

"Yes, I am, Tom; but it's—it's a sad story."

"May I hear it Nell, if it's not too sad?" asked Tom, sympathetically.

"You see it is this way," Nell began, trying to keep down the choking which was in her throat and to stifle a sob. "I married Dan Rogers just before his father died, and then Dan took over the wholesale concern. But Dan did not have the business ability of his father and took in partnership an artful swindler. Soon the business went bankrupt and the swindler escaped with $60,000 worth of securities. This blow was the downfall of Dan's health; and the doctor ordered him to the

country, where the work on the farm would take his mind from thinking of the loss. He bought an apple-farm, the finest in this part of the state; but the work was not enough for Dan's mind and he grew worse until he finally died. Now I am alone on the farm with his cousin."

Tom was visibly moved by the tone and sincerity of Nell's voice.

"That is too bad, Nell, but I hope you are getting along all right now."

"Yes, I am, but say Tom, won't you come out and spend a few weeks picking apples with us if you can spare the time?"

Thinking that this was a good chance to avoid the suspicion that he was a detective, Tom quickly accepted the invitation, replying, "Why, yes, I'll go out and pick apples with you. It will be just fun."

So away they went down the road the boy had traveled over and into the first farmhouse on the left.

He did not know how to take this surprise and conducted himself as well as possible. Also he knew that the man he tracked from New York was the cousin; but what had the cousin done now filled his mind.

Pretty soon the very man himself came out, stopped short at the sight of Tom, and his cheeks turned pale, and even his eyes showed guilt.

Nell noticed him and tried to pass it over by introducing them.

"Oh, Ed, I want you to meet Tom Hawley, an old friend of Dan's and mine; he is going to spend two weeks picking apples; won't it be fine? We were just figuring on getting an extra man for a week, too."

Tom shook hands with him and tried not to let him know that he was aware of what was bothering him. The cousin regarded Tom coldly and mumbled a few incoherent words. Tom did not wish the man to be at enmity toward him so soon, so he handed him the morning newspaper to read as a sort of a peace-offering.

Nell then showed Tom around the farm, not knowing that he was doing some very minute observing. They came back to the house in about half an hour. Seeing the same paper, Tom put it in his pocket and took his leave with the excuse that he had to make a few purchases before coming to spend the two weeks.

He found his way back to the city and reached the station just as the New York train was pulling in. Seeing his men jump off he called out to the other detective, "Hello, Joe," for his name was Joe Fuller.

Joe's attention attracted, he made for Tom, and all seven proceeded to the hotel. Arriving at Tom's room, they found seats around the table to hear the story. After Tom had related the story which is known to us, Joe told his.

"Well," commenced Joe, "when I returned to the hotel everything was in a state of confusion, and I learned that some one had been murdered. Making my way upstairs, I found the small room crowded with people. I cleared the room of all except the clerk. I looked and there in front of me lay a man with his hands and feet bound and a gag over his mouth. Untying him I saw that he was dead and began a further inspection of the room. I picked up a bottle containing strong liquor and gave it to the clerk to have it analyzed. Then I found some scraps of paper from which I got a few finger prints and I ordered the clerk to call a medical examiner. By the time the doctor had arrived, the bottle had been returned. On it was printed 'deadly poison'. The doctor pronounced the man dead and going through his pockets for identifications found a name card with 'Philip Brock' on it. After leaving the hotel I reported to headquarters and about midnight received your telegram. I picked up the five men and early this morning boarded the first train for Bellows Falls. So here we are ready to do a good job."

"Yes, I guess so, Joe, but you see there is a woman in the case. So we have to work around that opposition. If we can snare this man out of his den, then we shall be all right."

"We can do that, Tom, all right, I guess; only have you thought of how we might do it?"

"I have not given it very much consideration, but I think we can try the Chief's old methods again. They haven't failed us yet."

"That's right, Tom, and I guess we have

worked long enough with each other to know when one is going to pull off those grand old tricks the Chief taught us."

"I guess that is all I can do now, Joe; only get the men working as soon as possible, and if nothing happens in a few days we will try some other form of strategy. Well, so-long, Joe! I'll see you here at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning."

He returned to the farmhouse about the middle of the afternoon and helped them pick and prepare the apples for the market.

At the supper table Tom and Nell had a heart to heart talk about the days they spent together in the old home town; but Ed seemed always in deep thought and said nothing.

The supper over and the dishes cleared away, Tom suggested that they go out on the front porch and enjoy the cool air. Underlying this suggestion was the object of watching Ed's movements, as he was smoking in the hammock on the front lawn. Another heart to heart talk ensued and gradually the old feeling of friendship which had begun away back in their childhood days gradually took form again.

At nine o'clock Ed went to bed. About twenty minutes later Tom went, for it was nearing the time when the other detectives were accustomed to do their principal work of the night.

Just as the clock struck ten, the crying of a dog could be heard off in the lots; and little did Ed know that that was part of the scheme to get him away from the house. This kept up for about an hour, and it must have had some effect on Ed, for he took turns getting up, jumping back in bed, and rolling, until from near exhaustion he dropped off to sleep. Then the barking ceased as suddenly as it had begun, for the dog which they used was tearing the meat unmercifully between its jaws, for the first meal in two weeks.

Somehow or other that night Tom could not go to sleep; he did not know why. He fidgeted around, went from one end of his bed to the other, turned his pillow over, counted from one to a hundred about ten times, and did everything to fall asleep. About midnight he woke up and, like a bolt out of a clear sky, a new situation confronted him. It concerned Nell. He thought of the situation when Ed would be arrested and his testimony would convict him. He thought of what Nell would do after Ed was sentenced and who would care for her and, above all, that he her lifelong friend was doing it. In his heart there was the desire to drop the case and, pulling the other way there was an equal desire to finish the case. He finally fell asleep with the thought of talking it over with Joe in the morning.

The next morning Tom, awaking about seven o'clock and hearing voices in the kitchen below, crept softly out of bed and put his ear to the register.

Someone with a drawling voice, which he recognized as Ed's, was saying, "Nell, didn't I tell you not to leave anyone in this house unless I told you to?"

"Why, Ed, I didn't think you meant that. I thought because you were tired you did not want to be disturbed. Besides, Tom is no stranger; he is an old family friend."

"Yes, but it's pretty d—d funny that he turned up here just when I returned from New York. Nell, I want you to get him out of here; do you understand?" thundered Ed, enraged, bringing his fist down on the table.

"Ed, what is getting into you? You know I can not put Tom out after inviting him here; and tell me, Ed, what have you done in New York that he should want to follow you?" asked Nell, who now had reason to be scared.

"Never mind what I have done in New York. You just get him away from here," and then he was gone, slamming the door after him.

An hour later Tom came down to breakfast, expecting to be asked to get out. But Nell, too, had thought of the days long past they had spent together, so she could not bear the thought of asking him to cut short his stay. He asked her a few questions, but finding her nervous and unwilling to talk and, not wishing to be asked questions about himself, he ate his breakfast hurriedly and left for town.

Arriving there he found Joe in his room. Joe, noticing that Tom was inclined to be a little indisposed, asked, "What is the matter, Tom? Anything gone wrong?"

"Everything, Joe, everything! This is a

bigger case than I took it to be. I am thinking of dropping this case, that's all," replied Tom, half-heartedly.

"Sit down, Tom, explain yourself. This seems to be a pretty tale for a detective of your caliber to be springing," retorted Joe, pushing a chair toward Tom.

"Yes, Joe, it does, but that woman,—Lord, Joe, we simply can not go on with that woman in the way.

"It is this way, Joe. Back in the old town we were pretty affectionate toward each other; then a rich man's son forced himself in. Instead of sticking like a man, I quarreled with her and then we busted up. When we met again, Joe, the very sight of her made me feel as though I were back in that little town; and I'll bet my last nickel she felt the same, too. Joe, that look this morning was enough to make any man compassionate. Don't you see that this man is her only support, and we cannot deprive her of that?"

"Listen to me, Tom; if you were not good enough for her then, you certainly are not now. As for that silly idea that you feel like when you used to go down the road jumping rope together—why it's all rot. It is a lot of soft stuff like these kid-gloved artists go around handing to every new girl they meet, 'Oh, dearie, those immaculate hands of yours drive me crazy when I touch them!' Come on, Tom, snap out of it; come back to life. Look here, we have a good case on our hands if we stick to it. What will our pals say when they read in the big headlines of the newspapers, 'Mysterious murder solved by Detective Tom Hawley.' Why, it will be the beginning of our career; and you just bet we will get something else to do besides hanging around hotel lobbies. Stick it out, old man, everything will come out all right in the end."

Joe's words had made a deep impression on Tom, for he sat silently thinking for two minutes —thinking if his was really true love, thinking of the fame the case would bring. He even pictured in his mind the large headlines; then at a moment when the desire for finishing the case was the greatest, he stood up and answered slowly: "Yes, Joe, I will see it finished." Then continuing with a far-reaching look in his eyes, "If this man is sentenced, then,—then I'll remain out here and work on the farm as no slave ever worked for his master, even though she may ignore me entirely."

"That's the talk," exclaimed Joe, joyous over the prospects of getting in on a really big case. "I knew you would come around. Don't fear; everything will come around all right. Now let us get back to the case itself.

"Here are some finger-prints which I took from a newspaper, he had in his hand, and they are the exact likeness of those taken from the scraps of paper. That shows us that we are absolutely sure that he committed the murder. Now, tell me how things came along last night. All right, did they?"

"Nothing of importance happened, Joe," replied Tom, somewhat aroused from his moodiness, "only that he acted pretty nervous, and the crying of the dog almost drove him crazy. Another thing, too, Joe,—we have to work quickly, for I may be asked to get out any time. I would also suggest that you work the dog again tonight and, always keep the trusties on the job."

"Oh, yes, Joe," recalled Tom, thinking of the morning, "I just happened to think of something we might do."

"Out with it, Tom; my ears are fairly burning for something to make this case dead sure."

"I think that this fellow will try to get some knowledge of who I am, so tell me what you think of this idea. The only way he can get anything on us is by overhearing what we say. He cannot do it here. So suppose we get the use of the rear room of the corner billiard parlor. He can overhear us easily enough there; for anything we deem too soft to be heard we can speak louder. If he hears that we are after him, he will try to escape. He will be really falling into our hands, and he cannot get very far, for the trusties will be always on him."

"That is a fine idea, Tom. We will let him hear what we have to say; and when he thinks he has our dope, he'll try to escape. That will be his only safe course, and then we can get him. We can get him easier now if this works out."

Tom gave a few more warning remarks and then left.

That afternoon he helped them pick apples,

but Ed picked from a distant tree unaware that searching eyes and powerful glasses from the surrounding hills watched him. When evening came Ed was even more nervous, always in a state of melancholia and regarding Tom with distrust.

Exactly at the same hour as the previous night, the dog began to cry. Immediately the man began to perform, and even opened the window to see if he could see the dog or where the noise came from. To add to his discomfiture Tom, who slept in the next room, purposely dropped his shoe; and the man gave one jump into bed as quickly as possible, as though he were trying to hide from ghosts.

The next morning Tom rose early and after eating breakfast continued helping Nell to pick apples. Their friendly talks continued. But Tom, almost hypnotized by Joe's words, regarded her with caution; while she looked upon Tom as though she would like to ask a few questions, but could not bring herself up to do it.

Ed was not inclined to work that morning, so he followed Tom to the city. While on his way Ed met Jimmie Russell, known to the town as the slyest and sneakiest man about. Ed prevailed upon him to follow Tom, and if he heard or saw anything that he, Jimmie, should meet him in the park. Jimmie needed no instructions, for he had his own rules and maxims about that trade. He followed, and seeing Tom enter the billiard parlor, hurried to the other side, and, stooping so that he could see under the small doors, noticed that Tom entered the back room. Jimmie promptly entered and seeing the proprietor's back turned, hurried across the floor and hid between the double set of heavy curtains. From here he could hear everything that was spoken fairly loud.

While Tom was telling Joe of the night's work, he stopped short and winked. He had heard two billiard balls in quick succession fall on the floor. That was the tip by the trusty that the enemy was near. When he spoke of Nell he almost whispered, but when of Ed, he spoke loud. And it could be easily seen that he was becoming colder in his determination to finish the case, for he was drunk with all sorts of high thoughts. He warned Joe to have the trusties keep a closer watch for he expected an attempted escape almost any time now. After a few more low undertone remarks, the detectives departed.

A few minutes later Jimmie was in the park seeking Ed. Making sure that no trusties were within hearing distance, he told Ed that if he wanted to save his neck he ought to make his get-away quickly in some disguise. Ed took the tip, and pressing a bill into Jimmie's hands hurried home.

Tom arrived home half an hour after Ed, and was about to go to his room when he heard loud voices in the kitchen.

"Good Lord, Nell, I told you that this man followed me from New York. He is a detective and is in a plot to drive me out of here so they can arrest me. Why, when I went to town, four or five men followed me back and forth. I have to get away from here today. Now, how am I going to do it?"

"Ed, what have you done that he wants to arrest you? If you would only tell me, maybe I can help you. Even if you have, Tom is not the man to spy on you, and if anything does go wrong, I think I can prevail upon him to help you, for he knows you are my only help."

When Tom overheard this remark, his head dropped in shame.

"It is as clear as day, Nell. Why, Jimmie Russell followed him and heard what he had to say, and then told me later in the park."

"Ed, how can you believe Jimmie; everyone knows that he has never told the truth in his life. So now don't get worked up about it and do anything rash."

"I am sorry, Nell, you cannot believe me, but I cannot afford to take any chances. I have to do something. Get me that full-dress suit that I have not worn since your wedding, and I will disguise myself as Dr. Harper. He passes here every afternoon at four o'clock. I will leave here about a quarter to four; no one will know the difference, and I shall make my escape to Canada. Then,—then, Nell, when everything has blown over, I'll come back. Hurry, Nell, please."

Tom, hearing this startling news, decided upon immediate action, and so left for the city.

Twenty minutes later he burst into Joe's room all out of breath. "Joe, our chance has come; we can catch him red-handed in his attempt to escape, disguised as a doctor, wearing a full dress suit and silk hat. So that you won't make a mistake, get the first one dressed that way who comes along. If we get him, we shall have something to back up our case in court. So we must not let this chance slip. Go down to police headquarters and get those men, and then go out to the cross-roads in an auto. Get there about half-past three and conceal yourselves in the bushes, so that you can see when he comes along. I think it is safe enough to recall the trusties."

"All right, Tom! I hope we succeed, but won't you stay and see the fun?"

"No, Joe, she has not convicted me yet; so it would be better if I remained away."

"It is three o'clock now, Tom, so come on and ride out there with us anyway."

At the station they made known their business to the officer at the desk, who was so surprised to hear the news that he gave them the use of his three best men. All five bundled into the auto, and the policemen hid their helmets so as not to attract too much attention.

When they arrived at the cross-roads, Tom showed them where to hide the auto as well as to conceal themselves, then hurried off down the road.

Even as he started down the road, his moral courage began to weaken, for he saw coming down the road, apparently Ed, wearing full dress, silk hat and carrying a cane. It would be impossible to describe Tom's internal emotions, and it was only through the greatest effort that they did not affect him externally. He was weak in the knees and sweating like a water pipe. He was even tempted to go back and break up the ambush, for he regretted having to face the terrible ordeal which he knew was his.

Little did Tom know that, just as he started down the road, the real person in disguise appeared over the top of the hill. He saw Tom and feared that he would be recognized, so he hid himself in the bushes on the side of the road. While hiding there, the true Dr. Harper passed, and it was he who passed Tom.

Tom went directly to his room and stretched himself out on the bed. His brain was in a turmoil. For Joe's sake, he wanted to see success; for Nell's, he hoped that Ed would escape, but of himself he thought nothing, only cursing himself that he ever followed up the case. He ate nothing for supper and found Nell out on the veranda knitting. Surely, he thought, if there was any time to talk to her about Ed, it was now.

"Say, Nell, tell me why Ed is so nervous and disturbed ever since I came here, will you please? He wasn't like that always, was he?"

"I don't know what is the matter with him," replied Nell, in a half-hearted tone; "he worries me terribly. The other day he was reading a New York paper, and he must have found something, for he left immediately for New York. He returned the next night, tired and in an ugly mood. Yesterday he complained that he feared you were a detective and wanted to arrest him. He would not tell me what was the matter with him, though. I can't understand him."

"Did you find anything in the paper that would take him to New York?" questioned Tom.

"No, only that a Philip Brock had returned from Europe."

"Philip Brock, eh! Nell, wasn't that the fellow who skipped with the securities?"

"Why, I believe it is Tom," responded Nell, somewhat surprised.

"Now I see the situation, Nell. Ed always had the feeling of revenge, and seeing that this fellow had returned to New York, thought that the time had come. He went there and caught up with the thief somehow or other, and they drank to each other's health—but in the swindler's drink was poison. It acted quickly. Ed found the securities unredeemable and tore them up. I happened to be in the hotel lobby with another detective and saw him leave. We suspected something, and I followed him here. I accepted your invitation, but Lord, Nell, I never expected to find you were anything to him. I heard your conversation, I heard his scheme for escape, and I told my men. I met him down the road, and as he passed a peculiar feeling came over me, but

he appeared steadier. I am wondering yet at the quick change."

When Nell heard this she was too overcome to speak for some minutes.

"Then you really are a detective, Tom, and really want him?"

Tom could only answer a weak, "Yes."

"I see, Tom, that Ed was right. He told me you had men following him, but I could not believe that of you, Tom. Now—now what shall I do?" and she laid her head on the veranda rail, weeping bitterly.

To this Tom made no response, and again Nell spoke pleadingly.

"Tom, can't you help? Say you made a mistake. Besides, Tom, don't you think he was justified, for the villain ruined three lives by his dirty trick?"

"I do think he was justified, Nell, but you must remember we have the law to work with in such matters."

Remembering Joe's words, he continued, "I can't say I made a mistake. This case is the making of my career and fortune, and, besides, I'd be a fool to do such a thing."

This took Nell completely off her feet and knowing now that she was completely deceived in the man she took to be as close a friend as before, stormed back with all the intensity that her cracked sobbing voice would permit, "No, Tom, you would be a man!"

Just then Joe sprang upon the veranda, all out of breath and cried, "Tom, we have been fooled. We have arrested the wrong man. The true one has escaped. What shall we do? For God's sake hurry, Tom!"

But Tom only sank limply into a large armchair, glad that Ed had escaped. All that he heard was when Nell placed her hands on his shoulders and said, "Come inside, Tom; the air is getting too chilly."

Bacon's Essays

By Henry A. Caffrey

PERHAPS it may seem a little strange that Bacon the scientist is also called Bacon the essayist. He whose gifted intellect gave direction to the mighty current of scientific thought sweeping through the minds of his day also found a lasting source of delight in so humble a form of literature as is that which is called the essay. To understand this fact, it is necessary to get back to the original meaning of the essay—the meaning given to it by its father, the delightful and subtle Montaigne.

The term essay is taken from the French word *essayer*, and means simply "a humble endeavor to instruct or amuse." Locke's essays aim chiefly at instruction, while amusement seems to predominate in the essays of Lamb. Originally, then, an essay was a slight sketch to be filled out by the reader; brief hints designed to be followed out; loose thoughts on some subjects, thrown out without much regularity but sufficient to suggest further inquiries and reflections. This sense of the term is quite different from the more elaborate, regular, and finished composition that bears the title of essay nowadays. When the author of the *Novum Organum* decided to speak to men in general apart from mere scientists, it was this peculiar character that induced him to adopt the essay as the form of literary composition best suited to be the vehicle of his profound reflections upon the objects of his keen observation. So well did Bacon handle this new vehicle of thought and so impressively did he deliver his message to men of his own and of succeeding ages that he has been called the father of the English essay.

The purely subjective nature of the essay made it admirably adapted to the purpose Lord Bacon had in mind. His ever-alert and searching eye left nothing unnoticed; its scrutinizing glance took in all phases of human

thought and action—from the "royal ordering of gardens" up to the most subtle traits of human nature. Then, after mature consideration and careful sifting of what he had observed, he gave forth with great energy, though not always elegance, of style profound abstract lessons based upon wisdom that can come only from a thorough knowledge of men and things. At times, however, there was a note in his moral precepts that savored a little too much of the world's prudence. In his essay on "Fortune" he strikes this note when he writes: "Certainly, there be not two more fortunate properties than to have a little of the fool and not too much of the honest." Bacon himself has given us the reason why his essays were welcomed by the public in a phrase that has become proverbial with us: "I do now publish my essays," he writes, "which of all my works have been most current, because, as it seems, they *come home to men's business and bosoms.*"

The first edition, containing only ten essays and those much shorter than as we now possess them, appeared in 1597. In this first attempt at essay writing Bacon confined himself to man's relations to this world. The order of these ten essays is significant. They begin with man alone, using his mind, "Of Study"; then comes relation to the minds and lives of others, "Of Discourse"; "Of Ceremonies and Respects"; "Of Followers and Friends"; "Of Suitors"; then personal relation to the means of living, "Of Expense"; "Of Regimen of Health"; and then relation to the world at large and to affairs of State, "Of Honor and Reputation"; "Of Faction"; "Of Negotiating". In 1606 these essays were reprinted but with very little variation. In 1612, however, an edition appeared that contained thirty-eight essays and in 1625, the year before his death, the last edition was published, in which the number had risen to fifty-eight. This is their final form, the one in which we have them today. That Bacon had a high opinion of these writings in which he had embodied his counsels of life appears from the fact that he took the pains to turn them into Latin "that they might last as long as books last." He seems to have been haunted by the desolating notion that there was no perpetuity in English writings.

It may be interesting to cite an instance in which his subsequent observations enabled him to illustrate by a common example taken from the hunt a statement he first made in 1597. At that time in his essay, "Of Discourse", he wrote: "A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution, shows slowness; and a good second speech without a good set speech shows shallowness." Twenty-eight years later he enlarged upon this observation: "A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution, shows slowness; and a good reply, or second speech, without a good settled speech showeth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course are yet nimblest in the turn; as it is betwixt the grayhound and the hare."

To the desultory and superficial reader of modern times, Bacon's essays may have little appeal. They will, perhaps, seem too formal and sententious, too scrutinizing and profound; more suited for serious study than pleasureable reading. This is not surprising if only it be kept in mind what was the original use of the essay. It was designed to "set the reader a-thinking," but, of course, if the reader be unwilling or indisposed to make such an effort, then it is inevitable that interest will be lacking. As in his dealings with outward nature, Bacon had analyzed all things into a knowledge of their elements for the sake of studying the principles upon which these elements could be recombined for the advancement of the general well-being, so, too, in his essays he sought to analyze the inner life of man that he might set into writing principles that would become guiding lights for all men of all times. It has been well said of Bacon: "He is throughout, and especially in his essays, one of the most suggestive authors that ever wrote." The volume may be read from beginning to end in a few hours, and yet after the twentieth perusal one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before. Apart from their literary value, it is this quality of suggestiveness that has enabled the essays to keep their grip upon the thinking world. A few excerpts will illustrate this chief characteristic of Bacon's essays.

In his essay "Of Studies", Bacon says: "Studies perfect nature and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large except they be bounded in by experience." Could anything more beneficial be found for the meditation of short-sighted and prejudiced advocates of exclusive theory and exclusive practice? In his essay "Of Nature in Men", he concludes with a statement the truth of which we all have realized from sad personal experience: "A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore, let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other." The thoughts and suggestions of thought contained in his admirable essay "Of Truth", are illustrative of the strength and beauty of his intellect in sad contrast to the weakness of his will under trial. "Truth," he writes, "is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-lights." In the same essay he points out to men the way to find heaven upon earth (as far as that is possible). "Certainly, it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth."

Despite the fact that the lapse of time failed to change Bacon's ideas upon the subjects of his earlier writings, we do find a change in his manner of giving expression to his ideas. A typical example of his style in 1597 is the following passage taken from his essay "Of Studies": "Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use—that is a wisdom without them and won by observation. Read not to contradict, nor to believe, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend." No one will deny that this passage needs to be "chewed anddigested" in order to be fully comprehended and appreciated.

In the last edition of his essays, Bacon could not say anything superior in truth or weight to what has been quoted above, but the following passage will show the pleasing change his style had undergone. In his essay "Of Adversity", he writes: "Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer evidences of God's favor. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue."

Now that we have had the pleasure of reading such charming essayists as Addison, Lamb, and Father Farrell, the perusal of essays such as Bacon wrote calls forth our admiration rather than affords us delight. How differently do these two passages, one from Bacon and the other from Addison, strike upon the ear! The first is an excellent example of Bacon's formal style: "Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in the return; doctrine and discourse maketh nature less importune; but custom only doth alter and subdue nature." The second shows Addison's familiar but elegant English style: "The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world seemed to favor my mother's dream: for as she often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it." We notice in Bacon a total absence of the pleasing trait of manners-painting, which abounds in all of Addison's writings. In Bacon's essays we

would wish for more vivacity and ease, something that would afford us pleasure and instruction without the cost of painful concentration of mind. But it is from this condensation of thought, from this solid, practical wisdom, that the essays derive their peculiar impressiveness. "His sentences are gold ingots not always needing to be gilded or polished but requiring to be hammered out in order to display their full value."

Few books are more quoted and more generally read by men who lay claim to polite letters than the essays of Francis Bacon. The fact that they abound in classical learning, in occasional great felicities of style, in solid, weighty, and ingenious thought; also in forms of expression antiquated, obsolete, and obscure; in sentences sometimes elegant, sometimes decidedly the reverse, and these, in many instances, not well arranged as to length or structure, or distribution into paragraphs of suitable length make them admirably adapted for critical purposes, for the culture of judgment and taste; and for the comparison of older forms of expression with those approved at the present day. They serve, likewise, as a preparation for the intelligent and appreciative reading of the great English authors of later centuries. Such is their immense value to students of English prose—literary men, who see in Bacon the best prose writer of the Elizabethan age.

But to all thinking men Bacon's essays must have a value that ever increases as the problems of each individual's life become more complicated. They hold out to all, who will read them, lessons that have been laboriously prepared by an eye that could observe and a mind that could reflect as few eyes can observe and few minds reflect. In a word, they have penetrated into the heart of human affairs and their lessons "come home to our business and bosoms."

Unrest

"Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord; and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee."

—St. Augustine.

"Unrest! Unrest!" today's cry is, "Unrest!"
For, lo! the age hath seen the deadly pest.
Trouble, despair, and weariness, and doubt
Besiege all souls that leave their Saviour out.

In daily dealings with mankind, we find
How many leave their consciences behind.
No progress make ye, and no roads find true,
Till ye give God His recognition due.

When God's sweet grace ye willingly confess;
Oh, duly show it in the daily stress
Of speech and action! To you as ye pray
Will Peace, fair Peace! then come to reign and stay.

Still, still there is grave cause to be alarmed!
With prayer and sacrifice let all be armed.
See strife and storm endure with human whim;
Our hearts are restless till they rest in Him.

By John L. Seary

Footsteps

By Harold J. Wiegand

HOLDING the thin wrist in my hand, I felt the feeble pulse steadily growing weaker and weaker. Death was standing beside me watching the poor old woman's life ebbing fast, waiting to take my place, to push me aside with his horrid grin of final victory, and seize his long-sought prey. And what poor prey she was to anyone as powerful as Death! Old and feeble, the mere semblance of a body, an easy victim to pneumonia. All that could be done for her had been done; it were but a matter of minutes for life to give up the uneven struggle and yield to that phantom beside me so coldly watching his victim's last convulsions.

I turned from the death bed to tell the dying woman's sister, an ancient enfeebled hag who had faithfully nursed her sister in her sickness, that death was very near, when I remembered that she had not yet returned from the apothecary's, whither she had gone shortly before to obtain some necessaries for the sick woman. It was drawing near six o'clock, the cold December sun long since had gone to rest, and the dingy little room, faintly illuminated with but a flickering gas-light, was getting darker and darker. Grotesque shadows chased each other over the bare walls, a loose shutter banged against the window, and a screeching wind howled against the side of the house as I turned back to my watch beside the dying. Her pulse was scarcely discernible now; her head lay stiffly against the pillow, her drawn, pale face was rigid and slowly turning black, her eyes were closed, and the half-open mouth showed her teeth sunk in her lower lip. Her left hand was clutched and tightly gripped a portion of the bed sheet; her respiration was negligible and down in her throat the hollow death-rattle sounded. I held her right hand gently in mine; a sudden convulsion, a choking cough, her finger nails dug in my hand, her eyelids fluttered open, two glassy pools of fire stared at the ceiling,—and death had won.

I closed those staring eyes, drew the sheets over the rigid head, and putting aside my chair, walked to the shivering windows to let some winter air cool for a second my throbbing brow. Death is always horrible, we cannot become inured to its horrible aspects no matter how often we see it. I pulled at the creaking window, and with my efforts it flew up, and at the same time, the thin flickering gas-light puffed, and went out. With an exclamation, I pulled the window shut and struggled through the inky darkness to where the fixture hung. I turned off the smelly flow of gas while I sought for matches. And as I vainly searched, I heard the door of the house pushed open, two floors below. Save for the two old women the ramshackle house was unoccupied, and thinking for certainty that the person who had just entered was the dead woman's sister, I made my way to the door and went out into the dark narrow hallway overlooking the stairs to intercept her, tell her of her sister's death, and obtain matches to light the room. I looked over the bannisters down the stairs: she seemed to be coming up very slowly, her footsteps were loud and sounded harsh in the deep silence. On the second floor at the foot of the stairs was a gas-light in a lofty, stained globe that cast fitful streams of light upon the stairway. I heard the old woman's steps reach the landing on the second floor and approach the last flight of stairs and I started down towards her. The approaching footsteps reached the stair light, passed it, and slowly and loudly ascended towards me, and yet, standing amazed at the head of the stairs I could not see the old woman, nor anyone to whom those footsteps could belong! Horrified, I crouched back against the wall, scarcely breathing, my face blanched, my eyes staring terror-stricken down those stairs, up which those horrid steps drew near me. Slowly, slowly, they ascended, now but a step to the top, now at the top, now they paused an instant

in front of me, and as chill passed through my crouching body and a cold sweat poured from me, the footsteps resumed their way into the death-chamber. Pulling myself together, and endeavoring to steady my nerves, I started to grope my way along the hall-way toward the room. I tried to tell myself that my fevered and excited brain was bringing this phantasm upon me, when, suddenly I heard those footsteps sounding again in the hallway, coming out of the death-room, and with them I distinctly discerned other footsteps, as of some person walking with another. I drew myself flat against the dim seen wall, as the horrid footsteps passed me, and trembling I heard them make their slow descent down the stairs, and heard the door slam shut.

Wiping the beaded sweat from my forehead, I hurried down the stairway, eager for the cold night air, and to get out of this house of death and horrors. Fumbling at the ancient latch, I threw the door open, and looked into the glassy eyes of a bloody corpse a couple of men were carrying in from the street. And as they explained how the old woman had been run down whilst hurrying across the dark street, I recognized the sister of the woman lying dead upstairs.

The Sweetest Name

We know a Name—a Name to earth far sweeter
Than lark's or redbreast's carol to the spring;
We know a Name—a Name to love far meeter
Than spring's fair fragrance to the sense can bring.

O Name of Christ, our love!—of Christ, our Saviour!
Perfume our hearts! be what our souls shall sing!
O sovereign God! let humble man's behavior
Exalt Thee Lord of all, and make thy praises ring.

Thou hast redeemed us, God of our salvation!
To Thy unbounded love must still return
The sacrificial thought of every nation:
For Thy protecting care we ever yearn.
O blessed Sacrifice, that dearly bought us!
Still let our constant hearts return the love then taught us.

By John B. Martin

The Trusted Thief

By John O'Brien

Chapter XI

TWO days after the occurrence of the events narrated in the previous chapter, Walter happened to be discussing the copper question with Mr. Dowd—when the young financier suddenly reverted to the fact of his former companions funeral. The two men were enjoying a peaceful smoke—after a hearty breakfast. The bright colorings that adorn the eastern sky assure them of favorable weather.

The representatives from Wall Street had thrashed out the proposition offered by the Montana "copper kings". A definite plan of procedure had been determined and Dowd was selected to conduct the negotiations. Hence Walter's presence at the meeting of those immediately concerned in the transaction was not imperative.

"I must ask you, Mr. Dowd, to pardon me today," requested Walter of the secretary as they arose to meet their associates. "I have promised to attend Mrs. Wells to her husband's burial. Of course, you understand I am well acquainted with the woman—and I can't very well disappoint her."

Mr. Dowd readily perceived Walter's position and was thoroughly acquiescent.

"Any definite move you see fit to make," added Walter, "you may be sure of my signature."

Dowd thanked young Harmon for this acknowledgment of confidence and proceeded to attend to business.

Walter was soon on his way to the neighbor's house where Alice awaited him. In the course of his approach thereto it was necessary for him to pass the much discussed tree under which Wells had passed many hours of idle desolation. When Harmon arrived at the place in question, he paused and gave a deep sigh of pity for his one-time friend. He stood immediately under its prolific boughs and examined every detail of interest that was observed, but the one object that attracted his attention was a slightly raised mound of earth—that had been concealed under a small wooden box whereon Wells had been accustomed to rest. As Harmon, out of sheer curiosity, removed the elevation of soil with a careless push of his foot—to his utter surprise he felt something solid therein. Of course, he at once determined to examine further. He bent down and thrust his hand through the loose soil—and discovered the very box that Wells had so scrupulously guarded. Walter brushed off the dirt that clung to the outside and opened the receptacle. He found a few small vials containing opium and a handkerchief tied in secure knots around a jingling object. No time was lost in seeking further—and to young Harmon's complete surprise he discovered the famous necklace that had been the occasion of so much unhappiness.

He could not speak—he could hardly think. He breathed heavy and fast. The scene of the midnight ride from Doyle's flashed before his mind. He remembered the challenge—the five hundred—the shooting, and then his mind seemed to whirl—this was the very string of jewels that attracted Alice's heart—here was that very girl unmindful of his discovery, or his knowledge of its procural.

"How did it all come about," he asked of the unheeding necklace. "I don't remember Wells telling me of his taking this. Then he recalled the agreement that his dead friend had proposed, "You get the money, and I'll get the necklace."

"The money cost me many a bitter hour," thought Harmon, "but the jewels cost Wells more."

He wrapped the treasure in the handkerchief and carefully placed both in his pocket. He took one last view of the tree and proceeded on his way.

When Walter arrived at his destination he found Alice attended by several devoted women.

The young widow sat near an open window occasionally looking out on the gorgeous verdure whose awful silence seemed to confess its sympathy for her. She was garbed in black—a long veil hung around her head—and her delicate white hands concealed in jet colored gloves. As Harmon entered the room all arose but Alice. She was indeed too weak to heed conventionalities and the man from the East approached the sorrowful woman.

"Good morning, Mrs. Wells, how are you now?" he asked with a cheerful smile.

The woman placed her hand in his and sobbed bitterly beneath her veil. This was the most cruel cut of all. If Walter had not addressed her as "Mrs. Wells" her sufferings would be far less bitter. Yet she had merited such apparent coolness and she determined to face the issue unto the last.

Struggling against overwhelming grief she softly returned the salutation. "Good morning, Mr. Harmon," she said, "I trusted in your promise and you were true."

Harmon smiled and replied, "I'm always faithful to those who call upon me, Mrs. Wells, no matter where I find them."

Brief preparations were made for the interment of Wells. The coroner had taken the remains to his office whence it was to be brought to the grave. Harmon accompanied the widow to the coffin of her departed husband. The preliminary ceremonies of comfort and sympathy ended with the closing of the casket and Mrs. Wells fell fainting in the arms of Harmon. Before the carriage in which she rode arrived at the grave Harmon had managed to restore her spirit. She stood tenderly sobbing near the great tomb of silence as the grave digger indifferently and unsympathetically enclosed the man of her love in the confines of a "narrow house". She thought of all that his dead heart had occasioned—the loss of her parents' affection, the loss of home and friends and an existence of misery and poverty whence there was no escape.

At last the little group turned their faces from the silent mound. Harmon was extremely kind and attentive to Mrs. Wells. He conducted her to the hotel where he resided and placed every means of comfort at her disposal. He persuaded her to partake of some nourishment and then to rest quietly until he returned.

By sundown Mrs. Wells had become quite reconciled to her lot. The attendants had followed Harmon's orders to the letter. The young widow had left her couch and had prepared for the evening meal. She was sitting alone near an open window watching the first evening fall on her husband's grave. Suddenly, the door was pushed open and Walter entered. The woman attempted to rise as he approached but he beckoned to her to retain her seat.

"How are you this evening, Mrs. Wells?" asked the visitor as he gently lifted her proffered hand. "My, but you are a brave woman and you look better than ever."

Mrs. Wells blushed, smiled, dropped her eyes, raised them again and looked into Harmon's and smiled again. "I hope you believe that I'm grateful," pleaded the woman. "I know I don't deserve such kindness and I can't repay you, Mr. Harmon, just now, but I am so grateful."

"Well, well," exclaimed Walter, "don't worry about paying me. You're not in any debt to me at all. All I want you to do for me is to get well enough to come to New York. But we'll talk about that later. There's something more important just now."

Here Walter sat down directly opposite the woman.

"You remember, perhaps, the evening we attended Doyle's affair." Mrs. Wells remembered it. "You may also recall the necklace that Miss Kearns wore that evening." She also recalled the jewels—but vaguely. "That night, while coming home," proceeded Harmon, "you expressed a desire to possess an ornament similar to it." The woman confessed she had mentioned such a desire. "Strange as it might appear," observed Walter, "that very necklace was the instrument with which your dead husband won you. The jewels were stolen from the home of the Kearns—not by Wells understand, but by a stranger whom I've never met. By unforeseen circumstances the jewels fell into your husband's hands. However, whatever injustice has been done, I have compensated for it."

Mrs. Wells could not speak. Every word

that Harmon uttered held her spellbound. Walter perceiving her embarrassed frame of mind continued:

"The main point is this—as I was on my way to visit you this morning I happened to pass that tree where Wells was wont to retire. Out of curiosity I examined the ground around its bark and I discovered the jewels. They were wrapped in a small box."

Here Walter described the unexpected discovery and the objects concealed.

"Where is the necklace?" asked Mrs. Wells.

"That's to be told now," returned Harmon coolly. "I sent them under government security to Miss Kearns with your respects."

"With my respects!" exclaimed the woman, "I didn't steal them."

"I know you didn't," answered Harmon, "I told her that a friend had given them to you and you knowing their rightful owner returned them with welcome. Of course, I assumed your desire to return them. Hence I merely signed Alice lest suspicion would fall on your name because of Wells' death."

"Mr. Harmon," returned the woman, "there's nothing you have done thus far that has pleased me more than this. I never dreamed but Mr. Wells had purchased those jewels. In fact, he told me so."

"And, in fact, he did," returned Walter, "but at any rate, there's no blame to be settled on you and Miss Kearns is out nothing in the end so 'all's well'."

"I'm so happy that you returned them," confessed Mrs. Wells. "I was so proud of them and Mr. Wells knew how I admired them, that's why he took them from me. But I never imagined the reason that he hid them. I can never repay you, Mr. Harmon, never!"

"So much for the necklace," continued Walter, "now for yourself. We had a directors' meeting this afternoon and it was decided we would return to New York next week. By that time you can settle all your affairs here and I would suggest you return with me to our city, and my reason is evident—you need an immediate change of scenery and a complete rest."

"I would gladly return to New York," replied Mrs. Wells, "but you can understand how low I have fallen in my parents' estimation—and then again, I must secure work here in order to earn my way back and my support there is uncertain—and—" she buried her face in her handkerchief and wept bitterly.

"Here, here, don't be so foolish, my good woman," argued Harmon. "Your parents will gladly welcome you—if they don't you shall be welcomed by my mother—and as for your sustenance—that's not to be considered at all. You promise to return with me to your mother's city and I'll do the rest."

Mrs. Wells meditated for a few moments, then thoughtfully raising her eyes she looked piteously into Harmon's face, "I'll go with you," she said, "if you will permit me to repay you all when I can."

"Settled!" exclaimed Walter laughing. "You can pay all—only by assuring me that you are ready to pay my price." He arose and the woman did likewise. She placed her hand in his and smiled.

"Remember your promise," she cautioned.

"Yes—and remember yours."

"Good night, Mr. Harmon."

"Good night, Mrs. Wells, and lest you are called on for assistance from your neighbors take this and the limit's my fortune." He handed her a checkbook—every blank signed. He bowed and withdrew.

After he had left her she gazed on the checkbook. "He's given me all he owns," she thought. "He is indeed a true friend who came to me in my need. But if I were only sure he forgave me—if he only called me Alice once again, I could pass my life in happy solitude knowing that Walter had forgiven my treachery. I'll wait and hope for I have faith in his charity." She sat by the window again and peered out into the darkness, but she saw no light of hope only the black night of uncertainty confronted her.

"I wonder if tomorrow will be bright?" she asked of the darkness—but the silence gave no answer but a still hush in the distance.

Chapter XII

Mr. Greer had become a frequent visitor at Mr. Harmon's home. Since the former's daughter had departed to unknown regions

the distressed father and mother had suffered untold remorse of conscience. They realized the moral dangers that thrive in the world and recalling the delicate nature of their daughter they feared lest their hasty expulsion would occasion the ruin of their only child. Mrs. Harmon was a refined, sympathetic character. She appreciated the grief that tormented Mrs. Greer's heart and hence she exerted every endeavor to comfort the sorrowful mother.

Mr. Harmon was chatting with his wife. The old couple where sitting in a neatly arranged room. The coziness and cheerful atmosphere of home enhanced their mutual love. Mrs. Harmon had received a short letter from her boy on the previous morning announcing his return on the day following the reception of the letter. He assured her that all was well and requested that she invite Mr. and Mrs. Greer to welcome him home.

"At last Walter will return," sighed his mother. "The poor child must be tired; he's been so good to us."

"Yes," admitted her husband. "I'm proud of my boy; he's made good and he's going to make better."

A bell sounded. The old folks listened.

"Telephone!" observed Mr. Harmon indifferently.

Soon the voice of Mary, the family cook, was heard speaking across the wire. "Mary?" ejaculated Mrs. Harmon, "hear her!"

Mary seemed quite nervous, at least judging from the quivering in her voice, "Yes! Yes, sir. All right sir! I won't sir. All right, sir. I'll be ready! Yes. Good-bye."

"You'll be ready," grinned Mr. Harmon. "I hope he is."

The click of the receiver diverted the attention of the old couple from inquiring who the stranger might be.

"We must prepare something real nice for Walter," Mrs. Harmon proceeded.

"Well, there's plenty of time for talking about reward my dear," answered her husband. "Let's see what account he gives of his mission. I have been thinking about trusting him with another task."

"He'll be successful at anything, I'm sure of that," replied Mrs. Harmon.

With this a maid entered and announced the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Greer. At once the host and hostess directed their steps to the reception hall where the visitors awaited them. The ordinary formalities of welcome were observed and all repaired to a charming parlor.

"We received a letter the other day, Mrs. Harmon," informed Mrs. Greer, "from Miss Kearns. It was addressed to Alice. Oh, how I wish she had been present to receive it. We opened it—that thanked her for the return of a necklace. When I see Miss Kearns I will have her explain what she meant by it."

"You know Miss Kearns is to be married soon. We received an invitation to the wedding."

Mrs. Greer acknowledged her surprise at the information.

"You know also," put in Mr. Harmon suddenly, turning from Mr. Greer, "that our boy returns today. We are waiting for him now. He has proven himself a man."

"He'll be so glad to see you too," observed Mr. Greer. "I'll warrant he's had some interesting experiences that will interest us all."

The little party continued in their happy conversation for nearly a half-hour. In fact, they have become so intimate and wrapped up in their conversation they had momentarily forgotten the coming of Walter.

Suddenly a smothered hiss was heard in the hall. All became silent simultaneously. They looked toward the door and at that moment Walter entered closely followed by Dowd.

"Mother! Mother!" exclaimed Walter as Mrs. Harmon rested her gray head on his shoulder. He kissed her wrinkled brow and even smiled into her weeping eyes.

"My son!" sighed the mother. "My boy! My boy! Home again! My darling!"

Mr. Harmon was anxiously waiting for an opportunity of enjoying some of the happiness that his wife was monopolizing. He seized the hand of his son, pressed it devotedly and in a low tone whispered, "Our boy! God bless him! Welcome, son! Welcome!"

Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Greer in their turn paid their respects to Walter. Dowd was cordially received by all present.

"How's things in the West look, Dowd?"

asked Mr. Harmon when Walter had been captured by his eager friends. "How's the boy doing?"

"Everything fine," returned Dowd, "and as for the boy—wait and see! He's not saying all he knows. Mark me on that! I'll talk with you later—after he's finished today."

"That's more to me than gold," admitted Mr. Harmon.

"Well, there's plenty of gold—out there," informed Dowd, "but there's more copper. I sent all papers to the office with my bag. For the present you're a millionaire many times."

"And you're one too," returned Harmon, "but of that likewise later."

Both laughed and returned to the welcoming group. After a few moments had passed, Walter who had been anxious to propose a question that was foremost in his thoughts asked Mr. Creer if he knew where Alice had gone. Both Mr. Greer and his wife confessed their ignorance as to their daughter's whereabouts. Mrs. Greer again narrated the information concerning the strange letter from Miss Kearns.

"No, there's nothing that grieves me more," said Mr. Greer as he gravely shook his head in a negative gesture, "than the fact that Alice is lost. I would gladly take her back—and her husband too—for I know I made a serious blunder in expelling her."

This pleased Walter beyond measure.

"That sounds good to me," observed young Harmon with a smile. "You would be pleased to hear from her then?"

"Pleased!" gasped Mr. Greer, "delighted, my boy, delighted! Delighted!"

"Would you believe me if I told you I was with her for some time during my absence?"

"You were?" chorused the group.

"You don't mean it!" ejaculated Mr. Greer.

"Tell me, where is she?" pleaded Mrs. Greer. "We'll find her at once. Is she out West?"

"No," confessed Walter, "she's not out West now, she left there."

"Ladies and gentlemen, please excuse me a moment," requested Dowd. "I must use the wire." He gave Walter a quick, smiling wink and left the room.

"Where is she then?" persisted her mother. "Was she happy? How does her husband treat her?"

"Mrs. Greer," answered Walter, "I'll not break your heart by describing the sorrowful condition of your daughter. She was sorely in need of help; she regretted, yea, she repented from her heart, the foolishness of her past life. She begged of me to assure you that she will gladly return if you will forgive her waywardness."

"Forgive her!" exclaimed Mr. Greer, "there's nothing to forgive. Man, where is she? Tell her to come at once if that's all she wants is forgiveness. She can have a world of it—from me."

Mr. Harmon and his wife had listened with undisturbed attention. The nobler qualities of their boy were emphasizing themselves more and more each day. Their aged hearts were throbbing slowly but with more contentment,—for age has no joy more native than the knowledge of an honorable offspring.

"If that is your honest attitude," exclaimed Walter, "I'll bring your daughter back to you. Ahem! Ahem! Ahem!"

Alice entered followed by Dowd. Mrs. Wells was garbed in black. Her tall stately figure had lost much of its charm and grace; a heavy black veil was thrown back over her hat. Her eyes were tearful, her cheeks pale, and lips trembling.

"My dear child," cried Mrs. Greer as she moved to embrace her daughter, but Alice had fallen on her knees. She buried her face in her black hemmed handkerchief and wept bitterly.

"Dearest Mother, can you forgive me for my errors?" sobbed the heartbroken girl.

Mr. Greer did not wait to reason. He raised the prostrate form of his child and pressed her to his bosom. "Here you may stay forever—my own," he whispered. "Don't cry like that Alice. There's no one more ready to welcome you than your mother and myself. Let me see you smile again."

Alice could not obey. She rested for a moment on her father's breast. Then raised her eyes and saw him tenderly watching for her smile. A moment of silence. Joy and sorrow were contending for Alice's heart.

"Why are you in black, my dear," asked Mrs. Greer desiring to divert her daughter's mind from her embarrassing situation.

"Where is Wells?" inquired her father.

"He's dead," replied Alice softly and slowly. "He's gone forever—to heaven—I hope."

"Dead!" gasped her mother.

"Yes. Oh, I can see him there," cried Alice pointing to an imaginary pending corpse. "He would not look at me in life but he looked hard at me when he was dead."

Here Alice rehearsed the cruel treatment that Wells had inflicted on her. His attitude in New York, the circumstances of her trip across the country, his unkindness toward her in the West, his last moments before his death.

"Oh, he rushed in," exclaimed Alice wringing her hands and trembling, "he rushed in and besought me to help. I thought he meant from some human creature who had come to take him from me, but alas, I misunderstood him—it was an unseen passion. I might have saved him from himself had I stayed, but when he needed me most I fled from him. I was a coward, a coward! No, I never understood him in anything——"

The young widow wept bitterly. Every heart was moved to pity. Mrs. Harmon's eyes were tearful.

"My dear child," whispered her father, "all your sufferings are due to my unkindness. We'll try to forget the past and make the future more happy."

"You must take off your mourning at once," proposed Mrs. Greer.

"No, I can't, Mother," sobbed Alice. "I should be a traitor to the love that urged me to marry him—there's no cure for me, Mother, but time and patience. I must wait until I am comforted by reconciliation."

Walter was more attracted by these words of faithfulness than by any fascination that Alice had portrayed to charm him. He could suppress emotions of admiration for the courageous soul suffering of others—he was content to silently contemplate the nobleness of the character that would remain true to one whose name had merited universal condemnation, but this latent spirit of exoneration that was coming to light under the influence of solid affection filled his heart with respect for the women.

"Alice," he ejaculated, "I'll not call you Mrs. Wells—while you consider these things of the past your are injuring your health. 'Let the past bury the past'. You must forget the whole affair and hope for better things that are to come."

The young woman was deeply impressed by the emphatic attitude of Harmon. The appellation of Alice sounded in her soul. "He has forgiven me," she thought. She smiled and answered him, "I'll obey you, Mr. Harmon."

"Now you're talking sense," observed Mr. Greer.

"But talking sense won't keep us alive," complained the senior Mr. Harmon. "There's more in life than weeping and talk—we must eat also."

This had its anticipated effect of bringing a smile from all including Alice. At that moment the silver ring of a bell complied with Mr. Harmon's wishes.

"Dinner," smiled Mrs. Harmon. The party repaired to the dining room. Walter approached Alice and motioned for her to remain with him until all had left the room. She obeyed.

"My dear girl," whispered Walter, after all had departed. "I know your heart is broken—half is in a silent grave many miles from here and only half is within your breast, but struggle on against these odds of life. As soon as you are well and I am prepared I will give you my heart with which to mend your broken one and then we both can live upon the love that unites them. Come to dinner!"

The woman blushed, wiped a tear from her eyes, looked at Harmon and smiled.

"May God bless Walter and forgive me my unfaithfulness to you." Harmon took his lady by the arm and conducted her to the dining room where the party were awaiting the arrival of Alice and Walter.

Chapter XIII

Time writes no wrinkles on the brow of youth. The frivolous, haughty and sordid men and women of this world must pass through the hard, humiliating, honorable experiences of life in order to appreciate the really true and

beautiful traits of human nature. The incidents of childhood and youth are too numerous for recollection. Every thought and word and deed leaves its indelible trace on our character and ere the day of self-examination dawns we find ourselves bewitched by the fascinating bubbles of emptiness—they burst and leave us sad and disappointed on the barren shore of age.

The great powers of eternity—truth, justice, and righteousness—remain for ever, although the human kind may strive to use these attributes of heaven's King for their own vile and sinful purpose, yet this "trinity of right" shall ever stand united against the traitor to their Lord. Time still traces its course under the tender eye of heaven and man still thrives to render honor to this "trinity of right". As days and months and years amass the deeds of man accumulate. Life dies and death engenders life and so each one of us must pass through this tearful hall of time that issues us into the chamber of eternity.

Five years had passed since Wells' death. Cool, crumbling, and decayed, his silent, breathless form lies—slowly return the full of most of "earth's demands". Mrs. Greer had long since folded her earthly eyes in quiet, peaceful slumber of death. Her heartbroken husband, although he knew two years had flown away since he saw her placed in the grave, still mourned her early summons to the country of truth and justice and righteousness.

Mr. Harmon had permanently retired from Wall Street. He had entrusted his interests in the firm to Walter whose remarkable ability proved worthy of the confidence. Mr. Dowd had become a member of the firm and in Walter's estimation stood first in importance. Of course, the Montana proposition had greatly enhanced the reputation of the concern and accordingly, greater, and more lucrative problems of finance were presented to them.

Walter had been rather pleasant to Alice during the first year following the death of Wells. After a twelfth month had passed he determined to propose the question of marriage. He could not help but observe the marvellous influence for the better that tribulation had wrought in the one-time frivolous and haughty woman. He recognized in her some noble qualities of nature that only refined souls can portray. She had indeed lost the dazzling charm that merited the wonder of the ballroom but in its stead she had acquired a serious, though truly happy spirit of devotion. Gentle, sweet and charitable —unmoved by the glare of worldly entertainment—she preferred the rest and quiet of a peaceful home.

Of course, young Harmon was sufficiently prudent to understand the authority of their parents and accordingly he waited an opportunity of proposing the question to the old folks on one of their usual visits. He had little difficulty in obtaining the consent of Mr. Greer and his father for the old folks well understood their children were worthy of one another.

One afternoon Walter visited Alice and proposed the question. Of course, the ordinary course of teasing, coaxing, laughing and tender expressions of endearment resulted in the mutual acceptance. Alice agreed to marry Walter who assured her of parental sanction.

The young couple had already entered on the fourth year of their happy wedlock. Heaven had blessed their union with a little girl now two years old. Her name was Alice and the angelic brightness of her innocent days entranced her father who thanked God for entrusting him with a Celestial messenger for His eternal abode.

Shortly after the marriage Mr. Harmon had erected a large house in New Rochelle which he had presented to "his children" as he called them. It was here that old Mr. Greer, who was fast losing his grip on life, had retired in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Harmon who had determined to stay as "permanent guest" of her daughter-in-law.

There was not a happier man in the state than Walter. Each night as he stepped from his car and approached his home he was greeted by a tender mother and devoted wife and as the days went on even little Alice had proclaimed her right to some part of the reception of her father. Wall Street flourished but under the united supervision of Dowd and Walter the firm had led the van to successful issues.

One night Walter was later than usual on his arrival home. His anxious mother and worried wife patiently watched the road but there was no sign of Walter to be seen.

Mr. Harmon, who insisted on regular meals, accordingly requested the women "to come in" and to be cool. His wife and Alice obeyed him. While the party were enjoying their evening meal they heard some strange voices outside the windows. All listened. Soon a "Hush! Hush!" was followed by silence. At that moment Walter entered. He smiled and was apparently unheedful of his tardiness. His wife and mother kissed him a welcome while his little girl clapped her baby hands to attract his attention.

"Late!" observed his father.

"Anything wrong?" asked Mr. Greer. "Are you well?"

"Fine! Never better!" acknowledged Walter. "I was delayed attending to some business." He smiled and gave a quick glance at his wife but she was preparing to serve her husband's dinner. The meal went on, a general pleasant conversation assisted digestion and after all were sufficiently replenished they arose.

For some strange reason Walter was evidently a little nervous. Several times during the evening he had asked to be excused and had traced his way to the kitchen. In fact, Mr. Harmon was under the impression that he had heard strange voices in the pantry, but he thought it more prudent to conceal what might be only imaginary.

The party were engaged in a cozy sitting room talk. The old men were wrapped in a game of chess. Mrs. Harmon sat knitting a garment for her grandchild while Alice was close to her side noting the headlines of the evening publication. Walter had left the rom and had been gone several moments. Mrs. Harmon, in her anxiety, was about to seek the cause of her son's strange actions when suddenly the heavy portiere curtain was drawn aside by an unseen hand and Walter appeared accompanied by every member of the office.

Mr. and Mrs. Harmon arose and expressed their utter surprise. Alice did not understand this strange visit of her husband's business companions. She welcomed each however, warmly, and with queenly reserve.

The merry gathering had already enjoyed an hour when a bell sounded. The women looked at one another—"What's that for?" asked Mrs. Harmon of Alice.

"For you and Dad and Alice and Mr. Greer to come to the room where it sounded," answered Walter, as he bowed to each in their respective turn. "And all hands lead the way," laughed Mr. Harmon.

Mrs. Harmon looked suspiciously at her husband. Alice glanced, with the same attitude, toward Walter.

No sooner said than done. The party repaired to the dining room. There they found a "solemn supper". Every species of viands and delicacies invited them. A merry feast ensued during the course of which many a jolly and mirthful laugh went round.

Mr. Harmon occupied the "first place" at the table, on his right sat his wife, next to Mr. Greer; Walter sat between his father and Alice.

The whole affair was beyond the expectation of the old folks. Suddenly, Mrs. Harmon bethought herself. "My dear," she whispered to her husband, "today is the fifth anniversary of Walter's marriage to Alice. To think it never occurred to me until now."

This recollection explains the occasion of the feast—at least sufficiently to satisfy Mr. Harmon's curiosity—for he confessed he was more concerned with the matter at hand than the reason for its presence. The feast went on until all were rationally satiated. Several men at the request of Mr. Dowd had arisen and expressed words of congratulation and felicitation to Walter and his wife. At last Walter himself was called upon. As he arose Dowd apologized and left the room.

Young Harmon thanked all present for their attendance and kind wishes. In the name of his wife he extended sincere gratitude to all who strove to establish the firm on financially solid attendance and kind wishes. In the name of his wife he extended sincere gratitude to all who strove to establish the firm on financially solid basis. Finally he turned to his wife, "My dear," he said, "some years ago I deprived you of a piece of jewelry without your consent.

Five years ago tonight you gave me your precious hand and heart and since then your devotion and love have never waned. I love your genuine, beautiful character; I return you love for love. I can speak my thoughts, my actions are meaningless—at least to me. To prove that I would tell what my heart conceals if nature had endowed my tongue I ask you to accept this slight token of my love."

Dowd stepped up behind the speaker and placed a plush box in his hand. Walter bowed and handed it to Alice. A great hush fell upon the table. Alice blushed, her eyes filled with tears, she tried to speak but words had fled her. She gently pressed a silver cap and the cover sprang open with marvellous alacrity and at that moment every eye in the room fell on a sparkling necklace of diamonds. Alice stared at their lustre. Their brightness dazzled her. She raised her eyes slowly to meet the smile of her husband and was about to attempt some word of gratitude when Mr. Harmon's indifferent "Pretty fair" interrupted her. She closed the box and sat with drooped eyes. There are times in our lives when even human kindness can engender such intense joy that the heart doubts whether or not some celestial happiness has enveloped it. When all the pains and griefs and sorrows of our lives fade before the unblemished sun of bliss and the soul basks supinely in its beneficent brilliancy; when words fail us; when even thoughts are halted and minds seem to rest in the untold pleasure of heavenly contentment, such was the joy that flooded the soul of Alice. She felt her weakness and her inability to arise and say one word of gratitude and the ever-present consciousness of her past faults enhanced the realization of her helplessness.

Walter noticed the strain under which his wife was struggling and immediately he proceeded. "Gentlemen," he continued, as Mr. Dowd sat down again, "you are all witnesses of our firm's progress. The man to whom we are undoubtedly indebted for our success is Mr. Dowd, and hence in consideration of his kindness to my parents, my wife and myself, I would ask him to accept this as a token of our appreciation." Walter produced a small box from his pocket and handed it to Dowd. The recipient had smiled at Alice's embarrassment and Mr. Harmon had noticed it and hence the retired financier took extreme pleasure in emphasizing the occasion.

"Laugh at a woman for blushin' will you Dowd? Deserve all you get!" exclaimed Mr. Harmon with evident mirth. "The boy knew more than he told you, didn't he? That's one on you."

Everybody sided with the speaker; particularly Alice, who took refuge in the hope of converging all attention to her husband's friend.

Mr. Dowd blushed, arose, looked at the box, opened it. A gold watch met his examination, "Great guns!" he exclaimed. He looked at his former employer than at Mrs. Harmon. His eyes were flashing with joy.

"Gentlemen, I'm speechless," he shouted. This occasioned a hearty laugh.

"You don't mean it!" observed Harmon demurely.

"I do," insisted Dowd. "I mean I don't know what to say."

Mrs. Harmon again took the van for a joyful laugh.

"Well don't say it then," suggested Harmon.

"But I must."

"Well do it."

"But I can't." Dowd looked at Walter, rather embarrassed. "Cent'emen!" he exclaimed.

"Present," added Harmon.

"Mr. Harmon! Mr. Harmon!"

"Present," repeated the retired financier urging the table on to a laugh.

"Has always been confiding—to—with me—every day—of his—a—life. But—as I heard—Mr. Harmon—said of Mr. Harmon—that—he was—always—a—a—deceiving him."

"What!" shouted one of the guests. "You are surely mistaken."

"Maybe I am," confessed Dowd bewildered. "But what I mean is this: Mr. Harmon has confided to me every plan and secret of his life, at least I thought he had—but this proves I was mistaken. I gratefully accept this—a—a—beautiful watch—and I—wish to—to say I am —a—a—grateful! Ahem!"

The speaker cleared his throat and resumed

his seat. Nothing had pleased old Mr. Harmon more than to witness the extreme pleasure of his former secretary. In fact Dowd was so surprised and delighted that he was lost for words. Walter measured him with a glance several times during the evening but Dowd remained unconscious of the fact that every heart present had been moved by the sincerity of his appreciation.

It was close to midnight when the visitors dispersed. Alice had received congratulations on all sides. Indeed Walter had increased her debt of love a hundred fold by his actions of this evening. His mother had secretly assured him of her satisfaction and rejoiced with Alice in contemplation of the jewels. Mr. Harmon was concerned more at Dowd's state of nervousness than anything else. He tantalized the former secretary by words of sport and jocose ridicule.

As the autos moved away from the mansion the host and his family returned to the quietness of their home. A few complimentary words of observation and the features of the dinner prefaced a "motion" to retire.

"My dear children," said Mr. Harmon as he and his beloved wife were about to depart, "the happiness that your noble actions have wrought in my soul must remain there. I cannot speak it to others—it's all mine—it's all ours, rather—for your mother knows every whisper of my heart. Walter, you are indeed a trusted thief. You have stolen your mother's heart and mine—preserve them in love; and you, my dear girl, have stolen our son's heart—preserve both his and ours in your affection. God bless you both."

The old folks departed. Walter remained silent, his eyes were cast down. He was holding Alice by the hand. He glanced into her face, she was weeping—a low sob told him of joy that had flooded her soul.

"Alice," he whispered as he embraced her, "are you really happy tonight?"

"Yes," admitted the woman softly.

"Why then these tears?"

"Walter, you have been more than husband to me. More than a brother. More than all the world. What you have given me tonight I can never deserve! Would that I could turn my tears to diamonds of love. I would then rejoice for I have cause to shed abundant tears of sorrow and of joy and of affection! I could not speak tonight nor can I say what I should even now, but I know you understand my weakness and my longing to thank you." She rested her head on his shoulder and Walter laughed long and hearty.

"There, then," he comforted, "you needn't tell me you are grateful, dear! I am more than paid in knowing you are happy. To me there is no more joyful thing in life than the blessing of a devoted woman. You have deserved more than I could bestow. I'd wager all I own on you and trust to God to grant you what I could not give." They kissed, pressing and fervent.

'Twas indeed a Christian scene that sealed the years of love that followed. Wealth, prominence, and beauty were enabled to establish this home of affection. The pride and haughtiness of the woman yielded to humility and repentance; the waywardness and weakness of the man assumed the armor of self-control and moral strength, and the union of the humble and strong gave love that made two mortals—one. The "great divide" that separates the man and wife has naught but perdition for its end. The world, the snares of Satan, and the heart itself may strive to destroy the inseparable but the sound Christian principles of mutual faith, love and devotion can tolerate no "poisonous steel of sin" to sever that which binds for ever.

THE END.

Joy in Sorrow

By John F. O'Brien

There is no heart that ne'er has grieved;
  There is no soul that feels no pain;
There is no breast that has not heaved
  The anguish of the mind's constrain.

Let man, vain man! with eager quest
  Search any spot where mortals dwell,
And he will find in every breast
  The heart is Sorrow's citadel.

This the World Conqueror's wisdom knew,
  When, forced to yield his vital breath,
He bade his mother alms bestrew
  On all who knew nor grief nor death.

Back to the Queen the heralds came:
  None found they answering her request;
From lowly serf to lord and dame,
  All, all had tasted Woe's repast.

To suffer is the lot of all,—
  Bear up, ye humble! Bow, ye proud!
Though nights be without starry pall,
  There is no day without a cloud.

O hearts! that, rent by sorrows keen,
  Must every tear ye shed conceal!
Your pangs, your griefs, by man unseen,
  Still to the throne of God appeal.

Our way of life is grown with thorn,
  Its dewy roses are bowed low;
Mixt clouds and sunbeams bring the morn,
  As rose and thorn blend bliss and woe.

All flesh has fallen slave to Pain,
  And to his scepter tribute pays;
But grace and love recall again
  The joy and peace of other days.

Time writes with iron hand the deeds
  Of man—his griefs and pain and woe;
But in his course he scatters seeds
  Of hope, that ever thrive and grow.

The rarest buds in Nature's sway
  Spring from the blackest soil beneath;
These—Beauty's charms!—in bright array
  Are gathered for the bridal wreath.

Let not, then, sorrow hold thee bound,
  Let not the weight of grief prevail,
Let not the thought of death resound
  It woeful, melancholy wail.

Spring follows winter, day the night:
  Each grief a gladsome offspring bears.
Rejoice! thy darkness bursts to light,
  For God transforms thy woes and cares.

The Villanovan

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. IV APRIL, 1920 NO. 4

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An Old-fashioned Remedy

IN AN article appearing recently in a trades-journal of national repute, it was remarked that the only thing for which a substitute would never be found was Work. Work, constructive work, whether it be the mental efforts of the professional man or the physical toil of the laborer is a necessity, and just as necessary for the welfare of society as it is for the individual. If any of the component parts of our organisms, the heart, the lungs, the various glands, our different delicately adjusted systems, were to cease, even for a very short interval, to function in the harmonious and constructive manner for which they are ordained, our bodies would inevitably perish. Is there not an analogy here between the individual and the corporate society, the nation if you will, of which the individuals are the component parts? And if the individual members of this society cease to function, to work constructively, even in a small and indirect way, in the building up the defense and the prosperity of the aggregate society, that society is bound to perish, just as surely as the diseased organism. And when an individual, or a group of individuals, neglect or abuse the good of the common society, for selfish interests, they are working destructively, and are bringing ruin and misery to the whole society, just as surely as would be the case in the human body if

each part would strive to forget and neglect the other.

Constructive work, an unselfish effort on the part of every one to strive for the well-being of the common society, is a remedy very much needed by the world today. If these social parasites, these loud-mouthed bolshevists, these unlegislative legislators, these bland profiteers, these never-satisfied laborers, these cheap preachers,—and yes, these exponents of free-verse, free love, and a shackled democracy, would only rest their tongues for awhile, and do some really constructive work like plowing a field, or whitewashing a fence, or supporting those principles of liberty and justice that underlie all enduring societies, this nation of ours would not know the unrest and discontent so evident today.

H. J. W.

Virtues in Medio

THERE is a saying to the effect that extremes meet. This thought might very well be applied to the present controversy in regards to the Eighteenth Amendment. Extreme doctrines and ideas, in literature, fashions, or laws are never for the best.

Certain sections of this country had endured for many years a great deal of misery among some of the people, arising from the abuse of the liquor traffic. In many states and municipalities the liquor interests controlled the legislative, and even judicial departments. There were numerous political scandals, and charges of "graft" in many of our cities. The saloon had become more and more disreputable, and the miseries attendant upon intoxication had become very great. It is easy to see how, in the few years immediately preceding our entrance into the war, the pendulum of the liquor traffic, in many of our states at least, had swung to its furthest and worst extreme.

That the sufferings and abuses rising from liquor should be remedied, and that a reaction would set in against the liquor trade, was practically certain. Seizing the psychological opportunity of directing public opinion against liquor when the youth of our land was most in danger from its abuse, the opponents of liquor succeeded in pushing that pendulum from one extreme to the other.

Instead of the abuse of liquor we have the abuse of our personal liberties by an extreme prohibitory law. The very word "Prohibition" is an insult to Americanism. This extreme is just as impossible as the other. Individual pride and liberty will always rankle under this enforced aridity. Dissensions, political squabbles, illicit liquor trade, smuggling, increase in drug addicts, dissatisfaction among the lower classes, and all the potential abuses of constitutional amendments, that are not amendments at all, but infringements of states-rights, —these are but a few of the evils arising from the extreme prohibition.

How long this will last, and what troubles, and taxes, and sufferings it will cost, only time will show, but fanaticism must give way finally to good sense, and that pendulum must swing back again and remain in a midway position between the extreme abuses of the ultra-wet and ultra-dry positions. This is the only satisfactory solution to the liquor question and the sooner this country discards the leadership of a rabid bunch of prohibitionists the better will conditions be.

And it seems that the most active body of prohibitionists, the Anti-Saloon League, is digging its own grave. It is interesting to note the difference between the unwise and fanatic statements made by Mr. Anderson of the Anti-Saloon League, and the temperate character of the words of Mr. Root and Mr. Edwards, two of the distinguished spokesmen against Prohibition.

I think it was Swift who compared man, and especially so-called reformers to a well-used broom-stick, striving "to make other things clean and remaining nasty itself." Do not these "reformers" "rake into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruption

to the light, and raise a mighty dust where there was none before; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions they pretend to sweep away"?

Mr. Anderson calls the Anti-Saloon League the spokesman of Protestantism; he considers the Eighteenth Amendment a triumph for non-Catholics; he unlooses his wrath against Catholics and their support of the liquor trade; he waxes vehement in his denunciation of the Catholic priesthood and especially the venerable Cardinal Gibbons and the distinguished Archbishop of New York.

Does the Anti-Saloon League imagine it is helping its cause by opposing the Catholics of America against it? Will this religious fanaticism breed aught but trouble? Is this the last gasp of a dying Protestantism?

Whatever was Mr. Anderson's motive in denouncing the Church, the only result will be that the revival of common-sense in our government will be greatly accelerated by having the Anti-Saloon League repudiated by all sane Americans.

H. J. W.

The Value of Literature to the Engineering Student

LITERATURE is of prime importance to the engineering student, for it is such an aid to his scientific training as to fit him to take a more dominant stand in his position as a propagator of the sciences of his particular profession. Not only is its study a source of personal enjoyment, but it is a practical and necessary means to uphold his social and business relationships. Of material consequence is the tendency it exerts to enlarge his acquaintance with general ideas, to broaden his interests, and to show how scientific conceptions are related to other fields of thought. Still another important function is its aid in enabling the engineer to delve more thoroughly into the accumulated stores of scientific knowledge, and to grasp more readily its subtle complexities. It stimulates to a surprising degree the faculties of originality and imagination, of criticism and judgment. On the whole, literature's practical and theoretical values are so highly regarded that in the minds of many its study is conducive to more advantageous results than any other of the engineer's scientific pursuits.

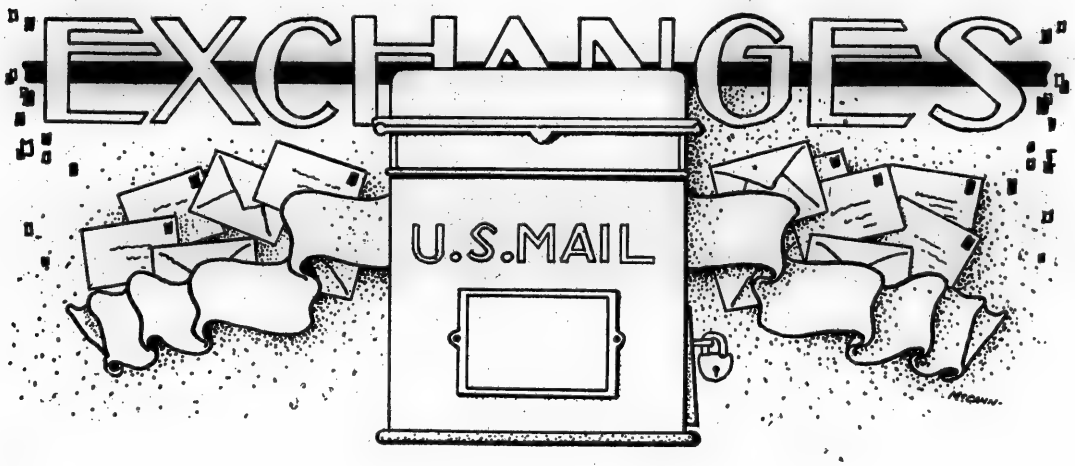
No one can question the statement that "Literature, like virtue, is its own reward," when, in the unfolding of the classics of ancient and modern authors, the student is presented with the finest specimens of human composition and the highest aspirations of the mind. It becomes the atmosphere that he breathes, suffusing with its light all that he reads. It purifies his heart and strengthens his will. Moreover its effects are felt in the refining and energizing of his imagination, taste and understanding, in aiding to create sound judgment, and a more acute and well-rounded intellect, while together with the engineering sciences it imparts to his mind an exactness of reasoning that is indispensable to his profession. Its influence on his moral faculties must not be minimized, nor the resultant value be depreciated. For in this regard literature probably stands next to religion alone, and the importance of this influence is not little when it is considered that it is brought to bear chiefly upon those faculties which are the guiding and controlling forces of his accumulation of knowledge.

The study of literature whether to embrace deeply of the knowledge of arts and letters, or merely to become but slightly acquainted with the subject should be so directed as to ensure the natural development of the student's powers, in order that he might gradually and

harmoniously reach that measure of culture which he is best fitted to attain. His cultural studies should be so correlated and interwoven with his scientific work that it will prove to the greatest advantage of the student.

The former should always be given preference to the latter to such an extent as shall be consistent with the course of studies which the engineer is pursuing, for the mere acquisition of knowledge is but secondary to the culture and mental development imparted. That is literature's most dominant feature and as such it will more fully develop the student's dormant intellectual powers, lifting his mind to a higher place of thought and reasoning from which to judge the world and its workers.

J. P. D.



THE March issue of *The Labarum* contains much refreshing reading for these balmy spring-fever days. The poetry is exceptionally good and we were very glad to find that there are a few college rhymesters who can forget ponderous themes for their verses and hitch their Pegasus to a bit of sentiment. We personally, much prefer a dainty poem about a rosebud, or a lock of hair, or a drop of dew, to all your epics and eulogies of ancient things. All the verses in this number are worthy of praise, especially, "Dear Little Maid", "The Prayer Our Lady Loves", and "A Maid of Long Ago". The three short essays on the Medieval Drama are well-written surveys of the Miracle Cycle and its influence on subsequent dramatic productions. "Theodore Maynard" is an interesting appreciation of "the poet of color".

While entirely too brief to treat adequately of its subject, the essay "On the Use of Art in the Catholic Church" in *The Alvernia* for March is commendable in its style. Too scant mention is made of architecture and painting in its relation to the Church, and little or no heed is paid to sculpture and religious poetry. The treatment of the symbolism of the Church is well conceived, but is worthy of a special article. "The Liquefaction and Solidification of Gases and the Manufacture of Helium" is an article of interest to the technical student, but it is a question whether it would have any appeal to those without some chemical knowledge.

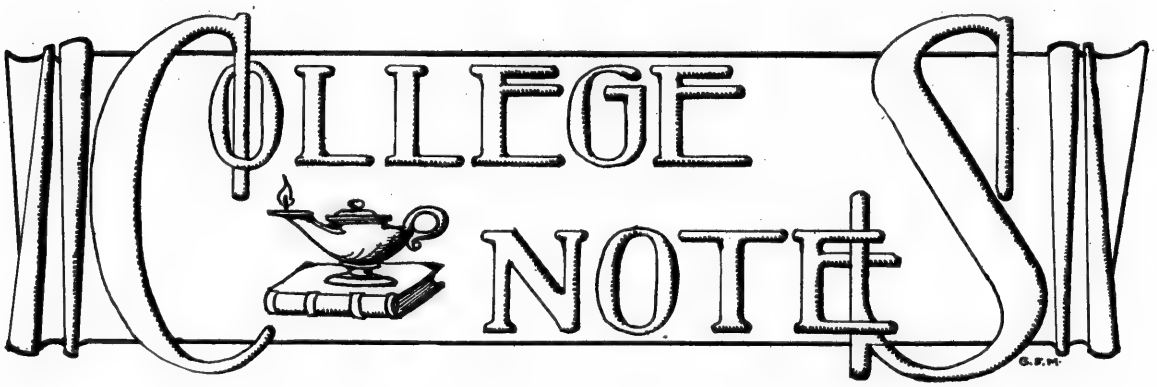
The February *Prospector* contains a really worth-while essay on "The Revival of Learning". That lasting libel of medieval ignorance and monastic superstition in the "Dark Ages" is getting rather outworn. There is a growing realization among all fair-minded people that the Middle Ages were years of learning, of practical results, and far-reaching influence in

all branches of arts and science. A comparison of the painting, sculpture, architecture, literature, and attainments in the field of science in those years, notably the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, under the fostering care of the Church, with that of the Protestant Revolution era, will show whether or not the loosening of the spiritual bond with the Chair of Peter was an aid in the propagation of the arts and sciences.

The essay "Montana, the Treasure State" is a fervent appreciation of one of our big Western states by a native Montanan. While it is natural that a person should believe his home state or city to be the best anywhere, the article reveals in a spirited manner the beauty and resources of Montana. Of course, every faithful Montanan, or the inhabitant of any other commonwealth for that matter, must believe devoutly that the "valor of their brothers" and the "beauty of their daughters" is far-famed and unequalled anywhere throughout the land. But then of course, none of these misguided people were ever in Pennsylvania, or they would think entirely different. The eulogistic Montanan should not be too hard on the poor Easterners who still labor under the illusion that outlaws, in chaps and gaudy neckerchiefs, ride their prancing steeds into the "Golden West" saloon, drink gallons of "hooch" at a throw, kill thirteen redskins, shoot up the place in general, and run off with the bartender's daughter. We wonder what is the Westerner's impression of the East. It would be interesting to see in the "Gonzaga" an essayist's conception of New York,—or say Atlantic City.

The February number of *The Patrician* contains a well-written article "With the Canadian Army at Vimy Ridge", but there seems to be entirely too much "war" in the magazine. and very few articles of literary merit. There are no stories and the verse is mediocre. The one redeeming feature of this issue is "The Bulletin Board".

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.



ANNUAL RETREAT AND EASTER VACATION

The annual retreat for the students was conducted this year by Rev. Charles Baker, O. S. A., who served as a chaplain in the American Army overseas during the war, and who was warmly greeted by many of his former pupils. Father Baker began his instructions Sunday evening, March 28th, concluding with services Holy Thursday morning with Holy Communion and Papal Benediction. After the morning services, most of the students departed for home for the Easter Vacation, returning in time for classes Tuesday morning, April 6th.

PHI KAPPA PI NOTES

At the March meeting of the Engineering Society, Alfred Kane, '21, delivered an inter-

esting lecture on "Substations". He dwelt mainly upon "outside substations" and gave his audience many interesting sidelights upon this question.

A smoker was held in the club rooms Thursday evening, March 25th, at which some of the talent from the society performed creditably with songs and dancing, Phineas Vize, '23, proving himself very adept at the art of soft shoe dancing.

Mr. Edward Dougherty, '12, and Frank Goodwin, '17, were present and added considerably to the success of the evening with their talks on Engineering as seen from the outside.

The Phi Kappa Pi joins with the VILLANOVAN in expressing, through these columns, its sincerest sympathy to Ignatius Kirsch, '17, in the death of his father, Joseph Kirsch, who died on March 21st after a long illness.

"PREP O' LANTERN"

The Preparatory Class of 1920 is making great strides in the comp'etion of its year book which is to be known as the "Prep o' Lantern". Rev. Philip Colgan, O. S. A., is Faculty Adviser and Carl Annas, Prep '20, is Editor-in-Chief. Some very clever advertising schemes have been gotten up by the staff and Tom Cranston, Jr., is doing good work in illustrating them.

Various smokers, Boosters' nights and Victory nights have been successfully carried on, and the Prep Students are showing much enthusiasm in the gathering of subscriptions and advertising for the number.

The VILLANOVAN wishes you success in the undertaking, Prep. '20.

COLLEGE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The following managers and assistants have been elected for the various athletic teams for next season. Football: Manager, Alfred Kane, '21; Assistant Manager, Anthony Lynch, '23.

Basketball: Manager, Frank Braham, '21.

Baseball (season of 1920): 1st Assistant Manager, William T. Bride, '21; 2d Assistant Manager, Matthew Lynch, '23.

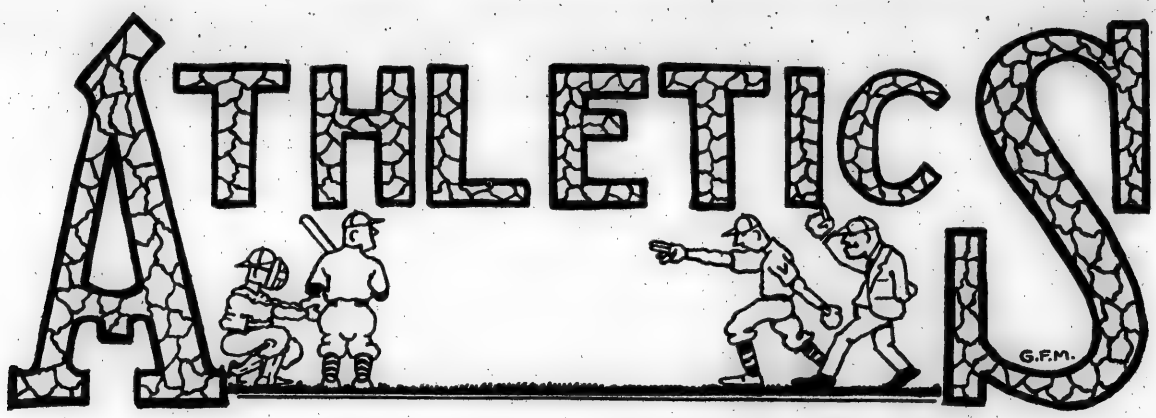
Tennis: Manager, John Kirkendal,.'23.

Track: Manager, Frank McGrady, '22.

R. C. H. S. CLUB

The R. C. H. S. Club will give a dance on May 8th at the Hotel Adelphia, Philadelphia. The officers of this organization for this year are:

President—David Farley, '20.
Vice-President—Frank Robinson, '21.
Secretary-Treasurer—Charles Belz, '22.



The following is the schedule that has been arranged by the management for the season:

Apr. 7—Fordham at Villanova, Pa.
Apr. 10—Ursinus at Villanova, Pa.
Apr. 14—Princeton at Princeton, N. J.
Apr. 17—Haverford at Villanova, Pa.
Apr. 21—Catholic University at Washington, D. C.
Apr. 22—Georgetown at Washington, D. C.
Apr. 23—Mt. St. Mary's at Emmittsburg, Md.
Apr. 24—Gettysburg at Gettysburg, Pa.
Apr. 28—Ursinus at Collegeville, Pa.
May 1—Catholic University at Villanova, Pa.
May 5—Haverford at Haverford, Pa.
May 6—Steelton at Steelton, Pa.
May 8—Fort Monroe at Villanova, Pa.
May 14—Seton Hall at South Orange, N. J.
May 15—Fordham at Fordham, N. Y. C.
May 19—Lehigh at So. Bethlehem, Pa.
May 21—Gettysburg at Villanova, Pa.
May 26—Navy at Annapolis, Md.
May 29—St. Joseph's at Villanova, Pa.
June 5—Lafayette at Easton, Pa.

BASEBALL PROSPECTS

On March 21st the initial call for 'varsity baseball candidates was sounded by Coach McGeehan, and no less than thirty aspiring athletes responded. Among the veterans of last year's team to report for practice were Captain Robinson, Brennan, Jones, Hertzler, Cronin, Neville, and Hugh McGeehan who is assisting in rounding the new men into shape. Of the new candidates who are showing up well are Sheehan, Byrne, Cullom, McDonald, Dougherty, Sweeney, Connally, and Yadusky.

That the outlook for a successful season is very promising is evident from the large number of candidates that appeared for practice. The pitching staff will be entirely new with the exception of Jones who is at present nursing a sore arm; Sweeney, who was the Prep's mainstay last year will undoubtedly prove to be a slab artist of high caliber; this youngster has considerable speed and a good curve ball; Yadusky, who was the star at one time for the Preps looks like a dependable slabster for the coming season. With this combination, and Jones' return and a fourth twirler in the personage of Dougherty, formerly of St. Joseph's Prep., Coach McGeehan will hardly find any weakness in his pitching supply. In previous years Villanova has always been shy of catchers, but this season the Blue and White will suffer very little in that end. There are five candidates for the position of backstop and from all appearances there is some very likely material; perhaps the most promising is McDonald; this lad has a powerful arm and seems to be a natural hitter, and is capable of good judgment in handling the pitchers. The other aspirants to this position are Hertzler, last year's mainstay, Duffy, Lynch and Cook.

Neville and Annas are the candidates for first base and both are showing a lot of pep in practice, but the dope has it that Byrne, who is doing some fine work at third, will be shifted to the initial sack. With third base an uncertainty, the rest of the infield is composed of Sheehan at second and Collum at short. These last two are neat fielders and are both good hitters. The outfield will probably be Robinson, centerfield; Brennan, left field, and Connally, Blanchfield or Clark right field.

With this material on hand Coach McGeehan will undoubtedly be able to pick a representa-

tive nine that will be able to compete favorably with any other college nine that is encountered this season.

Fordham, 8; Villanova, 6

On a day that would be very favorable for a football game, the Villanova baseball season was opened at home when the Blue and White nine stacked up against the Fordham University team, and were defeated by the score 8 to 6. "Sid" Sweeney was Coach McGeehan's choice for the afternoon, and though forced to retire in the sixth inning, the former prep. star gave a fine brand of pitching. Sweeney was touched for seven hits in five innings, but kept them so well scattered that the visitors were able to score but once; during this period seven Fordham sluggers failed to touch Sweeney's delivery, the entire side being retired on strikes in the second inning. In the sixth Sweeney weakened and was found for four hits and two bases on balls, which mingled with two costly errors netted the visitors six runs. Yadusky relieved Sweeney in the sixth and though two runs were scored during his stay but one hit was made off his delivery. This good showing of these two twirlers augurs well for a successful season. McDonald, who did the catching, performed well; there was but one stolen base on him, and his hitting aided materially in the scoring. Though credited with five errors, the team as a whole put up a good brand of ball. The work of Sheehan at second base was exceptionally good; he completed two unassisted double plays that brought rounds of applause from the frozen spectators. Cullom played well at short and was especially strong at bat, being credited with a single and a triple in four trips to the plate. Cronin who started at second startled the onlookers with a brilliant running catch of a foul fly and a perfect peg to third forcing Keough, who attempted to advance after the catch. For the visitors, McLoughlin was the chief offender, having a double and three singles in five times at bat; Holloran came next with two doubles, while Donavan is credited with two singles. Buckley at center field for Fordham played a stellar game, his fast fielding preventing many extra base hits. Finn who started the twirling for Fordham was not very effective, his delivery being solved for eleven hits including two doubles and a triple, and was forced to give way to Waters in the seventh; Byrne's error in the sixth inning with two men on let in Fordham's seventh run, which proved to be the deciding tally.





JOHN BARLEYCORN MY JO

John Barleycorn my jo, John,
When first I clasped your hand,
You were a genial gentleman
And greatly in demand;
But now your smile is fled, John,
And gone your cheerful glow,
But blessing on your florid beak,
John Barleycorn my jo.

John Barleycorn my jo, John,
We've rambled home together;
Divided woes, and shared our joys,
And heeded not the weather;
But now they've kicked you out, John,
And I guess you'll have to go;
Here's hoping you'll be back again,
John Barleycorn my jo!

H. J. W.

Prof.—"Mr. Maloney, what is the difference between an injector and a pulsometer?"

Maloney—"That's just what I've been wondering, Prof."

She—"Would you like some water, Mr. Carroll?"

Ted—"No, thanks, my hands aren't dirty."

Prof. (in Chemical Laboratory)—"Now this is a very delicate experiment we're going to do. If the least thing goes wrong we're liable to be blown through the roof. Come closer, Fahey, so that you can follow me."

Her—"Why are waiters like billiard cues, Horatius?"

It—"What's the answer?"

Her—"Because they work better when they're tipped."

Talk about your infant prodigies!—Job cursed the day he was born.

English Prof.—"Who wrote 'Speak to Me Only With Thine Eyes', Dougherty?"

Johnny—"Some deaf guy, I guess."

Thomas—"What became of that story, 'The Jagged Fingernail', I sent in to the VILLANOVAN?"

Wiegand—"Oh, I filed it."

He—"You are about twenty, I presume."

She—"You do."

Ash—"I've been home sick for the last ten days."

Delohery—"That's nothing, I've been homesick ever since school started."

Stinziano says: "Many a true word is spoken in gesture."

Prof.—"He who laughs last laughs best, Mr. Cronin."

Bill—"Or else he didn't see the joke at first."

FAMOUS DOUBLES

Mitchell and the Freshman Sweep

Well-known Triplets

***

"Piggy"—"I hear Spike Shannon has gone into the real estate business. What's he know about real estate?"

"Pussy"—"Lots."

Long since had rung the midnight bell;
Just she and he stood at the door,
Bidding their final, sweet farewell
For hours and hours and hours and more.

"I just adore black eyes," he sighed;
The maiden's listening father heard:
He grabbed a handy brick, and cried,
"Well, here's where I oblige this bird."

H. J. W.

IMAGINE

Reeves handing out cigarettes.
Waugh wheeling a baby-coach.
Eckhardt teaching chemistry.
Michel walking a tight-rope.
Carroll studying.

OBVIOUS AVERSIONS

"Amby" and Ambition.

Prof. (in Logic)—"Thornbury, give me an example of something abstract and something concrete."

Thornbury—"Well, 'the dome of heaven' is abstract, and 'a man's dome' is concrete."

Alsop—"I know a man who swallowed a lead pencil, and it didn't hurt him."

McClernan—"That's nothing; I know a man who swallowed a whole bottle of ink and he felt all write."

An unsophisticated fool
Once wore an orange tie to school;
Alas! the boy was young to die,
—'Twas St. Pat's day he wore that tie.

WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

When prohibition will be lifted.
The Janes Wiggy writes poems about.
Why is a Senior Class.
Who Pete Malick's girl is.
Where Donovan gets those neckties.

WE'D LIKE TO SEE

Some of McCann's drawings come to life.

Bride—"I have a date with a swell Jane tonight."

McDermott—"Yes? Where are you going to meet her?"

Bride—"Why, at the Adelphia, on the mayonnaise floor."

Tony—"Say, Joe, old thing, I was dancing with a swell femme the other night."

Joe—"Yes?"

Tony—"Surely old deah, and d'ya know, I asked her if she minded my walking on her feet."

Joe—"And then what did she say?"

Tony—"She said it was all right, but told me not to jump off so much."

Prof. (in Religion)—"Can anyone give me the derivation of the word Easter?"

Maguire—"Why yes, it comes from 'yeast' meaning 'to rise.'"

UNNECESSARY SAYINGS

"Hit 'er out, Robby!"
"Who wants a cigarette?"
"What'll you have?"

Pat Byrne says that the guy who wrote "Distance lends enchantment to the view" couldn't have been referring to near-beer.

ANTIQUITIES

Swinging Doors
Hip Pockets
Purple Cows
Maguire's Pipe
Sticky Sleeves
Mustache Cups
Girls' Ears
Democratic Administration

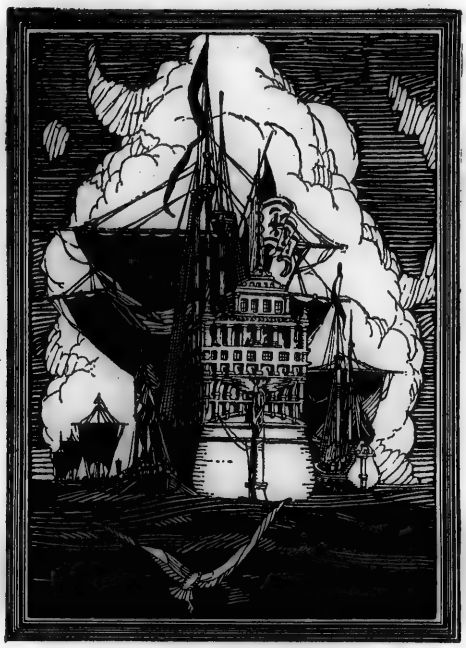
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Scrambled Eggs

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Income Tax
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Girls





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Infant Son of College Professor—"Did you hear the stepladder fall, mama?"

Mother—"Yes; I hope your father didn't fall."

Son—"He hasn't yet; he's hanging to the picture molding."

First turkey on the way to the market—"This is the first time I've been to the city."

Second gobbler—"You'll be all right if you don't lose your head."

Officer (just bawled out)—"Not a man in this division will be given liberty tonight."

Voice—"Give me liberty or give me death."

Officer—"Who said that?"

Voice—"Patrick Henry."

"What is your occupation?"

"I used to be an organist."

"Why did you give it up?"

"The monkey died."

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Condemned man—"Yes—I'd like to get up and give my seat to a lady."

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Second Same—"What?"

First Stude—"The waiter—if you tip him."

She was the telephone operator and should have known better than to put the subscriber on the wrong number. He thought he was connected to a local theatre and being in a hurry asked for a box for two that night.

"But we don't have boxes for two," said a voice at the other end of the wire."

"Isn't this the Palace theatre?"

"No, this is Sampson, the undertaker."

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"So Jones is dead. Did he leave his wife much?"

"Nearly every night."

* * * *

Blanchfield—Say Pop, isn't Lawrence rather an unclean city.

Pop—Yes—it's washed by the Merrimac and the Spiket.

Chick Meader maintains that a Grass Widow is the widow of dead Vegetarian.

* * * *

In room 202.

Mac—C'mon, play square, I know what cards I dealt.

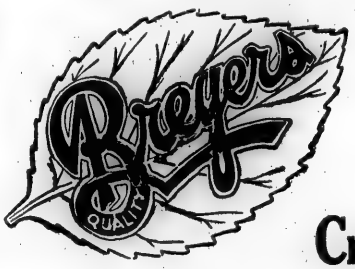
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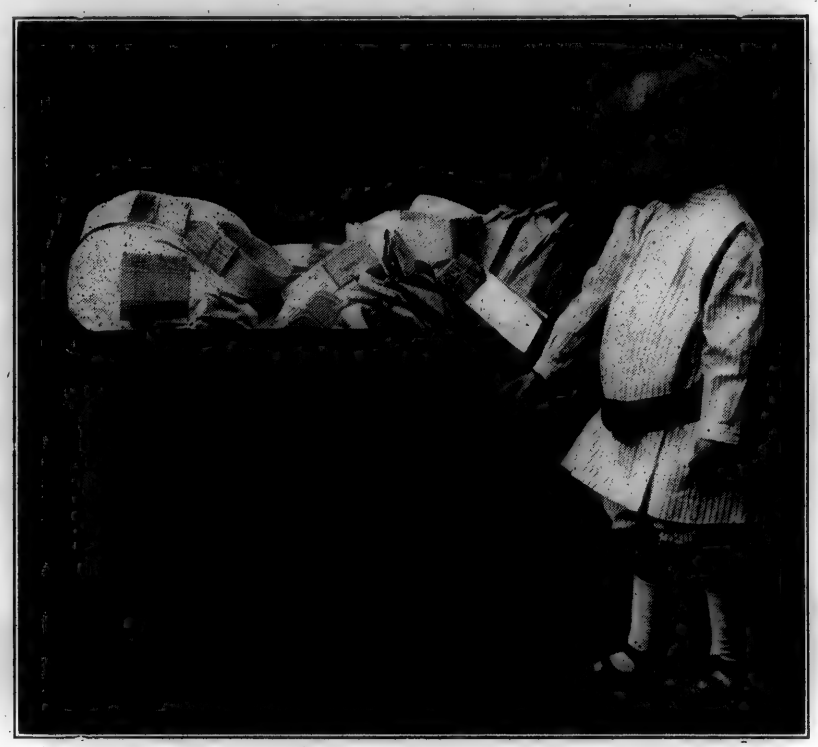
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Second Same—"And why not?"

First Irishman—"Sure and the sign on the door says it's only 9 to 12 I'll get my money."

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Capablanca was visiting Paderewski. They strolled into the music room and Paderewski pointed to a piano.

"You play, don't you, Mr. Capablanca?"

The other nodded affirmatively. "Chess," he replied.

Matt—"A terrible crime was committed in our boarding house yesterday."

Mickey—"I'll bite."

Matt—"A paperhanger hung a border."

Biology Professor—"The students will now name the lowest species of animals, beginning with Holland."

He (trying to find his bearings)—"How do we get to your home from here?"

She—"Oh, any taxi driver knows the way."

He—"That's all right—I'll ask a conductor."

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The Villanovan

VOL. IV. JUNE, 1920 NO 5

To the Class of Nineteen-Twenty

Just as the crimson sun at evening seeks its hard-earned rest,
So, too, your sun of college days is sinking in its West;
The studious tasks, the youthful sports, the mirthful pranks are done,
Your college life is ended, but another is begun,
A life of toil and trouble, of hardship and of pain,
That saps the courage from your soul, the reason from your brain.
Be yours the splendid honors, be yours the heartfelt praise
For winning to this joyous goal through study-burdened days!
But harder is the path, and longer the delay
Before you reach that golden goal of the greater Commencement Day!
But you are strong, and in your hearts are faith, and hope, and love,
The surest guides on that dull trail that leads to realms above;
Your Alma Mater's fostering care has not been lost on you,
Your vision still can pierce the clouds and see the heaven's blue!

But why prate on of solemn themes? This is Commencement Day,
And there can be no gloomy thoughts when nature is so gay
In decking Villanova with her dainty blossomings,
And breezes breathe the promise of the joys the summer brings.
Another year is ended, and another splendid gem
Is added to our Alma Mater's laurelled diadem;
O worthy sons of worthy Mother! let not that gem grow dim,
But let your efforts consecrate that jewelled crown to Him!

Commencement Day is over, but ere the sun is lost to view
We'll bid farewell to another Class that leaves the White and Blue:
"Good-bye, old Nineteen-Twenty! Here's good luck to you!"

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.

Last Will and Testament of Class of 1920

WE, THE members of the Class of 1920, being in good health and despite the continuance of Greek and long hours in the Dynamo Laboratory, of sound mind and memory, foreseeing the time of our departure and desiring to set in order the things concerning our College affairs, do hereby ordain this to be our last will and testament. By a peculiar trick of fate we were able to come to an agreement among ourselves and in the name of all that savors of happiness, of fond hopes and utopian dreams, do hereby bequeath willingly to the persons named below all those things which we deem to be useless. The same persons to have and to hold them, or to dispose of them according to the whims which we know them to have.

The most efficient lawyer in the country, an old grad, who has recently attained prominence shall be executor of this will and shall see that our requests are carried out in the following manner:

To the faculty we leave the College buildings or at least that portion of them which we have not succeeded in destroying.

To the said faculty, we also leave that high standard of efficiency which we have attained as a model for our successors.

To the Class of 1921, we leave a right to their own opinion, something we never had, also a number of well-thumbed Greek dictionaries.

To the class in Ethics, new music for the Jewish Lullaby, said music to be adapted from "The Passing Show".

To the class in Civic History and Religion, twenty volumes of Stoddard's Lectures, so that they may employ their time profitably.

To the class in History of Philosophy, we leave Diogenes, tub and all.

To the class in English, some clever stories to be continued in our next.

To the class in Latin, the following advice—always take the "nec" apart and *never* translate "tamin" as nevertheless.

To the class in Sociology, a bottle of Slapo as liniment, a sure cure for writer's cramps.

We also leave the class in:

Philosophy—our discovery of all things knowable by human reason, in its highest and universal causes, in so far as this is attainable by collegians.

Dynamo Lab, Power Plants, Business Law, etc.—our sympathy.

Steam Engines—plenty of hot air in case it gets into hot water.

Electric R. R.—knowledge of what's watt.

Bridge and Electric Designing—a complete span of shocking flashes.

Roofs and Bridges—a general and universal dizziness.

Wireless—dots and dashes, not to mention a choice line.

To our beloved Professors we leave the following:

To our revered and esteemed English Professor—"Three thousand ducats for three years."

To the kindest Professor we had—an exquisitely bound copy of Mutt and Jeff with a compendium to explain the jokes and answer the puzzles contained therein.

To our Latin Professor—a copy of "Thoughts for all Times", but not your own, a maxim silencer which will eliminate many "hisses" in his intellectual gatherings, and also an automatic arrangement which will remove all unnecessary books and papers from the desks.

To our Greek Professor—the key to a well-stocked stable.

To our Homiletics Professor—the only book he has never read—it's not out yet.

To our Ethics and Sociology Professor—our best wishes, not to mention "so-called" free days.

"Pop" Whelan leaves a pair of patent leather Romeos which formerly served as gondolas in Venice.

"Jimmy" Dougherty leaves a dictionary containing exclusively sesquipedalian words and also a pamphlet composed entirely by himself entitled "How to be a Successful Politician."

John B. Martin leaves a detailed account of the doings of the past four years.

"Buck" Berry leaves a "line" already baited by which he has caught many suckers.

"Nig" Judson leaves the cows which have served him faithfully the past four years.

"T. H. E." Greenlee leaves his favorite sayings "What's new and startling" and "I'll see you later."

"Mac" McCarthy leaves a sophisticated record (?) of past performances impossible for any man of his age.

"Tommy" Blessington leaves an unfinished poem entitled "Trying to live down the past."

Joe Paquette leaves the Chemical Lab in its entirety (!) after many vain attempts to make TNT. He leaves sober, remarkable to say, after attaining success with wood alcohol.

Ed Dickenson leaves Lydia Pinkham's Pills for pale hypochondriacs and also a horse collar.

"Fritz" Manning leaves an electric phonograph capable of perpetual motion to succeed him in the dining-room.

"Jmo" Mahoney leaves a very comfortable seat in the back row of every class, said position being the locus of points equidistant from his many holed golf course and also many witticisms uttered during his wakeful moments.

"Jack" Hudson leaves one book in the Library unread—a Hebrew Dictionary.

"Joe" Waugh leaves the institution—nuff sed.

John Jones leaves his stretcher on the fourth floor and his venerable neighbor in peace.

"Frankie" Murphy leaves a bag of Red Man.

"Pete" Malick leaves his room to the surprise of all, a trick army suit, and a midnight lamp.

"Tom" McCormick leaves his critical tooth for delicious foods.

"Dave" Farley leaves a bunch of chicks to brood over his loss.

George McCann—"and George did it"—left the VILLANOVAN without an artist and dizzy memories of roofs and bridges.

"Howie" Tyrell leaves a high chair in the dining-room and would like to leave his blondy locks (?).

"Joe" Gillespie leaves a complete kitchen cabinet and numerous broken hearts.

Beside these enforced gifts, we leave all our illuminating errors of the past, much startling information disclosed through examinations, and our blessing and pledge of friendship and loyalty to Alma Mater forever.

Last but not the least by far, what is nearest, dearest and touchest both our heartstrings and pursestrings—the VILLANOVAN.

Trusting all will be accepted as an "ordinatio rationis" and ratified by those "qui curam communitatis labet."

CLASS OF 1920.

Happy Days

(SONG)

Oh, for the happy days, when we were boys and young!
Home from school at noon, our books aside we slung;
Thoughts of morrow,
Pain and sorrow,
Lightly on us clung.
Little we thought in our ways
This cry we'd ever raise—
Oh, for the happy days!

We spent the golden hours the smiling fields among,
Climbing the gnarled old trees, where the rosy apples hung.
What games we played!
What fights essayed!
What merry songs we sung!
'Mid summer's heat,
'Mid winter's sleet,
We romped with joyous tongue.
Little we thought in our ways
This cry we'd ever raise—
Oh, for the happy days!

How many times since then the knell of death has rung!
We've drained the bitter cup that Fate to each has flung.
Now our heart's share
Of grief and care
The last red drop has wrung;
And so, this song we raise
'Mid sorrow's wild amaze—
Return, O happy Days!

JOHN A. WHELAN.

The Charivari

A Tale of Canadian Manners

By Guillaume de la Paquette

TO ONE accustomed to the diversions of the big city, I can think of no place that can offer less attractions than the sleepy little French Canadian town of Rivier du Loup. I never had this fact more clearly brought to my attention than as I sat one evening in the lobby of the commercial hotel which served as a resting-place for the few traveling men like myself who keep the few merchants in the town in touch with the manufactured products of the outside world. It had been a rather poor day with me for business, a circumstance which did not tend to make me pleased with things in general; and, in addition to this, I found that there were none of my fellow professionals in town with whom I might pass the evening. I was falling asleep over the three-month-old magazine which the hotel management supplied for my entertainment, when I was aroused by hearing some one mention my name.

"Hello, Joe!" I said, as I recognized the bookkeeper of one of the local merchants, "won't you sit in at a little game with me to pass the time?"

"Sorry," said Joe, "but there is a spree down the road tonight, and I don't want to miss it. Why don't you come down with me and see the fun?"

I had never before seen one of those nocturnal festivities locally known as a spree, so I accepted his invitation with alacrity. As I walked down the street with him, the strains of a fiddle drifted across the quiet night air and directed my attention to a house a short distance away, through the open windows of which I could catch fitful glimpses of the gay couples within whirling through the figures of the Virginia Reel.

I found a ready welcome among these people, and was made to feel so much at home among them that it was some time before it occurred to me that my friend had left me pretty much to myself after introducing me to the company. On looking around a little I found him sitting over in a corner deeply absorbed in conversation with a tall, dark-haired girl, whose merry laugh now and then sounded above the buzz of the conversation and the screech of the fiddle. So this is the reason Joe wanted to come down here so badly tonight, I said to myself as I watched the couple. Well, I can't say that I blame him.

At this moment I became aware of some one talking behind me.

"But, Pierre," he said, "are you not afraid that Billodeau will take your lady friend away from you?"

"No, I don't think he can."

"They seem to be enjoying one another's company immensely."

"That's all right. Everybody likes to listen to a good story-teller, and Joe Billodeau is one of the best around here."

By this time they evidently noticed that I was within earshot, for the subject of the conversation abruptly shifted to a discussion of the season's crops. It was perhaps half an hour later that my attention was attracted to a crowd of young fellows and girls gathered around the couple in the corner. The fellow whom I had heard called Pierre had evidently grown uneasy at the long continued tete-a-tete between his lady friend and the young bookkeeper, and had cleverly succeeded in breaking it up by asking him to tell them a story. Joe, however, was by no means eager to entertain the crowd just then.

"They tell me," said Pierre, "that you told a ghost story down at Louis le Blanc's blacksmith shop the other night that made the boys so scared that nobody dared go home alone."

"That's so," volunteered one of the men. "I was there myself, and I can tell you that he fairly made my flesh creep."

"Poo, hoo!" jeered Pierre. "What children you are to be frightened by a story! Ghosts, indeed, I never saw one myself and I don't believe there is such a thing."

This started Joe off. He told us a ghost story which was one of the weirdest and most horrifying tale I had ever heard. He followed this with one after another each more realistic than the preceding, till by the time the company broke up everybody was seeing in every shadow a grinning skeleton or a horrible monster ready to re-enact some of those scenes which Joe had so skilfully woven into his stories.

When I was ready to go back to the hotel I looked around for Joe but he was nowhere to be found. I thought at first that he had succeeded in side tracking his rival and was walking home with the young lady, but as I came out on to the road I saw her a short distance ahead turning down a side street which led to her home, accompanied by Pierre. I was in no hurry to get back to the hotel, so I stood on the corner talking to some of the fellows whose acquaintance I had made that evening. We had been standing there only a few minutes when we heard a hoarse yell of terror from the direction that Pierre and the young lady had gone, and the next thing we knew Pierre made his appearance around the corner running for all he was worth. He cast two or three frightened glances behind him as he passed us and kept on going as fast as his legs could carry him.

"I wonder what is the matter with Pierre?" I asked as soon as he had disappeared up the road. "He seems to be trying to run away from some one, but I don't see any one chasing him."

"I guess he must have seen one of Joe Billodeau's ghosts," said one of the fellows with a laugh. "Let's go and see."

We walked up the side road a little way, and came out into an open place where some few hundred yards ahead the moonlight revealed the faint outlines of a man walking across the fields with something that looked suspiciously like a sheet over one arm while the other was burdened with something that looked very much like the dark-haired miss whose company Joe had enjoyed so much during the evening. We did not look any further for the ghost.

Alma Mater

F arewell, home of Truth and Beauty!
A ngels guard thy halls and shrine!
R ighteousness and love and duty
E very heart has learnt from thine.
W ould that we could speak in actions
E ach grand virtue thou hast taught!
L eaving thee, we face the factions
L ulled in strife that Sin has wrought.

T o the God of Truth and Beauty
O ffer we these lessons taught.

V illanova, Alma Mater!
I n thy future years of life,
L et our hearts in accents answer
L oyally from out the strife;
A nd in peace and joy behold thee
N earer to Excelsior;
O 'er the earth with love extol thee
V irtuous queen of Light and Love—
A lma Mater, Villanova!

JOHN F. O'BRIEN.


VILLA NOVA
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JOHN F. McCARTHY
WILLIAM F. BERRY
JOHN B. MARTIN
THOMAS BLESSINGTON
DAVID F. FARLEY
JOHN W. JONES
JOSEPH A. GILLESPIE
19
20
JOHN A. WHALEN
FRANK A. MURPHY
JOSEPH W. PAQUETTE
GEORGE F. McCANN
HARRY E. GREENLEE

CLASS HISTORY

JOHN WILLIAM JONES

"JOHNNY JONES", "JONESY", "STRETCH"

"Sweet are the nights in care'ess slumber spent—"

Sweet, indeed, were Johnnie's nights,—but what of the mornings? John's appearances at the breakfast table were few and far between, especially during the period of winter hibernations, when even Tyrrell's vigorous poundings failed to arouse the tired youngster from his slumbers.

But if Johnny was careless about his breakfasts, he made up for these lapses during the day, and established a reputation for "heavy eating" which no one has been able to keep pace with in the past four years.

Johnnie was born in far-off Australia, to which fact we are reconciled when we gaze upon his towering six-foot-four body. More recently however, Jonesy claims Harrisburg as his residence and always delights in telling us that Harrisburg is a "capital" city, and he is always ready to extend a welcome to the boys from "up home".

John made a very creditable record as a student by completing the course in Electrical Engineering without ever having a "condition" during his four years of college, despite the fact that the fortunes of war found him at Camp Zachary Taylor at the beginning of the Junior term. But when the armistice was signed, Johnny hastened back to his books in January and soon made up for lost time.

Johnnie made quite a reputation as a twirler on the 1918 and 1919 baseball teams, but the pressure of scholastic work kept him off the ball field this year, except on occasional warm days when Stretch would slowly unwind his immense frame and have the batters breaking their backs trying to hit his fast ones long after they had whizzed by them.

But we mustn't forget Johnnie's violin! From the first day that John set foot on the beautiful campus of Villanova, his violin has been a household word with the students. No Orchestra or Jazz Band at the College in the past four years was complete without John Jones and his obliging violin. Next to enjoying a good long sleep or a hearty meal, John always delighted in playing his fiddle for his own edification. Jonesy even went so far as to construct a "one string fiddle" from a cigar box and a broom handle on which he played music "every bit as good as on his regular fiddle".

John's oratorical efforts were always much enjoyed by the audience, and indeed, he seemed to find something amusing in every theme,—or was it the audience? We never could find out, but John always broke into a grin, just after he had made a particularly serious gesture. But it was his gallant rallying after these "breaks" that made John stand out as one of the foremost orators of the oratorical class of 1920.

Taken all in all, which is some undertaking, Johnny Jones is a big fellow with a big heart, a big appetite, and a big circle of friends. The Class of 1920 finds no trouble in "looking up" to Johnny, and we have no doubt that he will be able to reach a high place on the ladder of success.

PETER JOHN MALICK

"PETE"

"Hermits are contented with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels."

Most of us doubted the truth of the above lines, until we met Pete Malick. Pete is a student, first, last, and all the time.

Although he seldom boasts about it, Pete first opened his eyes to the wonders of this mundane sphere in the coal regions of West Viginia, but soon migrated to Pennsylvania, in

VILLA NOVA


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J. HOWARD TYRELL
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Johnnie made quite a reputation as a twirler on the 1918 and 1919 baseball teams, but the pressure of scholastic work kept him off the ball field this year, except on occasional warm days when Stretch would slowly unwind his immense frame and have the batters breaking their backs trying to hit his fast ones long after they had whizzed by them.

But we mustn't forget Johnnie's violin! From the first day that John set foot on the beautiful campus of Villanova, his violin has been a household word with the students. No Orchestra or Jazz Band at the College in the past four years was complete without John Jones and his obliging violin. Next to enjoying a good long sleep or a hearty meal, John always delighted in playing his fiddle for his own edification. Jonesy even went so far as to construct a "one string fiddle" from a cigar box and a broom handle on which he played music "every bit as good as on his regular fiddle".

John's oratorical efforts were always much enjoyed by the audience, and indeed, he seemed to find something amusing in every theme,—or was it the audience? We never could find out, but John always broke into a grin, just after he had made a particularly serious gesture. But it was his gallant rallying after these "breaks" that made John stand out as one of the foremost orators of the oratorical class of 1920.

Taken all in all, which is some undertaking, Johnny Jones is a big fellow with a big heart, a big appetite, and a big circle of friends. The Class of 1920 finds no trouble in "looking up" to Johnny, and we have no doubt that he will be able to reach a high place on the ladder of success.

PETER JOHN MALICK

"PETE"

"Hermits are contented with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels."

Most of us doubted the truth of the above lines, until we met Pete Malick. Pete is a student, first, last, and all the time.

Although he seldom boasts about it, Pete first opened his eyes to the wonders of this mundane sphere in the coal regions of West Viginia, but soon migrated to Pennsylvania, in

the vicinity of Mahanoy Plane, only to discover more coal. In truth, Pete thought all soil was of a blackish tint until the day his eyes first feasted on the beautiful campus of Villanova with its broad expanses of green grass and greener foliage.

From that day on, Pete has never ceased to learn new facts about this world of ours, and rumor has it that Pete once said, "Never let your education interfere with your studies." However, this may be falsely credited to Peter, and we hasten to say that Pete once cavorted around second base with the Prep baseball team until one day the Coach overheard him remark that he was not going to allow baseball to interfere with his studies. Pete was promptly relieved of his suit, and from then on his time was devoted to three things only, viz., studies, studies, and studies.

It is said that it was Pete's incessant burning of the "midnight oil" or "watts", as the case might have been, that caused the authorities to issue an order which effected the turning out of all lights at 11 P. M. by throwing off a switch. This order enabled Pete to get a little sleep occasionally, and did not prevent him from carrying off the medal for efficiency in Calculus during his Sophomore year.

Pete's exercise was usually of the enforced variety, especially during the S. A. T. C. regime, when he insisted on calling out "five" upon the command "Count off". Whereupon Pete was given an opportunity to walk briskly for several hours a day in the clear outside air, with a gun upon his shoulder to aid in strengthening his muscles.

Several mysterious phone calls of late have led us to believe that Pete's declaration of disinterestedness in the fair sex was well feigned, and we look for further development along this line when his student days are over.

Pete is a plugger, and if "plugging" counts for anything these days, then Pete's will surely be successful on the outside, and the Class of 1920, confident of his success, extends to him every best wish and heartfelt godspeed upon the severing of our College ties.

GEORGE FREDERICK McCANN

"TOOTS", "GEORGIE"

"Her teeth, I presume, were 'pearly'
But which was she, brunette or blond?"
—Calverly.

For some reason or other, George hails from Lowell, Mass., where flows the quiet Merrimac, and our premier Beau Brummel, Staff Artist, and Chesterfield, delights in receiving mail from that isolated portion or the country. In his four years here, Georgie has indeed proved himsel a "man of letters" and our Postmistress will welcome a respite from her arduous labors when George departs from Villanova.

From the day our handsome and youthful artist first sketched one of the Professor's pictures instead of paying attention in the Algebra class, he has been stamped as a cartoonist of the first water. In fact, George used several pails of fluid to which we have been restricted by the Prohibitionists in removing drawings from the walls of the top corridor after the V. P. had made a tour of inspection one night.

Where George gets his ideas of feminine styles and fancies, no one seems to know yet it is safe to say that some of his "beautiful women" drawings would put Harrison Fisher to shame, and, indeed, they have brought many a blush to our youthful cheeks.

Combined with his artistic tastes, George has a sense of humor which should put him in the front rank of numerous cartoonists before many moons. It is rumored, however, that George is soon to accept a position with Hart, Schaffner and Marx as a model rather than an artist or designer. George, we are sure, will accept the above bantering as such, and, perhaps add to it in telling of his "childhood days" to some admiring blond or brunette, while indulging in his favorite pastime of "tripping" lightly over the waxed dance floor or his partner's dainty feet.

Those of us, who in our Freshman year gazed with admiration at the results of a few nimble strokes of Georgie's pencil, and remarked, "That kid is clever", today see Georgie developed into young manhood before our very eyes,

and we extend the proffered hand and assure him that we are delighted to have his name grace the Alumni roster of dear old Villanova.

THOMAS JOSEPH McCORMICK

"Tom"

"As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Tom first began to count his pink toes somewhere in Western Pennsylvania, in a place called Reynoldsville. His next abode, we are told, was in Spangler, but maps of the vicinity fail to reveal anything startling about this town except that it was planted on the side of a mountain and took root in a coal field. We have no doubt the town is still there, for Tom proudly displays a medal from that township in gratitude for his services during the World War.

In fact, it was the World War which made Tom a member of the grand old Class of 1920. Originally with the Class of 1918, Tom departed from Villanova at the end of his Junior year to serve two years with Uncle Sam as a "jolly tar" as the boys were wont to style themselves. But when the war was over, Tom had lost none of zeal for Mathematics, and he returned to Villanova's halls to complete his course with the Class of 1920.

Tom was indeed Villanova's "mathematical wizard" and an Engineering student of unusual ability. In his Sophomore year, he was awarded the medal for proficienty in Calculus, and he will, no doubt, be among the top-notchers when this year's records are completed.

Tom's wanderings were confined to local activity, especially since his return this year, and with his usual efficiency, he should be able to construct from memory an accurate map of all the roads and estates in Delaware County.

Tom claims no relationship to the famous John McCormack, and it is well that he does not, for Tom's musical ability was kept well under cover, although on one occasion he was suspected of making an endeavor to whistle a popular melody.

As we were only "Freshies" when Tom sallied forth to war, Tom's character was little known to us, but now, after having had him with us throughout the Senior year, and having been attracted by his natural ability, and his willingness to help others over the "rough spots", we are glad to claim Tom as a member of the Class of '20. We are all the more pleased for having had him with us, and shall follow with interest his career in the Engineering world after his departure from our midst.

DAVID FRANCIS FARLEY

"Dave"

"Oh East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

So said Kipling, but, of course, he could not have foreseen the time when "our Dave", claiming Philadelphia as his home town, would attend the camp at Plattsburg, and proceed under military orders to Camp Perry. And if we are to consider Sandusky, O., as being in the West, then surely the Ohio postmark on Dave's mail since his return, would indicate that the "twain have met".

Aside from being tall and rosy-cheeked, and good-natured, Dave is also a good Engineering student, and judging from the extent of his pedal extremities, he should have no trouble in planting himself firmly in the engineering field, unless, perchance, the "flivver" should some day become angry from being overburdened, and injudiciously "fly off the handle".

But Dave himself says that the Ford has been a frequent source of inspiration to him, and when, during the pursuance of his course, he would find himself confronted with seemingly impassable obstacles, he would follow the example of his good old "flivver" and, instead of seeking a way out, he would go crashing through them on high.

Of course, not being a boarding student, Dave has not mingled in our midst except during class hours, but these times were sufficient for Dave to make himself well liked by all his classmates, and every one with whom he came

in contact through the medium of his unfailing good humor and his even temper.

Now that our College days are drawing to a close, we say good-bye to Dave with sorrow because of the parting, but with the joy of being classmates of such a royal fellow, and a noble and true son of Villanova as "our own Dave" Farley.

JOSEPH THOMAS WAUGH

"JOE"

"Think you these aerial wires
Whisper more than spirits may?"
—Alfred Noyes.

"Good old well-meaning 'Joe' Waugh"—to those of us who have been associated with Joe, in class and out, those are the words that will run through our minds whenever we think of this member of our class. Joe's trouble was not that he spoke before he thought, but that his active brain was far ahead of his speech, and until Joe learned to concentrate, he found himself in hot water all the time. But Joe mastered all these difficulties, and during his Senior year, he forged to the front in his class work, and passed quiz after quiz with ease and confidence.

Joe's outstanding characteristics are loyalty and sincerity—sincerity in his every undertaking, and loyalty to his Alma Mater, his Fraternity associates, and to the grand old Class of '20. Joe could always be counted on when there was anything electrical concerned, and being a "live wire" himself, he came into contact with many other less pleasing "live wires" in his meanderings about the Dynamo Lab, or when scrambling with carefree abandonment over the roof tops of old Villanova during the course of his erection of the aerials for his wireless telephone.

Joe was irrepressible and a hard man to down. An unfortunate fall in the last month of class work resulted in a severely sprained ankle, and kept Joe on crutches for a while, but did not serve to prevent him from attending classes and all other functions where he deemed his presence necessary.

Joe had a good ear for music, but just which one it was, we are not qualified to judge. His violin rendition of the "Melody in F" sounded like two letters higher to most of us, untrained as we were in the art of music and melody.

And if I say I almost forgot to mention Joe Waugh's efforts to catch behind the bat, let not some unkind soul say it were better if I had forgotten.

Now that our student days are over, we bid farewell to Joe with the comforting thought that we are, no doubt, to hear from him again through his sincere and untiring efforts in whatever walk of life he may wisely choose to tread.

JOSEPH HOWARD TYRRELL

"HOWARD", "REDS"

"Where wilt thou lead me? Speak. I'll go no farther." *—Hamlet.*

From the day, or rather evening, that this little fellow with the thatch of auburn hair first bobbed up at the "Gobble Gobble" initiation and astounded the huddled group of bewildered "freshies" with his impromptu recitations, Reds has been the one member of the class, whom we have had to watch for "pulling the unexpected".

Unjustly accused of having Bolshevistic tendencies, always a loyal worker for the best interests of Villanova, and not easily led, Howard was the logical choice for Class President, and he bore his office well. Reds also served as President of the Athletic Association, and made a capable manager for the 1919 football team.

During his Junior year, Howard was awarded the medal presented by the Engineering Society each year for the best thesis on a topic of interest to the Engineers. Reds also had a propensity for short story writing, and several specimens of his literary efforts have appeared in the VILLANOVAN, although none of his "love stories" have ever been published.

Reds made a good impression as quarterback for the Villanova Informals in 1918, but since then he has been content to rest on his laurels

(and occasionally his well-hollowed bed), and tear trousers and other articles of clothing in the rough and tumble affairs so dear to his heart. Statistics have it that he shattered his high-powered spectacles no less than fourteen times in his four years at Villanova.

Reds, as we have mentioned, always had the interest of Villanova at heart, and we can readily forgive him for the seeming transfer of his affections to a neighboring Main Line institution of late.

But our enthusiasm has led us far ahead, and we must go back to the matter in hand. Reds was born in the town of Naugatuck in the peaceful Connecticut Valley, but his early wanderings brought him to Waterbury, a few miles north of his birthplace, and attracted by the glitter and glamor of the Brass City, the youngster hung up his hat and "stayed".

And now that Howard is to return to the city of his choice, "watch out". With fear and trembling, we shall scan the newspapers day by day, for the one prophecy we feel compelled to make in this odd collection of Class Histories is that J. Howard Tyrell, Villanova, '20, will some day become the fearless, law-abiding Mayor of the thriving metropolis of Waterbury.

And so, with this prediction, the Class of '20 bids fond farewell to its trusted President, with the calm assurance that we are sending forth into the battle, a warrier, who will be ever mindful of the traditions of Alma Mater, and whose every act will be for the sake of Honor, Righteousness, and Justice.

JOHN B. MARTIN, A.B.

"JOHNNIE"

"A man in all the world's new fashions planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain."
—Shakespeare.

The Class of 1920 includes some remarkably eloquent individuals, but one of the most talkative fellows we ever met is our friend, silent Johnnie, the loquacious Irishman. It is said that one's environment in early life has a marked influence on his character. We are inclined to believe it in this instance, for John was born and spent his youth in the shadow of a gas manufacturing establishment.

When he appeared in our midst, four years ago, he attracted immediate attention by his quick gestures and rapid-fire delivery of words. Opinion was divided as to whether he was an animated jumping-jack or a real live-wire. We decided that he was a live wire for he shocks every one who tries to handle his "line", by delivering a flow of choice Anglo-Saxon expressions.

During his stay at Villanova John has become noted for his great argumentative ability. He dominates every class meeting, overcoming all opposition by his intimate knowledge of parliamentary terms and procedure. With an information, complete and authoritative, on all subjects, he has never yet been worsted in an argument, for he supplements his knowledge with the principle, "If you can't convince a man, knock him down." Besides this, he conducts a sort of informal Information Bureau, dealing with the leading ethical questions. For full information on all the latest scandals, it is customary to consult John Martin.

No matter what way you take him, John is "some boy". He started out in life as a newspaper reporter and rose rapidly in the field of journalism. The *New York Times* made him a flattering offer to go abroad as special war correspondent, but he decided to go to college, and turned a deaf ear to all allurements. Personally we think he was cut out to be an actor, for he has dark, languid almost soulful eyes, and a general appearance of tragic melancholy, admirably adapted for a Hamlet or even an omelet, if the audience chooses to throw eggs. He has already made his debut on the stage in Senior theatricals, but as a prophet is never appreciated in his own country, thus was it with Johnnie. He had some harrowing experiences, very nearly meeting with foul play, so he is discouraged now and thinks an actor's life is too dangerous.

In college activities, John has distinguished himself in all branches of athletics, but especially in the hammer throw. In addition, he is a prominent Greek student, an excellent representative of the equestrian age of Greek liter-

ature. His only regret is that we did not form a glee club, for he just loves to sing. He ought to be a good singer for he has legs like a canary.

Laying aside all chaffing, John is one of the most earnest and hardworking fellows in the class. He is always willing to lend a helping hand to those who are in difficulty: a cheerful companion, an all-round good fellow. In bidding farewell to John, we feel that we are parting with a friend whose industrious habits and willing disposition will gain for him success in life.

HENRY E. GREENLEE

"HARRY"

"He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit."

Some eight years ago there appeared within these ancient portals two little boys holding each other tightly by the hand. The elder appeared scared out of his wits and wanted to run, but the younger with whom we are concerned announced very nonchalantly that they were from Haverford (a nearby socially famous hamlet) and that his big brother could fight if there were any question of needed defense. These little boys were Joe Dougherty and Harry Greenlee and since we were somewhat in awe of Harry's antagonistic brother we received them both with open arms. Harry soon showed that he was going to stay and proved himself a loyal friend and a good sport, despite the handicap of a deep bass whisper and an inability to whistle. He was equally at home in the lecture room and laboratory as on the cinder track and diamond—in fact he captured prizes several times in his classical course and also at the annual meets. Of late years, however, he seems to have neglected his sprinting since he has acquired the telltale habit of arriving late for eight o'clock class. He seems to have become quite successful, however, in framing excuses, because he invariably has one ready and the Professor in question always smiles. After causing a lot of commotion by arriving late he generally sits demurely until Father Tourcher asks some such question as "Where is Dougherty this morning?" Then our friend Harry causes an uproar by answering, "Yes Father." Oh yes, Harry keenly appreciates a joke, especially his own, but sometimes he has some difficulty convincing his hearers of the humorous character of his remarks. He generally introduces himself by saying, "Is there anything new or startling", and after an engrossing conversation you hear, "I'll see y'a later," and then you know he is gone. We know little of Harry's social activities, because he is rather reticent on the subject, but rumor has it that his early flirtations ended rather disastrously on account of his inability to wink without shutting both eyes. Such a pity, too, since he has baby blue eyes and light curly hair.

Apart from all this he is one of the finest characters we have met. He has been a true friend and a deep student. Perseverance and constancy are among his predominant virtues. May he have the same success in future life that he has attained within these hallowed walls.

PAUL M. JUDSON

"He is a gentleman on whom I build an absolute trust."

Mista' Pawl Judson, a rather elongated strawberry blond, was born in that state which gave so many other illustrious men to the great U. S. A., Virginia. Realizing that he, too, must uphold the standards set by his fellow statesmen, "The Father of Our Country" and "The Sage of Monticello" Mista' Judson thought it behooved him to come to that college where he might imbibe principles of patriotism and learning, so, as soon as he was able to determine for himself, he selected old Villanova.

Paul has been with us for the past eight years. When he first arrived he was a little red-headed shaver in knee breeches. His first night up in the big dormitory almost proved his undoing. There was no "Mammy" to tuck her "lil hunny" under the quilts and the musical (?) snoring of the "old vets" was so much different from the lullaby he used to hear that Paul burst into tears. The "cruel" prefect had no

comforting words to offer and his pathetic sobs only drew opprobrium from the older boys. O how different from the quiet Southern home!

But Paul's málady was short-lived. As soon as he became acquainted things took on a rosier tint. His quaint Southern accent and his stories of the South, especially of his "Mammy", soon made him the center of attraction. His magnetic personality drew all to himself and as years roll by the magnet loses nothing of its drawing power. Paul is a magnet of a new species. There is no repelling force in him. Either pole is attracted and magnetized with the "Judsonian" principles of cheerfulness, loyalty and good fellowship.

Periodically Paul puts on some excess avoirdupois. There is, however, method in his madness. He always does this before some big event in his life. Before he came to Villanova he took on ten pounds; in Fourth Prep he increased so much he had to get bigger clothes; this was in preparation for his college course; and this year, in preparation for the climax, he has put on so much weight that Mr. Whelan, his manager, is now looking for an engagement, with the winner of the Dempsey-Carpentier bout.

The only difficulty about this increase is that it interferes with Paul's tennis. O, yes he's a tennis player! Paul always was "in love" with tennis but "love" in tennis means nothing to Paul. True, he has never met Tilden or Johnson but he has met—defeat—around Villanova just the same.

From tennis Paul developed another art. His ear became keenly tuned to the lyre-like music as his racket hit—the air. Paul decided to use this musical ear to advantage, so he got a job in the band—carrying the bass drum. More musical knowledge and then he took mandolin lessons. We have no doubt but that he can play many tunes or any tune but all we have heard so far is "I'm comin' ", still he never gets there. That is, he never "gets there" musically—but he's "all there" every other way.

True to his Southern instincts Paul always kept a creditable stable. His favorite horses were "Euripedes" and "Phaedo", which he always insisted on riding himself. When Aristotle threw him the disgrace was too much for him, so he sold out his entire stock. Paul says jockeying is not what it's cracked up to be; you always have to be careful that the pony doesn't break into a gallop; and then again, the "judges" are sometimes pretty shrewd merchants who can readily detect when the horse is a little off. What hurts Paul most is the fact that he has figured in the money for the past six years and then, just as he is about to retire, he must submit to the humiliation of reading his fair name among the "also ran".

As a student Paul was always right up among the leaders. You just ought to hear him talk about "ratiocination" and "the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the exalted men of ancient antiquity" and the "tabala rasa"; what that man don't know! The only thing Paul can't see is how Kant saw what he did see. Even Mista' Judson admits that in Kant he has met his equal.

Paul's habitual good nature, his sunny Southern disposition and his ever-helping hand to a friend in need has won for him a host of friends during his long stay at Villanova. The man whose motto is "Don't worry, sleep long, and give the boys a lift" will always be remembered by his classmates as a grand young gentleman from the South.

JOHN JOSEPH HUDSON, A.B.

"JACK"

"Thus through the parting clouds this son of night
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way:
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft and towers ethereal height."

We have all, at some time or another, hitched the wagon of our ambitious hopes to some lofty star. Descending from the sublime to the individual, however, it was never Jack's way to accept these time-honored aphorisms even in their fullest metaphorical sense. But with his characteristic, though unassuming determination, he actually steered his "bus" aloft, "above the clouds, above the starry sky". Aeronautically speaking, Jack was some sky pilot. Had the armistice not put an end to his "flying", we have little doubt he would have

"trumped" the whole deck of "aces".

Jack tried hard back in '18 at the beginning of his Senior year to enlist in Uncle Sam's Flying Squadron. But events did not move fast enough to suit his eagerness to "get over" and do his bit. Somehow, he learned that Canada was also mixed up in the Great War, and he enlisted in the R. A. F. It was indeed a Royal Air Force, now, and the days of the war were numbered.

Up in the air, far above the maddening crowd, was just the elbow room Jack desired. There, there was no limitation to the possi ilities of negative gravity. The sky was the limit. There, he could while away the weary hours in those indulgences so dear to his youthful heart —rock himself to sleep on the "bumpy air", and dream of his native village, Bryn Mawr; or, steering the "bus" with his educated feet, with a "Lucky Strike" in one hand and a "Top Notch" in the other, to bask in the genial influences of the midday sun.

But, as the poet said, everything that goes up must come down, if it does not stay up. So, we have had Jack back with us this year. It is not to be supposed for a minute that Jack is a mere intellectual vagabond. He has attained considerable fame in the realm of mathematics and language. Personally, we believe his interest in aeronautics was awakened by the possibilities suggested by the assentate of a hyperbola.

The parting of the ways has come again. We are sorry to part with so genial and considerate a friend, but the memory of these "happy carefree days" together will always be a source of pleasure. We wish him good luck.

JOSEPH ALOYSIUS GILLESPIE

"Doney", "Joe"

"Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye."

Such was Joe Gillespie. Entering Villanova a little late for the opening of classes, Joe was so modest and retiring that it was some time before even the Professors knew he was here. And externally he's the same Joe today, and we can see little or no change in him,—the same high stiff collar, the unvarying trim of the hair, and the same straightforward look in his eye, with the same twinkle always lurking there.

Hazleton, Pa., claims Joe as her own and is even now preparing to welcome this promising young engineer home with open arms. But to limit Joe's scope to Hazleton would be an injustice, for Joe made a record showing with the record-breaking Villanovan representatives at Plattsburg, and with Farley and Murphy gave up a commission to return to Villanova only to be made a sergeant in the Unit here. As a "non-com", he proved himself one of the best liked disciplinarians and always bore himself in soldierly fashion and one that commanded respect.

Joe's pal was John Jones, and his fondest memories will always be of "Stretch" and his fiddle. Joe has a rare sense of humor, and his famous "dry" wit is in keeping with the times. To "go him one better" was well nigh impossible, and he left many a sore side with his parting shots upon the breaking up of the midnight luncheons in Room 17.

Jones' great joy in life would be to find out from whence all Joe's mail came and why his room is always locked after meals. Rumor has it that Joe liked his bed as well as Johnnie did, but did not like to be caught napping.

Donegal Hill, we return to you one who is a credit to himself and to you, and one whose sense of loyalty and duty will never be found lacking.

FRANCIS ALOYSIUS MURPHY

"Murph", "Spuds"

"In my dreams the Sergeant, the Kaiser, and Kipling mix my feet,
Saying East is left, and Might is Right, and never the twain shall meet."

This unassuming young man with the ever-present twinkle in his soft blue eyes, hails from the neighboring town of Ardmore, where the autocars are made. Who can forget the time "Murph" declined a commission after

qualifying as an expert machine gunner at Plattsburg? Returning to Villanova, he was made a Sergeant, and as Sergeant Murphy became a great favorite, until one fatal evening he led an expedition past the guards, only to be captured upon his return, and to be reduced to a Buck Private in the rear rank.

It was certainly the "irony of fate", but "good scout" that he was, he bore his troubles well and served two weeks K. P., and then with head held high and eyes front, he won recognition from his superior officers and reinstatement to his position of trust again.

But Frank's ability was not confined to military science, for he persisted in his studies and also showed business aptitude in his official capacity as Advertising Manager for the VILLANOVAN.

Having mentioned in the opening paragraph that Murph resides in Ardmore, we need go no further, in the description of his mode of living or his predominating characteristics. Murph's vocal ability need hardly be mentioned, for with the exception of a few early morning versions of Harry Lauder's famous ditties as interpreted by Joe Gillespie, and the incessant Jones fiddle, the Class of 1920 was not famed for its musical ability.

However, Frank did indulge in the gentle Terpischorean Art, at times, and, we have been informed, once won a prize for dancing, the prize being won through a lucky number on the door ticket, which Murph "happened" to possess.

Good luck to you "Murph", old boy, and now that we are to sever the bonds which have held us together during our college days at Villanova, we wish you every success in your new work, and hasten to assure you we shall always be proud to number you among the faithful Alumni of our fair Alma Mater.

JOSEPH W. PAQUETTE
"JOE"

"I pray thee, hear me speak."
—Shakespeare.

"Look fellows, I've got an idea." Now do not get excited at this strange phenomenon, my friends, for it is only Joe, who has arrived on the scene, ever ready to offer an ingenious suggestion for the solution of one of the many deep problems that have taken up our time during the past four years. He joined us at the beginning of our freshman year, hailing from Boston, "alias" Hyde Park. Of course, we do not know his motive for disavowing the latter and claiming in its place the "center of culture" as his locus habitationis. Dame Rumor, however, has noised it abroad that Hyde Park is, as its name would indicate, namely, "out of sight". Hence, there may be a reason for his madness.

He was once what you might call a precocious boy, and as a result the narrow limits of the "Park" made him feel rather cramped; so he jumped the fence and began to wander. He wandered considerably, so much so that if one were to write a history of his whole life, many portions of it would have to remain an inexplicable mystery. In his wanderings he acquired a fund of information not found today outside of the latest encyclopedias. He rubbed shoulders with men of importance and "got on the inside" of the policy that forms and shapes nations. Thus was he when he came to us. He is, however, by no means bashful and the cat soon got out of the bag. He would often let loose on the professor, holding him spellbound for the greater part of the hour with his rapid-fire, while the rest of the class shifted uneasily in their seats. In this way many a free hour fell to our lot. His versatility enabled him to talk on any subject, to take part in any argument. When called upon he could also take up his pen and dash off a story for the VILLANOVAN. So great is his energy that during his time with us we have been afforded the unique opportunity of witnessing in him the greatest antithesis in nature, namely, intense action and absolute passivity—in other words, profound slumber. If he pauses even for a moment from his work, which rarely happens, Morpheus wraps his gentle arms about "Joe", and carries him off to the land of dreams. For this reason we have had to keep a strict watch over him, since he goes to sleep in the most unusual places with great danger to his life. And as for forgetfulness, it is not an unusual thing to see him dashing around madly during

his spare moments out of class in search of the one that took his hammer (do not mistake me, for I am not speaking metaphorically), while all the time it is hanging out of his back pocket. Like most men he has his hobbies: now he is busy developing and printing pictures of "the bunch"; at another time he shuts himself up in his laboratory and forces nature to give up to him a sufficient quantity of a beverage exceedingly rare and scarce, but desired by many in this our day.

Enough of this. Let us look at the nobler side. As a student he ranks among the foremost. In fact he is a specialist in one important branch of studies. Whatever faults he may have, for no man is without them, we can easily overlook; since his good qualities will more than compensate for them. He is generous and kind, ever ready to perform a service for one in need. Good luck and best wishes from the Class of '20.

THOMAS BLESSINGTON

"Tom"

"He can fish and study, too."
—Izaak Walton.

Just six short years ago Tommie temporarily abandoned his home town, Lawrence, Mass., and came to Villanova in quest of learning. The honors he has earned from time to time and more especially the place he has won in the hearts of us all give evidence of the success that has attended his stay. It must not be supposed, however, that his life was an unsuccessful or an uneventful one before he turned his back on the "Spicket City". We have since learned that during his spare time, he was quite a prominent figure at the local track meets, and even winner sometimes. Yes, Tom was quite a runner in his day; indeed he was so used to setting the pace that since he has been with us he has outstripped his original classmates by two years. Tommie's life was pretty much of an outdoor one before he left home. He used to hike through the White Mountains often, and as for fishing! he knew almost every trout and salmon hole in the New Hampshire lakes. Of course all this was quite a long time ago and it must have been, because Tommie himself refers to it as "when I was a young fellow", and Tommie's no spring chicken. Though he still retains many of the marks of youth, yet time is telling, for, alas! those once fair locks are now either gone or going. And yet, there is a redeeming feature even in this, for Shakespeare surely must have had our Tom—or somebody else's Tom who was very much like ours—in his mind's eye when he said: "What he hath spared men in hair, he hath given them in wit." When not engaged in spare time pursuits, Tom followed the trade of a printer. He started in right at the bottom as a common ordinary "devil", and to hear him tell some of the everyday experiences in his life in this position one can easily appreciate how well named the printer's devil is, and that he need never get homesick for fire and brimstone so long as there's something going wrong that can be blamed on him.

We certainly regret that Tom is to leave us for he has been a most interesting and congenial companion, and his bright and kind-hearted disposition will linger in our memory long after our college days are over. The best wish we can offer him is that his life in the years to come will be attended with the same measure of success as those he has spent with us at dear old Villanova.

JOSEPH M. DOUGHERTY, A.B.

"Jimmie"

"How far the little candle throws his beam."

Some years ago, the date and year we are not prepared to say, there came to this old world of ours a grinning youngster. He was christened Joseph but "Jimmie" or "Doc" have supplanted this appellation. Other names not appearing well in print, have been given to our grinning hero. Haverford or Kilkenny boasts as the birthplace of this young man. He came to Villanova some eight years back but not as a stranger for as he says himself—he often appeared on the baseball and football fields in the mob scenes, before he came as a student.

As some well-known author has said, "A smile is something that cracks your face without breaking it", we would say that Jimmie's face is pretty well cracked most of the time. The said smile extends from ear to ear. We call it a grin and he has cultivated a chuckle to go with it. When he gets both going at once he sounds and looks like a freight car with a broken axle, on a rainy night. He has developed many traits since he came to our midst. We presume he had them in the dormant state, his own peculiar state. He has a ready and a steady line of talk. As a political speaker he has the reputation of being a good one—we know. He is a convincing speaker, if you don't know him. To those who do the answer to all his efforts is "Now Jimmie". Another trait developed in our midst is the wonderful shower of sneezes he can squeeze into a minute also the uproar which he makes at the time. At first we thought we were in the midst of a cloudburst, but after a short time we got used to it and appeared in his presence with a towel.

When he first came the cultivation of his hair did not bother him, but as he says himself, growing dignity and self-respect demands it of him now, and his well-oiled "pomp" appears wherever his original grin takes him. The outstanding feature of his young life is his ability to get to class just a little late, his "line" as usual sees him. His inclination to sleep is noticeable at all times but especially in class. He wakes the rest of us up by snoring or else we wake in time to hear "Dougherty, wake up" from the Professor.

He has a wonderful disposition, this smiling hero of ours, coupled with his willingness to help others he has won for himself the esteem and friendship of all his classmates. We part with him assured that he will be a credit to Villanova, no matter where he goes, and that he will attain a high post in his path of life.

JOHN FRANCIS McCARTHY
"MAC"

"And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."
—Goldsmith.

Six years have come and gone since John first came to us from the plains of Lawrence, Mass. He was a mere slip of a youngster then, shy and timid, of a retiring disposition that he has never lost, and bids fair to keep forever.

During the first two years, John did not do much except to raise doubts in our minds, as to his age. He claimed to be but fourteen but when he began to talk about all the positions he had held back in his native town, we concluded that either he was twice this age, or that he was a very poor workman. And yet in all fairness we must admit that John is quite a versatile workman. He can work and work well at anything that requires the use of tools. His hobby is things electrical. He is never so well satisfied as when he is installing buzzers or "pulling wires". "Mac" also has an aptitude for mending alarm clocks and watches, preferably the "Big Ben" and "Ingersoll" types. So clever is he at this art that he charges no fee for his services, for he always has enough parts left to make one for himself.

As a student John excels in the Classics. His favorite study is Greek. Homer, Aeschylus, Plato and Aristotle are his select authors. So anxious is he to interpret their thoughts correctly that he has always at hand the latest editions of the best English commentaries. He also likes Philosophy, and is a great admirer of Cardinal Mercier. Having studied French when a youngster "Mac" is able to read his friend's works in the original. John missed a rare opportunity of discussing some of the greater problems with the Cardinal, when his hero recently visited Villanova. But we feel sure that the ovation accorded the distinguished visitor made up for this disappointment.

John is very much at home on the ball field. His one ambition is to be a pitcher. He would rather pitch than do anything else. We wish that he would do anything else than pitch. In his saner moments he is content with playing around third base. He has also remarkable ability in dramatics, being especially capable of playing the parts of royal personages, because of a fortunate disposition of nature, as he says. John cannot sing but he can play music with some skill. He is a cornetist, and also leads the band on all grand occasions.

Among his classmates John has a personal attraction all his own. Blessed with a kind and genial disposition he is a friend worth having.

We are glad that he has been with us in our College days. Though the youngest member of the class, he ranks with the oldest in displaying the true Villanova spirit. We wish him the best of luck in the future.

JEROME A. MAHONEY

"Mo"

"The man worth while
Is the man with a smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

Six feet of first class quality was the treasure that surprised our unsuspecting flock at the opening of its Sophomore year, bearing breezily into our midst, and labeled as above. Yes, that's the name, all right, though it might well be a revelation to some and a sudden reminder to a good many for "Jerome" quickly became "Jerry" and Mahoney decreased to "Mo". And these are not J. Mo's only possessions in the line of sobriquets either; he also enjoys "Red", "Lefty" and "Smoke" for obvious reasons.

Jerry didn't wander far from home when he set out for Villanova. The other terminus of his journey was the beautiful village of Jenkintown, in the same state,—the "Ideal Suburb". The population of this little community is not dense; furthermore, although some of its individual members may be so, our hero certainly is not. To be assured of this it is sufficient either to tell him a joke or to listen to his. The keenness of his wit almost equals his cheerful good nature, and that this is saying a lot is very clear from the fact that even Senior Greek didn't ruffle his calmness.

Owing to "Mo's" natural and sincere show of interest in his studies, it is difficult to accuse him of any favorite branch with conviction,—always excepting, of course, that Greek! His interest goes beyond his studies of course: interested in sports and fun, interested in helping out his neighbor, interested in all that demands his interest, be it serious or pleasant, he merits the praise that he's the happy blending of "the fellow that gets there" and the "fellow that can have a good time, too."

"Mo" often graces the green in the proper season, and could give you some line about "stimies" and "puts" and "approaches", and he's some boy at "overcoming a hook". He has also graced the stage on occasion, and anent this consideration, we recall that a little string of stage whiskers of the style usually known as "the misplaced eyebrow" was recently found sufficient to transform the youth from Jenkintown into as dapper a French count as one would look for on the Champs Elysées. We had forgotten,—but Jerry just reminded us by bringing the news of an eclipse,—there is a hint of a reputation for observing the decorations of the vasty blue.

A good bit might be said about "Mo"—about his frank way of speaking out, and about his laugh which is quite as frank and hearty, but we shall spare him at present and leave it to the worthier historian of his future career, for the success of which "Mo" has every one's good wishes.

JOHN A. WHELAN

"Pop"

"For the want of a horse the nation was lost."

Many long years ago, before Lawrence became famous for its prize fighters, politics and mixed population, the town crier, one fine morning woke the populace with the announcement that John A. Whelan was born. Immediately afterwards the crier resigned in favor of the newborn child. But all this happened many years ago. "Pop" is now a man—we were about to say a full-grown man—but we must tell the truth.

"Pop" is five feet three inches from the soles of his bare feet to the top of his equally bare head. There is not a thing between his scalp and the blue vault of heaven. Being built close to the ground he has not much friction to overcome when he runs—you should see him get down to first—invariably he gets there on a missed third strike, but never otherwise. His favorite sport is rowing, provided some one else rows the boat for him. Only once did he attempt to row a boat when he was its sole

occupant. The current carried him so far it took a "pal" two hours to get him back where he started from. He admitted then that he was not built for that form of sport.

Pop must have been at some time or other in his life an excellent card player for he still retains the habit of keeping an "ace" up his sleeve when answering a question. His first attempt is a little off, the second comes a little closer, then, just as the Professor is about to call "Next", Pop chimes in with "Well, you see it's this way" and out comes the "high ace".

As for style, Pop has Beau Brummell "tied to a post". When he is out on dress parade Bryn Mawr turns out "ensemble". When in Philadelphia he walks down Chestnut Street to give the girls a treat.

Our hero certainly is a man of wonders. On one occasion he rendered a beautiful solo on the flute. After a graceful bow he left the stage, but he and the echo behind the scenes got their signals crossed and the flute continued to play while he was waiting for an encore. As a minstrel Emmett Welsh is not to be compared to him. As a handler of "horses" he has something on the venerable Pop Greer. As a friend Jonathan might have chosen him for a partner.

His perpetual air of nonchalance is remarkable. No matter what is told to him he always replies, "That's all right." We know of only one occasion when he did not use the expression. He was driving a wagon and having stopped at the station to see if any freight had arrived, the horse ran away while he was inside. He merely stepped to the door and said, "Look at the —— (deleted by censor) go!"

The people "across the Spicket" might well be proud of Pop. The plans which we hear are in progress for his home-coming cannot be too elaborate. The "send off" which his classmates give him is, "That he may meet success in his every endeavor." To attain this success he need only continue to be the same amiable, jolly, hard-working "Pop" that he has been at Villanova for the past four years.

EDWIN A. DICKONSON
"DICK"

"Go West, young man, go West."

Dick is one of Chicago's few representatives at Villanova. Buffalo, however, was honored as his birthplace; but through a fortunate circumstance at least for Chicago, Dick at an early age "went West" and settled in that Windy City. There amid the wholesome surroundings of the stockyards, the railroads, and the more delightful environments of the Lake Shore Dick spent his youthful years. At least we suppose he spent a few youthful years although he gave no sign of them since he came into our midst. At length finding the resources of the great town too meager for his lofty aspirations he sought the higher seats of learning and culture, and came to Villanova.

His first year here (as a freshman) was indeed a profitable one for him. He learned, much to his surprise and after many efforts on the part of his classmates that Chicago, the city of his dreams (even yet) and the hope of his exile was not the capital of the world. He has recovered somewhat from this rude awakening but has never been the same since. The mere mention of Chicago will set his mind wandering and also set his tongue going about "Old Chi", so out of kindness for him or rather for ourselves we take great care not to mention this fated name.

For a long time Dick was something of a mystery to all of us (he is yet to some degree). He spent so much time talking about "Old Chi" that he told us little or nothing about himself. But a few years of association with our reticent friend, and generous information furnished by a former professor have opened up the past. He was at one time considered a devil (printer's) for he busied himself for a time dabbling in ink. His most noted publication to date is "The Stockyards, Their Use and Abuse." He is well versed on this subject and talks frequently on it as we all can testify. He has been something of an athlete—he says so himself—and according to report has distinguished himself on baseball and football fields.

Dramatics hold forth a special allurement to this gifted young man. He is an almost finished actor having only to play in front of a less appreciative audience to secure a grand and lasting finale. His one standby in his dramatic makeup is his laugh. He chuckles and shakes like a broken-down Henry trying to climb a hill. As a poet he has an eminent career ahead

of him (a good ways ahead), and as a public speaker he is to say the least a "sui generis". We only mention some of his accomplishments. He is a devoted lover of music, as was easily seen during the flu epidemic. He himself said it was the cure of all ills, and wanted every one to enjoy it.

Dick, though, has a wonderful disposition. He never seems ruffled except in defense of England but presents a calm and even manner to all. His sympathy is warm, kind and far reaching. His good-natured smile and hearty laugh have livened up many weary hours of care and study. Now that the time of parting has come, it is with deep regret that we see our old friend depart. We will miss his encouraging word and sympathetic smile, and he will always be remembered as a true and staunch classmate.

WILLIAM F. BERRY, A.B.

"BILL"

"Awake, Aeolian lyre, awake."

The only member of our class who claims the Emerald Isle as his birthplace hails from the Bronx, N. Y. Bill has always tried to live up to the lyrical traditions of his race. Although he left the green shores of Erin at an early date in his career, we venture to say that he must have been blessed with a lusty pair of lungs if all infantile qualities are developed in the same way as beauty is reputed. By dint of much practice Bill has succeeded in mastering that famous Gaelic ballad, entitled "My Wild Irish Rose", which he renders with touching effect.

Efficiency is Bill's hobby. He is convinced that the average person wastes the equivalent of a hard day's work each month in arranging his personal belongings. The condition of his room is conclusive evidence that Bill is a man of strong convictions. When it is a question of his personal appearance Bill is not consistent for while the ordinary fellow is content with having his trousers creased Bill always has the coat pressed, too. His fastidiousness about dress accounts for his erstwhile nickname "Buck".

Bill has a mania for telling the latest news. Unfortunately his version of current events does not always square with the facts. On one occasion Bill sorrowfully bade us good-bye, took his little handbag and, as we thought, set out to buffet the cruel world in the vicinity of the Bronx. We discovered toward evening that his departure was a hoax, so we presented him with a cool bath on his arrival and substituted his favorite musical instrument, the Jew's harp, with a brand new lyre.

When not studying philosophy, Bill may be seen in the midst of the Old Masters, seeking an inspiration for a poem. Most of his poetic productions are well finished—before they attain publication.

Bill is a full-fledged Villanovan, having begun his academic career in First Prep. His cheerful disposition and his happy faculty of seeing the funny side of things have brightened the gloom of many a trying hour. We are all convinced that he kissed the Blarney Stone, but we feel that it is a point in his favor. As a good chum and a sincere friend he enjoys the esteem of all his classmates.

FREDERICK ALOYSIUS MANNING

"FRITZ"

What "Trenton makes the world takes" is an adage old and true to life indeed, for even our Alma Mater boasts to have partaken bountifully of its production, when Fritz inflicted himself upon her. Moreover, the "pottery"city can feel elated to hear her silver-tongued representative defending it.

He is inclined to believe it is his residence though his endeavors to prove this assertion have met with inevitable failure recently, this "town" cruelly returning letters home to the tune,— uncalled for, unclaimed, unknown. Hence we must needs all agree with him it is a good place to come from, and rest content in our Keystone State under Billy Penn.

Fritz holds a signal honor, but said signal is not a dangerous one, of being the Jeff of the class. Bantam weight and skeeter size, in fact, barely attaining a passing mark of sixty

inches, though he obstreperously reminds us that "good things come in small packages". To which we retort—aye, even yeast.

He is said to have studied a bit, wrote and talked tit-bits, but if the appearance of his silver lining now through his porcupine hair is any harbinger of success, Fred's is inevitable. Moreover if the fact that "true love never runs smooth" be true, he must be a lover of Xenephon, Plato, and Aristotle, though we must frankly admit he was too short to mount even a pony when all the kings had horses.

More power to him as a conversationalist is a physical impossibility, reticence being no friend of his, and any visitor to Villanova College would undoubtedly hear him long and then see him shortly. As for gestures, he universally abounds in them, and those of his windmill type are actually dangerous if executed before you. Some one has quite cruelly suggested him as an ultimate test for mutism, for, if upon appearance, no exclamation is uttered, one would be d—and—d and well off for fair.

We emphatically assert he is a musician of some note, in fact, we should say he is a rattling success and whether by attraction or distraction, we know not, can readily draw a crowd.

Now patient reader, after these desultory, bantering, quantitative idiosyncrasies, permit us to add just a word as to his qualitative ingredients. Since F. A. M. is three-fourths of fame, we may truly say he is intrinsically worth his weight in bullion. Besides this, "in whose little body there lies a mighty mind", one that stands for all that's right—

"So if unprejudiced in scanning
The doings of this pianist Manning,
You'll find a thousand movements made
By fine devices in his head."

Valediction

V istas stretch before in prospect grand
A venues that open wide and long,
L eading to bright Eldorado's strand—
E ldorado, theme of hope and song!

D own these walks of life we soon shall roam—
I ris-hued the treasure's golden ways;
C alls the Quest that urges us from home,
T o do great deeds for Alma Mater's praise.

I n our hearts her lessons let us cherish—
O riflamme of living light to nourish;
N ever shall her fame and honor perish!

EMMETT A. FLYNN.

John Dorgan

Mingled with the joy and gladness that fills the heart on Commencement Day, there is a feeling of sadness and of longing for one, to whom it was not permitted to enjoy the happiness that comes at the completion of a difficult task, and the realization of cherished hopes and desires. Our absent comrade is John Dorgan, a classmate ever loyal and true, who was suddenly called from this life during the epidemic of 1918.

The terrible plague that came upon peaceful Villanova, with the quickness and vehemence of a maelstrom, which, in a short time, wrought such havoc in sickness and death, claimed among its first victims our beloved classmate. An illness, which at first gave alarming symptoms of being the dreaded influenza, quickly proved to be a serious case of pneumonia. All that the best of medical care and the patient loving attention of nuns and nurses could do was in vain. It was clearly evident that God wished to take his youthful servant to Himself. The Last Sacraments were administered, and shortly afterward, while his classmates knelt about the deathbed, John's soul passed to its reward. His body was laid at rest in the graveyard of the Monastery, where rest so many others, who, long since, departed to their abode in Heaven.

Thus ended the career of one who gave every promise of a brilliant future. Death is hard to bear at all times, but when its victim is a youth in the prime of life, enjoying the blessings of health and happiness, its coming is felt more keenly, and the grief that accompanies the departure of such a loved one is more poignant and lasting. John had generously given himself to the service of his Master in religion, and was directing all his energies and abilities to prepare himself for the priesthood. The fatal sickness attacked him while he was in his Junior year, and at a time when Nature was divesting herself of her verdant robes of summer, and putting on the somber but no less beautiful appearance of autumn. His passing away was a depressing blow to his classmates, and a shock to all his associates.

John was beloved by all who knew him. He had been a familiar figure at Villanova for five years previous, having come from the flourishing city of Lawrence, to enter the Prep department. Misfortune attended his arrival, and a painful accident laid him up in the Hospital for several months. His patience under this trying ordeal was edifying indeed to all who came in contact with him. His character was worthy of emulation. He was a persistent and energetic student, a man, who never stopped short of his objective. He knew well how to mix the humorous things of life with the serious. He had a smile for all occasions, and a kind, gentle disposition that would attract you, and make all care and troubles depart. His loss was felt more keenly by none than his classmates.

His would have been the joy and gladness that is ours, had God willed to leave him to us. But God, the wise and provident disposer of His creatures, has long since crowned our comrade with a happiness that is celestial and lasting. The joy that we feel is but earthly and ephemeral, the satisfaction of a task well done, but John has a happiness that will last forever, the joy of Heaven. We rejoice in this fact, and though we miss our classmate today, our regret and longing are turned into gladness at his felicity. For us it is but the commencement of a life that should and must bring us to the goal that is now his. May he rest in peace.

John Dorgan

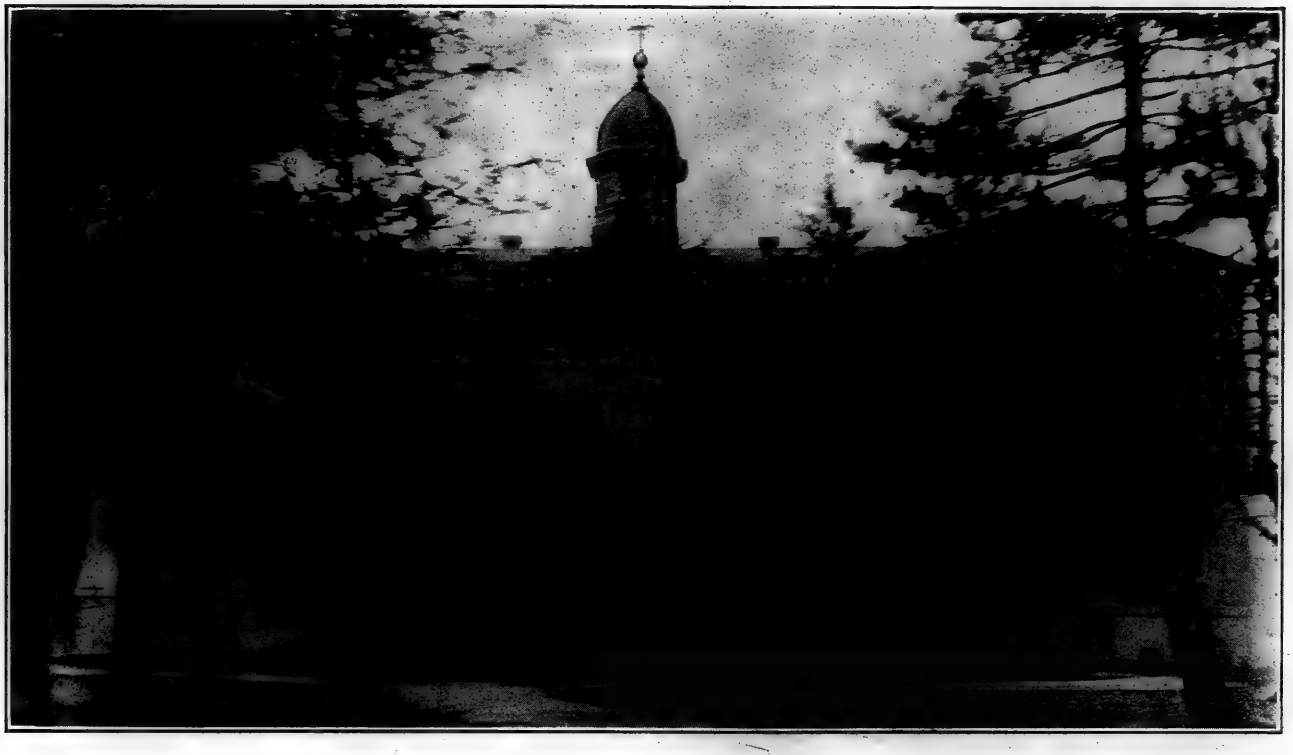
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Trysting

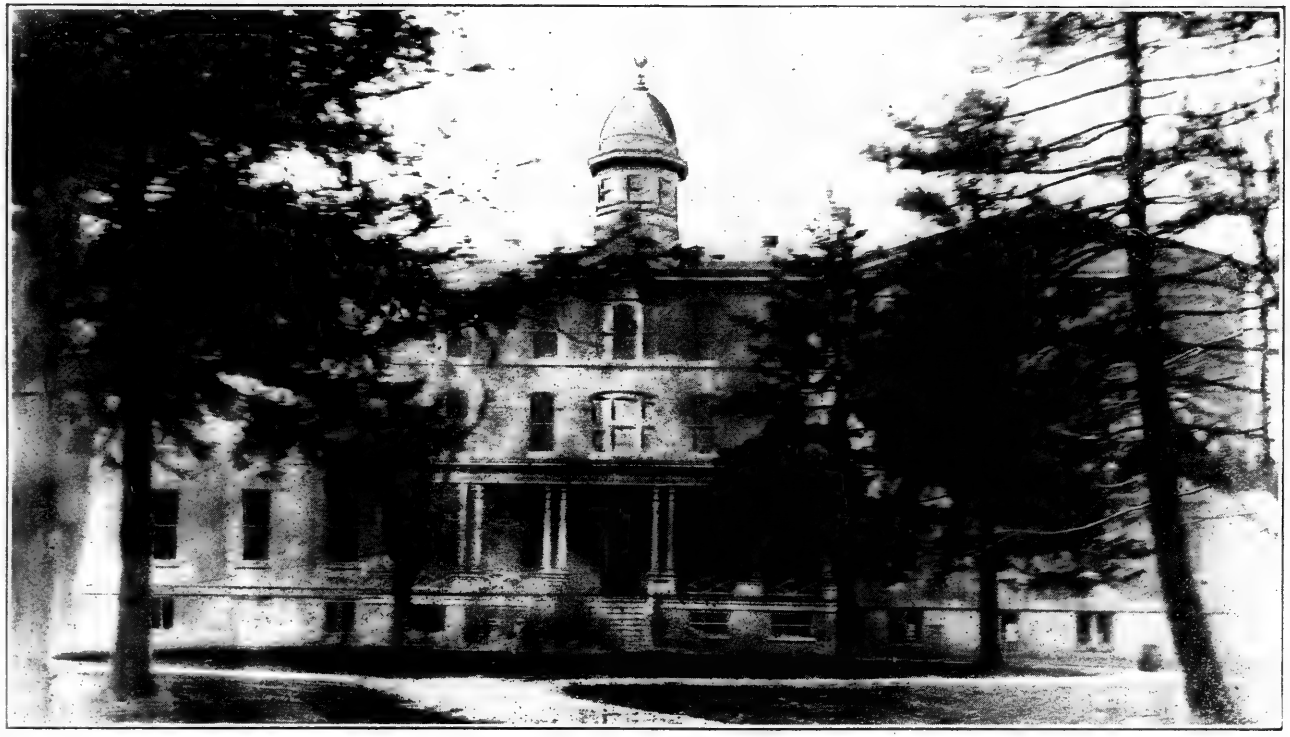
One clear, calm day beneath the wildwood tree
Stood Nelson in a glade, where murmuringly
A stream sped out with silver-gleaming fall
From underneath fair Verna's garden wall;
And, as he gazed, a breeze blew on his face,
Perfumed with scents from all the lovely race
Of flowers that bloom in their bright beauty free:
Carnations pink, and white anemone,
The foxglove's bell, heart's-ease, and eglantine,
The chaliced daffodil, red columbine,
Rose-rivaling hawthorn, and sweet-smelling thyme,
Ground-trailing ivy 'neath the lofty lime,
The blue-bell drooping o'er its slender stem,
The daisy shining like a silver gem
Amidst the fragrant grass.
And bright as they
Looked Nelson, in his princely garments gay.
A lustrous flood of black locks, smooth and long,
Streamed o'er his shoulders, massive, broad, and strong.
Down to his knee fell free his mantle's fold,
Of crimson texture and with fringe of gold.
Across his swelling chest a belt was flung,
And from its clasp a mighty falchion hung.

As he looked round amid these bowers of spring,
He saw his loved one's garments glittering,
As pure in her white innocence she came
Before him, wondering at his mighty frame.
A space she beamed on him her glorious eyes
In happiness of heart and mute surprise;
Then cried, "O Nelson, whom I have enshrined
Within my constant heart and lonely mind!"
Said Nelson, "Verna dear, stretch forth thy hand,
That I may feel thy presence warm and bland."
Then hand met hand, and, as they touched, great fears
Disturbed her heart, and rose the shining tears
Into her violet eyes, because she thought
How near destruction's brink themselves they brought
By keeping of their tryst.

"Nelson, alas!"
She sighed, "Shall Uncle's dread words come to pass?
Oh! must we two, in our fair, youthful bloom,
For loving of each other meet our doom?
Speak to me, Nelson, of thy love for me!"

Her hero's dark eyes lightened lovingly
Upon her, as he answered, "Thou art mine
Forevermore, beloved, and I am thine.
Trust God! Whether our doom or not we shun,
Our hearts, O love! in life or death are one!"

SYLVESTER MARTIN.



Trysting

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SYLVESTER MARTIN.

The Villanovan

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VOL. IV JUNE, 1920 NO 5

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The Villanovan

WITH this issue, THE VILLANOVAN brings its fourth year of college journalism to a close. The school year just ending has been a most successful one for the magazine in every way. Each year has seen some improvement in THE VILLANOVAN, in its appearance, in its contents, in its increased number of subscribers and advertisers, and we think this improvement has been most evident in this year's magazine. A school journal owes its success to its Staff, its subscribers, and its advertisers, and to all these THE VILLANOVAN extends heartiest thanks for their co-operation.

To the new Staff and especially to the Editor of next year's VILLANOVAN, the departing members of this year's Staff extend their most sincere wishes for a very successful year.

H. J. W.

Commencement

TO THE lower classmen Commencement Day means but the completion of another year of studies, and the pleasant prospects of a summer vacation, but to the members of the graduating class, to those who have at last crowned their years of effort with the hard-won degree, Commencement Day conveys a deeper felt feeling than this. It is Commencement indeed for them. The carefree joys, the genial friends, the happy scenes, the studious tasks of college life shall hereafter be to them but fond memories of youth's most cherished hours. The hours devoted to study, to the arduous and sometimes elusive pursuit of knowledge, are indeed past, but more serious hours and harder tasks are at hand. Commencement Day, with its eulogies and congratulations, its happy meetings and sad partings, will scarcely be over before they will enter on the real adventure of Life, to fit themselves for which all these past years of study and hope have been but preparations.

Fortunate, indeed, are those who start upon the weary trail through life with the priceless gifts of a Catholic education. Only those whose minds and hearts have been sanctified during those years of college training when the youth is molded into the man, by the vivifying spirit of truth and right reason, can hope to win their way through this grossly material world to the goal of that greater Commencement ahead.

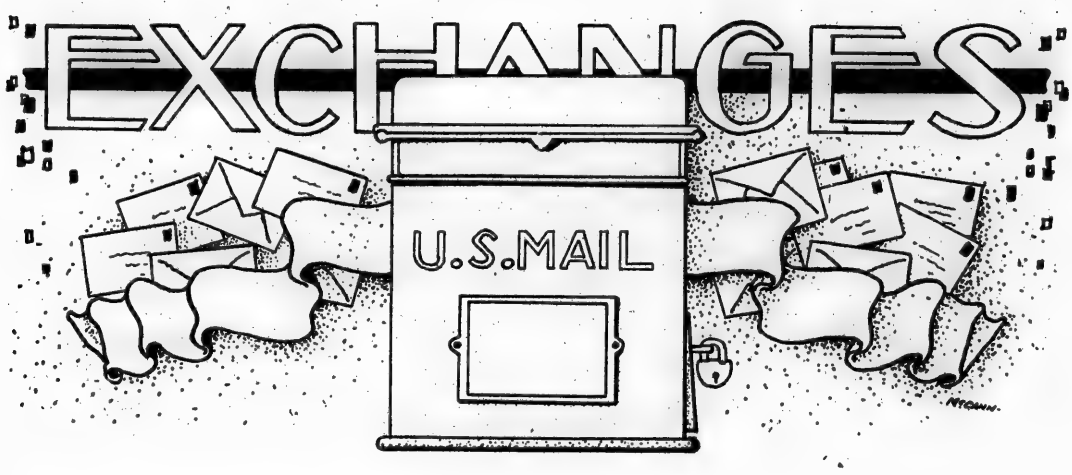
The graduates of Villanova College are fitted in a special manner to overcome the obstacles that may lie in their path, and to attain the highest success in their field of endeavor, armed not alone with the incalculable assets of a complete classical and scientific training, but also with the inspiration and guidance that Catholic collegiate schooling and environment alone can give.

To the Class of Nineteen-Twenty THE VILLANOVAN extends sincerest congratulations and well-wishes. Through untiring efforts and determined perseverance they have attained at last their long-sought end. They have added another jewel to the crown of old Villanova and their Alma Mater reposes the utmost confidence in their success. The graduating class has been most distinguished in its college life. It has always led the way in loyalty to Villanova in every branch of college activity.

The College loses many of its most devoted workers this Commencement, and it is to be hoped that the accomplishments of the Class of 1920 will be emulated by the classes coming after it.

H. J. W.





In the *St. Vincent College Journal* for May there is a very interesting article, "American College Athletics", dealing with the time-honored question as to whether college athletics are detrimental to the best interests of the student. The subject is handled in a very efficient manner, and the essayist shows admirably that the abuses connected with college athletics in the minds of some people are either fancied, or of a temporary nature and done away with as athletics develop, and that our college sports have brought about a high grade of mental and physical efficiency in our youths. The writer takes up in turn the main objections against college athletics, and his refutation of them is sure and clean-cut. The ideal college is not the one that gives all its attentions to athletics nor the one that excludes all but study, but the one where the moral, intellectual, and physical training are happily balanced. In such a college, as the essayist remarks, there will be very many to whom the old saying can be applied: *Mens sana in corpore sano.*

There is an essay dealing with the same controversy in the April Niagara *Index*, entitled "A Crying Need". The writer directs his attention mainly to the Catholic colleges, and while he acknowledges their high standard of intellectual training, he descries their slow development along athletic lines as compared to the secular institutions. There is indeed a "crying need" for better athletic teams in our Catholic colleges, and as the essayist says, the encouragement must come from the faculty and the alumni. It is only natural that the young man will matriculate in a college that is noted for its high-grade athletic teams, and as a consequence the secular universities are filled with Catholic students that are leaders in the various athletic activities. If the Catholic colleges would pay more attention to the physical side of school life there wouldn't be so many Catholic youths attending institutions where religion is mocked and atheism fostered. The essay, "A Word to the Wise", deals with the question as to whether St. Matthew wrote his Gospel in Aramaic, and whether there exists an authentic version of that Gospel. There should be more articles of this nature in the Catholic periodicals in these times when false doctrines on the Scriptures are so subtily expressed in the secular universities.

The Marywood College *Bay Leaf* for March contains a number of delightfully written stories. In learning to write well the hardest part is acquiring the knowledge of one's limitations in a literary way. The writer who takes for his subject something with which he is familiar, and writes about it naturally will be much more successful than the one who chooses characters, situations, and surroundings about which he knows nothing. The latter is apt to find his story rather strained in its action. The writers of the stories in the *Bay Leaf* seem for the most part to have learnt this lesson well, and this is especially true of the author of "A Mote in the

Beam". This story is not remarkable in its plot, perhaps, but its style is delightfully natural. Who can know girls better than girls themselves? A girl's actions and ideas in different situations are easily understood by themselves (not always, alas! by mere man), and they should be able to write about them in a natural and unstrained manner.

We are very glad to note the initiation of a department devoted to "Exchanges" in the Boston College *Stylus*. The magazine is fortunate in securing such an able editor in this difficult department. Mr. De Celles has the right idea of how to conduct an "Exchange" column. His remarks in the April issue are imbued with wisdom, and we would suggest that the author of the story, "The Queen's Quest", would read carefully Mr. De Celles' words on Originality and Personality. His story contains little of either. Why must so many of our young writers attempt to out-Henry O. Henry? "The Queen's Quest" has orthodox O. Henry characters and surroundings, which could be forgiven, and attempts an O. Henry ending, which is unforgivable, because it must always end in failure. There is too much hurry in the story and the climax is an anticlimax. In the introduction there is a remarkable similarity to a story published a year ago in THE VILLANOVAN. This is doubtless merely coincidental. Some of the similiarity is shown in the following passages:

From the introduction to "The Queen's Quest" in the *Stylus* of April, 1920:

"Kitty Malone was queen of Haviland's Bargain Basement. Her domain included the entire floor space from the elevators in the front to the packing room in the rear; and from the last counter of the glassware department in the left wing to the tinware department in the annex. Her rule was absolute. And among her loyal subjects one could number every male employee of Haviland's Mammoth Department Store, from the smallest cash boy to the most dignified and reserved floor walker. But still the queen was unhappy."

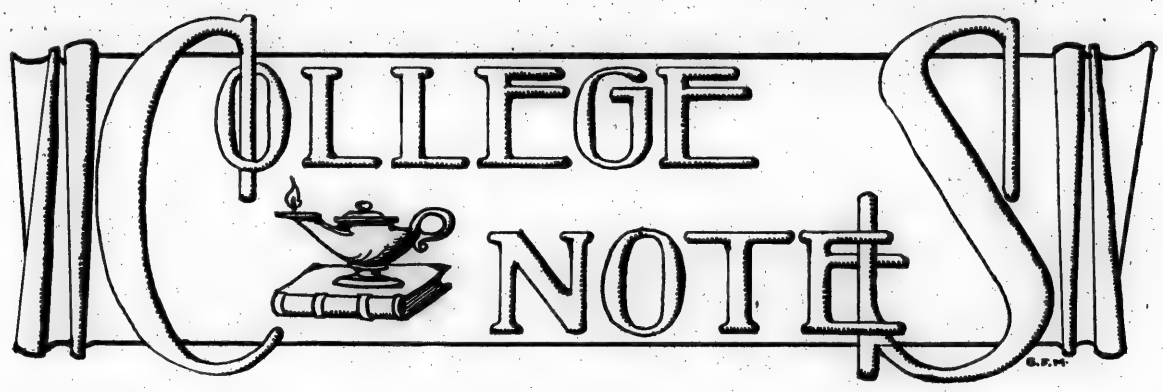
From the introduction to "The Queen's Abdication" in the VILLANOVAN of April, 1919:

"Vivian was a perfect blonde. . . . She would have made a wonderful queen. But alas! Vivian was not of the royalty,—in fact she wasn't even a motion picture actress. Vivian was a salesgirl in a metropolitan department store. Was such an ethereal beauty out of place in a menial position such as this? If she was, no complaints were ever made to the management about her. The Store was proud of of Vivian. From the head floor-manager down to the youngest cash-girl they all acknowledged Vivian as queen. But the queen was not conceited about the homage given her."

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following Exchanges during the past year. We sincerely wish them all "ad multos annos"!

Alvernia, St. Francis College, Loretto.
Anselmian, St. Anselm's College.
Bay Leaf, Marywood College.
Billiken, St. Louis University.
College Journal, Georgetown University.
College Journal, St. Vincent College.
Concordia, St. John's Prep.
Devonian, Devon Manor.
Fordham Monthly, Fordham University.
Gonzaga, Gonzaga University.
Index, Niagara University.
Iris, Philadelphia High School for Girls.
Labarum, Mt. St. Joseph College.
Laurel, St. Bonaventure's College.
Morning Star, Conception College.
Mountaineer, Mt. St. Mary's College.
Minerval, De Paul University.
Orange and Black, Latrobe High School.
Patrician, Aquinas College.
Prospector, Mt. St. Charles College.
Radnorite, Radnor High School.
St. Angela's Echo, Ursuline Academy.
Saint Francis, St. Francis College, Brooklyn.
St. Rita's Messenger, St. Rita's Hall, Manila.
Stylus, Boston College.
Torch, West Philadelphia H. S. for Girls.
University Symposium, Catholic University.
Viatorian, St. Viator College.
Villa Marian, Villa Maria Academy.
Western, West Philadelphia High School.

HAROLD J. WIEGAND.



DEAR EDITOR:

I will deeply appreciate your giving publicity to the following item either in whole or in part. I am relying on the Catholic press to assist us in our efforts to make the Crusade Convention the biggest thing of its kind ever held in the United States.

Thanking you for your co-operation, I am,

FLOYD KEELER,
Field Secretary, C. S. M. C.

The growth of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade recently has been very satisfactory to its leaders. Three thousand new members have been affiliated with the movement within the past three months. That these students are really in earnest in missionary matters is evidenced by the activities reported through the various Units. During the quarter ending March 1st the members of the Crusade contributed more than $13,000 for missions and in the same period offered nearly 500,000 prayers and good works for the same cause.

It must be borne in mind that the Crusade is not a collecting agency, nor does it work for any particular missionary enterprise within the Church. Each Unit is free to select its own beneficiaries and to proceed in its own way to collect any funds it may raise. It is not even necessary that a society of Catholic students be wholly missionary in purpose in order to have it affiliated. A sodality or literary society or Catholic Students' Club can become a Unit of the Crusade and any missionary or philanthropic work in which it may engage would be considered as Crusade activity.

The Second National Convention of the Crusade is to be held at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., August 6, 7, and 8, and promises to be an event of the greatest importance in Catholic student circles. Information concerning the convention or the crusade may be obtained from Mr. Floyd Keeler, Field Secretary, Apostolic Mission House, Brookland Station, Washington, D. C.

MINSTREL SHOW

The Tenth Annual Minstrel Show was presented by the Glee Club in the College Auditorium, Wednesday, May 12th, and like all previous entertainments of this sort was an unqualified success. The chorus of twenty male voices was well chosen, and gained favorable comment from the very first offering. The end men were as funny as ever and kept the crowd in good humor throughout the entire performance. The Villanova Jazz Band, consisting of Messrs. Duffy, Jones, Locke, Marlowe, Delabarra, and Emerton, furnished excellent orchestration for the vocal selections and the dance numbers which followed the Minstrel presentation.

CAST

Interlocutor—Patrick Byrne.

Ends—Charles McClernon, John Dougherty, John Maguire, Howard Thornbury, William Cronin, Christopher McNally.

Chorus—John Connolly, Edward Sheehan, John Donnelly, John Hyson, William Keane, Edward Harkins, Kervin Reeves, William King, Edward McKenna, Francis Quinn, James Mitchell, Walter Kane, Norman Jones, Joseph

Ward, Thomas Fox, Ramon Archebala, Bernard Luckett, Patrick McFadden, Romolo Talone, Frederick Griffin.

Villanova Jazz Band—Edward Duffy, John W. Jones, J. Allen Locke, Augustine Delabarra, John Pickett.

SELECTIONS

"When My Baby Smiles at Me"
H. M. Thornbury
"You're a Million Miles from Nowhere When You're One Little Mile from Home"
Ed McKenna
"So Long, Oo Long".....John Maguire
"A Ship Without a Sail".....John Donnelly
"Marion".....William Cronin
"Oh Mother, I'm Wild".....C. McNally
"I Know a Band that Needs No Leader"
John F. X. Dougherty
"Some Time".....Romolo Talone
"Dear Old-fashioned Mother"..William King
"Take Me Back to the Old Folks at Home"
Norman Jones
"Oh! Oh! Oh!".....Charles McClernon
"Like Stars Above".....John I. Kirsch
"Jazzy Jazz".....Phineas Vize
Vocal Selections.....Mr. James McCool
"Love Days"
Theodore Regan and Richard Newman
Vocal Selection.....Joseph Kelly

Stage Managers—James Ronayne, Alfred Kenny.

Electricians—John W. Jones, William Bride.

Ushers—John Collom, John Riordon, F. Braham, Thomas Kerns.

PROMENADE CONCERT

1. "O."
2. "Marion."
3. "When My Baby Smiles at Me."
4. "Like a Ship Without a Sail."
5. "Blues!"
6. "Rose of Washington Square."
7. "Oh, Mother, I'm Wild."
8. "A Million Miles from Nowhere."
9. "Finale."

Francis Murphy, directing.

ORDINATIONS

Rt. Rev. D. J. Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, raised to the dignity of the Priesthood on May 29, 1920, the following Villanova men: Revs. Christopher McGrath, Hugh O'Neill, Thomas Rowan, Albert O'Loughlin, John Burns, Joseph Hyson and William Donovan. To the newly ordained the VILLANOVAN extends congratulations.

STAFF CHANGES

The Staff this year will lose some of its most energetic workers. Francis Murphy, who was responsible for the bulk of the advertising obtained, received his degree. Harold J. Wiegand, the Editor-in-Chief, will enter Jefferson Medical School. No changes have been announced thus far with the exception of John Maguire, who will be Editor-in-Chief for the coming year. George McCann, our Staff artist, also received his degree.

COMMENCEMENT

The Commencement exercises were held on June 9, 1920, at ten o'clock in the College Auditorium. Rt. Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, Bishop of Harrisburg, presided. The address to the graduates was delivered by Judge McGolrick of New York. John W. Jones, B.S., delivered the Valedictory. His subject was "True American Citizenship". The Salutatory was delivered by John Hudson, A.B. The subject was "True American Education".

Honorary Degrees:

The Honorary Degree of Doctor of Science was conferred upon Thomas E. Murray, LL.D., of the Edison Company, New York.

The Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Honorable Edward J. McGolrick, Judge of New York Supreme Court.

The Degree of Master of Arts in Course was conferred upon the following: Sister Mary Cosmos, O. M. I.; Rev. Christopher McGrath, O. S. A.; Rev. Hugh O'Neill, O. S. A.; Rev. Thomas Rowan, O. S. A.; Rev. Albert O'Loughlin, O. S. A.; Rev. John Burns, O. S. A.; Rev. Joseph Hyson, O. S. A.; Rev. William Donovan, O. S. A.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon the following: William Berry, Thomas Blessington, Joseph M. Dougherty, Edwin A. Dickonson, John J. Hudson, Henry E. Greenlee, Paul M. Judson, Jerome A. Mahoney,

Frederick A. Manning, John B. Martin, John A. Whalen, John P. McCarthy, Joseph W. Paquette.

The Degree of Bachelor of Science in Engineering was conferred on the following: David F. Farley, Joseph A. Gillespie, John W. Jones, Peter J. Malick, Francis A. Murphy, George F. McCann, Thomas J. McCormick, J. Howard Tyrrell, Joseph A. Waugh.

The Degree of Civil Engineering was conferred on Armando Alvarez.

Championship Game

On Friday, June 4, 1920, the Villanova Preparatory School clashed with St. Joseph's Preparatory for the final pennant game and won by a score of 7 to 1. The pennant is for the Catholic Championship of Philadelphia and vicinity. Harry Griffith was on the mound for Villanova and allowed but one hit during the entire game.

Preparatory Banquet

The Graduating Class of the Preparatory School held the Annual Banquet in the College dining hall on Thursday evening, May 27, 1920.

The Prep O'Lantern, the Preparatory School Year Book, was circulated Commencement week. It contains the records of the Class of '20, pictures of the faculty and students, of baseball, football and basketball teams, and many classical literary contributions.

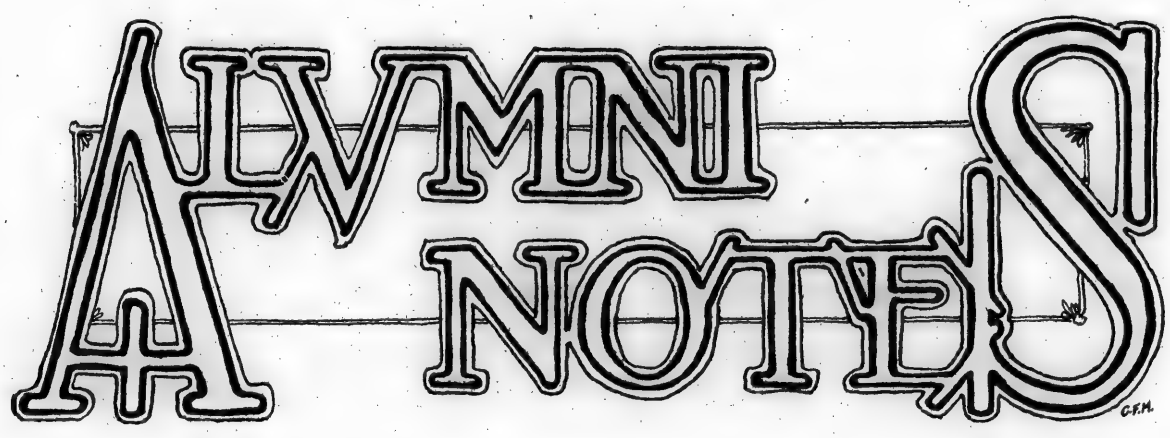
The Extension School

The College Faculty conducted a large Extension School at the Girls' Catholic High School during the year 1919-1920. Among the communities who sent Sisters to enjoy the advantages of the College were: The Franciscans, The Missionary Sisters of St. Francis, Holy Child Sisters, Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Sisters of St. Joseph, Mercy Sisters of Harrisburg, Mercy Sisters of Merion, Mercy Sisters of Plainfield, N. J.

Summer Courses will be given at Villanova from July 1 to August 13. Arrangements have been made for the accommodation of boarders at the College during the summer. Courses will be given in Education, Latin, Greek, History, English, Philosophy, Sociology, Economics, Mathematics, Mechanical Drawing, Physics, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Metallurgy, Geology, Biology, Botany, Physiology, Modern Languages, Music.

The Villanova R. C. H. S. Club Dance

On May 8th, the R. C. H. S. Club gave a dance at the Adelphia Hotel, Philadelphia. Despite the threatening outlook of the weather, the dance was exceptionally well attended; both Villanova and Catholic High were represented and the floor was taxed to capacity. To the great credit of the chairman, Mr. Ellis Voss, and of the Dance Committee, the dance was both socially and financially successful. The proceeds were given to the Villanova College Athletic Association.



Villanova College
Villanova, Pa.,
May 12, 1920.

DEAR BROTHER ALUMNUS:

At our Annual Banquet of last year we announced that the Alumni Reunion of 1920 would be held in the new gymnasium. We intend to carry out that pledge literally. Owing to prevailing conditions in the building world it has been found impossible to complete the work in time for the coming Commencement, June 9th. We have deemed it best, therefore, to postpone our 1920 Banquet until the fall.

We have been assured that the entire building will be completed and ready for occupancy not later than September 1st. Dedicatory exercises will be held on our Patronal Feast, St. Thomas of Villanova's day, Tuesday, September 21, 1920. We expect to number among our guests on that occasion men of prominence in every walk of life. Altogether it is going to be the biggest day in Villanova's history. May we count upon you to be with us?

Remember this is going to be in the strictest sense of the word—Alumni Day. The old College will have been made over into the newest and best building on the grounds. Alumni Hall, as it shall hereafter be known, will be a tribute to your generosity and your zeal in the interests of Alma Mater. The names of all who have contributed toward the rehabilitation of those walls, replete with memory, shall be engraven upon its portals. Is your name inscribed on our Roll of Honor? If not, there is still time and the opportunity is great. In any case we want you with us on September 21st.

During the summer we shall make an effort to get in personal touch with all the "Old Boys" in order to arouse a spirit of enthusiasm. Will you help to gather together the clans in your locality? Just say the word and we'll come and let you know at firsthand what we are doing and intend to do. We are prepared to furnish you the addresses and the records of your old classmates and friends of bygone days. What more powerful plea can we present than the fact that we will have with us on Alumni Day representatives of every class, of which there is a member still living that ever went forth from Villanova?

Make your plans accordingly as we shall expect you to be with us on September 21st. It is going to be a Gala Day in our history and it will be the greatest day in your life if you are wise. Get busy, then, and let us know that we may count on your hearty good-will and earnest co-operation.

Meanwhile we shall expect to see a goodly number of you present at the Commencement exercises, Wednesday, June 9th, and we pledge you the same old Villanova hospitality.

Remember Tuesday, September 21, 1920.

Sincerely,

JAMES J. DEAN, O. S. A.,
President.

J. STANLEY SMITH,
President Alumni Association.

OUR ALUMNI

One of the objects of our College publication is to strengthen the bond of good fellowship among the members of our Alumni. The maga-

zine is the property of the Alumni as well as of the student body. Unless they have lost all sense of loyalty to Alma Mater, they should be ardent workers in its behalf. At no time has THE VILLANOVAN needed so much the support of the graduates as at present. It is a duty they owe their college. The spirit of devotion should be shown in a two-fold way.

First, the magazine cannot continue on good wishes alone. Materials used and expenses incurred for printing make it impossible to continue longer on the present basis. We contemplate sending a circular letter to the members during this summer. Our subscription price will be raised. The price of "Ads" must also be advanced. We feel that every Alumnus should be a subscriber. Many could contribute personal "Ads".

The second duty, no less important, is that of keeping us informed as to the whereabouts and the activities of your classmates. Do you love old Villanova? Have you forgotten her care for you? Answer these questions by generosity in that which is a duty of love.

—Those of the Alumni who are at the College.

DEATHS

THE VILLANOVAN extends sympathy to F. Leo Lynch in the death of his wife. The Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rev. F. A. Driscoll, O. S. A., Vice-President of Villanova. Rev. James J. Dean, O. S. A., the President, delivered the sermon.

JUDGE JOHN T. LENAHAN, '70

John T. Lenahan, Luzerne County's foremost lawyer and one of the most distinguished in the state, a former congressman and leader of one of the wings of Democracy in this end of Pennsylvania, died April 28th of kidney trouble after two weeks' illness. He was sixty-seven years old and was a member of a family of lawyers and politicians. Mr. Lenahan was a financier and besides being a director on many boards was vice-president of the Wyoming Valley Trust Company.

Mr. Lenahan was born in Port Griffith, this county, in 1852. He was a graduate of Villanova College of 1870. His first plunge into politics was in 1879, when he was Democratic nominee for district attorney. He lost because of a heavy greenback majority. Three years later he was chosen as a delegate-at-large to the convention which nominated Grover Cleveland. He was one of the delegates to the Baltimore convention when Woodrow Wilson was nominated for the presidency on the Democratic ticket.

In 1906 he was elected congressman from this district and when a renomination was offered him, he declined because of pressure of legal business.

As an attorney he had no equal at the Luzerne County bar for a period of thirty-five years. There were few important litigations in which he was not interested. He figured prominently in the trial of Sheriff James Martin during the Lattimer strike troubles and was the prosecutor in the famous "Red Nose" Mike case when Paymasters McClure and Flanagan were murdered.

To his son James and the family the VILLANOVAN extends its sympathy.

PREP COMMENCEMENT

The Annual Commencement of the Villanova Preparatory School took place on Tuesday evening, June 8, 1920, at eight o'clock, in the College Auditorium. The Very Rev. Provincial presided. Father Dean, President of Villanova, addressed the graduates. The Valedictory was delivered by Francis J. Kirst, "Advantages of Christian Education." Edward A. Dignan delivered the Salutatory, "Ideals of Christian Education."

PHI KAPPA PI

The Phi Kappa Pi held its Annual Banquet and Promenade in the College dining hall on Thursday, June 3, 1920.

Rev. Jeremiah J. Fogarty, '17, was ordained to the Holy Priesthood on Saturday, May 29, 1920, in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, by Rt. Rev. Neil McNeil. Father Fogarty celebrated his first Solemn Mass in St. Augustine's Church, Andover, Mass., on Sunday, June 6, 1920.

Rt. Rev. John J. McCort, on Saturday, May 29, 1920, elevated to the dignity of the Priesthood, Rev. Joseph P. Monahan of the Class of '16. Father Monahan celebrated his first Solemn Mass on May 30, 1920, in the Church of the Annunciation, Shenandoah, Pa. THE VILLANOVAN extends congratulations!

James J. Flannery, ex-'15, was graduated from Jefferson Medical College on Saturday, June 5, 1920.

John Nolan of Lowell, formerly a student of Villanova, was awarded the prize offered by the *Boston Post* for the Best Last Line in a Limerick. The completed limerick follows:

Some say: "Ev'rybody's my friend!"
No deceit, I suppose they intend.
But it does seem to me
That a true "friend" should be
In the offing when troubles portend.



PRINCETON, 5; VILLANOVA, 4

On April 14th, the 'Varsity met their second defeat of the season when Princeton came through with a timely rally in the ninth inning and nosed out the Blue and White nine by one run. This was the 'Varsity's first appearance on hostile territory this season. With the score, 4 to 1, in favor of the 'Varsity in the last of the eight innings, Yadusky, who pitched a fine brand of ball up until this period, wavered and allowed three hits, which coupled with an error netted Princeton two runs. In the last of the ninth, Cook, pinch hitting for Warburton, singled to left field; Lee's single put men on first and second, and McIlvain's out advanced both men, then Trimble singled scoring both runners and the deciding tally. Lee, who scored the deciding run, was caught off home plate by three feet by Brennan's fast return of Trimble's hit, but when McDonald tagged the runner the umpire failed to see it and allowed the run. The 'Varsity started out strong in the first inning; Robinson and Cullom flied out, Sheehan singled, Brennan scored Sheehan with a two-base blow to right center. Byrne singled, putting "Ambie" on third but the former died stealing. In the second, Warburton was wild; in this frame a walk, a single, two wild pitches and a base on balls coupled with an error gave the 'Varsity three runs. Thereafter the Tiger twirler settled down and allowed but three hits from then on. Brennan had a double and a triple to his credit, while Trimble for the Tigers had two singles and a double in five trips to the plate.

Though it is not our policy to offer alibis for defeats, we hold that the better team did not win the game. Any umpiring that bordered on fairness would have given the game to Villanova, the better team.

VILLANOVA, 20; CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, 6

The 'Varsity journeyed to Washington, D. C., on the 22d of April and easily defeated the Catholic University nine, 20 to 6. The Villanova sluggers lost no time in getting off to a good start, when they fell upon the delivery of Dollard for four hits in the first inning, which, sandwiched in with four bases on balls, an error

and a sacrifice fly, netted the Blue and White six tallies. This lead very rapidly dwindled down to nothing when the home team scored six runs in their half of the second; a base on balls, an error, and four hits, including a home run by Lucey did the work. After the second inning, Yadusky was invincible, allowing but two hits in the last seven innings. Kendrick, who relieved Dollard in the second inning, fared well up until the fifth inning when two hits, a walk and some ragged fielding gave the 'Varsity four more runs. The visitors kept right after Kendrick's offerings and forced him to retire in the eight. May was called upon to take up the burden from then on, but his offerings seemed to be of the same caliber as those of his predecessors, for Coach McGeehan's sluggers fell upon this new arrival for eight hits and seven runs in his short stay. This made a grand total of twenty runs and nineteen hits for the game. Cullom led the swat-fest with four singles; Connelly was a close second with a triple, a double and a single in five times at bat. With the exception of one misplay by Neville the 'Varsity played gilt-edged ball. The home team played a ragged game behind their pitchers. For Catholic University, Henington led in hitting with a triple and a single in six attempts. After the second inning Yadusky pitched a fine brand of ball; he had seven strike-out victims, and his form in these last innings shows that the big fellow is just starting to hit his stride, and big things may be expected from him in the future.

VILLANOVA, 19; MT. ST. MARY'S, 5

In the second game of their southern trip, the 'Varsity duplicated the scene enacted at Washington the day previous. O'Brien was prevailed upon to take upon his shoulders the task of stopping the invading sluggers, but he failed in the attempt, but like all men of his race he had the courage to stand the strain under a terrific onslaught and remained in the game throughout. O'Brien went through eight innings having been scored upon occasionally in several innings, but the ninth was one grand and glorious batting spree for the Blue and White, and when the dust was settled, ten of the visitors had crossed the plate in that closing frame. It was like this—Sheehan, the first man up singled, stole second, and scored on Brennan's single to right; McDonald flied out; Byrne reached first on an error and Brennan scored, Byrne going to second; Connelly scored Byrne with a single to left, and went to second on the throw in, and scored on Neville's single. Dougherty, who was pitching a fine brand of ball for the 'Varsity, tripled sending in Connelly; Robinson tripled scoring "Doc"; Cullom singled scoring "Robby", O'Brien still pitching. Sheehan got his second hit in this inning when he doubled to right center. "Robby" scored. Cullom scored on Brennan's two-base clout; Byrne flied out to left. Brennan scored on McDonald's double. Connelly ended the inning by grounding out to the pitcher. In this game the Blue and White nine hit for nineteen safe blows, for a grand total of thirty-seven bases. Sheehan had four hits including two doubles; Connelly had a home run and two singles; Neville had the highest average for the day having four hits in five trips to the plate. Dougherty pitched well throughout, allowing eight hits and fanning nine men; in the second he retired the side on strikes.

VILLANOVA, 5; GETTYSBURG, 1

The 'Varsity ended its southern trip by beating the Gettysburg nine at Gettysburg, Pa., 5 to 1. "Sid" Sweeney, who twirled for the Blue and White, was invincible and allowed but two hits, the first of which was made in the eighth inning. Sweeney would have had a shutout to his credit except for some ragged fielding by his teammates in the eighth inning; in this frame Cullom let two grounders trickle through his legs, and Neville dropped a thrown ball, which preceding a single by Menchey gave Gettysburg its only run of the game. Menchy's delivery was solved for twelve hits; Robinson was the chief offender, having three singles to his credit.

This victory incidentally proved to be Gettysburg's first defeat in three years, and its first defeat at home since 1916.

STEELTON, 6; VILLANOVA, 3

On the 4th of April the 'Varsity journeyed to Steelton and were defeated by the Steelton

steel league nine, 6 to 3. The home team composed mostly of former big leaguers, though allowed only nine hits off Yadusky's delivery, bunched these hits in three innings, which proved to be sufficient to clinch the game. Menear who twirled for the steel leaguers was in exceptionally good form and allowed but six hits, two of which, including a home run by Byrne and a two-bagger by Connelly, were crowded into the second inning, which gave the 'Varsity a two-run lead which they held up until the fifth inning. In this inning, two hits, two errors and a passed ball netted the home team two runs and the lead which they maintained throughout the rest of the game. The batting of Anderson featured the contest; this old-timer had a double, a single, and two walks in five trips to the plate. Some poor fielding behind Yadusky accounted for two of the home team's runs.

LEHIGH, 10; VILLANOVA, 9

Though out hitting their opponents nearly three to one, the 'Varsity came out on the short end of a 10 to 9 score against the Lehigh nine at the Lehigh stadium on May 19th. Yadusky pitched well for three innings and then went to pieces in the fourth, when a double, two singles, a base on balls and an error netted the home team four runs. The big twirler then settled down until the seventh inning when a base on balls, an error and a home run by Mathag gave Lehigh three more counters. Between the second and the fifth innings inclusive the Blue and White sluggers had eight hits to their credit, but were unable to score but one run. In the eighth inning, with the score, 9 to 5, against them the 'Varsity began a batting bee which enabled them to tie the score. In this inning, a base on balls to Collum, singles by Sheehan, Connelly, Dougherty and Yadusky, and a home run by Byrne counted for four runs. Sweeney relieved Yadusky in the ninth and a base on balls, a single, and an error by Collum gave Lehigh another run and the game. The delivery of Lee was easily solved by the 'Varsity sluggers who had seventeen hits during his stay; of these Byrne hit three for a total of seven bases. The batting of Mathag was the feature for Lehigh, this man having a homer and a single in four times at bat.

GETTYSBURG, 7; VILLANOVA, 5

The 'Varsity sustained its second defeat on home territory this season when the Gettysburg nine came through with a two-run rally in the last inning and nosed out the Blue and White by the score, 7 to 5. Sweeney who pitched for the home team was hit freely in the three closing innings, especially in the seventh and ninth. In the seventh Gettysburg scored three runs on three singles and two doubles. In their half of the ninth, the 'Varsity made a game battle for the game but fell short by two runs. In this frame Collum doubled, Byrne singled, and Yadusky tripled, giving the Blue and White two runs. In the first inning Sweeney twisted his ankle in crossing first base and was forced to have it dressed before he could continue the game. This incident did not add any to Sweeney's strength and the fact that he seemed to weaken in the seventh can be laid to his injury, as he was unable to put much weight on his right leg. The playing and hitting of Kyle featured the game, while Plowman and Hersh for the visitors pulled off two spectacular catches that brought rounds of applause from the spectators. McDonald caught a stellar game behind Sweeney, and had two hits to his credit.





A Thrilling Experience

Wildly I woke one morning,
My hands all red with blood;
Had I done murder in my sleep?
Horror fixed me where I stood!

Faintly I recollected
How flew my hand in wrath
And rested not caressingly
On some object in its path.

Blow followed blow repeated,
Till I awoke to find
A corpse on the sheet was seated—
A mosquito on me had dined!

WILLIAM F. BERRY.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

Why is a stick of candy like a race horse?
The more you lick it the faster it goes.
When should we read the book of nature?
When Autumn turns the leaves.
When did George Washington first take a ride?
When he took a hack at the cherry tree.
When is paper money first mentioned in the Bible?
When the dove brought the green back to the ark.

Professor—"What is 'ratio'?"
Student—"Ratio is proportion."
Professor—"What is proportion?"
Student—"Proportion is ratio."
Professor—"But what are ratio and proportion?"
Student—"I can only answer one question at a time."

Two Sweet Young Things—"Paul, which of us look the younger?"
Cranston—"Why—er—you both look younger than the other."

Prof. (in II Prep Religion)—"My dear young men, we shall now discuss the garden of Paradise and its earliest inhabitants. James, in what season did Adam eat the apple?"
McCool—"Early in the fall."
Prof.—"Joseph, what was the longest day in Adam's life?"
Ward—"The one in which there was no Eve."
Prof.—"What did Adam and Eve do when they were expelled from the Garden, Harry?"
Griffith—"They raised Cain."
Kane—"Aw! drop dead Griffith."

Harkins—"Why is life the greatest of riddles?"
Burgess—"Because we all have to give it up."

PROPRIETIES

He—"Would it be improper for me to kiss your hand?"

She—"No, but it would be decidedly out of place."

McCool, mistaking grapefruit for oranges, "Gosh! it wouldn't take many of these to make a dozen."

DIAGNOSIS

Moore—"What is it that makes 'War Hawse' Bowling so sleepy all the time?"

Schuble—"He was born tired and had a relapse."

GOOD SUGGESTION

Eckhart—"What's good to clean ivory?"

Neville—"Try a shampoo."

STYLISH PROTECTION

Kane—" 'Fatty' Michel fell out of the window just now."

Fleuhr—"Did he injure himself?"

Kane—"No! he had his spring suit on."

BEFORE THE LAST AMENDMENT

Set two up Tom and give me the bill.
Gee! How that man's been swattin' the pill.
Drinks on the last hole; he gets a three,
I'll sign the check, he drinks this on me.

All the way round, he knocked 'em a mile.
I'd "sap" a shot, and then he would smile.
He wouldn't top 'em; just two to the green
Playing like that Tom, I've never seen.

You know the sixteenth? He made a four.
That's only been done three times before.
Without further practice he's all set
To take on tomorrow, Francis Ouimet.

Set up two drinks Tom; I'll take mine straight.
I ought to pay, when I make an eight.
But you can bet I'll play him no more
Unless he "spots" me a lead of four.

Rondeau Insouciant

O Rondeau rare! It is my care
That thou a like fate shalt not share;
As oft this truant pen of mine
Finds story, sonnet, and outline
Begin with hope, end in despair.

To try a theme I would not dare:
A fickle will, a mind that's bare,
Naught can produce. Harsh fate is thine,
O Rondeau rare!

Enough of this! I do declare
That teacher sure will tear his hair;
His wrathful countenance will shine;
He'll rave, look daggers, then repine,
That to maltreat thee, I would dare,
O Rondeau rare!

THOMAS J. BLESSINGTON.

MATHEMATICAL CHARITY

Soph—"What's a nickel among friends?"

Fresh—"Five cents."

Spring Song

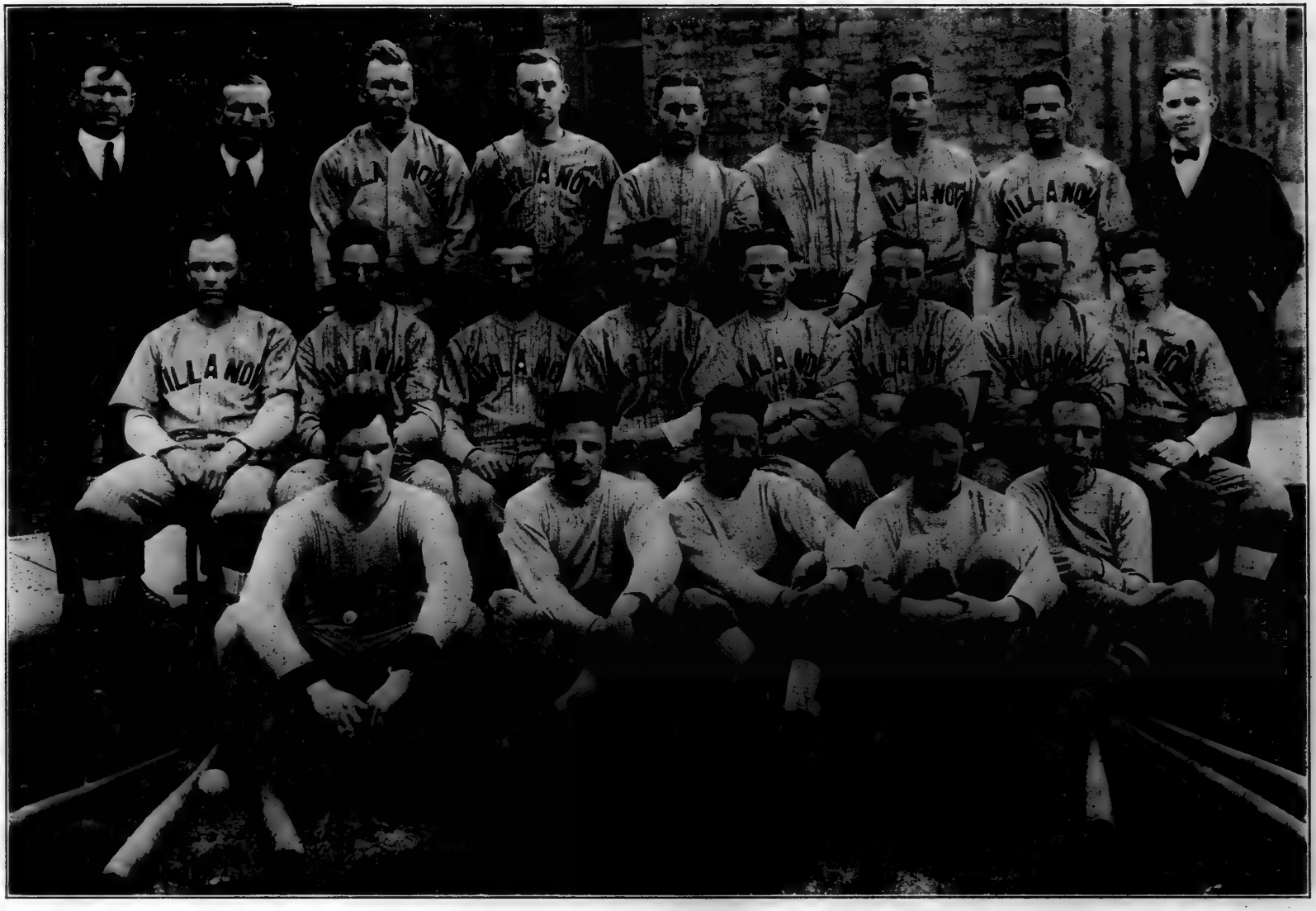
Arise! arise! glad Spring descends,
And o'er our land her footsteps bends;
Beneath her tread the flowers arise
And brighten at her glancing eyes.

Ten thousand birds awake their song
To welcome Spring the woods among;
Round dewy herbs, industrious bees
Pursue the honey-fragrant breeze.

In gardens trim, her footsteps trace,
Her hands unfolding every grace—
From lowly herb to lofty tree,
Now robed in raiment fair to see.

Ah, man, vain man! wouldst thou but learn
To follow Nature in thy turn,
Then sights like this must wake in thee
The genial flowers of poetry!

HUGH A. O'NEILL.



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Our National Flower

Most nations have a symbol—
Some plant of potent charm—
That signifies their mighty size
Either to help or harm.

Thus, Scotland greets the thistle,
England adores the rose;
The Emerald Isle, how fair its smile
While there the shamrock grows!

Fair France still boasts the lily—
The queenly fleur-de-lys;
While Prussia growls as Russia howls—
Beneath the linden tree.

How comes it, then, the greatest—
America the Free—
No emblem knows of all that grows
In woodland, wold, or lea?

Yet, in our land arises—
Majestic in its height—
A floral prize that typifies
The Unity of Might.

Its stem is long, but dainty;
Its heart is made of gold;
Its petals, dight in virgin white,
This central disk enfold.

Thus, in its growth so sturdy,
Our soil it typifies:
Though stamped with foot, its vital root
All tyranny defies.

Its lengthy stem is marking
The years we spend to gain
The foremost place in every race—
We strive and we attain.

Its golden disk, revealing
Our wealth on every side,
Each race commands from foreign strands
To enter with each tide.

Its petals, in their number
And fair variety,
Show State and State must never hate,
But live in unity.

Now, should we not due honor
Grant this symbolic flower,
And on our breast and on our crest
Display its native power?

Think well, ye who are reading,
And do not answer "No".
Just think how strife and pain in life
Start from a verbal blow.

But, that you may examine
The plant of which I speak,
In park or pale, on hill or dale—
There, there the DAISY seek.

FRANCIS A. RAFFERTY



Our National Flower

Most nations have a symbol—
Some plant of potent charm—
That signifies their mighty size
Either to help or harm.

Thus, Scotland greets the thistle,
England adores the rose;
The Emerald Isle, how fair its smile
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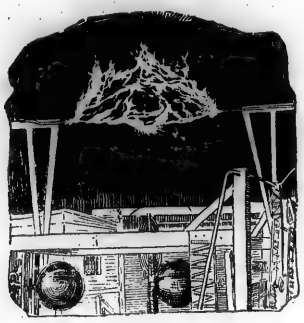
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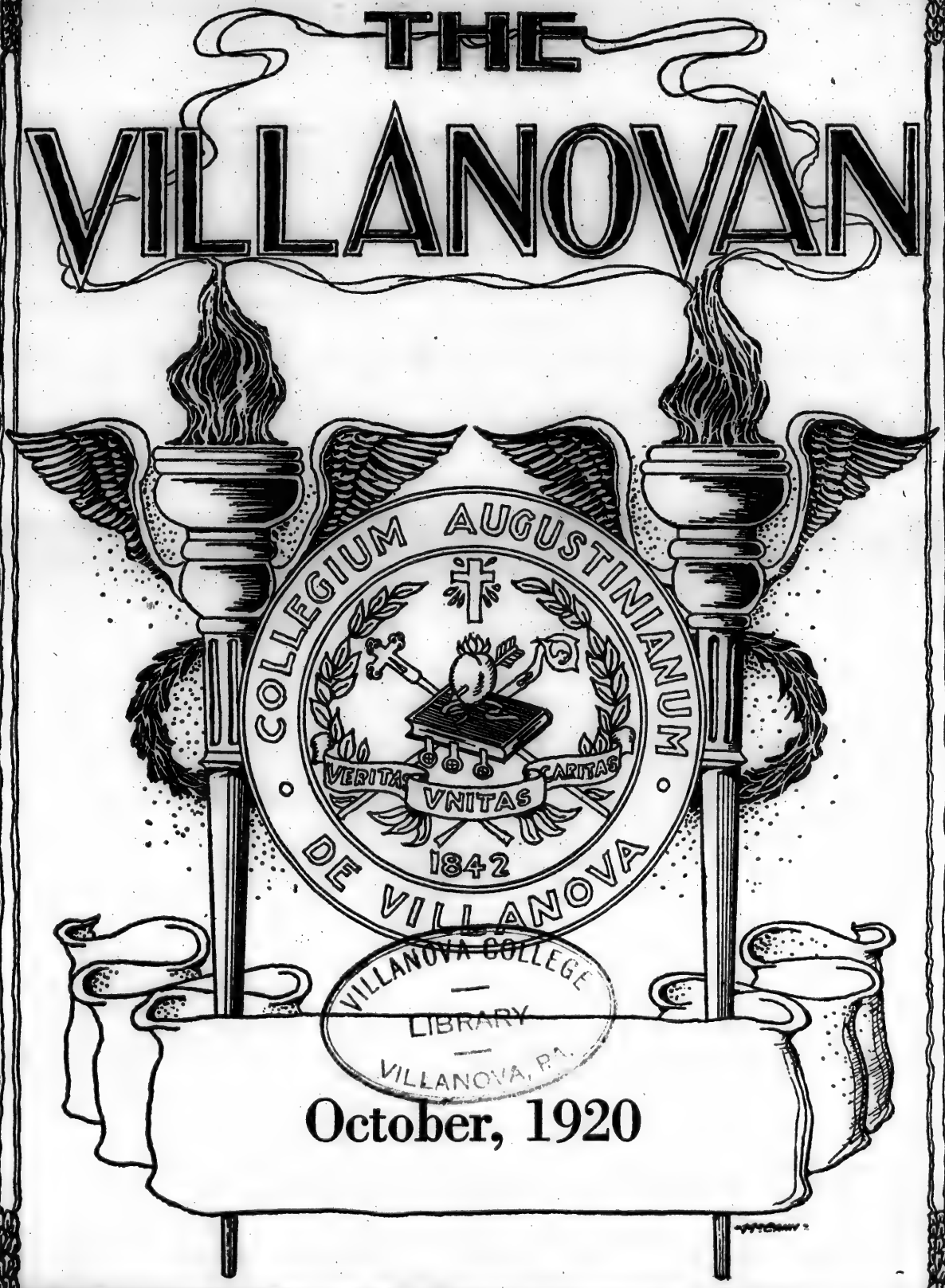
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The Villanovan

OCTOBER, 1920

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Published Bi-Monthly at Villanova, Pa., by the Students of Villanova College.
Subscription, One Year, $1.50 Single Copies 35 cents

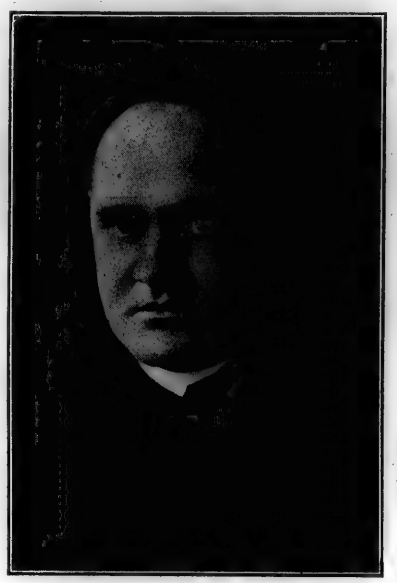
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The Villanovan

Vol. V OCTOBER, 1920 No. 1

Our New President

IT is with considerable pride and pleasure that the VILLANOVAN respectfully dedicates its present issue to the Rev. Francis A. Driscoll, O. S. A., newly appointed president of Villanova College. This new honor which has come to Father Driscoll has not been unmerited. For the past fifteen years he has been closely identified with the college as professor and official, displaying throughout all that time a constant and deep interest in every phase of college life and proving that he possessed a no mean order of talent. Having occupied in turn the positions of Professor of Mathematics, Prefect of Discipline, Prefect of Studies and Vice President, he has had an exceptional opportunity to acquire a complete knowledge of the details of teaching and administrations. His long familiarity with the needs, difficulties, hopes, ambitions and ideals of Villanova, combined with his conspicuous ability as an executive, has served to fit him admirably for the office of president. That the newly appointed president possesses the ability to discharge successfully the duties of the office to which he has been assigned was apparent last year, when, during the illness and absence of Father Dean, he was called upon to take up the exacting duties involved in the work of college administration. The success which marked his efforts upon that occasion won for him the approval of his superiors and explains the present confidence with which the friends of Villanova look forward to continued success for the college under his direction. It is indeed with great sorrow and regret that we regard the circumstances which have impelled Father Dean to tender his resignation from the presidency of the college. Under his capable administration Villanova enjoyed her greatest prosperity. His ability as a leader was unquestionable. During the critical years of the war and those immediately following, his energy and zeal served to win for the college considerable prestige among the institutions of the country and to attract a larger student body. He was responsigle for a broadening of the curriculum and an extension of the college facilities. His future plans for Villanova were ambitious in scope, and every prospect pointed to their successful accomplishment. In Father Dean's retirement, Villanova suffers a great loss. It is therefore a matter of profound regret that he found himself no longer able to continue in this position as head of the college. However, while we mourn the loss of Father Dean we rejoice that the office has been entrusted to so capable hands. Under Father Driscoll, Villanova's onward progress will continue uninterrupted and we have every hope that all his ambitions will reach fruition. His appointment gives the welcome assurance that there will be no break in the education and policy which has brought her success; and no gap in the continuity of our college traditions.



To the new president in the name of the alumni and students of Villanova, the VILLANOVAN pledges unstinted loyalty, willing co-operation and respectful affection.

40166

A BEDTIME PRAYER

By John F. M. McCarthy

Dear God of day, dear God of night,
Dear God of darkness, God of light!
Dear God of all the good and best,
Oh, give my heart and body rest!

While I'm asleep, O God, please give
Fresh strength, fresh faith, to help me live:
Oh, may the dreams I have all be
Night visions of God's love for me!

God, bless my dear ones—love this home
And those who to its shelter come;
God, bring tomorrow happy, bright:
I am your child, dear God. Good night!

Blackmail;

or,

Uncle Tom's Cabin by Parcel Post

(A Post-Bellum Romance)

By Captain Jack Crawford, the Poet-Scout

Author of "The Negro Postmaster, or Electioneering in the Carolinas"; "Civil Service in Ethiopia", "The Congo Packet", The Hottentot Postage System", "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia", "Othello and His Dismal Demonia", etc.

ON Friday, the thirteenth of May, at eight o'clock in the evening, I was speeding down South Broad Street in my handsome and expensive six-cylinder Packard, on my way to the home of a business colleague, Jack White. I was vigorously puffing a Melachrino, and, at the same time, I was deeply considering a little plan I had in mind to replenish my rapidly diminishing bank account.

I decided that blackmail was the easiest and safest thing for me. I had just selected Horace Montgomery, vice-president of the Philadelphia Trust Company, as my victim, when I spied on the sidewalk a man that so closely resembled Jack White that I called to the chauffeur to stop. Upon closer examination, however, I found I was mistaken. The man was wholly unknown to me. With my usual quick thought, I grasped the opportunity. Then and there I completed my plan to blackmail Horace Montgomery.

Thrusting my card and a five spot into the stranger's hand, I said:

"Call at ten tomorrow morning. Ask for me personally."

"All right! Just as you say!" answered the astonished man. The next moment I was off again in my machine.

Lighting a fresh cigarette, I sat back smiling to myself at the probability of a few thousands being added to my roll in a couple of days. The car drew up at the door of my friend's home just as I had finished several details of my little plan.

"Ten-thirty, James," I said, and ran up the broad front steps with all the youth and life of my twenty-two short years.

"Fine evening, Mr. Cloud," said the butler. "Mr. White is waiting for you in the library." Handing my hat and gloves to the man, I passed up the well-carpeted stairs to my friend's libarary. He was a college man given to much reading and well-known in literary as well as business circles.

"Hello, Rex!" he exclaimed in cordial welcome, as I stepped in through the door. "You're rather late. I expected you before eight. But here is Count Orlando, a man able and willing to give you whatever assistance you need in your present undertaking."

The Count made a low bow. I quietly returned it with these words:

"It is indeed a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Count. I already feel assured that you will be of great assistance to me."

The Count seemed pleased at these words and bowed again. During the next few minutes as a servant was putting out wine and cigars, I studied this man whom I had never seen before, but who somehow impressed me strangely. He was slight and dark, apparently a Frenchman; but his name was Spanish, and his accent purely American. I could not make him out, but I studied the choice of my friend, who assured me he would do.

"Well," said I, "let us get down to business. My plan is to blackmail Horace Montgomery, of the Philadelphia Trust Company. I propose that the Count and myself witness Montgomery in the act of murdering you, Jack."

"Murdering me!" exclaimed Jack. "Nix on that. I refuse to be murdered by that man. If I must be murdered, get some one with a little common sense to do the job. Why that man

is the biggest fool in town, if you get him sore."

"I have that all fixed up, Jack," I replied. "I met a fellow tonight, as I was coming here, that looks like your long-lost twin brother. He was somewhat down and out; so I slipped him a five, and told him to call tomorrow. He is to go to Montgomery's office and get him sore. The Count and I will be near at hand; and when he shoots, as he surely will if our friend goes far enough (and I will see that he does), we will step in, and—there you are! The next morning's paper will be covered with headlines: 'Horace Montgomery murders John White, well-known manufacturer,' or we shall have our little roll. I am inclined to think it will be the latter. What do you think of the plan, Count?"

The Count, who had been listening very attentively, said: "It appears to be a very good plan, Mr. Cloud, but are you sure the man will shoot?"

"Sure! Say, if you only knew that man Montgomery. But to make a sure thing doubly sure, I'll tell this twin bbrother of Jack's to go after Horace, to tell him where to get off or to call him a few fancy names. Then he'll surely shoot. You know, he always has a revolver in the drawer of his desk."

"All right, sir, I am at your service. Name the time and place and I will be there."

"But what am I to do with myself after I am murdered?" asked Jack.

"Oh, that's a minor detail. We'll fix that up between now and Thursday night. You know, it has to be Thursday because that's the the only night that Montgomery stays in his office. I believe everything will come out all right. We will meet here again next Wednesday. We can make final arrangements that night. I will find a place for you to stay, Jack, before then. In the meantime you can tell a few of the fellows at the club that the doctor has ordered you to go to the mountains for your health. That will explain your absence. Well, good night. I have a game of billiards with Fred Briggs at the club at eleven. It's time I started."

My faithful chauffeur was waiting and ready to start. "To the club, James," I said as he gave me an inquiring look. I played a fair game with Fred and after a few words with the boys, I set out for home, bearing in mind that I had an important engagement that morning.

The chief difficulty before me was how to handle this man from whom I expected so much and of whom I knew so little. After a few moments' consideration between puffs, I arose from my chair satisfied that I could treat the man and the case well enough to realize the end I had in view. So I told my valet to see that I was up at nine and then went off to bed.

When the man—William Fox—arrived that morning I was feeling quite sanguine. In fact, I was practically certain of success. The man sat down and appeared not too disturbed. I was pleased at this and immediately took up my task.

"Do you know Horace Montgomery, vice-president of the Philadelphia Trust Company?" I asked him.

"No, sir, never heard of him."

"Well, small loss. At present he is away visiting a friend in New York but will return on Thursday. Now he has some Bethlehem Steel shares which I desire to purchase from him and this is my purpose of hiring you. You are to go to his office Thursday evening to buy those shares. He may not be willing to sell but you must make him. Here is a card which you may present to him. You will be Mr. J. F. White. Here's two hundred—fit yourself out. Remember the time—Thursday evening, about eight o'clock. A thousand dollars when you hand over the stocks. Don't forget, he must sell."

I arose and called a servant. Fox nodded slightly and said, "I understand sir. Good-bye."

That afternoon I drove out to a little farm house where I had stopped one day in a storm. The place was about twenty miles out of the town. It was occupied by an old farmer and his wife. I made arrangements with them for Jack White. The same afternoon a friend told me that Jack was going to the mountains for his health. My plans were completed. Now for Wednesday.

Jack and the Count were waiting for me when I arrived.

"Well, everything is all right. I'll come

around tomorrow afternoon, Jack, and take you out to a nice little farm house where you can spend your time with the chickens. The Count will dine with me at home tomorrow night. We can plan the details then and set out for Montgomery's office together."

"How about my double?" asked Jack.

"Oh, I bluffed him with a story about some shares that I want to buy from Montgomery, which I know he won't sell."

"Well, if Mr. Montgomery will shoot, all will be well," said the Count.

"Right for you, Count, he'll shoot," I replied. "Call tomorrow at six. I will have a little treat for you to prepare you for the big one. I must be off now. Take care of yourselves and we'll come out on top."

I took Jack out to my farmer friend's the next day and he seemed quite pleased at the idea of being a murdered man.

The Count arrived at six and we went to dinner, both in good spirits. Dinner over, we sat back smoking in silence for a few moments.

"Well, Count, I feel sure this affair will come out all right. That man of mine is a safe bet; and as for old Montgomery, why, we'll have him in such a tight hole he won't be able to shiver. What do you think ought to be his first payment—$2,000 apiece?"

"That will be very good if we can get more later."

"Oh, sure! we'll get funds from him whenever we need them, after he sees the fix he's in. Well, let's go. Fox calls on him at eight."

We drove to within a block of the bank, then alighted and posted ourselves across the street from the bank. We had not long to wait. Fox appeared walking at a brisk rate as if he meant business. He went in, admitted by Montgomery himself. We crossed over and stood in the doorway, listening. At first we could hear nothing. Then, as the pitch of their voices rose, we could hear the two men speaking.

"You must sell," cried Fox.

"I refuse," answered Montgomery.

"You're a coward: afraid to take a chance," retorted Fox.

"No man ever called me a coward and got away with it. There!" And a pistol shot rang out. This was our cue.

"Come on Count," I said as I pulled him to the door. "Leave it to me."

I pulled my little automatic from my pocket and stepped into the office. Montgomery was standing beside a desk on which lay a revolver. Fox was lying on the floor in front of the desk, already stained with blood from the shot which had pierced his breast.

"What's this, Montgomery?" I stooped down and laid my hand over Fox's heart. "Looks like murder, Count,—and Jack White, too. Better call the police."

"For God's sake no!" shrieked Montgomery. "Anything but that. I'll do whatever you say if you will keep this thing quiet. Oh! Cloud, if you had a mother that was old and feeble, and a wife that loved you, you'd do this for me. Come, what can I do for you—a thousand?"

I looked at the Count. He was gazing at the dead man with a look half of pity and half of triumph.

"Justice or charity, Count?"

"In all things charity," he answered quietly.

"Very well. Make it two thousand apiece, then, Mont. I can see your position."

He took the money out of his desk and handed it over as if glad to get rid of it.

"Can we help you fix this up?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I have a trustworthy janitor here who will take care of the whole business for me."

"Well, then, we'll say good night. Much obliged."

The Count and I stepped out leisurely and strolled to the car.

"A good night's work," I said.

"Yes, indeed," answered the Count. "A good night's work."

"Good night, Count," I said as we drove in at my gate. You say you are going to the I. O. U. Club tonight? James, take the Count out to the I. O. U."

"Yes, sir," answered the chauffeur as he drove off, and that was the last I saw of the Count.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"A gentleman to see you, sir," announced my valet, as I was sitting in my den one afternoon about a week after the "murder" of Jack White.

"I'll see him in the library in a few minutes. Who is he, do you know?"

"No, sir. He gave no card."

"Very well, tell him to wait."

I tossed my cigarette aside and put on my coat. "Who can this man be?" The question seemed to trouble me. The best way to learn who he was and what he wanted was to go down and meet him, so I did so at once.

"Mr. Reginald Cloud, I presume," the stranger said in a pleasant voice as I entered the room.

"Yes, sir, at your service," I replied as I took him in at a glance. He was tall, well built, and neatly dressed. He laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Sir, you are under arrest."

"On what charge?" I asked surprised.

"Blackmail," he answered. "Get Mr. Cloud's hat and gloves and call his machine," he said to my man who was standing in the doorway.

As the machine drove up the chauffeur looked at me for directions but my guardian said quickly: "To the Twelfth Street station house." I nodded in assent and the machine started off.

I was put in a three by six cell until the next morning when I was taken into the court room for a hearing. Then I heard what had transpired during the last few days, and how it happened that I was apprehended.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

On the afternoon of Sunday, May 22, Horace Montgomery was out for a pleasure drive with his wife in his Buick roadster. He was quite a distance out from the town when he noticed that his gasoline was low. Knowing that in these days even farmers have autos, he stopped at the first farm house to see if he could buy some gas or learn where it was sold. Having learned that there was a garage within half a mile, he was just leaving the house when he caught sight of a man who so closely resembled John White that Montgomery looked again. The man quickly disappeared but Montgomery had seen enough to make him suspicious.

The next morning he sent for a private detective whom he had previously found valuable, and told him the whole story.

"Looks like a frame up," said Smart, the detective, when Montgomery had finished. "I think we can straighten it out. First I'll find out who that fellow is out in Walton. Do you know of any mark of identification by which I might recognize White?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't," answered Montgomery.

"Well, I'll find out somehow. If he's not White, he wont be afraid to answer any questions I may ask him. That will be the first step. We'll do this thing up in chapters. Don't worry about the conclusion—you'll be the hero. I'll go out to Walton now and see this man and report to you at three."

"Good luck," said Montgomery as Smart rose to go.

Smart returned at three but he was not so cheerful as when he had set out.

"What's the verdict?" asked Montgomery, as soon as Smart sat down.

"The man you saw is an idiot," answered and he gave me all sorts of senseless answers. and he gave me all sorts of sensible answers. I asked him if he was Mr. White and he answered that he was Mr. Green. I asked him if he came from Philadelphia and he answered that he was English. I asked him if he knew Mr. Cloud and he said he did when it was raining. I gave up in disgust. My next attempt will be to inquire at the Millionaires' Club to see what excuse Cloud gave for White's disappearance. I will return at nine tomorrow morning."

"Better luck this time," said Montgomery.

"Hope so," answered Smart on the way out.

"According to the talk at the club, White left Philadelphia early Friday morning for the mountains," was Smart's reply to Montgomery the next morning. "He was ordered there by his physician. Now the plot thickens. If that man in Walton is John White, which I still believe, then whom did you shoot? That is the next question. It is certain that you shot a man. If that man was not John White, who was he? Cloud and this mysterious Count still have you unless something else enters into the case. Now for the third and most difficult step. I must find out who that man is. That may take some time, so don't get impatient if I don't show up for a week. So long."

"The best of luck this time," said Montgomery.

"I need it all and then some," was Smart's answer.

Smart spent that day in searching for traces of Fox, but without success. That evening he met a fellow detective and the two began to exchange stories. Smart's friend told him how he had been following a certain man for a private individual but he had suddenly lost trace of him.

"The last time I saw him he was entering the office of Horace Montgomery on the night of May 19. I have been hunting for him ever since but so far his tracks are still covered.

"What did he look like?" asked Smart quickly.

The detective described Fox with all the accuracy of his profession.

"Why, that's just the man I'm worrying about," said Smart. "What did you want him for?"

"Old man Jones of the Jones Publishing Company, said he wanted this man's number but I never got anything on him."

"Say, Jake, tell old man Jones your job is over. That guy won't bother anyone any more. He's gone. But say, find out from Jones, if you can, what kind of a fellow he was. That's what I want to know. I don't care so much about where this man is, but who he is and what he is."

So Smart sent his friend Jake to find out from Jones who Fox was. And Jake found out. Jones told him that Fox was one of the biggest crooks in the east; that he was a noted gunman and had seven murders to his credit; and that finally Fox had something on Jones that made him keep his mouth shut.

"But now that he's gone I need not worry. But tell me, how did he go? What happened to him?" asked Jones.

"Never heard," said Jake. "Just know for a fact that he's gone. Well, I thank you for this bit of information, Mr. Jones. I must bid you good day. I will be in again about the advertising case."

So then Jake told Smart what he had learned from Jones. Smart lost no time in conveying the welcome news to Montgomery.

"I think I have a soft case now," said Montgomery. "I just read in the Ledger that a man answering to the description of the Count who was with Cloud, was shot in a brawl in the Italian district last night. Now my idea is to say that I shot Fox in self defense, since he is known to be a gunman; that Cloud and the Count appeared just at the moment and accused me of murder. When I said it was self defense they asked me what proof I had—they were proof enough that it was otherwise. But they would hush it up for two thousand apiece. When I saw that the case was against me I was forced to hand over the money. Now with the Count out of the way and Fox's idenity known, I think I can prove that the act was done in self defense. What do you say?"

"It sounds fine. I'll go after Cloud this afternoon, and tomorrow we can have a hearing. Then you will be clear. How's that?"

"Fine. Make it fast and you'll get a pretty penny out of it."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

So that is how I got caught in my little plan that I thought was so safe. Well, you can't expect to get away with it all the time, especially when you start things on Friday the thirteenth.

Nightmare or CH_3OH

By J. Padraic Donovan

THROUGHOUT the scientific world the news traveled like wild-fire. Startled from their feeling of omniscience in such matters, astronomers everywhere scoffed at the discovery of a new heavenly body that was said to be approaching the earth. It was but a matter of a few days though that all ceased to question its reality, when it became visible through the whole Western hemisphere. Onward it came, out of the infinitely unfathomed depths of the sky, ever nearer and nearer the earth. Huge, terrible, with a fascinating yet fearsome brilliancy, it caused all men to wonder whence it came, and what it was, and to speculate nervously on its probable effect on the earth. And still closer it came, its effulgent splendor becoming at once brilliantly intense and all-pervading, blotting out the moon and the stars, changing night to day. So fear-inspiring a spectacle was it, that men trembled with horror, while the more pious-minded knelt hourly in prayer, for it was felt that the world's end had arrived. Then suddenly on the morning of July 16, without warning other than stated here before, the world's greatest catastrophe occurred—that terrible happening that men shall never forget and whose occurrence the wisest minds of this planet shall ever seek to explain. A terrific storm broke forth, that deluged the earth, changing trickling streams to roaring seas and spreading death and destruction on all sides. Thunder resounded through the heavens and with such fierce intensity and of such long duration as to cause many men to lose all sense of hearing even to the day of their death. But most terrible of all was the action of the lightning. Bringing death to thousands of persons it seemed to spring out of the earth in sheets of living flame, and leap through the sky in the direction of what men attempted to describe as "The Comet." For two of the most appalling hours that any living man had ever known it continued. Then as suddenly as it came it ceased, but with what a result. Awed by the scene of awful desolation all were slow to grasp at the really great misfortune that had befallen the world. Then it was with a demoralizing suddenness that they realized that every vestige, every atom, every molecule of what they called "Electricity" had disappeared from the universe. As obscure and mysterious as the composition of its substance, so was its disappearance. Then truly did confusion and disorder reign supreme over the world. Industries were powerless to operate. Transportation ceased with railroads, trolleys and automobiles helpless. All communication save from hand to mouth came to an end with the stoppage of the telephone, telegraph and wireless telegraphy. Cities lay in darkness, and became stricken with famine and disease. Steamships, huge, floating palaces of travel, steamed around helplessly in unfeeling circles when the needles of their compasses lost their magnetic powers of attraction.

Thousands thronged the churches praying continuously until driven by hunger, they sought out of desparation to appease their physical wants forgetful of their spiritual fears. Anarchy followed. Cities perished by flame and thousands were murdered yet it was as nothing compared to the millions that perished by famine and disease. The world was indeed in a sorry plight.

Today but a scarce ten million are left out of the thousand million that authorities claim lived on the earth before the disaster. That the population was such at that time cannot be truthfully stated, since all knowledge of the times save what some men retained in their minds perished in the period of seemingly endless destruction that followed. Even now thousands are engaged in gathering together what is left of the knowledge of those days, especially in the manner in which "Electricity" was said to be put to use; for some day, and who is there who will not hope for it, this world may once again become "electrified," and we may then be able to put to good use such knowledge of it as we are able to obtain.

Autumn

Summer lies dead, and while the dirges toll,
Cool autumn has emerged from summer's grave,
And laughing, frolics o'er the harvest fields.
Amidst the whirling heaps of gold-red leaves,
The gilded, radiant sunbeams dance in glee.
From out the north fierce Aquila's cold blasts,
Foretelling coming winter's cruel storms,
Like helish fiends shriek among the trees,
And whistle, mourning, past the gathered corn
That stands like death itself in yonder field
Where not long since, majestic, living stalks
Had waved and nodded in the summer sun.

Not somberly, in gloomy, silent black
But in artistic hues that please the eye,
Does nature mourn warm, fragrant summer's death.
She beautifies the trees, that long for sleep,
With gorgeous robes of scarlet and of gold;
Beneath her touch, the wilted wayside weeds,
Despised, forlorn, grow beautiful once more,
As absolution glorifies the soul,
Deep-sunk in sin, and makes it heavenly'
All autumn's cherished blooms, the zinnia,
The cosmos, aster, gold chrysanthemum,
Now strive, in fragrance and in brilliance,
To better summer's roses and sweet-peas;
Some birds, not yet gone south from winter's cold,
Among the falling leaves still thrill their songs,
Reviving summer in their warbling notes.

O autumn, thou art but the interval
Between fond summer's drowsy, perfumed days
And cruel winter's piercing wind and snow,
But fairer far art thou than winter drear,
Or gentle summer, or the fragant spring,
In thine array of gorgeous color-tints,
Thy virile mirth and naked soltitude.

—"Moonlit Waters"
HAROLD WIEGAND.

The Fool:
A Story of the World War

By Clement G. Dwyer

FRANK BARRINGER, like all the rest of us, had a father and mother. Though in poor circumstances, they were of honorable character. Surely, they must have had an unlimited supply of patience. Inexhaustible patience was indeed needed, for their son Frank was a continual source of trouble. When an infant, he would manifest his dislike for this thing or that, either by crying as hard as he could or by striking those who would resist his hateful attempts.

As a boy, however, he lost all his energy (so it seemed), and became the opposite. He was slow to think, and lazy and clumsy in action. He had an impediment in his speech; this, most probably was the real reason why he took such a dislike to school. He would stammer and stutter over words the easiest to pronounce. When his schoolmates laughed and jeered at him, Frank left school and all the trouble it caused.

Frank was now in the last years of his 'teens, and old enough to go to work, as a young fellow in his circumstances would do. He tried work in several places—first, as grocer boy; next, as office boy; then, as water carrier for men building a bridge. As grocer boy, he failed ignominiously. He would mix up the orders, and leave things at the homes of people that did not order them. On account of his unpardonable mistakes, the store lost several customers.

Some parts of office boy, Frank played well, while in others he did not come up to the mark. The parts that he could play well were those that helped him shirk work. It took him so long to run errands that his employer finally gave up hopes of trying to keep him. Of course, Frank did not worry over a little thing like that, and immediately found work as water carrier. This work went well with him; until one afternoon, feeling a little sleepier than usual, he decided to take a nap. Although a short doze would have been good for him, the place he picked out for it was not. The bed he selected for himself was a girder about fifteen feet above the stream over which the bridge was being built. Just as Frank was resting comfortably, the foreman came along, and, more for fun than to call him back to work, tickled the boy; whereupon Frank gave a quick jump and rolled off the girder into the water.

The next place that Frank found himself was at home standing before his mother in his wet clothes—a sad sight, to say the least! That night when his father came home and the evening meal was over, plans for the future guidance of Frank were talked over. It was decided that Frank should remain at home under the watchful eye of his mother, and give up trying to be a workman, as a bad job.

A better situation could not have been presented to the boy. It was exactly what he wished. Even though he had left school, he had not lost his desire to learn. He liked to read, and had taken a particular fondness for ancient Greek and Roman History. He was still troubled with not being able to stick to any one pursuit, and, as a result, took to chemistry.

A chum of Frank's, who knew something about chemistry from having studied it at college a couple of years, initiated Frank into the working principles of this fascinating science. Frank's room was soon transformed into a laboratory. From his absorbing interest in this new hobby, Frank's parents began to think he would make good.

Perhaps he would—if Fate had not decreed differently. Late one night during the summer, a loud explosion was heard in the Barringer home. When Frank's father heard it, he knew it was time for action. When he reached the boy's room, he found it in flames; and Frank was lying on the floor motionless.

Letting the fire burn and thinking only of his son's life, he carried Frank out. Meanwhile,

the neighbors had sounded the fire alarm. In but a few minutes, the fire was checked.

Just about that time, Frank came to his senses. Seeing all the people around, he wondered what had happened. Then it dawned on him that he had had an accident. Thus ended what might have been a successful career for Frank.

Frank's disastrous exploit—the light it threw on his heedless character, in combination with his previous shiftlessness—furnished the dominant topic of conversation among the townspeople for many a day. Every one laughed at him, and put him in the class of fool.

During the last two years while the Barringers were having so much trouble, nations were at war in Europe.

By this time Frank was old enough to be a soldier. He wasn't the type of fellow who would volunteer, although if he had to go he would. Until then he decided to devote his time to electricity. At first his parents would not listen to his wishes. After a few earnest entreaties, however, he finally prevailed upon his father. Whatever the father would grant, his mother was also willing to grant.

The now old ridicule in which Frank was held by the people had slowly worn away. He was let go on in his own peculiar way. At last the dreaded moment was at hand; a card summoning him for examination, came from the local draft board. The next few days were not very bright for the Barringers. Frank was physically fit for service abroad and was scheduled to leave within a few days.

Six months have passed. Frank is now a soldier, that is, he is enrolled in the army, and wears a uniform. The other qualities which make a soldier are wanting in this one. The same things that held him down and impeded his progress in civil life are the very same ones that make him a burden to his company. He is a member of the signal corps. He was in the infantry for a while. Because he was such a burden,inasmuch as he would drop out of line after a few minutes' march; and as he was not a rugged fellow, he was transferred to the signal corps.

The duties of the signal corps were to keep the communication wires intact from the first line trenches, as well as to send and receive messages. Barringer didn't prove himself very proficient in the signal corps. His speech handicapped him in talking over the phone; more than once he heard remarks fired back at him that were not too pleasant. Then again he didn't take the sort of recreation the other soldiers did, mostly because he hadn't mingled much with fellows when he was growing up. While on duty once he was caught sleeping—a crime punishable by death in war times. The fighting was so severe, however, that his trial was postponed for a month.

That very night the earth was trembling from the force of shot and shell, the roar was deafening, the Germans were fighting like mad. All of a sudden communication stopped from the trenches. This meant a dangerous piece of work would have to be done by someone. The captain called for volunteers; one fellow, the coolest and most experienced was given the choice.

Barringer was having hard work to control himself. Would he volunteer if Higgins should fail? Twice the time had now elapsed than was necessary for fixing the wires. A second call for volunteers was heard for the dangerous work. On the instant Barringer rushed up to the captain and fairly demanded that he be sent. He was mad; like a tiger when cornered. The captain being able to read human nature knew that Barringer was the man. Hastily giving orders, the captain sent him.

Fifteen minutes had gone by, and there was no message. In the meantime Barringer made his way as though moved by Divine Power. He was forced to make his way on his hands and knees for about a hundred yards; then he had to crawl; after proceeding about a hundred yards further, his hand felt something that sent chills through him. It was a hand of Higgins. A short distance away from the hand, he found a leg. He concluded that the Germans must know of the break in the wire and that they had been the cause of Higgin's frightful and terrible death. The thought of this didn't unnerve him, however; he pressed onward into what meant danger for himself but safety and

perhaps victory for the others. It was only a matter of a few more minutes before he found the break. Here was his chance to redeem himself. With a prayer on his lips and with an unsteady pair of hands, he commenced work. One more twist of the connecting wire and the deed would be done. He started back with all haste; for now being the conqueror of his life-long dullness, he could do anything.

The Germans were not to be outdone, however; illuminating bombs were shot out by them. It wasn't long before they had Barringer's range. A small hand grenade fell near him; a piece of it pierced his right arm. Communication with the front line trenches changed the fighting. The men in the front trench sent for the men in the rear to charge immediately; they were going over the top.

If the reader could see the New York Times of December third, nineteen hundred and nineteen, he would read how Frank Barringer, of Salem, New York, the most condemned man in the signal corps of the U. S. Army turned the tide of a severe fight somewhere in France by a heroic act of bravery. It also stated that, instead of being shot for sleeping, while on duty, he was to receive an honorable discharge, because the wound in his right arm rendered him unfit for future service.

All the people in Salem read it; his parents were the most popular people in the town. On his return he was given an honorable reception. The days of his youth were overlooked by all; instead of being classed as a fool, he bore the title of hero and was reverenced by all,—even by the oldest inhabitants.

Thackeray's "Henry Esmond"

(Essay)

By Arthur B. Maxwell

"HENRY ESMOND" and its sequel "The Virginians," constitute the only historical novels of Thackeray. "Esmond" is regarded by many eminent authorities as Thackeray's best work—indeed, as the only specimen in English literature of historical romance that attains perfection—our sole exemplar of that peculiar and difficult combination of fact and fiction, that blend of letter and spirit, which fulfils all the conditions of a flawless work of art in its own specific department. To ascertain the constituent elements of so signal a production requires the minutest analysis and an unwearied attention in respect to the masterpiece itself. Furthermore, it would be well before we enter upon our view of the story, to see a brief outline of the author's life—to know what influences wrought upon him in undertaking this work; for there are always certain events in an author's life leading up to his chef d'oeuvre.

It is strange that, outside of Trollope's rather perfunctory performance, no biography of this great literary genius has ever been written, although his life was replete with anecdotes and circumstances that go to make the life of a great man worth recording and full of interest for the reader. But such was Tackeray's own wish in the matter.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born at Calcutta, India, July 18, 1811. His father was in the Indian civil service, but died when William was five years old. A few years later his mother again married—this time to Major Henry Smyth. The young Tackeray and his stepfather lived together on very intimate and affectionate terms. Thackeray was brought from India early in life, and was sent to the Charter House School. He was a timid boy by nature, but popular with those who knew him. He did not distinguish himself as a student, having no taste for sports and games, but was known early as a writer of witty verses and parodies.

About 1830, before he was yet eighteen, he entered Trinity College. He remained here scarcely a year, but short as his college days were, it was there he actually began his literary career in a paper called "The Snob." After

leaving college he spent some time on the continent with the intention of becoming an artist. He did not succeed in this and turned to business. Here again he met with failure, losing the great bulk of his patrimony. He now turned to writing as a regular employment, being first connected with Fraser's Magazine. This period of Thackeray's life is replete with the obstacles and adversities so wont to confront the literary aspirant, and which the peculiarities of his nature did much to aggravate.

He attained prominence as a contributor of burlesque sketches and poems to "Fraser's" and also to "Punch." However, it was not till late in life that he reached his greatest success. "Vanity Fair," which he published in monthly parts between 1846-48, proclaimed him a master of fiction. The bulk of his works are "Pendennis," "Esmond," "The Newcomers," "The Virginians," "Philip," "The Four Georges," and "Lovel, the Widower"; and our language is richer for them. He was subject to great physical suffering all his life and died very suddenly, being found dead in bed early in the morning, the day before Christmas 1863, in the fifty-third year of his life. He was buried at Kensel Green and his memory was honored by a bust in Westminister Abbey. His centenary was celebrated at London, July 18, 1911.

Thackeray had been a great admirer and student of the history and literature of the18th century. It was this that influenced him in writing "The History of Henry Esmond." In it he writes literature and history. It is a story of the time of Queen Anne, the Pretender, and the family of Esmond that risked so much to strengthen the cause of the Stuarts.

The idea of the story is that the hero, Henry Esmond, went out to Virginia, after the events narrated, and there wrote them in the form of memories. The Castlewood Estate in Virginia, called after the Esmond Estates in England, had been given to the Esmond family by Charles II in recognition of their services to the Stuarts. Our hero is supposed by many, including the present Lord of Castlewood, to be the illegitimate son of the late Lord. The contrary, however, becomes known to Henry himself later and a few others from a letter left by the Lord of Castlewood himself before his death. And Henry out of esteem he has for the present Lady and the young Lord keeps the fact to himself.

The present Lady of Castlewood and her daughter Beatrice are the other principal characters. When Lady Castlewood first came to Castlewood she was scarcely twenty years old. Henry was a lad of twelve and Beatrice a little tot. The Lady endeared herself to the little orphan lad from the start, as indeed she was a most lovable character, not willingly hating another in word or deed. But Beatrice, petted and spoiled by all, grew to be thoughtful of none but herself. Henry, as he grew older, fell deeply in love with her, but she preferred to trifle with his and other affections, being continually swayed by the vanity of riches and titles, boasting herself to be for the highest bidder.

Henry to forget his jilted love went off to the wars. He attained great distinction, reaching the rank of colonel. After the wars he returned to London. The Lord of Castlewood is in the meantime killed and is succeeded by his son. After some time Henry returns to Castlewood. A plot is formed to restore the Pretender to the throne and Henry succeeds in getting him into England and at Castlewood. But the Pretender seems to be swayed more by the beauty of Beatrice than the aspiration to a crown and upsets the whole plot and ruins his chances and loses the loyalty of his friends.

It is necessary that the Esmonds leave the country until the storm blows over. It is while they are on the continent that the strong friendship between Lady Castlewood and Esmond ripens into love and they are married. Lady Castlewood has already learned that Henry is the rightful Lord of Castlewood, but he, sickened by the dissoluteness and untrustworthiness of the young Pretender, resolves to leave England forever and go to their estates in Virginia. They live happy here for many years and the grandchildren of this marriage form the basis of the sequel to "Henry Esmond" known as "The Virginians." It is while in Virginia that Esmond writes his autobiography, which has placed Thackeray among our foremost writers.

The worth of the book is measured by the way

it holds our interest and in so much as we can make it one of our teachers. I can truthfully say that I was never more interested in any book than "Henry Esmond," and laid it down with reluctance at its close. The familiar style, broad minded views and rich satire of Thackeray is very charming. I thought while reading him of how much time we often spend in reading worthless trash to our own great loss, when we have such eminent masters at our very call.

Our author has shown in "Esmond", his great knowledge of the 18th century history and literature; the doings of the Stuarts, especially the time of Queen Anne; the men of letters and people of note. I fairly imagined myself reading the memories of the hero and with difficulty could persuade myself it was but the creation of a great master of fiction. The descriptions of 18th century manners and customs and jovial spirit, make one wish he could roll back the great stone of time and make himself live with them. So much pleasure and information derived from reading Thackeray ought to influence us in reading and re-reading his works.

The Safety of Remaining at Home:

A Warning to Literary Wanderers

(An Allegory)

By Fred A. Manning

THE bright, cheerful sunbeams, the fragrance of the flowers, the songs of happy birds,—in fact, all the pleasing properties of external nature that could find their way through the wide-open windows, were pouring into the interior of a room, which before had been sadly in need of a little brightening.

By the window hung a bird cage, in which dwelt a little yellow canary, whose tiny throat, when he chose, could pour forth floods of rapturous melody. At other times, in the trying surroundings of the gloomy place, he was most cheerful. But now, when the glorious sunshine burst into the room with the other signs of a bright out-of-doors, he seemed to feel his imprisonment sorely. I had often admired this little creature, singing so cheerily in the gloom, and had often tried to follow his example. For if he, poor little songster, was philosopher enough to act so wisely, how much more would it become his rational audience!

I had, as I said, often watched him; but now I was doubly attentive to his strange behavior. Why should he disappoint me now, when in dire need of his example? What ailed the bird? His erstwhile sweet song was harsh and broken; he dived and dashed about the cage, beating the bars with his wings and pushing his little bill between them, as if he thought the cage a paying teller's window. After frantic efforts, finding the bars unmoved in their convictions, he fell to the floor of the cage all disgruntled, and would not sing at all.

And there sat I, chewing away at my penholder, for all the world as if it were a veritable stick of peppermint, and staring at the poor, dejected little creature with as much expression as an auto's headlights on a foggy night! As if his case were not bad enough already!

As I stared, the paper before me remained as white as snow (of a particular kind, gentle reader!); and the literary ornamentation with which I had hoped to enrich it continued unrealized. But, alas for that paper's whiteness! it met a dreadful fate just then. Spring is spring, and my head began to nod, and my hold on the pen to relax. The universal law conquered the unsupported literary weapon; on its journey to the waste basket, it adorned my paper with a production for which I—even I—might well feel shame. And then my arm struck out; and my poor paper, in accordance with a habit that all the productions of my pen have acquired through frequent repetition, betook itself to the selfsame destination, and made itself quite at home in the basket.

Leaving them to go their way, I speedily went mine—to dreamland! I do not well remember, but it seems it was a short journey. The first thing that I do remember was that I was sitting at my desk, and staring. Yes, but strange! I saw not the old familiar walls; I saw not the little yellow canary fretting at confinement; I saw not the open window nor the beautiful scene without. No! there was I, there were my desk and chair—but all translated to a prison cell! A cell whose only opening was guarded well by bars of huge and healthy dimensions. Beyond these bars was darkness—thick darkness, at which I stared and stared; rather would I stare at this than at my solitary cell. Slowly, as I gazed, the darkness gave way at first to strange, dim objects which I could not distinguish; then all along sprang into sight brilliantly lighted gateways, with "Adventure," "Fame," "Popularity," "Genius," "Wealth," "Happiness," written on the high arches above the gates. But it seemed I could not move,—try as I would. Then looking helplessly about I beheld a shadowy spectre coming towards me with "Curiosity" written on his brow; and as he took me by the hand, I freely rose and accompanied him to the grating.

"Dost thou not resent confinement? Try those bars,—surely, some way of egress must offer!"

I thought I distinguished a trio of voices, and turning, found I had not been deceived. Those who joined in the sentiments of my friend Curiosity bore the names Impatience and Presumption. Well, I tampered long about that grating, and when at last I stumbled back to my chair in dismay, my tempters fled with jeering laughter. Curiosity was gone; Impatience and Presumption had accomplished their design.

Still, when again I raised my eyes, I found that I was not alone. Far from it, on the contrary! Spectres and spectres and spectres, all pointing at me and staring with a most exasperating stare, which my (for the time) saucer-like eyes returned quite ably. And as if this were not quite enough, one of my spectre visitors began to orate, without a flicker of eye or finger: "It well might be, young friend, that thou dost recognize us not, since we do appear in guise so strange before thee; nathless, indeed, thou knowest us full well; nay, 'twould seem,—too well, since thy desire and purpose are to flee our company. Old friends though we be, thou wouldst neglect us, and wouldst wander 'mid strange scenes beyond yon bars. Beware!"

For the life of me, kind reader, I could not, rack my brains as I would,—recall having ever laid eyes on these strange guests before, much less that I knew them well! All this, added to the stare was quite enough for me. I turned away from the untiring scrutiny to which they would subject me, and gazed in the direction which the speaker's last gesture had followed, (for while, as I said, his hand never flickered at the beginning of his speech, he actually did warm up as it progressed).

I gazed, then, and the inviting signs over all those open gateways were too much for me; "foolish youth," indeed, I rose and rushed to the bars in search of escape—but, no! my efforts were worse than useless. They made me seem ridiculous, and a more exasperating grin was reinforcing each exasperating stare from the "onlookers." I returned to the desk, flung my head upon my hands, and refused them any further attention.

The next thing worth recording is this,—a gentle tap on the shoulder roused me; and, although on looking I beheld a newcomer, still, two circumstances made me happy. For one thing, my staring company had departed. and, for the other, the latest visitor had a pleasant smile on his face. A friend indeed, thought I, and in need. He spoke.

"I have come to thy assistance, friend, although me too, thou seemest to despise. My name is "Common Sense." Thy poor caged creature of the yellow feather hath not deserted thee in time of need, as thou didst think; nay, the lesson it would teach thee is a very helpful and much needed one—an object lesson given thee what time thou most didst need it. Like thee, the bird would fly and sing its joyous songs in the gladsome open air; but bars confine it to its own domains. Its song becometh broken and displeasing, and it faileth in its purpose. Accordingly, as thou observest, the creature hath become dejected and will not sing at

all. Consider this conduct of thy poor canary, for it representeth well thine own.

"How so?" cried I, dully. I could not recall having been guilty of any bird-like action, try as I might!

"Here is thy cage, my friend, and here are thy bars." Nothing could be clearer, thought I. "Beyond those bars is ground thou knowest not—made attractive to thine eye by that too little disciplined servant of thine,Imagination. Oh, if thou wouldst but control this servant, he would indeed serve thee well; but here he hath deceived thee. Those guests whom by behavior so inhospitable thou drovest from thy presence, from thy mind, though strangely represented truly, are the 'every-days' of thy existence. They are all thou knowest, and thou art not wise to treat with the unknown beyond the bars. Well did they bid thee beware! Those bars thou wilt not pass, therefore, thou art ridiculous in trying. Look!"

And as I looked, the bars took each a letter, and the letters formed themselves out, and stood before me—the external manifestation of a strong idea,—"The Limits of Thy Present Knowledge."

"What shall I do?" cried I, "can I never pass those gates?"

"These gates thou shalt pass, but always thou shalt have a gate before thee. Wait then and fret not. Call thy guide Prudence, and he will guide through each gate with care, using the great key of Patient and Enduring Study. If thou wilt not, but will fain treat of things beyond thy powers, behold the dread result!"

I looked up, prepared for the worst, and saw,—nothing but a huge wicker waste-basket after the fashion of my own, and filled to overflowing with countless and varied manuscripts, each bearing my name. Horrors! I tried to shut this dreadful nightmare from my sight. I heard discordant jeering laughter, ringing, ringing, then the vision grew dim, and the sounds grew somewhat sweeter,—at last they were entirely lost,—in the cheery singing of my little canary!

I sat up with a heavy head and regarded the feathered creature. What a consummate actor! thought I. He was singing away as if his little heart would break. Then I roused myself completely and rescued my pen from the basket.

The top was chewed quite to a pulp,—the result of energy as uselessly consumed as that of my canary in attempting his escape. If I had only known before, that energy might have pushed that pen for pages and pages on a better known topic than I had adopted. I snatched up the paper on which the pen had executed such brilliant feats in the course of its basketward journey. "Well done, Mr. Pen!" cried I, "I couldn't have treated that subject (regarding wistfully the boldy written title) better myself,—even I"

And so as I sat there, I began to wonder what familiar topic I should first attempt. And some aery voice cried out, "set down thy thoughts! 'Look in thy heart and write'!" My thoughts of course were all of my new lesson, and so, I've written. If this sad attempt should happen to escape the waste-basket fate, do not, gentle reader, condemn me, saying, "practice what you preach; you give too evident signs that Imagination is still an unruly servant!" No, gentle reader, overlook all this, and if you think of me at all--have hopes.

The Insane's Confession

By J. F. McDermott

THE secretary stepped up and knocked at the closed door. No answer. He knocked again. Still no answer. What could be wrong?

Mr. Banks, the great Wall Street broker, had gone to his office two hours before to look over some certificates. He had not come through the outer office for, if he had, the secretary would have seen him; moreover, his heavy overcoat was on the rack beside the door. Then, why no answer? Mr. Banks must surely be within his room.

Becoming alarmed, the secretary summoned the building detective and forced the door. On entering the room, they saw the broker, sitting at his desk, certificates in hand, apparently alseep. The secretary shook him in order to arouse the sleeper. Mr. Banks toppled to the floor—an inert mass. To his horror, the secretary realized that the broker was not alseep, but dead!

* * * * *

"The suicide theory will not hold," said Coroner Wills. "The envelope opener is too large and too blunt to inflict such a wound. The wound is right at the heart and hardly larger than a hatpin thrust. Consequently, the weapon that produced the death wound was small and strong."

"But, sir," objected the man from headquarters, "the office is on the fourteenth floor. Hence, there is no possible entrance to the inner office except by going through the broker's outer offices; and the office force maintain that no one had entered during the time the broker was occupied."

* * * * *

"A new patient, sir!" said the orderly.

"Bring him in," was the answer.

"He was picked up, wandering in the street, and is violent."

"Put him in a cell."

The next day the patient was more peaceful and was put to work in the shop. At times he would become almost perfectly sane. He kept asking for occupation in the chemical laboratory. The head doctor finally gave his consent to the new patient's work in the chemical laboratory, as that seemed to be his hobby.

At times the patient would wander in his mind and speak if icicles and air-guns; and at times he would mention the deceased broker, Mr. Banks.

The man from headquarters heard his ramblings, and in one of his sane intervals put the patient through the third degree. The victim broke down and made his confession.

The broker Banks, a former judge, had one time sentenced him, an innocent man, to a term in prison. This had preyed on his mind, so that he planned revenge. The prisoner had been put to work in the chemical laboratory. While there he conceived the idea of how he should put the broker to death. Experimenting, he found two substances which, when united, formed a thin, sharp icicle.

On his release, he obtained a room in a building across the street—a room directly opposite the broker's. Producing the icicle, he placed it in an air-gun. He then fired the missile across Wall Street—over the heads of the turbulent tide of humanity—thus piercing the broker's heart. The melting of the icicle, in contact with the warmth of the human body, destroyed effectually all evidence of the means of death.

The Villanovan

Published Bi-monthly by the Students of Villanova College

Vol. V | OCTOBER, 1920 | No. 1

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Editorial

GREETINGS

IN entering upon its fifth year in the sphere of College Journalism, THE VILLANOVAN desires to acknowledge its appreciation and extend its gratitude to all whose earnest efforts have enabled it to attain its present high standing among contemporary periodicals.

To Doctor Hickey, who fostered it in its infancy; to Doctor Magee, who furnished its chief literary inspiration; to Father O'Meara, whose energy and leadership were reflected in its pages during the year that has ended belongs in no small degree, the credit for the success achieved by THE VILLANOVAN; and to them it acknowledges its debt of gratitude.

To our subscribers, old and new, to our advertisers and contributors who have aided immeasurably in the continuance of THE VILLANOVAN in the literary field; to all these and more THE VILLANOVAN staff for 1920-1921 desire to express our determination to do all in our power to justify their confidence in us and a continuance of assistance as in the past.

To Father Hyson, newly appointed Faculty Director, we pledge loyalty and co-operation.

Responses to the appeal for the renewal of subscriptions have come in gratifying numbers from our alumni and friends. It was, also, highly gratifying to receive so many complimentary comments as to the excellence of our magazine from these same friends and also from the many exchanges we are happy to receive. It would seem that our efforts to keep the fair name of Villanova firmly esconced in the college world have not been in vain.

In conclusion we should like to emphasize the fact that ours is a co-operative venture in journalism. Its success depends not upon the efforts of any one individual but upon the effort of all. The students of the college will have themselves to blame if the standard of literary excellence is not maintained. Without their contributions it would be impossible to continue the publication of our magazine. Let them, then, work and co-operate with us in our task and it will be well done. Let our alumni show the interest they feel in THE VILLANOVAN by sending us news items about former students. Finally, we would respectfully call the attention of our readers to our advertisers. They are all reputable merchants and friends of Villanova. Patronize them and show that we appreciate the value of their patronage.

CAPITAL AND LABOR

FAR be it from us to assert that the arguments of Capital are right and those of Labor, wrong, or vice versa.

There are a great many commendable features in the claims of the exponents of Labor, and the forces of the Capitalists have, no doubt, advanced many justifiable theories of dealing with the Labor problem; but there still remains many grievances from both sides.

Without even prying the lid off the Labor question at all, and without even committing ourselves one way or the other, we make one assertion which no one can gainsay in regard to the solution of this vexing problem.

The solution of this ever present controversy lies not in the legal right of the Capitalists to do this, or the Labor men to do that; but a Christian-like effort of each side to do its best for the third, and in our estimation, the most important, party, the Public.

The Capitalists must realize that the laboring man is human and should be treated as such, and the laboring man should make an honest effort to complete eight hours work in eight hours in return for a fair and just wage.

A "decent living wage" is a debatable thing, but an honest day's work is something material, and a mutual interest and a mutual understanding between employer and employee is an undeniable asset in the speeding up of "production" which is so vital in the present turbulent industrial relations.

At present there is an optimistic trend in the chronicles and newspapers in regard to the decline in prices of foodstuffs, lumber, clothing and shoes, and we have been assured there will be still greater reductions to follow. This is cheering news indeed, and has been attributed to various causes. In this regard it would be advisable for both Capital and Labor to note that one of the most potent factors in starting the downward slide in prices was the refusal of the aroused Public to buy goods at the astounding prices asked, and the consequent cancellation of orders which played havoc with the wholesalers.

In a word, then, it is the third class, that class which is neither Capital or Labor, but the People, which has suffered because of the disagreements of the other two, and which is now demanding, in unmistakable tones, relief from the pressure of exorbitant prices which have been in vogue, since the war gave some unscrupulous merchants and manufacturers an excuse to increase prices on some pretext or other.

NEW ADMINISTRATION

The promotion of Father Driscoll to the office of president of the college, which has been commented upon in the opening pages of this issue, left an important gap to be filled in the executive board. His advancement created two vacancies—the offices of vice-president and prefect of studies.

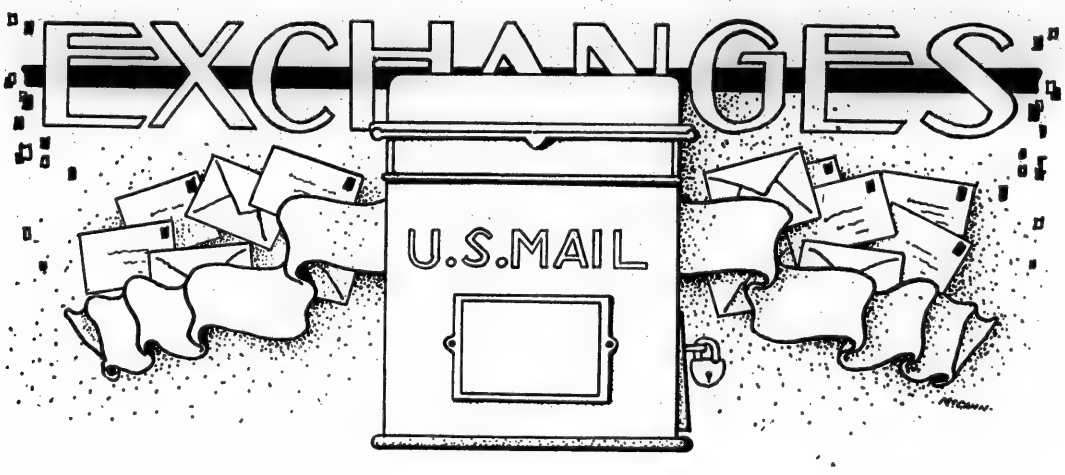
The appointment of the Rev. George A. O'Meara to the vice-presidency was a happy selection as has already been proved by the impartial concern he has manifested for the students, in the class, on the athletic field and in other activities.

Although the exacting nature of his new duties has compelled Father O'Meara to relinquish the office of Faculty Director of the VILLANOVAN, he is none the less interested in the work, and has assured us of his moral support in all our future endeavors.

No less wise was the assignment of the Rev. Howard Grelis to the post of Prefect of Studies. He is proving himself a capable and efficient director of the educational policy of the institution and we wish to express the confidence of the student body in his ability to carry out his new duties successfully and to the best interests of all concerned.

To our new superiors, the VILLANOVAN in the name of all students, pledges earnest cooperation in their policy and ideal.

J. J. M.



SINCE it is the part of each college magazine to set forth its conception of what constitutes true criticism and the best manner of applying such in its exchange column, we feel that we should make clear our own particular stand and the policy which we shall endeavor to follow.

There are many of our contemporaries who seek to expose only the writer's merits while neglecting to apply remedies to his faults, while others seem to be imbued with a spirit of adverse criticism and fault finding that is certainly harmful to the field of college journalism. Both constitute standards of false criticism, but of the two our tendency should ever be to follow the first. However, it is generally considered that the ideal policy is to make an unbiased exposition of both the good and bad points of the article in question, by neither unduly praising or fault finding, but by maintaining a steadfast medium between the two. This constitutes true criticism and is an admirable course to follow, but in our opinion such comment as may be made should be tempered with consideration of the fact that the writers criticized are in general in a primary stage of development. There-

fore our criticism must ever hold an optimistic note of encouragement, and must also have true constructive value, for though it may often be necessary to tear apart, we must always seek the way to rebuild better than the original, or it were better if we had not touched it at all.

To a certain extent it is a perfectly natural and desirable condition that the criticism which is employed in current exchange columns should appear to depend largely on the personal viewpoint of each individual editor. But it seems that in assuming his individual point of view, the ex-man is only too often at variance with himself and that although his sense of values in particular cases may be highly discriminative, his column too frequently shows a lack of consistent judgment. Otherwise the individual angle of view and the consequent difference in criticism is certainly justifiable and conductive to the greatest amount of good. Indeed it would be practically impossible and at least highly undesirable to adopt any universal standard by which each particular piece of literature might be classed according to its merits or lack of them. However, if ex-men in general would be less cursory in their work, if they would not be content merely with assigning a certain valuation on a work, but would ascribe and amplify the reasons for the statements they make, we feel that their inconsistent criticism would become so openly glaring that it would be remedied without more ado.

The greatest fault we have to find with the majority of our own contemporary exchanges is that they are entirely lacking in interest to the reader at large. Containing as they generally do, brief, unexplanatory criticisms of various articles, their comment seldom engages the attention of any save those writers whose work has been subjected to approval or censure. Unless improved in this respect, such exchanges should be discontinued for they are detrimental to the true purpose for which they exist. It is true that a certain benefit is derived from such comments as they make, but it is applicable only to those subject to criticism. The field of exchanges is, or at least should be, much larger and more widespread in the application of its usefulness. Its aim to effect literary improvement. should be directed not to benefit merely the individual writer but all of its readers. Therefore criticisms should always be made with this end in view. They should be written so as to attract greater attention and to be more entertaining, but above all else to be of real instructive value to every reader of the magazine.

We await with interest the products of a new year's literary endeavors, none of which have yet reached us, and we shall endeavor in criticizing them, when they arrive to follow out our own words of advice.

J. P. Donovan.



COLLEGE REOPENING

THE formal opening of the college took place on Wednesday, September 22nd, the feast day of St. Thomas of Villanova. The day was marked by the celebration of a Solemn High Mass in the church. Our new president, the Rev. Francis A. Driscoll, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Geo. O'Meara as deacon, and the Rev. Howard A. Grelis, as sub-deacon. The mass was attended by all the students both of college and preparatory departments.

Classes were resumed on Friday, September 24th, at 9 A. M. An unusual number of new faces is in evidence this year, a fact which speaks well for the future development of the institution. Most of the old students are with us again. A very successful year is predicted and everyone is throwing himself whole-heartedly into all the activities of the college.

FRESHMAN INITIATION

On Tuesday evening ,October 5th, the traditional session of the Order of Gobble-Gobble was held and the new members of the student body of the college were duly introduced into the secrets and mysteries of that famous organization. Some of the candidates do now and will continue indefinitely to exhibit the results of the night's activities.

MASS MEETING OF STUDENT BODY

On Tuesday evening, September 30th, a mass meeting of the entire student body was held in the auditorium. The purpose of the meeting, as stated by Rev. Father O'Meara, who addressed the students, was to formulate plans for an entertainment, in the form of a society minstrel, to be given by the students of the college for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

Following Father O'Meara's talk, Father Hyson explained in detail the proposed plans for the production. Committees were appointed to arrange details relative to the project and to make arangements for a dance to be held following the play. Judging from the spirit and "pep" shown by all concerned, the first offering of the troupe on the evening of November 23rd, should be one of the banner attractions of the social year at Villanova.

CONGRATULATIONS

THE VILLANOVAN notes with pleasure that one of the members of the Junior Class of Civil Engineers, Robert A. Alsop, competed successfully in a Civil Service examination, during the past summer, with men from various prominent engineering institutions. Mr. Alsop was rated first and was given an important position with the Engineering Department of the city of Philadelphia. THE VILLANOVAN extends congratulations.

ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE

Saturday evening, October 9th, marked the opening of the year's social activities. An entertainment was held in the college auditorium, which included various views of the college and grounds, a popular star, Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mollycoddle" and vocal selections by Mr. Frederick Brown, president of the famous Palestina Choir, of Philadelphia.

The first dance of the year and also the first to be held in the new gymnasium took place after the entertainment. Dancing was enjoyed until mid-night. Both affairs were largely attended and were unqualified successes, socially and financially.

ANDREW MACK

Mr. Andrew Mack came out to see us Wednesday, October 13. Besides entertaining us with his inimitable jokes (and he is certainly a wonder when telling "character" jokes) and singing, of course, his dear old Irish melodies that have endeared him to the hearts of the people of two continents, he was kind enough to take time to visit the beauty spots of the old grounds. He stated sincerely that the entire place reminded him of some of the "Old World." The beauty of the college and its surroundings so appealed to him that he was constantly drawing comparisons between Villanova and different beautiful parts of Europe he had visited. Mr. Mack is bubbling over with delightful personal anecdotes and his recounting of his visits to Rome and Ireland and meeting certain very exalted ecclesiastical personages was so vivid that you could easily picture everything. On the whole we had a wonderful visit from the great Irish tenor and we take this opportunity to tell all our alumni and friends.

COMPLETION OF NEW GYMNASIUM

During the past summer months, the appearance of Villanova has been enhanced by the renovation of the old Tolentine Academy. It has been entirely remodeled and equipped with a gymnasium. The successful completion of this work has transformed the once dull appearing building into a bright imposing-looking structure, surmounted by a gilded dome and cross.

The building will be dedicated on October 28th, as "Alumni Hall," as it was largely through the efforts and contributions of the alumni that the work was realized.

ORGANIZATION OF GLEE CLUB

Following the mass meeting of the student body on the evening of September 30th, the members of last year's Glee Club convened and drew up plans for the provision of instrumental and vocal entertainment during the coming year. The old members of the orchestra were present and several new men were added to this body. During the course of the meeting an election of officers was held which resulted as follows:

President—Howard M. Thornbury, '22.
Vice-President—John J. Maguire, '21.
Secretary—James A. Mitchell, '22.
Business Manager—T. Kevin Reeves, '22.
Director—Father Hyson.

The entertainment to be offered on the 23rd of November is to be the first of a series planned to enliven Villanova socially during this year. Contact with our friends will thereby be more frequent and a finer understanding, we hope, will be developed between the college and surrounding localities.

Dances are to be held after each entertainment in Alumni Hall. The gymnasium is excellently adopted for dancing and it was the popular opinion among those who attended the affair on the 9th of October, that the floor is second to none in this section. The Glee Club will have unexpected "skits" to insert each evening that dancing is to be enjoyed.

CONDOLENCE

THE VILLANOVAN extends sincere sympathy to Norbert Walker, a Villanova student, in the loss of his sister, Miss Mary Walker, who died after an attack of pneumonia.

COURSE IN "BUSINESS CONTRACTS AND LAW"

Among the innovations at Villanova this year is a course in "Business Contracts and Law," taught by Mr. Reap, our football coach. Mr. Reap is well qualified to assume charge of this course and has succeeded in making the subject interesting and extremely instructive. This class is primarily intended to give the Junior and Senior Engineers some working knowledge of that part of law which will concern them in their professional dealings as engineers. For classes other than Junior and Senior the course is elective.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS AND ELECTIONS

The Senior and Junior Class re-organized early this month and set in motion their respective activities. Both classes retain the same officers, who were elected previously.

The two rival classes, Sophomore and Freshmen, organized a few days after the reopening of college and immediately made plans to promote the usual antagonistic feats, characteristic of the "old" and "new" neophytes. The classes have arranged to hold a series of three football games. The first was held on Wednesday, October 13th.

The results of the elections are as follows:

Sophomore

President—Matthew Lynch
Vice-President—Walter Loesche
Secretary—Aloysius E. Cooke
Treasurer—Dennis Burns
Football Manager—Earl Gray

Freshmen

President—George Poppert
Vice-President—J. Patrick Barret
Secretary—James Neville
Treasurer—Francis Gallaher
Football Manager—James B. Purcell

EXTENSION SCHOOL

The Villanova Extension Course opened on Saturday, October 2nd, at the Catholic Girls' High School, Philadelphia. The success of last year's attempt has justified the continuation of the project.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE

The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade is a movement designed to arouse enthusiasm for missions among the Catholic students of our land. It was organized about two years ago by a small band of students and has already grown to large proportions. More than 160 institutions of higher learning with a total enrollment of about 12,000 members give evidence of this fact. These students are taken from every class: high schools for boys and girls, colleges for men and women, seminaries and novitiates have all shown their aprpeciation for the wonderful movement.

The Crusade does not prescribe either the field of work which any constituent society called a "unit" may adopt, or its method of carrying out its purposes. The sole obligation assumed by the society is that it will promote the cause of Catholic Missions. This may be done in any way practical; by prayers and good works, by mission propaganda, or by material contributions. All offerings made by the unit are at its disposal and sent directly to the mission agency of its own choice.

A great general convention of the Crusade was held at the Catholic University in Washington, during August of this year. There were present in the neighborhood of 350 delegates and friends of the movement. The spirit shown at this meeting gave undeniable evidence of the hold that the Faith really has in the hearts of the younger generation of American Catholics. Resolutions were adopted calling upon all Crusaders to "spread" the Crusade during the coming year. An official organ the "Spread Book," is to be issued, setting forth methods and means for carrying out this campaign, and the general offices busily engaged in assisting in making it a reality.

The Crusade now has a priest and a layman devoting nearly all their time to the work. Rev. Frank A. Thill, secretary-treasurer of the Crusade, has been a member of the executive board since its beginning. He has an office in the Catholic Welfare Building in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Floyd Keeler, the field secretary, with headquarters at the Apostolic Mission House, Brookland, D. C., is similarly engaged in visiting the colleges and carrying out the publicity

of the campaign. He stopped over at Villanova on Friday, October 15, and gave a spirited address to the students assembled in the study hall. He explained the movement thoroughly and offered practical suggestions for the formation of a unit.

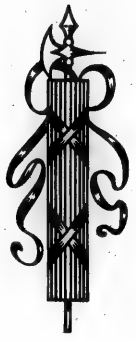
Preparations are being made for Villanova to take its place among the many foremost schools already affiliated with the great work.

STAFF CHANGES

THE VILLANOVAN starts this year with an almost entirely new staff, owing to the fact that the majority of last year's members were graduated with the class of 1920. The new personell will be found in the editorial section.

SUMMER SCHOOL

The Villanova Summer School opened on July 1st and continued through the month of July and was brought to a close on August 11th. The attendance was large and the scope of the course offered was diversified.





TO the members of the alumni.

This department is run soley for your benefit. With this aim in view it is our intention to endeavor to make the items as interesting as possible.

You will be aiding us materially if you send us not only all alumni matter which you may have but also any suggestions you may have to offer towards a more efficient editing of "your" department.

To refresh your memories of a long looked for and recently realized project we are reprinting the following circular.

Villanova Alumni Association
Villanova College
Villanova, Pa.

Dear Brother Alumnus.—

Villanova's great day is fast approaching. On Thursday, October 28, we will hold the formal opening of Alumni Hall. It is our old college building made new, with enough of the plan preserved to make us look upon it as our dear old home. We want every Villanova man present that day. You can do your part by attending and spreading the good news. We plan on the following program:

10.30. Solemn Mass in College Chapel, followed by a procession to Alumni Hall. The building will be blessed and a dedicatory sermon delivered. The business meeting will follow. A real Villanova Alumni Banquet will be served at 1 o'clock in the new gymnasium, after which the boys of today will entertain us on the campus. You will receive a card for banquet reservation later. We know you will plan now to be with us and help to make Villanova greater and lovlier than ever.

Fraternally yours,
Geo. O'Meara, O. S. A.
Secretary

No comments are necessary as regards the obligations of the alumni in this regard Alumni Hall will stand as a monument to the faithful endeavors of the sons of our Alma Mater. Another proof of that faithfulness will be demonstrated by coming around on the 28th and participating in the program arranged for the "BIG DAY."

We are pleased to inform you that of the class of 1920:

Jno. Jones is a station designer for Thos. E. Murray & Co., Inc., consulting engineer of Jersey City, N. J.

Jos. Waugh is also connected with the same company.

Frank Murphy is with the Penna. R. R.

Jos. Gillespie is stationed at Newark, N. J., with the Penna. R. R.

Thos. McCormick is working for the O'Brien Construction Co., of Philadelphia.

Peter Malick is with the American Bridge Company, of Philadelphia.

H. J. Weigland, late editor-in-chief of this magazine has joined the staff of the Inquirer.

Leo Delohery, Jno. Dwyer, Wm. Horan, Jno. Burns, Jos. Sweeney and Vincent Ash have entered Jefferson Medical School at Philadelphia.

J. Howard Tyrell is taking up a post-graduate course at Yale University. He is devoting his time to research work in the Metallurg of Brass in the interests of the Scovill Manufacturing Co. For those who wish the pleasure of corresponding, his present address is 42 Mansfield St., New Haven, Conn.

Jno. Martin, Harry Greenlee, Paul Judson, Jno. McCarthy, Jno. A. Whalen, Wm. Berry, Jas. Paquette, Thos. Blessington, Jos. Dougherty, Jerome Mahoney, Edw. Dickenson and Fred Manning have entered the Theological Department of the Augustinian Scholasticate.

Rigoberta Dapena Laguna, a former student of this institution, was a recent visitor.

Very Rev. C. M. Driscoll, O. S. A., Assistant General of the Augustinian Order and former Provincial of this province has returned to Rome to resume his new duties.

Rt. Rev. W. A. Jones, D.D., O. S. A., Bishop of Porto Rico and Rev. D. J. Leonard, O. S. A. were visitors recently.

Rev. J. A. McErlain, O. S. A., accompanied by Bishop McGinley of the Phillipine Islands stopped here for a few days while enroute to Rome and Ireland.

The Rev. A. C. O'Loughlin, O. S. A. and the Rev. John F. Burns, O. S. A., of the class of '17, have been selected for the post-graduate work leading to the degree of Doctorate in Philosophy at the Catholic University. Rev. Jos. C. Bartley, O. S. A., and Rev. F. A. Diehl, O. S. A., have resumed studies they began last year at the same university. Rev. Thos. B. Austin, O. S. A., who has completed a course in Elocution and Homileties at the University has been appointed to the Mission Band of the Order.

Deaths

Rev. John H. Hughes, O. S. A., class of 1915, died at Greenwich, N. Y., October 6, 1920. Fr. Hughes was born December 29th, 1893. His early education was received at St. Mary's Parochial School, Lawrence, Mass. Later he entered St. Rita's Hall and in turn the Scholasticate of the Augustinian Order, being graduated in 1915. After the completion of his Novitiate year he was selected to study Theology in the Augustinian College at Rome. but due to the World War he was compelled to return to this country and was ordained to the Holy Priesthood by the late Arch-Bishop Prendergrast. After ordination he was assigned to the faculty at Villanova, but due to ill health he was forced to relinquish his duties.

Shortly afterwards he was made assistant to Rev. E. G. Dohan, O. S. A., at Greenwich, N. Y., former president of Villanova College.

Fr. Hughes was buried with a Solemn High Mass of requiem in Lawrence, Mass.

The life of Fr. Hughes was an unusual example of the effects of one who carried out the courage of strong religious convictions. Beset by many years of suffering he was wont to recognize at all times the will of God which he endeavored to realize with a fortitude, humility, and resignation that won for him the sincerest respect and love of his fellow-priests and of all who had the pleasure of calling him a friend.—

Requiescat in Pace.

Fred Schmidt, of Newport, R. I., and a former student at Tolentine Academy here, died on July 4th as the result of an injury received while in bathing. Diving into a wave he injured his spine in such a manner that death resulted.

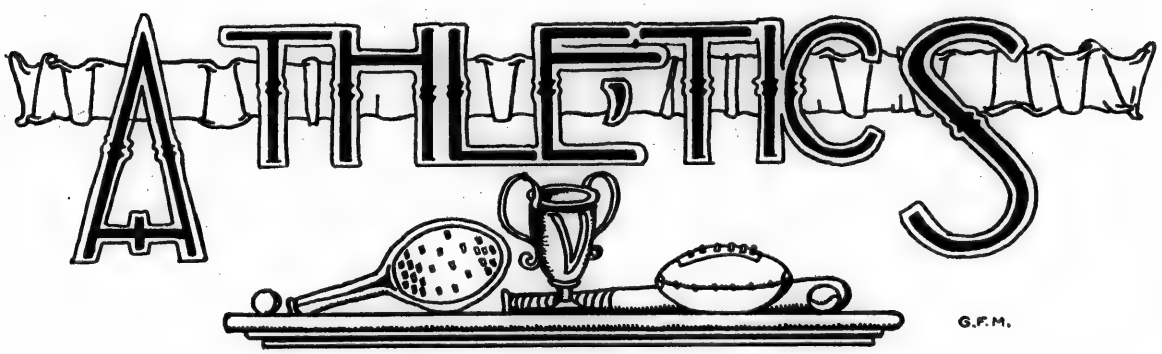
THE VILLANOVAN extends its sympathy to his family in their bereavement.

ALUMNI DAY

October 28, 1920

Program

10.30 A. M.	Solemn High Mass in College Chapel
11.30 A. M.	Procession to Alumni Hall
12.00 Noon	Dedication Ceremony
12.30 P. M.	Business Session
1.00 P. M.	Banquet
4.30 P. M.	Football game between Freshmen and Sophomores
8.00 P. M.	Reception and dance in Alumni Hall given in honor of its dedication by Mr. Ramon Archaballa, '23.



1920 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

The following games have been arranged for by Manager Alfred Kane:

Oct. 9th. P. M. C. at Chester, Pa.
Oct. 16th. Fordham at New York City, N. Y.
Oct. 23rd. Geo. Washington at Washington, D. C.
Oct. 30th. Muhlenburg at Norristown, Pa.
Nov. 6th. Gettysburg at York, Pa.
Nov. 13th. Lafayette at Easton, Pa.
Nov. 20th. Catholic Univeristy at Villanova, Pa.
Nov. 25th. New York Aggies at Brooklyn, N. Y.

VILLANOVA PREPARATORY SCHEDULE

October 9. National Farm School—home.
October 16. Open.
October 23. St. Joseph's Prep.—home.
October 30. Chester High School—away.
November 5. Catholic High—away.
November 12. West Catholic High—away.
November 19. Pending.
November 25. La Salle Prep.—away.

FIRST GAME

Villanova 6—P. M. C. 13

Fortune frowned fiercely on the efforts of the Blue and White eleven, when in the opening game of the season, Villanova come out on the small end of a 13 to 6 score against the Cadet eleven of Pennsylvania Military College. With but seven minutes of the last quarter to play, and with a clean cut victory in sight, fortune decided against the Blue and White and substituted a 13-6 defeat for a 6-0 victory.

For three periods the varsity completely baffled the soldier eleven with its "Reap shift" and the embryo officers were outplayed in every branch of the game. The game started when McGrady kicked off to Campuzzano, who was downed in his tracks; after an incomplete pass and two fruitless attempts to break through the Blue and White defense, the cadets were forced to kick to Blanchfield who ran the ball back twenty yards. End runs by Cronin and Blanchfield and a line plung by McGrady gave Villanova a first down. On the next play Cronin fumbled and was thrown for a loss of twelve yards, so Blanchfield called for a kick and McGrady booted out of danger. The first quarter resulted in a kicking duel, neither team scoring. In the second quarter, McGrady received the kick-off and was downed after a twelve-yard run. Two line bucks gave Villanova six yards; Cronin skirted left end and following a perfect interference ran seventy yards for a touchdown. The remainder of the second quarter and the third period proved another kicking duel, neither team being able to uenetrate its opponent's defense for any considerable gains. Five minutes of the last quarter had transpired and the Blue and White's touchdown seemed to be the only score to be made during the contest, but it was not to be. Villanova fumbled on its own forty-yard line and P. M. C. recovered. This break proved fatal to the Blue and White. Poole, on the receiving end of a triple pass behind the line of scrimmage rounded left end and dodged his way forty yards for a touchdown and a tie score. On the next kick-off Poole booted to Villanova's five-yard line and Blanchfield ran the ball back fifteen yards; again a fumble ensued and McGrady was forced to kick . On another triple pass Campuzzano ran the ball back to the varsity's three-yard line. By a series of mass plays, P. M. C. tallied with what proved to be the winning score.

Though defeated, the varsity's showing at P. M. C. augurs well for a most successful season. Heavily outweighed, the Blue and White backs were working under a serious handicap, but McGrady and Poppert made repeated gains through the Cadet's defense. Blanchfield, the diminative quaterback, proved himself a capable general in directing his team's offensive, while the laurels of the day fell to Cronin; the latter not only made innumerable gains around the ends, but played a wonderful defensive game. McCarthy at center was a tower of strength on the defensive, and his ability in following the play was instrumental in many of the Cadet's losses. For P. M. C., Campuzzano was the only outstanding figure, though Poole played a very commendable game. Campuzzano was the chief ground gainer for the home team, and at quaterback he led his teammates in fine style. A word of praise is not amiss at this writing for the rest of the varsity eleven. Capt. Hertzler and Kerns on the ends stopped many an end run before it got under way. Striegel and Backman, both playing their first college football game gave evidence of Coach Reap's training in the way they opened up large holes in the opponent's line and both were conspicuously strong on the defense; great things are expected of these two men in the near future. McClernan and Myers as guards, played a hard game, an although each was confronted with a veritable Sampson, 290 pounds strong, they never faltered. In the last four minutes of play Villanova made a game fight for a tie when they made five successive first downs, but with the ball on their opponent's twelve-yard line the whistle blew ending the fray.

Announcement

The only home game of the varsity football season will be the Catholic University game on the college campus, Saturday, November 20, at 3 P. M.

The Muhlenberg game on Saturday, October 30, might also be called a home game, as it is to be played at the high school field at Norristown, which is easily accessible to the people of Philadelphia and the suburbs. From 69th Street to Norristown via the P. & W. R. R. requires only 26 minutes.

Because of Villanova's 7-0 victory over Muhlenberg on a muddy field last year, much interest is being displayed in the contest this year. Both colleges will be well represented, as sections have been reserved for each. Game called at 3 P. M. sharp.



Sophomore and Freshmen

The Sophs and Fresh locked horns in the first of a series of games on Wednesday afternoon, October 13, and after the smoke of the conflict cleared away the score loomed up, Sophomores 16 and Freshmen 0.

Due to the fact that the Freshmen were late to organize and consequently not being familiar with the signals, their plucky little squad were unable to put up a stronger fight. They struggled gamely but at no time menaced the Sophs goal line.

During the first half the Sophs twice took the ball to the shadow of the Freshmen goal posts only to lose it on fumbles. The first score was acounted for after heavy line plunging by "Charlie" Loughlin, and pretty end runs by Ford and Wasilko. Ford kicked the goal. Upon receiving the kick-off, the Sophs rushed the ball to the Freshmen's 15-yard line, where they lost it on a fumble. On the next play Hyson tackled the runner for a five-yard loss and on the following play a Freshman back was tackled in back of his goal line for a safety. The Freshman lost about five yards on the next play from the 20-yard line. Hyson's recovery of a fumble on the 12-yard line paved the way for another touchdown gained by Wasilko. Ford's goal after the touchdown was the last scoring done in the game.

For the Freshmen, Boyle and Jones starred. The Sophomore backfield as a whole played fine ball, while the ends by tackling behind the line loomed up prominently.

Sophomores		Freshmen
Hyson	right end	Marrow
Cooke	right tackle	Jones
Lynch	right guard	Considine
T. Loughlin	center	Aravolo
Duggan	left guard	Derwin
Stein	left tackle	Brady
Clark	left end	Gilheany
Ford	quarter back	Suttle
Wasilko	right half back	O'Donnell
Vize	left half back	Boyle
C. Loughlin	full back	Dobosh

Substitutes: Sophomores—McNally for Cooke. Freshmen—Cranston for Dobosh, Whelan for Brady.

Prep. Football

Villanova Prep, 7; National Farm School, 6

Coach "Hughie" McGeehan's Villanova Prep eleven opened the 1920 football season at Villanova by defeating the National Farm School team 7 to 6.

The Prep line was noticeably weak in the first few minutes of the opening quarter and the visitors made two first downs before the line braced up and stopped the threatening Farmers, forcing them to kick.

In the second period the Preps worked the ball down to within 20 yards of the Farm School's goal. An incomplete forward pass on the last down gave the ball to the Farm School Silerman's attempt to punt from the 10-yard line was poor and Henneberger scooped up the ball and went over the line for the first touchdown of the season. "Dutch" also kicked the goal.

In the third period a bad pass caused Villanova to fumble and suffer a 20-yard loss, putting the ball on our 5-yard line. Henneberger's punt was blocked and the ball rolled over the goal where it was pounced on by an alert Farm School warrior. Snyder's attempt to kick the goal was a failure.

From then on, the Preps played a superior brand of ball, the line showing much improvement; and Jimmie Quinn, Hahn, and Henneberger gaining much ground. But the Farm School lads fought fiercely and no further scoring was made, although both goal lines were threatened several times.

The line up:

Villanova Prep		National Farm School
Kane	left end	Cooper
Griffith	left tackele	Hill
Paradine	left guard	Di Veto
Courtney	center	Corenzwit
Hardigan	right guard	Goldfield
McHugh	right tackle	Wanger
Conlon	rgiht end	Gellis
Hahn	quarter back	Samuels
J. Quinn	left half back	Snider
F. Quinn	right half back	Crosman
Henneberger	full back	Silverman

Substitutions: Villanova—McFadden for Hardigan, Saver for Conlon. Farm School—Taube for Gellis, Auchey for Groman. Referee—Longstreth, Haverford. Umpire—Thornbury. Time of periods—11 minutes.





VILLANOVA'S TEAM

At Villanova we have a team
That knows the way to play.
With manly spirit back of them
They're sure to win the day.
With cheers and shouts we'll rally round
The players as of yore.
And the grey stone walls will echo
With the old Villanova roar.

Refrain

Rah Tigers, sis-boom-bah!
Let the Varsity top the score.
For we fight with a vim
That is dead sure to win,
As they fought in days of yore.

—T. K.

A GRIDIRON SIZZLER

Cooked up by J. F. McD.

We have a team of great renown; they're wonders you'll admit.
The reason they don't rear a crown, they have no need of it.
With mattresses they'e padded well, they've spikes upon their shoes,
When they're mixed up it's hard to tell whose arms and legs are whose.

Re-Strain

Tackle the runner, knock out his brains;
Kick him to pieces, then scatter the grains.
Ring up the ambulance, call the patrol,
Fight to the finish, then kick the goal.

L'Envoi

They have oozles of steam
Of men they're the cream,
Hurrah for the Varsity team

Devine—"When I left home my girl wept so copiously that she had to use a dozen handkerchiefs."

Cranston—"That's nothing. When I left, my girl had to send for a life-belt."

Hyson—"I am looking for a good 'splinter.'"

Ford—"There's a dandy over there on Griffin's shoulders."

Prof. in Calculus, erasing a poorly drawn figure and drawing a better one—"I always like to see nice figures."

Hushed whisper from class—"We agree with you, Prof."

Prof. in Latin—"How did you get those scars on your forehead, Clark?"

Clark—"I was studying Latin and a 'pony' kicked me."

WHEN A FRESH NEEDS A FRIEND

In a mechanic's quiz.
Hazing night.
When he misses the last car.
Any day for the next two months.

Bill Cranston—"You snore a lot."

Poppert—"Do I? So sorry, old dear, to hear it."

Bill—"So am I."

"FRESH NOTES"

Maybe there wasn't much sentiment in that Fresh hazing but there sure was a lot of "feeling."

The Fresh were taken all over the campus hazing night, but the Third Degree was administered almost all in one place.

We don't know the reason, but we noticed that a bunch of Freshmen were looking for pillows to put on their chairs the morning after "Gobble-Gobble Night."

The varsity is very proficient in "clipping" the interference in the football games but their best man could never do half the "clipping" that the Sophs did in the hazing. Ask a "Fresh." He knows.

POOR JOHN

After working hard the summer through,
The boss said, "John, I think you're due
For a little rest. So here's your pay
For last week. Go spend the day
At the sea shore. The water's fine
Report back Monday—usual time."

First Fresh—"I had to act foolish for the Sophs."

Dooley—"What a cinch! I had to look intelligent."

Did You See?

McNally with a package of "buts" lately; We never did.

Hennenberger hit that Farm School line. Oh boy!

Any Fresh who PARTS his hair this term?

Or those who PARTED with it?

More Fresh Notes

We never saw a new class that cared so little about their appearance—the majority of them haven't even combed their heads for the past ten days.

Ponzi to Dooley—"If you are as you look, you're dead."

Ponzi—"Devine is wanted on the Ouija board."

MY LOVE

This "colyum" oft holds poems rare
Of beautous damsels young and fair.
But none so fair as she to whom
I've pledged my love, my life, my doom.

She is a source of joy to me
Of soulful bliss in misery;
Her kindly looks dispel all care,
Her tender eyes heal my despair.

Last night I asked to share her lot,
But looking down she answered not;
And how she could I know not now,
Since she is just my Jersey cow.

—J. P. DONOVAN.

Pop—"Say, Mickey, how many waiters work in the dining room?"

Blanchfield—"About one-sixteenth of them."

Powers—"Dick, I think you are a pessimist."

O'Brien—"How so?"

Powers—"Because you wear a belt and suspenders."

Dick—"Check."

Duggan—"To get a degree in love-making, what school should I attend?"

McNally—"Night school."

Soph—"What's the hurry, Fresh?"

Fresh—"The Chemistry Prof. is overcome with gas."

Soph—"Going for a doctor?"

Fresh—"No, more gas."

Prof—"I told you to notice when that solution bolied over."

Fresh—I did, sir. It was half past two."

Dougherty (after his singing has been criticized)—"Some people get paid for singing."

Reds—"Some do, but if you don't stop you'll get killed."

Crawley—"Ah, Jack, so you are indulging in ice cream?"

Jack—"Yes, old thing, the girl I was just dancing with asked me to hold her purse.

Prep—"It must have been an awfully slippery day when the prodigal son came home."

Soph—"Why so?"

Prep—"Because the Bible says that when his father came out to welcome him he fell on his neck.

Fresh—"What are you going to take in college?"

Pre-Med—"Medicine."

Fresh—"What's the matter—sick?"

Duggan—"Hey, Jack, what room is 'Heat' in?"

Jack—"Not in any room during this kind of weather."



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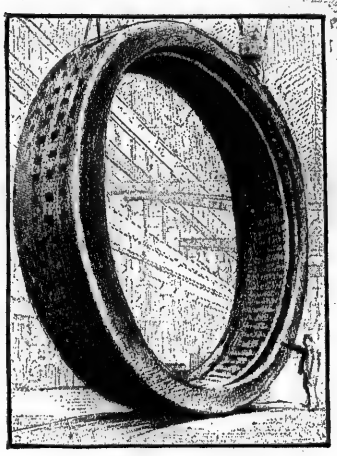
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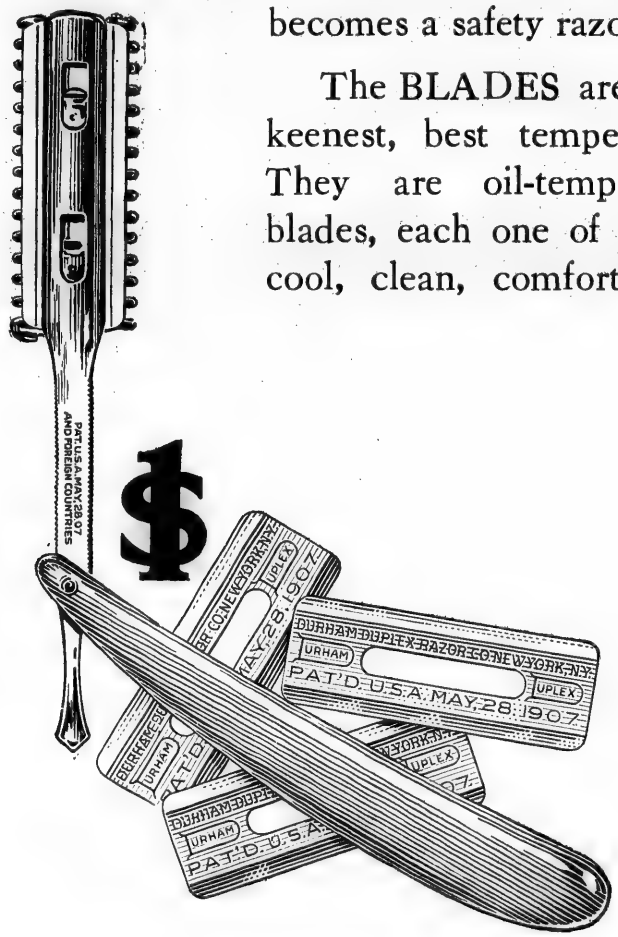
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DECEMBER, 1920

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Published Bi-Monthly at Villanova, Pa., by the Students of Villanova College.
Subscription, One Year, $1.50 Single Copies 35 cents
All communications to be addressed to THE VILLANOVAN, Villanova, Pa.
Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1920, at the Post Office, at Villanova, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879.

The Villanovan

Vol. V DECEMBER, 1920 No. 2

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

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LIBRARY
VILLANOVA, PA.

THE NATIVITY

By Joseph Buckley

(*Died October 17, 1920*)

O'er Juda's hills, when winter's frost and cold
Kept shepherds' flocks all huddled in the fold,
Angelic choirs, sweet singing "Peace on Earth,"
Brought men good tidings of their Saviour's birth.

Unwelcomed His coming, as of one unknown,
No one received Him coming to His own:
Shelter denied by those He came to save,
Beasts gave him birthplace in their wretched cave.

His crib their manger, where Our Lord was laid;
His bed their straw, His warmth their breath had made:
Rudely their stable served for Our King's dwelling,
While overhead a star was wide His advent telling.

Three Eastern kings beheld the new star shining;
From olden prophecies its sense divining,
They seek the promised birthplace, where each brings
Tokens of homage to the King of kings.

Today among us dwells this King of kings;
So to His own whene'er He blessings brings,
Unlike old Juda, give Him salutation
From hearts more pleasing pure than gifts of Eastern nations.

The Hunger Strike

IRELAND mourns o'er the still fresh graves of her latest martyred patriots, but she mourns with a mourning that knows a comfort. She bends in grief o'er the lifeless bodies of her fallen ones; but she holds high her head in righteous pride, for their cause was noble and their death heroic. They died for her. They died for liberty. They died as only the heroic can die. And by their death they focused "the challenged conscience of mankind" on the gallant struggle for liberty on the outposts of freedom.

An Irish patriot-poet of an earlier generation has crystalized the sentiments of the collective heart of Ireland, and compressed them into one soul-inspiring stanza:—

> "God save Ireland! said the heroes.
> God save Ireland! say we all.
> Whether on the scaffold high
> Or the battlefield we die.
> O what matter when for Erin dear we fall!"

Ireland's sons have died for her on the scaffold and on the field of combat. They have languished and died in the prison-cell. They have endured the hardships of the convict-ship, and the loneliness and trials of a life in exile. All this they have endured rather than sacrifice their birth-right of freedom. "Give me liberty or give me death" has been Ireland's cry adown the ages. Sometimes this cry has resounded and reverberated from hill and crag, from mountain-side and forest-fastness. Sometimes it has been only whispered in the underground and secluded dens of outlawed men. But whether faintly whispered or chanted in defiance, it has ever been Ireland's cry.

For 750 years liberty has been denied her, and death in copious measure has been her portion. She has endured Cromwellian barbarity and survived artificial famines. She has seen her best and bravest dead upon the field, hanging from the gibbet, hunted through her bogs and morasses or driven into exile. She has seen her infants snatched from their mothers' breasts or murdered in their mothers' wombs. She has grieved for them. But not even in her darkest hour did she ever consent to be a slave. Full many a time have Ireland's sons been called upon to make a choice—an awful choice—a choice between manhood with massacre and serfdom with ease, a choice between unfaltering fealty to truth divine and fawning flattery to earthly tyrants. To their eternal honor be it said, they always made the nobler choice—they always chose the better part. They never bartered heaven for the things of earth. They never sold their heritage for a mess of pottage.

Hence, Ireland's present struggle is not new. But it seems to possess a cumulative quality of torture and of heroism. Against her are hurled the barbaric tortures of the past intensified by more effective methods of the present. Whatever her sons in ages past have endured, her sons and daughters of the living present unfaltering embrace. One of the tortures inflicted in the past has been converted into a weapon of defense in the present. Starvation has been tried against them as a weapon of destruction. It is now utilized by them as a means of national preservation.

MacSwiney, Murphy and Fitzgerald have trodden the via dolorosa of starvation in order that the world's attention might be attracted to Ireland's unhappy plight; because they knew that the world's attention must result in world-wide sympathy and that world-wide sympathy would result in Ireland's independence.

Through agonizing hours and days, their tortures riveted the world's attention on Brixton prison and Cork jail. Through agonizing days and weeks we feverishly awaited the news from their bedsides, as livid Death slowly but surely impressed his stamp of ownership upon them. Their flesh vanished and their tongues grew dumb; but their very silence was a clarion that

echoed round the world, and struck a sympathetic chord in the hearts of freemen everywhere. We saw the awful truth of Ireland's Credo:

"Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battlefild we die,
O what matter when for Erin dear we fall!"

For more than seventy days they languished and writhed in their voluntary torture for their native land. Every breath a martyrdom and every throb an agony. At length, the expected and almost welcome news flashed forth: They are dead—Fitzgerald, Murphy and MacSwiney. That news traversed the globe, and bound it with a band of mourning black. Through Ireland it swept, and Ireland bowed in grief. In England the decent element bowed in grief and shame. France, Spain and Italy condoled. In India the sublimity of the sacrifice gave new hope to a people oppressed and struggling to be free. In far-off Australia tears were shed and requiems were sung. In our own land, from the Golden Gate in ever-increasing volume eastward to New York, multitudes assembled to do honor to their memory and pledge aid to the cause for which they died. This accumulated world-sympathy rolled gently eastward to the shores of Ireland. Ireland, receiving it, smiled through her tears, and said:—

"They have not died in vain."

Truly, their death was not in vain; for by it they attained their proximate objects—the *world's attention* and the *world's sympathy.* May the day be not far distant when their ultimate object, their country's Independence will be realized. Then will the land they loved and served so well erect to them a monument, and in golden letters inscribe thereon:—

"They have not died in vain."

Villa Maria College

VILLA MARIA ACADEMY, situated at Immaculata, Pa., has been granted a collegiate charter with full rights to confer the usual degrees.

Villanova extends her sincere congratulations to the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in this signal recognition on the part of the state of their eminent fitness to promote the higher education of women.

All who know Villa Maria intimately can readily testify that in equipment and scholarship the Sisters ably merit this honor which has come to them and give every assurance of a successful career in the wider field of college education.

The Sisters who will teach in the new college are the recipients of degrees in the arts and sciences from the University of Pennsylvania and our own institution.

The relations between Villa Maria and Villanova have been peculiarly intimate. The Sisters of the Immaculate Heart were the first students in our extension and summer school. The first degrees to be conferred upon women by Villanova were conferred upon members of this community. Many of these Alumnae of Villanova will have charge of the work of education in the new college.

It is, therefore, with a feeling of joy not unmixed with a sense of pride that we extend our sincere congratulations and best wishes to the Sisters in the establishment of Villa Maria College.

Down—Not Out

By Clement G. Dwyer

JAMES LAYDEN, when a boy working on his father's farm, learned the fundamentals of life and the very keys of success. He never left a duty half done. It was thoroughly done. It was performed the only real way—the right way. He was diligent in season and out of season. Hardly a minute of his time was squandered in frivolous amusements or in senseless pastimes. Work could rightly be called a part of himself.

Having completed his grammar school course, this young prodigy was ready to enter the high school in a town not far distant from his home. In this new stage of his career, he proved himself a capable scholar. He led his class during the entire period of four years, finally graduating as valedictorian and winning all the medals awarded the best student.

During all these years of boyhood, he cherished a hope that one day he might be a successful banker. It had been his father's wish that James should follow him in farming and should take over the old homestead as his own. Nevertheless, on finding out that his son willed differently, the father yielded to the boy's earnest entreaties and sent him where he would receive a business training.

Three years have passed. James Layden, through his father's influence, found a position waiting for him in the village bank. Of course, just beginning, he didn't become cashier or even paying-teller; he was rated as a bookkeeper. This was all he desired—a start; where he would finish depended on himself. Realizing that good things come to him who waits, he set his forces to the grind and aimed for big things. For three years he kept the general accounts and learned the rudiments of the business. Then his employers, as a reward for faithful service, set him to work pasting notes, and once in a great while they allowed him to take the paying-teller's window. In these duties he learned who were quick to meet their obligations and also who were slow. By following the discount book, he could almost tell whether it would be safe to loan this man or to refuse him money. Of course, he had none of this kind of work to do. The cashier attended to all this.

The cashier was a man with an iron constitution. He had been cashier for quite a few years. He knew almost everything about people's money matters in the village. His advice was sought on almost all occasions by his townsmen. They generally went by his advice. This man of iron constitution and eyes that could almost pierce the very depths of a client's soul, suddenly broke down in health. He was forced to retire from his indoor work.

This brought about changes in the bank. The paying-teller was next in line for the cashier's position. He, too, was not any too well, and desired to remain a paying-teller, thinking that the strain would be too much for him. James Layden was next to him for the position. Although capable as far as being able to perform the duties was concerned, his age was against him. He was scarcely twenty-three years of age when this great opportunity came to him. At the directors' meeting, he convinced the members of that board that he would make good. He was, accordingly, chosen to the position.

Within ten years of his management, the bank's deposits had increased twofold. The young cashier at thirty-three had increased also with the deposits; that is, he had grown with the business. One drawback still retarded his progress. The men who were members of the board of directors could never conceive him any more than a young man who needed constant watching. This is only natural among men, because a man may grow up among them,

while they do not change. That is why so many men fail in their home towns; while in a strange place, having taken it with all the vigor of youth, they find their views considered on a par with older men's views. That is why James Layden was held down for so long a time.

When the United States Government formed the Federal Reserve Banking System, this cashier followed the plan closely. He knew everything about it, just as he had known everything about anything he ever applied himself to. On business trips to the city banks, he discussed the system with the big men; they were astonished to find such a man, and listened eagerly to him. After many a heated discussion with the board of directors of his bank, he had finally convinced them that membership in the Federal Reserve System would be a great help to them.

At last the boy's great aim in life had been realized; his word carried considerable weight in banking circles. His own bank led the other banks in the county in total deposits; the directors had received a seventy-five per cent. dividend all on account of the efforts of James Layden.

At this point of prosperity, everything seemed to be changed. The whole country was in a turmoil on account of the World War. People became indifferent to those things which had made life dear to them. The government issued Liberty Bonds. The banks throughout the country subscribed as well as the people. The bank which Layden was in charge of subscribed to the limit of their means. Some of the directors objected to this form of investing, and severely reprimanded the young patriotic cashier. True enough, the bank tied up their money and brought a serious loss to them because other banks and big investors unloaded their bonds on the market, thus bringing the price of them considerably below par. In order to get money to keep up the total reserve in the Federal Reserve Bank in New York, Layden was forced to sell the greater part of the bank's bonds—sad to relate—at a loss. The directors never forgot this rash deed of his; consequently, his status as a banker began to decline.

To make matters worse, the help in the bank knew of Layden's sorry condition. He had never been extremely popular with them as a boss; now that he was looked upon by the directors as he had looked upon them, they refused to co-operate with him or to sympathize with him. A heedles, headless blunder of the head bookkeeper was the cause of the cashier being severely reprimanded by the national bank examiner. It seemed as though everything and everybody was against him; his nerves being strung to a high pitch finally broke; James Layden was a nervous wreck. As the weeks went by and he did not recover, the directors asked him to resign. This was the end. The boy who had dreamed of being a banker, saw his dreams shattered; the man and banker was down but not out.

After resigning from the bank, he returned to his father's farm and friends. Here all were in sympathy with him; all knew and understood his predicament; all tendered to him the milk of human kindness. Two months at home made James a new man. The color returned to his cheeks; he became as cool and self-restrained as he had been ten years previous. He was ready for work again. For a long time he had the idea that a new bank or even an investment office would be well patronized in town. While employed at the bank, of course, the thought never entered his head to start such an enterprise; now that this institution had thrown him aside, the idea nourished by pride compelled him to put it into effect.

March the first a sign appeared in town on Main street in the building opposite the bank. It read as follows:

Efficient Service in Insurance, Investments, and Real Estate.

Phone 61.

JAMES LAYDEN

Some of the people became his clients that very day. The second of March more came. At the end of the month he had engineered several big transactions in the world of finance.

Now that there was no board of direectors to tell him what to do, or any office help to bother him, he was free to judge for himself and act accordingly. The result was that at the end of a year he had built up a business which rivaled that of the bank. However, he was not quite ready for what he considered himself bound in consciousness to do, namely, to pay in full with interest every cent of the money which he had lost by dangerous investing, while employed at the bank. It was only a matter of a few years when he was able to do that very thing. The morning he presented his check to the president of the bank at a meeting of the directors, they didn't know what to think, or say, or do—whether to take it or not, or to receive it for payment of some shares in the bank. The latter course was voted for by unanimous consent of all the direectors. Layden was agreeable, and then and there became one of the stockholders of the bank. One of the direectors, congratulating him, said: "Good for you, James! A man may be down but never out."

A Princely Convert

SINCE the good old days of faith and heroism, when gallant knights and ladies, and even royal personages, lightly threw aside their golden trappings at the call of grace to betake themselves to monasteries where they spent their after lives in the service of God and their fellow-men, there have been few instances of such renunciation more striking than that of the late Prince and Duke de Landas Berghes, St. Winock et de Raches—Rodolphe, Francois, Edouard, St. Patrice, Alphonse de Gramont-Hamilton de Lorraine de Bourgogne, D. D., LL.B., Ph.D., of the Hermit Order of St. Augustine, who departed this life at Villanova, Pa., on November 17, 1920.

Besides renouncing so many titles to human greatness, this noble convert voluntarily stepped down from the high throne of ecclesiastical preferment which he had ascended, not by right of primogeniture, but by the democratic qualifications of personal merit and fitness. At the time of his conversion, he was the Metropolitan Archbishop of the schismatical sect known as Jansenists of "Old Roman Catholics," which owes its origin in the seventeenth century to Bishop Janssens, of Ypres, France, a place now rendered famous by the late world-war. This sect, however, has few followers, their numbers at the present time scarcely reaching 250,000 scattered through various parts of the world, but chiefly in Holland. The largest branch, which is in the United States, is estimated to have about 120,000 adherents. Their belief and practice are entirely Catholic, with the exception of recognizing the Pope as the Supreme Head of the Church. It is this want of submission to ecclesiastical authority that cuts them off from the Church of Rome and leaves them a dying branch deriving no life or vigor from the parent stock, but doomed to ultimate decay and death. Such, on Dr. Berghes' own admission, is the inevitable fate that awaits the Old Roman Catholics whom, after his conversion, he strongly urged to seek a reconciliation with Rome, and thus become again united to the center and ground of truth.

His connection with this unfortunate sect may be here briefly described. Born in Naples, Italy, on November 1, 1873, of an English mother, he was taken to England and there reared according to the tenets of the established Church. Like many another notable convert, he was attracted by the beauty of the Roman ceremonial and joined at college a clique known as the "Anglo-Catholics." On learning of this tendency, his mother determined to turn him aside from such a course by sending him to a decidedly Calvinistic school in Paris. But Protestantism had little attraction for him, and as soon as he matriculated he went up for holy

orders in the English Church. Not long after his ordination, he began to doubt of its validity and suffered great distress of mind in consequence. Wishing to ease his mind on this point, he took a step nearer to Rome by joining the Jansenists, whose orders, it was conceded, though irregular, were valid, because in conferring them they had always strictly adhered to the Roman ritual.

The last step in his conversion is best described in his own simple words: "My action was, of course, inspired by faith. Then, too, my experience and my studies had taught me the necessity for a centre of unity and a living interpreter in religion. The question of the validity and recognition of orders was important also. My conversion was the logical consequence of my work—but it is difficult to define clearly. It is a thing that grows, a process of development within me. My submission is complete and unqualified.'"

When asked immediately after his conversion what his future course would be, he replied: "I shall in all probability enter one of the great active religious orders." It was in conformity with this plan that, notwithstanding his mature age and the great difficulty of accommodating himself to an entirely new environment at that time of life, he retired to Villanova, Pa., to prepare for entrance into the Order of St. Augustine, the Saint of his predilection. He was received on March eleventh, 1920, and entered upon his difficult novitiate with all the ardor and enthusiasm of an earnest beginner in the school of the true Faith. In the same spirit of submission to the Divine Will, in humble obedience to his superiors and in gentle converse with his religious brethren, he placidly passed the few months he was destined to spend upon earth before being called to that eternal repose of which his beloved Patron had long ago said: "Our hearts, O God, can never rest until they rest in Thee."

Verily, his life, as he said of himself, was a "succession of upward steps," and the final one was taken when summoned by Divine Love, he passed through the portals of death still upwards, let us hope, to the very throne of grace where, rejoicing in the possession of the eternal God as the reward of his recently acquired faith, he realizes as never before that in the presence of the King of kings all worldy titles are but empty baubles and that only "he who humbleth shall be exalted." But if perchance an intermediate step should be taken, between earth and Heaven, for nothing defiled can enter there, and the very last farthing must be paid, let us breathe for his soul a fervent Requiescat.

WINTER WITHOUT—MERRY WITHIN

(Horace, Book I, Ode IX.)

The snow lies deep on the lofty heights
And gleams and glistens o'er the ground
And bends the burdened limbs of trees,
While brooks and lakes are all frost-bound.

Drive out the cold and on the hearth
With logs prepare a roaring fire;
Bring forth, O Host, those ancient jars
Of generous juice, which all desire.

Seek not to know the morrow's store,
But notice well when Fortune smiles;
Spurn not your youthful loves and joys,
Lest gray old age come with its trials.

By J. P. Donovan

A Martinmas Elegy

(In memory of the Most Reverend Prince Rodolphe Augustine de Berghes, Postulant of the Order of St. Augustine, Villanova Monastery. Died November 17, 1920).

By Emmet A. Flynn

While drear November spreads its saddened skies
And sheds upon thy grave the falling tear,
While Nature mourns, with us to sympathize,
We reverent lay these honors on thy bier.

Purple and gold chrysanthemums enwreathe
Their royal emblems of thy royal race:
Thou wert a prince! yet, Heaven's high air to breathe,
Thou didst renounce earth's honors at the Throne of Grace!

Thou wert a prince! a prince of royal line
Where noblest forebears meet in long array—
Italian, French, Scotch, English race combine
To tempt thee to Earth's kingdoms and their sway.

Thou wert a prince! a prince of royal blood—
Kings' castled mountains dwell within thy name:
The Psalmist's Mighty Fortress is thy God,
And to thy God thou didst full consecrate thy fame.

Among these radiant blooms of royal hue
Behold the violet gentian nestling there;
For violet was the ensign to thee due—
Violet the bishop's robe thou wert assigned to wear.

In schism this churchly dignity thou borest,
In schism wert thou shepherd of thy flock;
Hence from thy frame schismatic robes thou torest,
For they thy inner cravings seemed to mock.

"Lead, kindly light!" was still thy hourly prayer;
And all the little light vouchsafed thy way
Faithful thou followed forth with heartfelt care
Until thou foundst the realm of Perfect Day.

Oh, who shall tell how darkling was the night—
How perilous the journey to thy home?
Thy soul triumphant, ever true to light,
Followed the clue that led thee on to Rome.

There in the perfect light of Perfect Day
True Catholic Faith her pure beams spread around:
No darksome doubts perplex, Peace is thy way;
In Holy Benedict, Christ's Vicar hast thou found.

In St. Augustine's deep, rich-treasured thought,
Thou used to delve as in some precious mine;
Each diamond, ruby, sapphire thence when brought
Was hailed by thee as priceless store divine.

As a religious, humble to the call,
Along the path of peace Augustine trod,
In white thou walked amid the cloistered hall,
And duly paid each service to thy God.

God to Himself then summoned thee not late,
Pleased with the merit of thy holy day:
"Enter, my son, Heaven's High Novitate,
For Earth's probation has prepared thy way."

Unsullied lilies white we hither bring
To symbolize thy priestly purity;
The laurel green shall twine our offering—
Emblem of thine eternal memory.

O now, while thou hast joined the glorious throng
That round the throne of Jesus sing His praise,
Resplendent in the whitest robes among
The fathers of the Church and joy to see His face,

Whilst thou hold holy converse with loved saints—
Peter, Augustine, Chryostom, Jerome—
Thy bright example to our fancy paints
The bliss, the blessing of our Heavenly Home!

Even the Great Fall

By Stephen F. Lanen

BY an orderly arranged library table, on which rested an ornamental electric lamp, sat James Chesterton, apparently a scion of wealth and luxury.

Opposite him stood an empty chair. This was so placed that the rays of the lamp would fall directly upon the features of any person seated in it. Around the walls of the room were various literary productions, both scientific and classical. There was nothing whatever in the room itself to indicate that James Chesterton was other than a classical man of leisure or a dilettante in science.

To gaze at his rather long form would confirm this opinion. He was about five feet eleven inches tall, and weighed one hundred and seventy pounds. His long, wiry frame seemed to give a hint of hidden strength. But to look into the eyes of James Chesterton would have quickly shown that their possessor was not a man of amateur pursuits. Sharp and penetrating, they seemed to go right through a person, and read his inmost thoughts. For indeed James Chesterton was a private detective of no little ability and reputation. On several occasions, he had solved apparently the most baffling mysteries. He prided himself, moreover, on never having been foiled by a false clue.

Into the privacy of this solitude, his Japanese valet entered, bearing on a tray the card of John Burril. The name immediately caused Chesterton to have his caller shown in. For John Burril was a retired merchant, who was reputed to be worth millions. No doubt, his visit would mean a handsome fee. Chesterton arose with a smile of greeting as his distinguished visitor entered. But the latter took no notice of this. His red, perspiring face readily announced the fact that he was in a great state of mental agitation. His clothes, which were about his portly person in a ruffled manner, also betrayed uneasiness of mind.

John Burril needed no second invitation to state his business. In answer to a question from Chesterton, he wildly exclaimed: "My daughter's three hundred thousand dollar pearl necklace is gone!" Hereupon he went almost into hysterics, so great was his emotion.

When he had calmed down sufficiently, Chesterton heard his story, which in substance ran as follows:

"Several weeks ago, I commissioned an importer of jewels, who was about to make a trip to Europe, to procure for me a valuable pearl necklace, which I intended to present to my daughter, Mary. The name of this buyer I need not mention. Suffice it to know that he is entirely trustworthy."

At this Chesterton bowed his acquiescence.

"Well," continued Mr. Burril, "the jewels were purchased, and in due time delivered to me. This morning I gave the necklace to my daughter, who went to her room to try it on. Having admired the effect of the new necklace sufficiently, my daughter changed her clothes for dinner, and descended to the dining-room. Meanwhile, her maid put away her discarded garments. An hour later, when my daughter thought of her pearls, she could not find them anywhere. We searched every imaginable place, questioned the servants, but all to no avail. Now, it was impossible for any one to enter the house from the outside unobserved, as all the windows were fastened, and all the doors bolted but one. However, I was reluctant to call in the police, and thus bring upon myself and my family unpleasant notoriety. So I decided to come and see you, Mr. Chesterton." With these words, John Burril concluded his recital.

Chesterton then asked John Burril a few

questions, after which the latter departed, but not before Chesterton had promised to give the matter his deepest thought and attention. It was a singularity of Chesterton's never to work upon a case, without first having thoroughly examined the circumstances already known to him. It took but little effort for him to determine that the robbery was committed by an employee of Burril's. He concluded that this person, to avoid suspicion, would stay at his or her present position for some time. Hence, he decided not to visit the scene of the robbery until the next day.

The following morning found James Chesteerton at the home of John Burril. In his usual penetrating manner, he first questioned Mary Burril. Her story differed in no detail from that which he had already heard from her father. Next in order came the servants. With the exception of one all cleared themselves satisfactorily in his eyes. This one Marie Madelon, the daughter's French maid, was an unusually attractive young lady. Her beautiful, rosy face nicely topped off her graceful figure. Yet there was something about her which aroused Chesterton's suspicions. It was nothing that she said, but rather something which she seemed to wish to conceal. Without making her aware of his suspicions, he dismissed her.

When she had left the room, Chesterton called John Burril, and inquired concerning her past. "I know nothing about her, though she came with exceelent references," answered Burril. "Which are easily obtained," commented Chesterton. And in his mind, he determined to watch her actions thereafter.

That night, in the shadow of a portal of John Burril's house, Chesterton took up his vigil. At about eleven o'clock, as he was beginning to tire of his watch, but was none the less determined to persevere, he became aware of a swishing movement upon the piazza. In a moment he detected the sound to come from the location of the rear door of the house. Closer he hung to his shadow, lest he should be seen. In a few minutes, a form stealthily passed within an arm's reach of him. Scarcely breathing, he watched it approach to a nearby tree. His first impulse was to immediately seize the form, which he now knew was that of a woman. But he decided to await developments. After a minute's feverish clawing at the earth, the woman stooped lower and took an object from the ground. This was a signal to Chesterton to speedily reach her side, and grasp her, then to force her struggling and crying wildly into the house.

Here he was met by Burril, who rushed to him in great alarm. "Here is the thief," said Chesterton. Then Burril understood what the commotion meant. With a smile, he motioned to Chesterton to free the maid.

Then John Burril drew from his pocket a beautiful necklace.

"My daughter," explained Mr. Burril, "while putting on her slippers, felt something hard in her shoe. Putting her hand into it, she drew out— the pearl necklace! Yes, the anxiously searched for pearl necklace was found in its innocent hiding place! It must have fallen unnoticed into the shoe that was put away by the maid."

"But how about the actions of this girl " demanded Chesterton, unwilling to have his theories shattered.

Then for the first time, the frightened maid spoke. She feared to lose her position, unless she satisfactorily explained her doings. So she decided to tell the truth.

"On my finger," she began, "is a wart. I wished to rid myself of it. Having read a remedy in a newspaper, I determined to try it. I took a piece of beefsteak, rubbed it on the wart, and buried it in the ground. I left it there two days. To-night I intended to dig it up and burn it, while at the same time my wart was supposed to disappear. You may well imagine I did not wish to be seen. So I went out in the dark. The first thing I knew I was roughly seized, and here I am."

As the maid finished her explanation, the great Chesterton suddenly felt a strong desire for fresh air—a desire that he speedily realized.

Essay On Hands

Adapted from Charles Lamb's "A Chapter On Ears"

By Theodore L. Reimel

I HAVE no hand.

Undoubtedly, you will mistake me. Do not, in the least, think that I am destitute of those manipulators by birth.

I am, I think, neither delicately nor copiously provided with those obtrusives. Because of this, however, I do not envy others who are gifted with the use of those indispensable parts of the human anatomy in the many ways in which they can be used.

When, therefore, I say that I have no hand you will understand me to mean—for *needlework.*

To say that in many cases I have stubbornly glanced at the undone and the needle at varying intervals of time would be accusing myself unjustly.

When personal necessity requires the skill of needlework, which I have not developed, I contemplate my ignorance which sometimes creates in me a desire to drink at the Lethe, although I have never been so destitute as to become a subject of Hela.

There are, among my friends, several wonderful needleworkers, of which I do not hesitate to mention the Misses Johnson and Worthington, who rightfully merit the appellation.

Since I have been sewing buttons on my apparel in a solitary corner of my "pensive citadel" to which I, a student am confined, I am I think, sentimentally disposed to sewing, yet organically I am incapable of doing it neatly. Although I have been practising for some time, criticism of my work is frequently severe. But "hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached."

I am inclined to think that I have within me an undeveloped faculty for sewing, for frequently I have done work of which I was unconscious and my friends thought that it had been done by some one experienced.

Scientifically I was never able to understand what a stitch is; or to distinguish the difference between knitting and crocheting; or between stitching and darning, although I have occasionally hemmed and hawed. While I profess my ignorance I scarcely know what to say I am ignorant of. I do not, however, wish to make of myself a Sciolist or a Kant.

I do not doubt but that even with my undeveloped faculty for needlework I may be as proficient as a sepoy when necessity demands it of me. It seems as though I am not able to control my awkward fingers so that they might become more flexible and movable and in the dainty manner which the art in its perfection requires. This is my main detriment.

Sometimes I will sit in all earnestness to complete the task of sewing a name slip or a button on a shirt when I will, but after a few seconds arise in such haste as though I were a madman and I wilt thrust the article into one of the solitary corners of my room and there abandon it for some hours.

Again, I will take up the article and sitting with it before me, at times which I would not be more envious to what was before me, even if it be Mephistopheles himself. I will, with this sentiment, begin; but if I hear music, especially *jazz,* my fingers refuse to move with the delicate instrument.

Again, I will, after going on board of almost any trolley car, proceed to a seat; and looking around and even sometimes before me, I find some who are knitting or crocheting and with their minds on their delicate work. While I dote on such persons, it nearly sets me frantic,

and I do not doubt but that sometimes I make myself bizarre to the other passengers by doing so.

Again, I will see a young girl who is trying to knit a little cap for herself, and I judge that from the way she is looking at her instruments she is ignorant of the art. Knowing that she is probably on the same level of development in that art as I, I feel as though I should like to sympathize with her.

Although I imagine that my attempt to learn the art of needlework to perfection, to be able to handle the instruments with the delicacy that is required, and to have entire control over my fingers is in vain. I do not, however, imagine that this art in which I am uneducated will make a noticeable angle in the character of myself. Abeunt studia in Mores.

Ovid. XV 83
—Hervoides.

Essay On Description

By Clement J. Dwyer

DESCRIPTION is that form of discourse which has for its purpose the formation of an image, whether of a person or of a thing, in the mind of the reader or hearer, as it appears to the writer. It is profitable to distinguish the method of verbal description from the material means of the plastic arts—painting and sculpture, which have concrete space literally at their command. We readily recognize the fact that language can rival neither painting in the portrayal of color nor sculpture in the presentation of form. Nevertheless, verbal description has many advantages over plastic art. Painting and sculpture appeal directly to the physical eye alone. Only by suggestion can they indicate more than a single moment of time—or represent motion, sound, odor, taste, or appeal to the imagination. What the plastic arts suggest, language can fully recount. Words succeed each other in time; form and color lie side by side in space. Words are, therefore, especially fitted to represent movement; form and color to represent rest.

Of verbal description, there are two kinds: scientific description, which aims at giving information to the reader's understanding; artistic description, which endeavors to create a lifelike illusion upon the reader's imagination. Both are based on observation. Scientific description is evidently so, for its source and end are observation—and observation only. But Wordsworth's celebrated dictum that the poet must keep his "eye on the object," shows that poetic description, too, has its source in observation, though its end is illusion of the imagination, in order to affect the feelings.

As the purpose of scientific description is to convey information, this kind of description is more in nature of exposition. It aims at completeness of detail, as the partition of an automobile or the mechanism of a steam engine.

Care should be taken that the method used be in harmony with the reader's mind. Most descriptions start with what is most characteristic of the species, and proceed in the order most familiar to the specialist. But all are not specialists, and those who are not must have the form of description suitable to their minds. Such a description should begin with a general impression and that peculiarity which first strikes an untrained eye and then proceed with particulars in the order adapted to an untrained mind. Although we may write a description while we are looking at the object, it is frequently convenient to do the writing, when the object is not visible or at hand. In this case we describe our mental image of the object; and this should stand out clearly if our description is to be accurate.

The purpose of artistic description is more than merely giving information about an object. It is to affect the imagination, to give

pleasure, and to do more than is done in painting and sculpture; that is, it should set forth motion, sound and sensations definitely, and not have them suggested. The imagination plays an important part in writing artistic descriptions. Artistic descriptions, if distinguished in method, may be called suggestive. While a painter would show us the color or form of a flower, an author enables us to feel its beauty. Shakespeare points this out in his

"Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares and take
The winds of March with beauty."

And Keats in his

"Moving waters at their priest-like task
Of cold ablution round Earth's human shores."

In painting, says Burke, "We may represent any fine figure we please; but we never can give it those enlivening touches, which it may receive from words." "We yield to sympathy what we refuse to description." In the last quotation Burke suggests a characteristic of descriptive writing. This characteristic is "emotion." The author claims that for vague emotion the approriate vehicle is music. The two fundamentals of poetry are *images* and *sentiments*. Sentiments equals thought interpetrated by feeling. This would lead one to believe that Burke is right.

Her little face is like a walnut shell
With wrinkling lines; her soft, hair adorns
Her either brow in quaint, straight curls, like horns."

Wm. Ernest Henley: In Hospital Visitor.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowy o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

If the principles that apply to descriptive writing have been correctly set forth, two things are obvious. The first is that the writer should not expect more from language than it has. Secondly that the writer should use to their full extent the advantages, which language possesses over the other arts. A means of attaining this end would be by mentioning a few telling characteristics. For example:

"The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost everything but viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with an ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burns; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it."—

Irving: The Sketch Book; The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

Another means of presenting telling characteristics would be by adding a happy phrase, which the reader would carry away with them; or when the phrase takes the form of a comparison, a single word, if it brings the circumstances to the reader's mind immediately. Then, words that express motion will give life to a description. An excellent method of giving life to a description is to write it in narrative form. Homer used this method extensively. Schiller in the "Song of the Bell," Longfellow, in "The Building of the Ship;" Rudyard Kipling's "City of Dreadful Night" are all examples and exemplars of description in narrative form. The question might arise whether composition of this kind would be properly called description or narration. This will be more or less up to the reader to decide. He can judge whether the purpose of the writer is to present a person or scene to his imagination; or whether the writer wishes to present acts or events. If it is the first case the composition will be properly called description, if the latter case it will be properly called narration.

Thus we have seen two divisions of description, namely, "Scientific" and "Artistic." Which one plays the higher part in their use to man would be a difficult question to solve. Both taken at their own value are invaluable to man.

The Villanovan

Published Bi-monthly by the Students of Villanova College

Vol. V DECEMBER, 1920 No. 2

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Editorial

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

TO all our friends—and they are loyal ones—THE VILLANOVAN carries the old but ever welcome salutation "Merry Christmas."

"Christmas!" what fond memories that magic word starts surging and lapping over even the most desolate sands on the dim shores of the past. We close our eyes and on memories' wings fly back to the hallowed days of childhood. We recall the sleepless Christmas Eves when we impatiently counted the hours as the old clock solemnly announced them. Each hour was an age; but at last the morning dawned and we scampered down to inspect our stockings. Oh, happy moments!

How we chuckled over that shining sled; that flax-haired dolly. How we devoured that adamantine colored candy. The day passed blissfully and night fell. We sorrowed to see it go. A year we had waited and now it was gone. That childhood experience was a foretaste of life. Years of longing and planning. The goal is reached and the glamour is faded. Ah, they were the happy days. But they are gone, never to return.

So we look forward to the future. Then our Christmas was not the real Christmas. It was built around an illusion. When the illusion was dispelled our views were changed. To us Christmas was a time to eat, a time to play; the real meaning of Christmas never occurred to us, or if it did was promptly lost in the careless joy of childhood.

The world today has built its Christmas around an illusion. Go into the streets of the cities during this time of Advent. Are the hurrying throngs preparing for the real Christmas or the illusion? They are rushing breathlessly hither and thither through busy marts

displaying brilliant holiday attractions. Prompted by a big heart and by warm, good nature, but looking only to the material side of the sacred festival.

The day itself comes. It is the birthday of the world's Redeemer; a day of religious observance; a day when the infant Saviour should come into our lives; a day when we must be "men of good will" or Christmas for us is a failure.

What right have people to put on the Christian spirit when they reject the central idea of that day. They give presents, receive presents; they eat, drink, visit and indulge in all manner of amusement, but they absolutely forget Christ. They never enter a church, they never even think of the Babe of Bethlehem.

What right have such men to claim a share in the joys of Christmas. They are imposters. They participate in its pleasures and turn their back on Christ and reject the obligations of this holiday.

Let the world rejoice and make merry, but at the same time let it go back and take on the obligations of Christmas.

We claim to be a Christian country, but we are not half-Christian. We long to bring the knowledge of Christ to the pagan hosts of the Orient. But many, in reality, have as little practical knowledge of Christ and His Teachings as any Bushman in the Antipodes. They are modern civilized pagans, who reap the benefits of Christianity and reject Christ. Let the world go back to Him; back to the Babe of Bethlehem, or stop parading under the banner of this great Christian Birthday.

PEACE ON EARTH

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.
But what good came of it at last?
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why that I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory."

THE above lines which Southey, in 1805, put into the mouth of Old Kaspar in his notable poem, "The Battle of Blenheim" are none the less applicable to the state of affairs today.

The great European struggle which was brought to a halt two years ago by the signing of the armistice was indeed a famous victory for the Allies. But what great good has come of it, so far, to our own glorious country which contributed so nobly and to such a great extent in men, muntions and money?

While this great conflict was raging, we heard a great deal about "making the world a fit place to live in" and other trite phrases which appealed to our nobler instincts.

America entered the war as a matter of principle, and rightly so. We could not stand idly by and see innocent men and women slaughtered because a powerful nation, on the other side of the water, chose to ignore all standards of ethics except her own. We could not remain neutral while this same greedy nation was shattering our ideals and defying, even taunting us day by day with one atrocity after another.

The pride of our fathers rose up within us, and this great nation entered the war in answer to the call of humanity.

But why was it necessary for the flower of American youth to go forth to the inevitable privations, intense sufferings, and, aye,—to give their very lives, that humanity might be kept free from the heavy hand of oppression?

What made it possible for one nation, with its doctrines of imperialism and its theory of the development of the superman, to defy practically the whole world in these days of boasted superior civilization?

You will remember the heroic attempts of our administration to stave off the inevitable. You will recall, also the spirit with which the

people acepted the "call to arms" when war was finally declared because all attempts to reason with Germany had been futile.

We are all familiar with the adage that "the pen is mightier than the sword." Is this, then, only a fallacy? Did the sword really accomplish what the pen failed to do?

Emphatically, no!

With the exception of a few revolutionary factors in Europe, the warring nations have long since ceased hostilities, but the actual signing of the Treaty of Peace, unequivocally a work of the pen, is yet to be accomplished.

A lasting peace is being sought, and the proposition is proving a difficult one. The recent presidential election was fought over that principle, and in the final analysis, both major candidates, the one successful, and the other unsuccessful conceded the fact that an association of all nations was desirable, and, moreover, expedient.

Passing over the merits of the proposed League of Nations now in actual session at Geneva, we must admit the desirability of a powerful, binding, and influential League of some sort. A combine of nations must needs be so powerful as to preclude all possibilities of any such domineering tactics of any nation, or group of nations, however powerful, which would be detrimental to the world at large, that is, to humanity. It should preclude the possibility of oppression, and it should, and must, obviate the necessity for future wars, with their contingent drains upon the life, property and vitality of civilization.

To establish a league of this sort is no simple matter, and a slip-shod, haphazard formation of powerful nations will not suffice. Politics should not enter into the question. It is a problem for experts on international affairs.

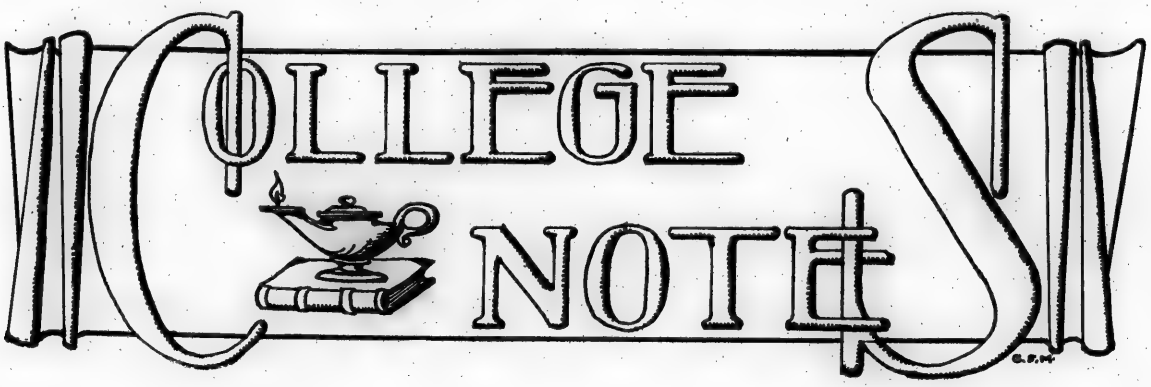
The work of the Master Pen must triumph over the bloody sword of Mars.

If this great war is not to have been fought in vain,—if we are not to be derelict of our purpose,—if we are not to be traitors to those silent heroes who have passed from this world, but who shall ever live in our memories,—then, by all means, let us have Peace. Let us have a lasting Peace, an everlasting Peace, and a Peace which our soldier heroes would heartily endorse.

Then, patient reader, if little Peterkin should once more ask that simple question, let us be able to point with pride to the work of a pen and the blackest of ink, which no blood-besmirched sword can disgrace, and let Peterkin read aloud that sublime utterance from the mouth of our Creator. "PEACE ON EARTH TO MEN OF GOOD WILL."



ALUMNI HALL



THEODORE MAYNARD

On Thursday evening, November 4, Theodore Maynard, the eminent poet and novelist delivered a lecture in the auditorium. Mr. Maynard's subject was the "Imminent Break-up of Civilization." While this "break-up," as the lecturer termed it, is imminent, Mr. Maynard said it is not inevitable.

During this discourse, the speaker brought out the point that there was a threatening wave of Bolshevism spreading itself over the entire world. A great deal of this is due to false doctrines of philosophy and false interpretation of established doctrines.

Representative government, especially in England, with which Mr. Maynard is more familiar, is becoming a mere shell for groups of men who do not represent the people, and are exerting powerful influences in framing codes for future procedure of the government.

As a remedial policy, he recommends a return to something akin to the old Trades Guild to take the place of the present Labor Unions. The members of these guilds entered as apprentices and were bound out for a certain period.

In order to remain in good standing, a workman was obliged to become an artist at his trade, and there was a great deal of pride in the work turned out under the guidance of these guilds.

Radical changes in the form of government, in order to make them more truly representative, were strongly advocated by the lecturer.

Mr. Maynard's discourse was extremely interesting and worthy of considerable thought. The lecture was held under the auspices of the Senior Class.

APPOINTMENTS

Father Driscoll's New Honor

Villanova was highly honored again by the recent appointment of President Francis A. Driscoll, O.S.A., to the College Council, which investigates and passes judgment on the applications of colleges and universities for charters empowering them to confer the various degrees.

Rev. R. P. Fink, M.S., O.S.A., of the department of chemical engineering, has been placed in charge of all college equipment.

R. C. H. S. DANCE

An enjoyable dance was held in Alumni Hall on Saturday evening, November 13, by the R. C. H. S. Club, of Villanova. This well organized body is composed of graduates of Roman Catholic High School, of Philadelphia, who, form no small part of the student body of Villanova. The affair was largely attended and well conducted. Appropriate decorations and lighting effects, novel and seasonable, and excellent music went far toward making the dance an unqualified success.

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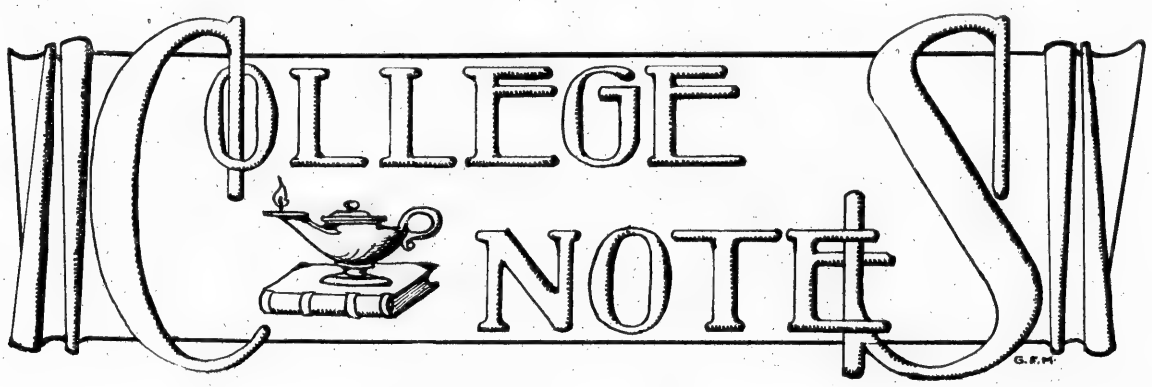
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ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION DANCE

The series of dances planned by the Athletic Association are well under way. The first of these was held Saturday evening, November 20th, the evening of our victory over Catholic University. In addition to the students and their friends, the members of both teams, and a good many of Catholic U.'s rooters were in evidence.

The college orchestra made its initial appearance for this season and made a favorable impression on the happy crowd of dancers with their up-to-date renditions.

The orchestra is capably directed by James A. Mitchell, '22, and he is ably assisted by Charles J. McClernan, Augustin de la Barra, Ralph Scola, Bud Kelly, Andrew Marlowe, Paul McNamara and James Monahan.

CHEERING SECTION

It is pleasing to note the demonstration of the cheering squad which made such favorable demonstrations at the Muhlenberg and Catholic University games.

The efforts of the cheer leaders, Bride, Scola and Crawley, are deeply appreciated, and we are comforted by the thought that "our team" responded nobly to the encouraging support given them. Keep up the good work.

EPSILON PHI THETA

At the meeting of the Epsilon Phi Theta Society, on Thursday evening, December 2, an election of officers was conducted. The following men succeeded to office:

President—Wiliam Quinn, '23.

Vice-President—James A. Mitchell, '22.

Sec. and Treas.—Howard M. Thornbury, '22.

Spiritual Dir.—Rev. Geo. F. O'Meara, O.S.A.

In a brief but interesting talk, Father O'Meara emphasized the beneficial result to be obtained by the society in the line of social and literary advancement. He commended the members for their activities in past years, and urged them to do their utmost to make this a banner year for the organization.

President Quinn asked for the hearty co-operation of the entire society in all the undertakings of the Epsilon Phi Theta for the coming season.

Plans for various smokers and dances were enthusiastically advanced, and committees were appointed to insure the successful completion of the social activities planned.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF ENGINEERS

A chapter of the American Association of Engineers has been established at Villanova with twenty-one charter members from the two upper engineering classes.

A merging of the Phi Kappa Pi Society and the new A. A. E. is being sought and committees from both organizations are conferring on the subject.

It is very likely that an agreement will soon be reached, and it is then planned to admit new members from the lower classes and thus form a strong and effective body for the advancement of the engineering profession.

CONDOLENCES

THE VILLANOVAN extends sincere sympathy to Joseph Dooley, '22, on the death of his father, Mr. Richard Dooley, at his home, Middletown, Conn.

ATHLETIC SMOKER

One of the most enjoyable and popular events of the year was the smoker and entertainment held in the college auditorium November 23. The guest of honor of the evening was John B. "Jack" Kelley, of the Vesper Boat Club, Philadelphia, world famous for his sculling victories at the recent olympics over in Belgium. "Jack" is the winner in over a hundred races and the present holder of all the worth while titles in the rowing world.

In introducing "Jack" to the students, Father Driscoll dwelt on the need of cultivating wholesome thoughts, physical and moral cleanliness, a "sound mind in a sound body" as conditions for success in the class-room or on the campus.

"No one," he said, "is a better exponent of the value of clean living than 'Jack' Kelly. We are proud of him because he is an American

and a Philadelphian and lastly because he is an Irish Catholic. Staunch to the traditions of his forefathers, his every-day life a credit to his faith, confident in his ability to gain his ideal, unswerving and persevering in hs efforts, the success which has come to him is well-merited."

In replying, -"Jack" demonstrated that with his Irish blood he had received an inheritance of Celtic wit. He held the keen attention and interest of his audience while he recounted several anecdotes and gave his impressions in a stimulating talk on the "Ideals of Athletics."

"Keep the vision always before your eyes" he insisted. "Observe faithful and diligent training. Anything that is easy to get is not worth while. If it is hard then the victory is all the sweeter."

"Look for reverses and disappointments, but have faith in yourself, no matter what happens. Smile through your tears; be a good loser, and if you must "pan" a fellow look him right in the eye. Live clean, because it is the right way and only way. The people you meet before 12 are the real-blooded people. To do anything well try your best and don't be content to live on the "Isle of Almost There."

"It is good to be an American," he declared, "and do something for America. When I went over the line at the olympics the band played the Star Spangeld Banner. The little thrills went all through me and my only thoughts were that I had done something worth while for America."

The college yell was given for this big, clean-minded, clean-limbed athlete and it was good to know that Villanova's principles are the principles that guided "Jack'" to success and will guide anyone who follows them, to the same success.

"Joe" Kelly sang the old favorites "'A Wee Deoch and Doris," "It's Nice to Get up in the Morning but its Nicer to Lie in Bed," which song was vociferously applauded and "I Love a Lassie'" exhibiting the vocal ability to interpret that brings "Joe" so close to his audiences.

Mr. A. Dougherty recited a few "character" selections. Each attempt was perfect and so true to reality that the speaker was forgotten and ony the "character" was evident.

And "Jim" McCool. His sweet voice took the listeners over to "Where the River Shannon Flows," showed "Kilkenny'" in all its beauty, introduced "Little Mother O'Mine" and gave reasons sufficient to warrant his declaration of "That's How You Can Tell They're Irish."

"Dan" McElhatton exhibited all the skill of a long experience before the key-board and displayed admirably the unique art of the accompanist.

Mr. P. H. Kelly said a few words and told a few humorous anecdotes. Mr. Kelly has written the best acount of the K. of C. visit to France and Italy. As he objected to being introduced as "Jack's" brother, that interesting bit of information may not be divulged.

The smoker was concluded by an address by Father Bonner, on the Catholic School League.

DR. GERHARDT

In the passing of Dr. Gerhardt, Chief of Staff of the Bryn Mawr Hospital, Villanova lost a true friend.

During the epidemic of influenza in 1918, Dr. Gerhardt devoted much of his valuable time to ministering to the needs of the stricken members of our student body and the faculty in our over-crowded infirmary.

It was greatly due to his untiring efforts that we were able to limit the deaths in our student body to four cases, although over one hundred and fifty patients were cared for during the epidemic.

Since then, he has lent valuable assistance to Villanova in various ways, and THE VILLANOVAN wishes to acknowledge, through these columns, a debt of gratitude to this venerable physician.

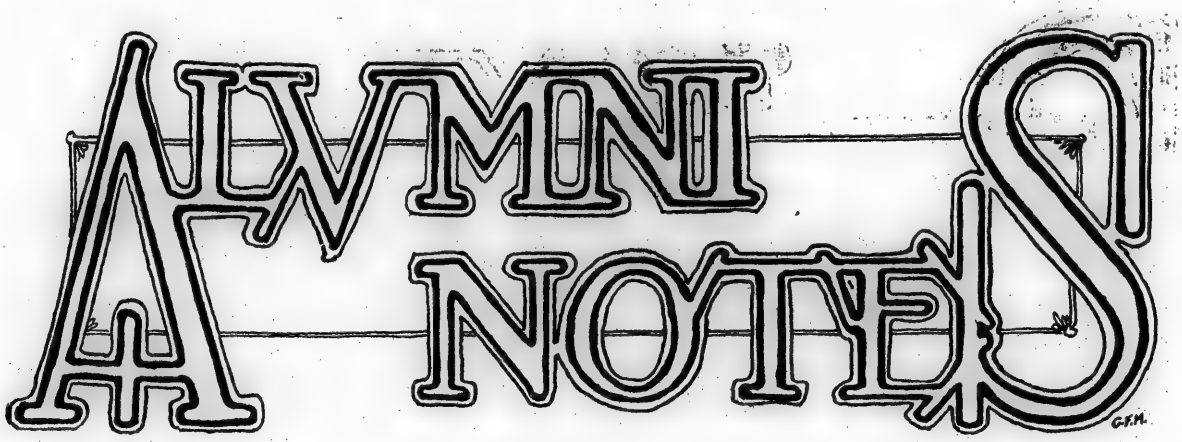
There are many who feel the loss of Dr. Gerhardt keenly, and Villanova is not the least of these.

To his relatives, and a host of friends, THE VILLANOVAN, in the name of the students and faculty of Villanova College, extends its sincere sympathy.



VARSITY SQUAD 1920

Standing—Kane, Mgr.; McNamara, Striegle, McCarthy, McGrady, Myers, Thornbury, McKenna, Bachman, Poppert, McClernan, Coach T. M. Reap.
Seated—Betz, McDonald, Blanchfield, Cronin, Capt. Hertzler, Lynch, Conway, Conolly, Lebengood, O'Tera.



ALUMNI DAY

The old maxim that history is made in a day was exemplified at Villanova on October 28th, the occasion of the dedication of Alumni Hall. There have seldom been days, replete with such interest and vigor, as was displayed on the occasion, in the annals of our Alma Mater. Under heavily laden and threatening skies, the faithful representatives of former days gathered early to dedicate another memorial of devotion and allegiance to future Villanova.

The ceremonies of the day were initiated at 10 A. M., when the college and preparatory class units formed in front of the college building for the march to the chapel. Each class had its distinctive banner, and a varied assortment of numeraled caps and arm bands lent color to the gathering.

The march was completed at 10.30, the time designated for the religious ceremonies. A Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the church and was attended by all, with the members of the Alumni in places of honor. Rev. F. A. Driscoll, our president, was the celebrant with Fr. Dohan, our former president as Deacon and Fr. Hasson, Sub Deacon. Rt. Rev. Monsignor Crane, V. G., Very Rev. N. J. Vasey, Provincial and Very Rev. John Leonard, Prior, sat in the Sanctuary.

After the ceremonies in the chapel, the parade formed again, and led by a military band, marched about the grounds, the procession terminating in front of the new Alumni Hall, where the Marshals formed their charges into a huge "V" and with bared heads the "boys of today" and the "boys of yesterday" joined with fervor in singing the familiar strain of "Hail Villanova."

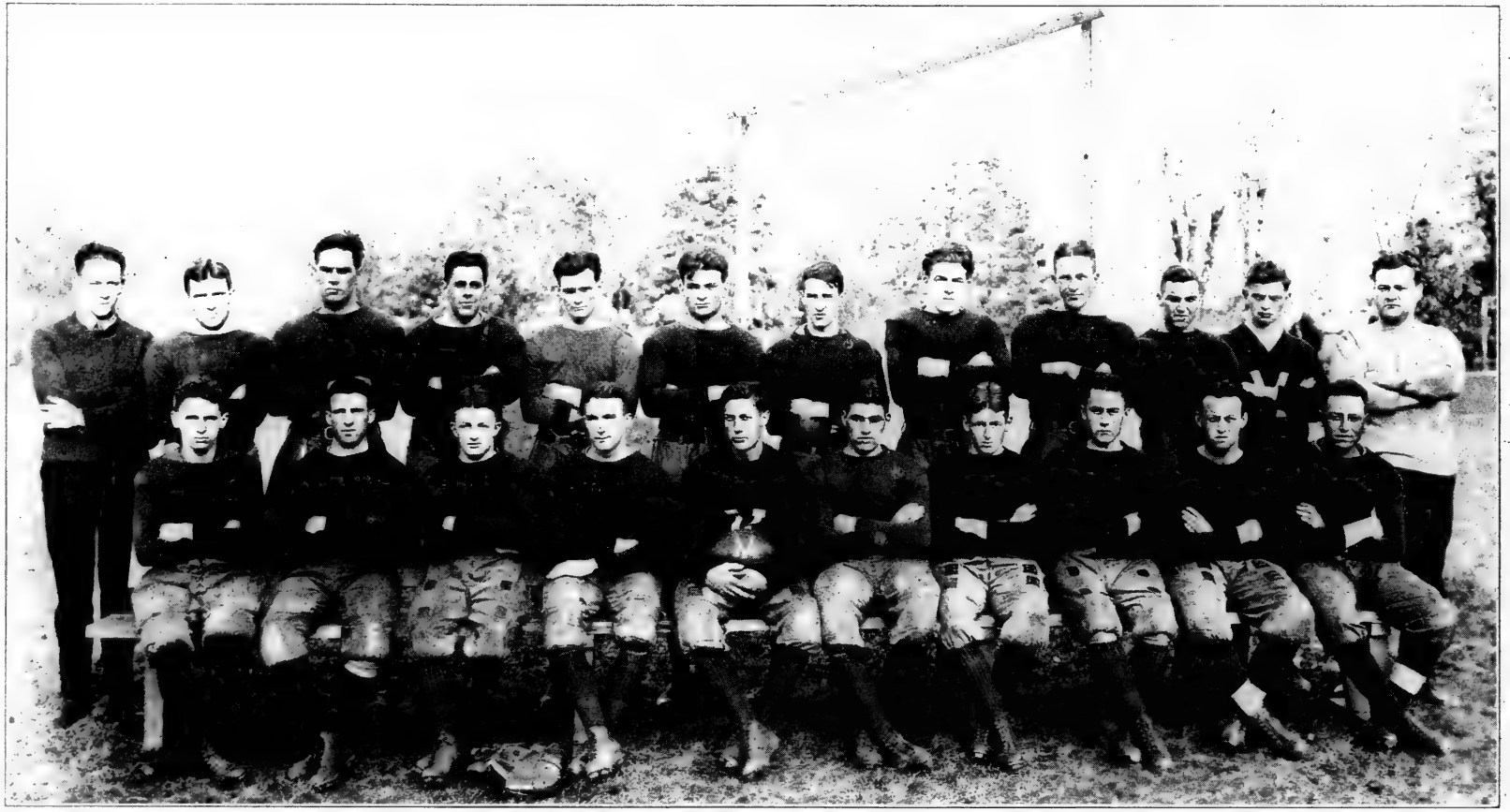
After the dedication exercises, at which Rev. J. P. Fahey was the principal speaker, the "Grads" adjourned to the Banquet Hall, where Rev. Andrew J. Plunkett acted in the capacity of toastmaster.

Here enthusiasm ran high and after an extended session of songs and speeches, the Alumni adjourned to the campus to be entertained by the "boys of today."

The struggle for supremacy between the "Sophs" and the "Freshies" in that exciting afternoon will linger long in the memories of those who witnessed it.

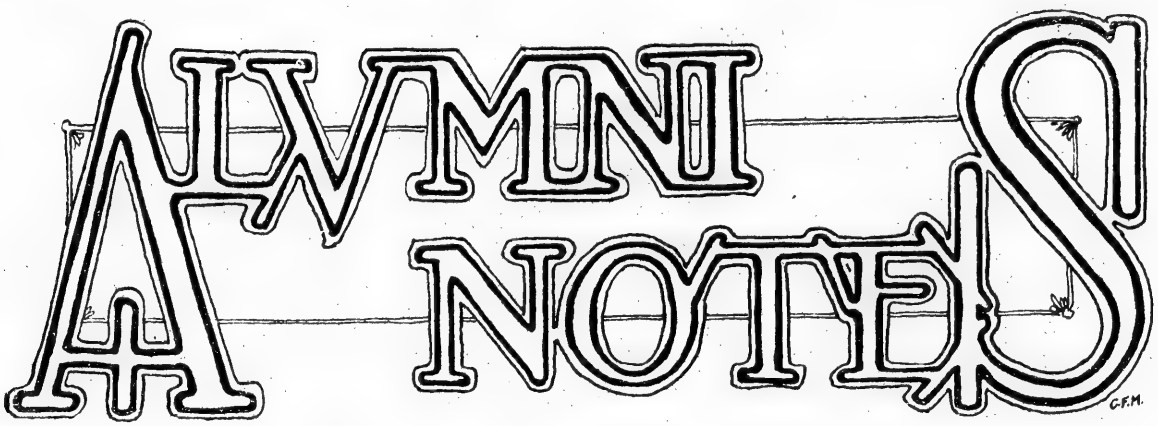
Just who was the victor in that memorable struggle will always remain an open question, for while the Sophomores did manage to spirit away the huge 1924 banner of the yearlings, the Freshmen pulled the unexpected by parading, with but little opposition, from goal post to goal post, bearing a coffin containing an effigy of the Sophomore Spirit. At the finish of the procession, a realistic funeral dirge was chanted by the Freshman Choir, while one of their number performed the "final rites."

However, the Sophomores did prove their superiority at football by scoring three touchdowns against the strong preparatory team in



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The struggle for supremacy between the "Sophs" and the "Freshies" in that exciting afternoon will linger long in the memories of those who witnessed it.

Just who was the victor in that memorable struggle will always remain an open question, for while the Sophomores did manage to spirit away the huge 1924 banner of the yearlings, the Freshmen pulled the unexpected by parading, with but little opposition, from goal post to goal post, bearing a coffin containing an effigy of the Sophomore Spirit. At the finish of the procession, a realistic funeral dirge was chanted by the Freshman Choir, while one of their number performed the "final rites."

However, the Sophomores did prove their superiority at football by scoring three touchdowns against the strong preparatory team in

a contest full of thrills and brilliant exhibitions of football by both teams. The weight of the Sophomores, however, proved too great a handicap for the gritty Preps.

As a fitting close to such a pleasant day a dance was given in the new "Gym" by Mr. Ramon Arechabala, '23, in honor of the Alumni and student body.

BUSINESS MEETING AND ELECTIONS

A business meeting was held in Alumni Hall shortly after the dedicatory address.

John J. Ryle, M.D., was appointed chairman and he conducted the meeting with consummate skill, exhibiting an extraordinary amount of knowledge in Parliamentary procedure. It served to keep many heated young Alumni in their chairs when argument between the Arts men and Engineers, as to the respective amount of work done by them in college, was becoming rather noisy. Rather than hear Dr. Ryle say gruffly, "Brother so and so has the floor, Brother," they preferred to let "Eddie" Dougherty and Stanley Coar represent each side and fight it out together.

What started it all was a question raised about a gold medal. The Engineers wanted it conferred on the Engineer who was highest in his work. The Arts men insisted on a man being chosen from the Classical Department.

In the bout between Stanley and "Eddie," both finished first. Stanley won for his side, the Classical men, by giving his consent to the bestowal of two medals on the best man from each department. "Eddie" gained the victory for his side by condescending to allow a classical man stand on the same plane with an Engineer on Graduation Day.

A motion was passed and seconded, empowering the governing board to select a suitable memorial tablet to be placed in Alumni Hall to display to future "Grads" the illustrious names of the ones who made the building possible.

To assist the secretary, all consented to Fr. Driscoll selecting a college man who would handle the Alumni correspondence. Here everybody promised faithfully to send in notes of the activities of other "Grads" for printing under this column.

Unamimous approval was given the committee on elections in their nomination of the old officers who have worked so faithfully for their Alma Mater and therefore merit their re-election.

Officers

J. Stanley Smith, president; Hon. Chas. D. McAvoy, vice president; Rev. F. A. Driscoll, O.S.A., treasurer; Rev. Luke M. Powers, O.S.A., secretary.

Governing Board

J. Stanley Smith, Rev. F. A. Driscoll, O.S.A., Rev. Ed. Murtaugh, O.S.A., Rev. Jos. A. Hickey, O.S.A., D.D., Hon. Chas. D. McAvoy, John J. Sweeney, Edward J. Dougherty, Thomas Reap, Raymond Larkin, Wm. Slavin, Rev. D. W. Driscoll, O.S.A., Rev. J. J. Griffin, O.S.A., Rev. G. A. O'Meara, O.S.A., Chas. A. McGeehan, Martin McLoughlin.

Local Committees

Rev. A. Plunkett, Stanley Coar, Alfred Marrilley, John C. Kelley, Rev. John Howard, O.S.A., Sylvester Benson, Rev. M. A. Sullivan, O.S.A., Robert Williams, D.D.S., Michael Boyle, Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, Rev. John Byrne, Joseph Kurz, Rev. John Lucitt, Rev. Joseph Sergel, Rev. Joseph Sutliff.

Rev. Andrew J. Plunkett, Ph.D., acted in the capacity of toastmaster and performed in his own inimitable style; the Very Rev. Nicholas J. Vasey, O.S.A., Provincial, was the first speaker, being followed by our president, Rev. F. A. Driscoll.

Rev. E. G. Dohan, L.L.D., whose term as president of Villanova is still within the memory of a great number of our recent graduates, contributed greatly to the interest of the occasion by recalling to the minds of the "old boys" many incidents of their days at Villanova.

Jas. A. Flaherty, L.L.D., Supreme Knight of the K. of C., related the experiences of his recent journey through the battlefields and afterwards his gratification in visiting the Vatican.

Following the address of Mr. Faherty, Hon. Chas. D. McAvoy, L.L.D., U. S. District At-

torney, spoke briefly upon the necessity of fostering Alumni spirit.

Chas. A. McGeehan, Stanley Coar, Edward J. Dougherty and Rev. Jos. Sutliff spoke of the achievements of Villanova during the past decade, each one picturing a different phase of the progress of our Alma Mater during these years.

Jno. J. Ryle, M.D., a graduate of several schools, spoke with deep sincerity of the special feeling of gratitude he felt towards Villanova and of the affection he had for the men who so ably guided her destinies.

It is to be hoped that the spirit of co-operation manifested on that day by the Alumni and students will live on in them and extending out will reach those of our Alumni who were unable to be present this year, and taking root in them will assure an even greater triumph in our next Alumni Day Celebration.

The following contributions have been received towards our Alumni Fund. We hope others may emulate the example of these loyal men:

Francis Leo Lynch	$200.00
Dr. R. J. Williams	25.00
E. J. Dougherty	25.00
Joseph L. Rafter	50.00
Class of 1918	190.00
Thos. V. Brennan	500.00
Frank Goodwin	50.00

TRANSFERS

Rev. Philip L. Colgan, O.S.A., has recently been transferred to Lawrence, Mass.

The loss of Fr. Colgan is a matter of profound regret, but duties requiring special training made his transfer imperative.

For many years he has been actively associated with Villanova as a member of the faculty and as rector of Alumni Hall. In all work entrusted to him he has exhibited unswerving fidelity to his superiors. The interested co-operation he has displayed accounts for the success that is his reward. A very pleasant entertainment was afforded Fr. Colgan by the boys of the "Prep" School, of which he was the Prefect of Studies, Thursday evening, December 2d. After a very creditable rendition of several solos, interspersed with popular selections by the Villanova Orcherstra, refreshments were served.

Fr. Colgan, on being presented with a raincoat, the gift of the "Preps," took the opportunity to thank all concerned for the appreciation manifested toward him.

THE VILLANOVAN extends many good wishes to Father Colgan for even greater success in his new duties.

Rev. John F. Meaney, O.S.A., of the Mission Band, has departed for San Luis, Colorado, to assume charge of a new parish entrusted to the Augustinians. Rev. Charles Medina, O.S.A., acompanied him.

THE VILLANOVAN takes occasion to heartily endorse the selection of Fr. Meaney to fill this new post and wishes him every success in his future work.

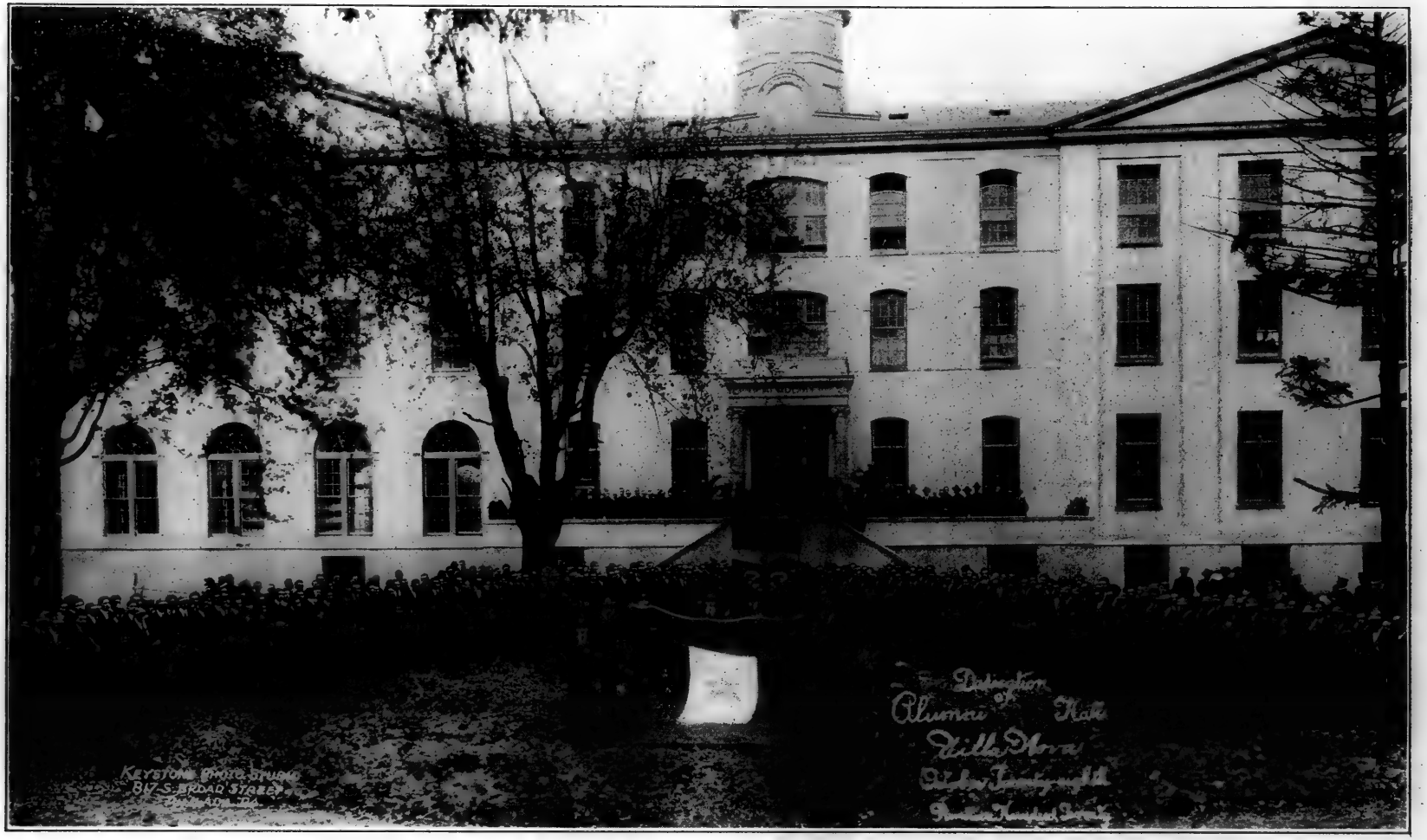
Mr. William Deacy, A.B., O.S.A., and Mr. John McCarthy, A.B., O.S.A., were solemnly professed on November 26th in the Monastery Chapel. Rev. J. B. Leonard, Prior of Villanova, received their vows. THE VILLANOVAN wishes them many fruitful years in the service of the Order.

Rev. John A. McElain, O.S.A., of Manila, has returned to his station. He sailed November 2d to Spain from whence he will continue his journey through Rome, Naples and thence by the usual route to the Philippines.

CONGRATULATIONS

THE VILLANOVAN congratulates Harry C. Lucas on winning the senior championship in the golf tournament held at the convention of the electrical men last November. An enthusiastic sportsman, he made it possible for others to enjoy the game by advocating and causing to be constructed a nine-hole course for the employes of the Philadelphia Electric Company, called the Howard McCall Athletic Field.

Another of Villanova's sons to the fore and


Dedication
Alumni Hall
Villa Nova
Lower Merion Township
Montgomery County
KEYSTONE PHOTO STUDIO
817 S. BROAD STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

his Alma Mater is justly proud of his achievements.

Mr. Harry Caffrey, A.B., O.S.A., '19, and Mr. Harry Greenlee, A.B., O.S.A., '20, sailed for Rome November 4th, to continue their theological studies in the Augustinian College, of that city.

Geo. F. McCann, '20, former staff artist of THE VILLANOVAN, is holding a responsible position with the Thos. F. Murray Co., of New York. At present he is engaged on the Hell Gate Bridge improvements.

John Coan, '19, was with us recently for a short visit. He is teaching in a private preparatory school, the Newman School, of Lakewood, N. J.

Did you know that Charley McGuckin, '19, is first choice for the position of quarter-back on the All-American Independent football team of the East? Or that Leo Lynch has been fighting it out with Lud Wray for "centre" on the same eleven? Absolutely.

The Board of Governors met at Villanova December 4th, and took action on several important matters, among which is a plan to place THE VILLANOVAN in the hands of all the Alumni.

Joseph McDermott, a former student of this institution, was a recent visitor.

Wm. Pickett, ex-'20, is now a secretary in the Gas, Water and Electric Supply Department of New York City. Bill has been wearing a much larger smile of late, due to the fact that there is now a Wm. Pickett, Jr.

WEDDINGS

On November 17th, Rev. E. G. Dohan, O.S.A., L.L.D., former President of Villanova, united in marriage C. Raymond Larkin, '11, of Philadelphia, and Miss Katharine E. Loughrey, of Jamaica, N. Y., at the Church of the Presentation. Rev. Jos. A. Hickey, O.S.A., D.D., assisted at the ceremony.

THE VILLANOVAN extends its felicitations to Mr. and Mrs. Larkin.

Harold J. Wiegand, ex-'21, former editor of THE VILLANOVAN, has also fallen victim to the little blind archer. On Thanksgiving he married Miss Vera McGinity, in Our Lady of Mercy Church, Philadelphia. Rev. G. A. O'Meara, O.S.A., performed the marriage rites. An unusually delightful reception was given their many friends at the home of the bride, following the ceremony.

THE VILLANOVAN is happy to congratulate one who has contributed so largely to its success in college journalism, and extends to Mr. and Mrs. Wiegand the best of wishes.

CONDOLENCES

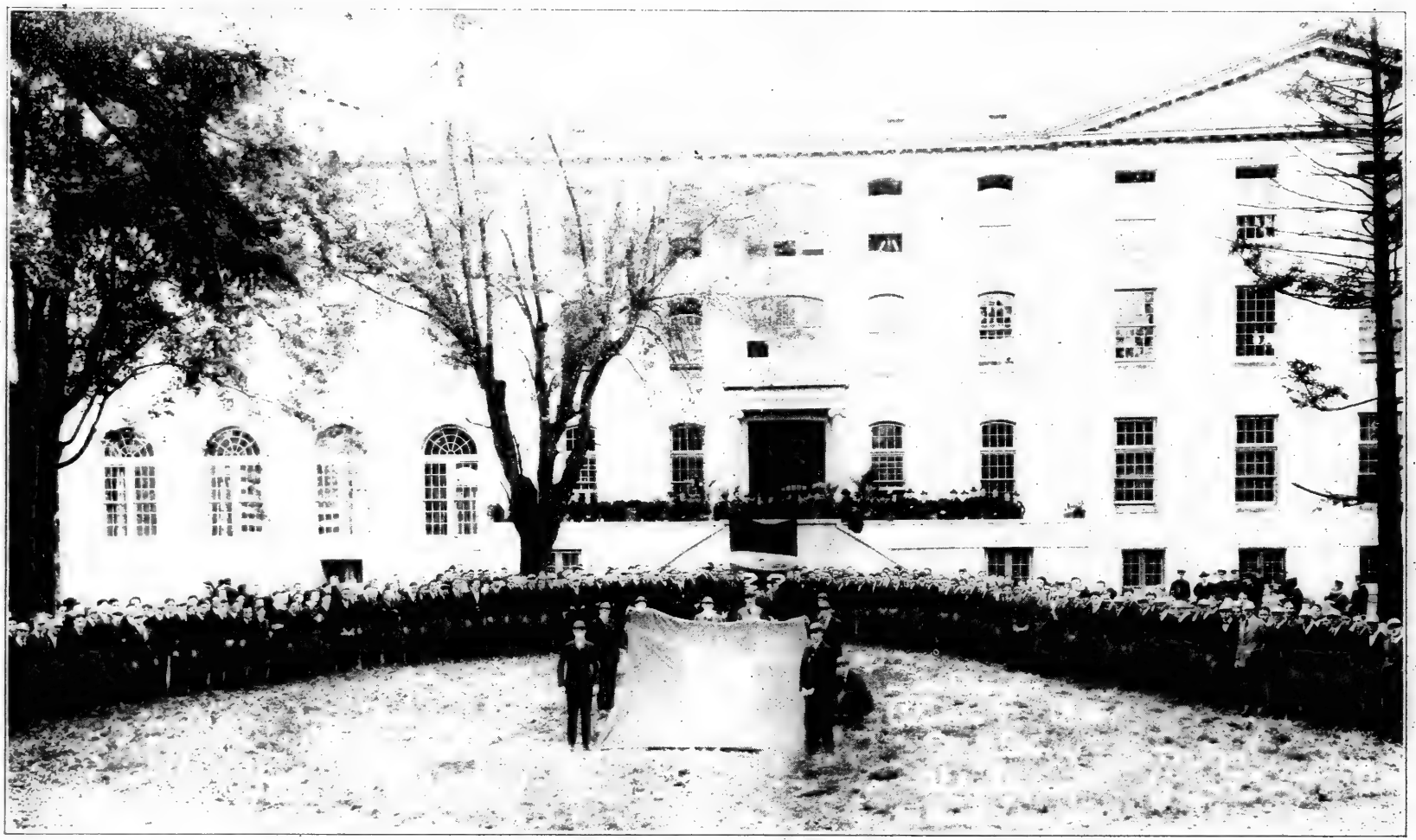
Mr. D. K. Flannery, one of the oldest of Villanova's students, died last October. Mr. Flannery attended this college in 1866-69. He was a respected and esteemed resident of Berks county and has been actively engaged for many years in the prominent banking circles of that region.

The latter years of his life were passed on his estate, "The Homestead," near Douglassville.

To his family in their bereavement THE VILLANOVAN offers its sincere sympathy.

Rev. Neil Lenahan, '89, of Chatham, N. Y., was called to his reward November 18th. His Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. D. J. O'Mahony, O.S.A., rector of St Augustine's Church, Philadelphia. His geniality and kindly disposition will make his loss the more keenly felt by his host of friends. A remembrance in your prayers is requested for this loyal son of his Alma Mater.

Hon. James T. Malone, Esq., Judge of Court of General Sessions, New York, died December 2nd, in New York City. The degree, Doctor of Laws, was conferred upon this distinguished jurist by Villanova in 1910. To his relatives and friends THE VILLANOVAN extends sincere sympathy in their loss,



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Annual Alumni
Banquet
Dedication of Alumni Hall
Thursday, October
Nineteen Hundred Forty

Exchanges

THE June issue of the De Paul Minerval has a commendable essay, "Our Best Sellers," on the trend of modern literature. The author has given us a true and solid appreciation of its low standard. Surely, "literature is the expression of life," not, as the "Best Smellers" make it, the portrayal for its own sake of all that is ugly and unwholesome.

There is nothing in our modern life that produces softening of the brain and degeneration of the heart more effectively than this morbid taste for the sensational.

Surely, Catholic college journalism should be its avowed enemy.

The author reminds us and exhorts us to imitate the high standard set up by our truly great American authors—Irving, Cooper, Rae and Hawthorne. It is worthy of note that the last three of these great men belong to the school of Romanticism,—the school of Walpole, Edgeworth, Radcliffe, Maturin and Coleridge.

The November issue of the "Villa Marian," from Villa Maria College, is indeed treasure-trove. Its Exchange Department presents the worthiest model possible, adequately factoring the problem of dealing with exchanges—into justice, encouragement and constructive criticism. In general, the pages are enlivened by the ever admirable spirit of the institution, now heightened and intensified by the new dignity of transformation into a college.

The "Villa Marian" has the various species of literature appropriate to a college magazine well represented—essays, stories, poems—each excellent in its kind. The opening poem, "The Babe of Bethlehem," breathes the naivete and devoutness of its theme; "Thanksgiving" abounds in a happy selection of picturesque circumstances that bring this festival home to the reader's heart and imagination; "Dream Ships," the longest poem, discovers such a masterly array of topics that we shall eagerly await more from this hand in the future; the November poem, "Ghosts of the Corn," evinces a truly poetic spirit in the thorough co-ordination of the writer's feeling and vision with the scene depicted. What an exquisite soul of poetry is there in the couplets!—

> What are you thinking as ye stand there,
> Withered shocks bowed low in prayer?
>
> Hear ye again in the wind's refrain
> Songs of the summer, and summer rain?

The lyrical repetition and inversion that the last couplet makes of the first, show a fine instinct and acomplishment of artistic form, which indeed pervades the entire composition.

We always anticipate with pleasure the high standard of verse in the Fordham Monthly. Nor was the November issue an exception. "The Idealist" is a fine poem on the poet's task which may very well be summed up in the lines of Blake,—

> "To see the world in a grain of sand,
> And all heaven in a flower
> To hold infinity in the palm of the hand,
> And eternity in an hour."

This is indeed a noble and a fruitful task and "The Idealist" brings it out very well.

In addition to poetry and stories in the body of our college magazines, we should like to see a taste cultivated for personal essays that bring out as did Lamb, Hazlitt and Father Farrell, the personal caprices, whims and fancies of the author. It seems to us that college students ought to be especially good in this form of essay, and we were pleased to find an essay of this type in "Wild Ducks" in the Fordham Monthly.

It is particularly delightful in the method of sounding its appeal, for in allowing his fancy to picture a hunt after wild ducks, the author pleasingly describes the charms and lures of nature, and then dropping his imaginative vein, he moralizes and calls upon all to commune with nature after his fashion and so make their

lives "better, healthier, clearer and purer." "Way Up" in the same magazine is a story of exceptional merit. It depicits an attempted robbery in the air, and not only is the plot ingenious and well handled, but the style employed is entertaining and certainly adapted to the nature of the story. Starting pleasantly with a diverting conversation, its setting reflects the tone of realism which the writer imparts to the story, and which being consistently followed, permits the unusual happenings which ensue, to occur. The suspense is held throughout and intermingled with choice bits of description that show an interesting familiarity with aviation, the story moves lively to its climax. Its ending though surprising, is overbalanced by its abruptness and in its endeavor to attain an O. Henry ending it fails to completely satisfy, leaving an unpleasantness that is the only flaw in a story possessing a goodly measure of excellent technique.

It would be well if more of our college essayists were as much alive to the issues of the day as is the author of "State Authority and the Smith-Towner Bill."

Ignoring its probable effect on Catholic institutions, the author proceeds to attack this bill to federalize education from the standpoint of the state's interference with the rights of the family. With a logical development of argument he proceeds to show the unconstitutionality of the act and the probable dangers which would impend from its passage. The piece is well written, and though somewhat brief for such a question, the writer appears to have handled the phases of it, which he has undertaken, rather capably.

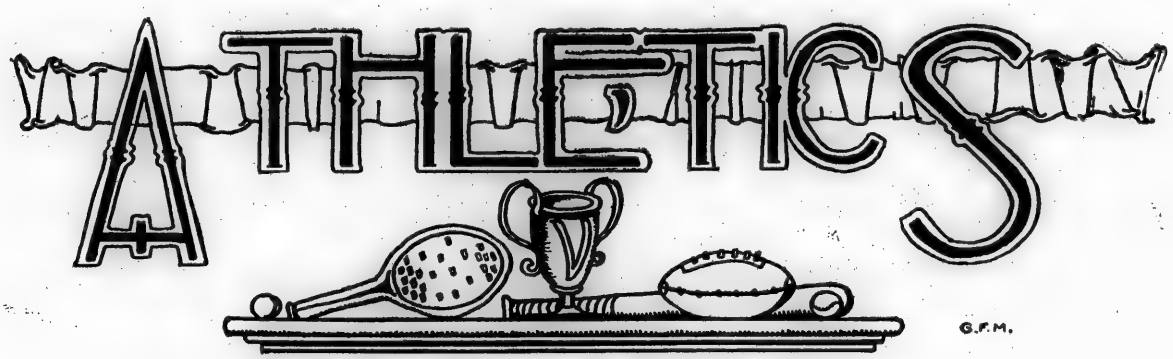
Our mind seems to be running in its poetic groove today. "Poetry, the Maker of Men," in the Georgetown Journal for October, next attracted our attention. It exhibits practical observation on the value of poetry in our everyday life. It shows how many well-meaning folk seem to regard poetry as the whim of the dilettante, whereas, in truth, "poetry is a practical, tangible reality that helps us in our everyday living." The author ascribes these erroneous views to the fact that the practical significance of poetry is not brought home to us in our school training, owing to it being considered in such aphoristic definitions as, "the expression of the beautiful," and "the overflowings of the highly aesthetic soul." We might say right here, that poetry is not the only phase of our education that suffers from explanations that do not explain to the immatured mind. However, we would also suggest that these erroneous views of poetry, found even in certain circles of culture, are due in no small measure to the false notions of poetic simplicity that arose in the last century, and which has had a great deal to do with its decline.

The author has given us many instances and authorities to show that poetry helps us "to be happy, to be great livers of life." We should like to venture even a step further and state that poetry is not only something objective that will help us, but that it is a subjective quality. People believe and live poetry, even when they do not realize it. The simple, naive, "play-horse, play house" spirit of children is poetry. Love is poetry; day-dreaming is poetry. Poetry is the evolution of those beautiful, tender emotions of the ideal in man. Newman in his "Essay on Aristotle's Poetics," says the poet gives us not what nature is, but what nature is striving to become.

"At one time," says Father Farrell, "everyone is, for a time, a poet when he is a child. For lo! the world is full of beauty—and no long use has yet dimmed the keen eye of the young soul, and he is open to the influence of wonder—and he is full of awe—and the light that never was on sea or shore, is, for a time, glorifying even objects which he will afterwards learn to call common, and to think commonplace."

Familiarity with the sorrows and troubles, with the great situations of life has engendered within us a pessimistic contempt for the beautiful and inner meaning of life. But it is not life that is less great, but we ourselves that have weakened. "The poet," Chesterton tells us in "Peacock Trees," "is always right. Oh, he has been here from the beginning of the world

and has seen wonders and terrors that are all around our path and only hiding behind a bush or stone. You and your doctoring and your science—why, you have only been here for a few fumbling generations, and you can't conquer even your own enemies of the flesh."



Fordham, 12; Villanova, 6

After a lapse of five years, football relations were resumed between Fordham and Villanova when the two representative elevens clashed on the Maroon Field, at Fordham, N. Y., October 16th. Both teams were confident of victory, but realized that the victory would be by no means an easy matter. A slight break in the game gave Fordham the first score.

After four minutes of grueling football, McGrady, in an attempt to kick on the fourth down, was blocked; the ball rolling behind his own goal where he recovered but was thrown for a safety. Fordham's second score came in the second quarter, when Steele dropped the pigskin between the bars from the thirty-yard line. The varsity came back strong in the second half and Fordham was unable to make a first down throughout the entire period. Owing to the Blue and White's light back field the last half resulted in a punting duel. McGrady easily out-punting his rival on an average of twenty yards. In the last quarter the Fordham line weakened and the Blue and White, making three successive first downs brought the ball to the Maroon's twelve-yard line; on a reverse play Cronin circled left end and crossed the goal with comparative ease, the whole Fordham team having been outwitted. With the score 6-5 in Villanova's favor and only six minutes to play Holloran intercepted a forward pass and ran thirty yards for a touchdown, which decided one of the hardest fought contests ever staged on the Fordham Field. Holloran, Duff and Steele were the stars for Fordham while McGrady, Myers and Cronin were the Villanova luminaries.

Lafayette, 34; Villanova, 0

The Blue and White, badly crippled, journeyed to Easton, Pa., on November 13th and were defeated 34-0. Lafayette made all its points in the first half when its backs, behind wonderful interference ran for five touchdowns before the varsity could get settled. Lehecka, Gazella and Brennan were the prominent stars of the game. In the second half Villanova came back like a rejuvinated team and repeatedly held the opponents for downs and the Blue and White goal was never endangered. Cronin, McGrady and Blanchfield were Villanova's chief ground gainers. In the second half Cronin averaged six yards on every attempt, while McGrady repeatedly tore through the Lafayette line for considerable gain. On a pretty forward pass Cronin to Blanchfield, the latter made eighteen yards before he was downed.

Villanova, 7; Geo. Washington, 7

Villanova and Geo. Washington battled to a 7 to 7 tie in the Capital city on October 16th. The game was replete with poor football on both sides. Cronin was once more the star

of the day; the fleety back played wonderful football throughout the game but was unable to get loose until the final quarter when he tore around left end for twelve yards for a touchdown.

Villanova, 0; Muhlenberg, 0

On November 23rd the varsity and Muhlenburg battled to a scorless tie on a neutral field at Norristown, Pa. Intense rivalry has existed between these two institutions and though Muhlenberg entered the fray as favorites, an interesting game was anticipated. And the gathering of four thousand fans was not disappointed, for never before did the populace of Norristown witness such a brand of football as was displayed by the rival elevens. The two teams were almost perfectly balanced. In the first half Villanova had the decided advantage and had the better of the fray during this period. The play was constantly in Muhlenberg's territory, but fumbles proved costly to the Blue and White. On two occasions, the varsity was within striking distance of the goal line when the elusive pigskin was again fumbled by one of our backs. In the second period the varsity put up a wonderful defensive game. The Muhlenberg team kicked to McGrady, who was downed after returning the ball to his own 20-yard line; the varsity backs were unable to find an opening in the opponents' line and were forced to kick. McGrady fell back for the kick and McCarthy made a high pass, the ball rolling back to the five yard line. McGrady kicking against a strong wind on the next play made only 20 yards. Crowley, for Muhlenberg on the receiving end of an aerial pass, brought the ball within five yards of the goal; on the next play Becker brought the ball within six inches of a touchdown when he tore through tackle for four and half yards; at this critical moment the Blue and White line braced and held for four downs. McGrady then booted sixty yards in a treacherous wind and out of danger. The elements played havoc for both teams; in the third quarter Becker placed a beautiful drop kick but the wind caused the pigskin to fall short. In a desperate attempt to score in the last quarter "Harp" McGrady tried a drop kick from the forty yard line; the ball carried the full distance but at a poor angle. For Muhlenburg, Crawley and Becker were the outstanding players while McGrady was Villanova's stellar performer. Cronin and Blanchfield also played a fast game, while Lynch playing his first game at end was a tower of strength on the defense.

Villanova, 13; Catholic U., 6

In the final game of the season, our warriors came through with a 13-6 victory over the Catholic University aggregation. It was the only game to be played on the home grounds this season and the crowd which lined the side lines was given a real treat.

The first half resulted in no score, although Villanova gained much ground, and Ed. McGrady, with his ever-willing toe did much to keep the ball in C. U.'s territory.

The second half was full of thrills. Cronin and McGrady kept plugging away at the visitor's line with great success, and Blanchfield made several pretty runs.

Poppert intercepted a forward pass and ran it back 12 yards. Cronin was injured and Marty MacDonald went into the fray. On the next play Marty crashed through tackle without losing his balance and squirmed his way past the astonished Washingtonians, completing the remaining 50 yards unhampered, scoring the first touchdown of the game. Captain Hertzler kicked the goal.

In the closing moments of the third quarter, the Blue and White team worked its way down the field to within five yards of C. U.'s goal line. Here a short forward pass over center failed, and the ball went to the opposing team.

Murphy and McNamara gained several times through the line for the visitors, but our line braced up and C. U. started a bombardment of forward passes, making two first downs in this manner. A long forward pass, neatly executed, from Murphy to Dunn put the ball on Villanova's three-yard line, and Dunn gave Catholic U. its only score on a plunge off tackle. His try for a goal was unsuccessful.

Villanova kicked to the Southerners. Unable to break our superb defense, C. U. resorted to passes again. Frankie Pickett intercepted one of these and ran to the visitor's five-yard line before he was downed. On the next play, McGrady crashed through guard for the necessary five yards and a touchdown. Hertzler's try for a goal was just outside.

Darkness began to settle over the field, but the interest in the game was not detracted from in the least. Catholic U. continued its daring passing game, and Currin speared one out of the darkness and carried it to Villanova's 20-yard line. Villanova's line made a magnificent showing here, and held the Washington team for downs. With only a few seconds to play, McGrady made a beautiful 60-yard punt down the field, and the game ended with the ball deep in C. U.'s territory.

It was a well earned victory for Villanova. Ed. McGrady stood out prominently, smashing the line almost at will, and punting exceptionally well. Captain Hertzler and Tony Lynch were always in evidence on the defensive, and Joe McCarthy played his usual hard game at center. Cronin deserves much credit for his plucky game, and MacDonald did equally well. In fact, from end to end, the team put up a highly creditable game, and justified the confidence the student body manifested in them throughout the entire season.

Fritz Murphy, Catholic University's captain, was the main-stay of the visitors. Dunn performed creditably in the punting line, and MacNamara also did well.

Football Election

At the annual meeting of the football squad, Joseph A. McCarthy was unanimously chosen to lead the Blue and White on the gridiron for the 1921 season. McCarthy, playing a wonderful brand of football at center this past season, is to be congratulated and the best wishes of the faculty and entire student body are his. Mr. McGeehan, graduate manager, addressed the squad and complimented the players on their choice of captain. At this meeting the letter men were awarded the much coveted "V."

They are: Elmer Hertzler, Joseph McCarthy, Harold Blanchfield, Edward McGrady, William Cronin, Paul McNamara, Martin, McDonald, George Striegle, Anthony Lynch, Alfred Kane.

GOOD-BYE TO FOOTBALL

By Patrick J. Dundon

Good-bye, Old Game! good-bye, good-bye!
'Tis hard to say, and we regret
That now your annual exit's nigh;
But dear old game, we don't forget
The thrills of months gone by.

No more we take an active part
In your thrilling play, old game!
But we love the lads who are making their mark
In your great big hall of fame.

Oh, you test the mettle of a man
As it never was tested before;
For he has to be real and not a sham—
If he's "yellow," he'll play no more!

And now you are going to bid us adieu
For a ten months' spell or more;
But we'll sing your praises and wait for you,
As in the days of yore.



You can always tell a "Senior" by his serious frown.
You can always tell a "Jun" by his walk about the town.
You can always tell a "Soph" by his ties, his cap and such.
You can always tell a "Fresh"—but you can't tell him much.

Of all the words of tongue or pen
That ever came to college men
The best are these, I know, by heck
"Enclosed, dear son, you'll find a check."

Observations From The Literary Indigestion

Think what a mess we would have been in if Debs had been elected. In the first place, if he got in, he couldn't get "out." Then again he couldn't pardon himself without going to the White House to do it, and no man who is in jail could serve as President without being released, and he'd have to impeach himself because he was convicted of crime.

If you think that "Talk is Cheap" try to give a motor cycle cop an argument.

Two things that can always be found in the dark—The sharp edge of a door and a pretty girl's lips.

It would seem as though the "pique" of high prices has at last been reached.

Max—"Have you heard the latest prohibition joke."

Mac—"I hope so."

Prof.—"What is meant by irrigation?"

Student—"Oh, the-er artificial digging of—er well—"

Prof.—"Yes, Wells; that is correct."

First Junior—"His education has been sort of cosmopolitan, hasn't it?

Second Junior—"Yes, indeed, and a good bit of Red Book, too. In fact, it is rumored he has been selected for the All-American Magazine readers' team."

Joe—"My life would run smoothly except for two things."

Andy—"Meaning which?"

Joe—"Blonds and Brunettes."

1st. Fresh.—"Why do they call Devine 'Spark'?"

2nd. Fresh.—"'Cause it gives you a shock every time you look at him."

Popular Songs

"La veeda".....Ralph Scola (Ponzi)
"I Know a Band That Needs no Leader"
Mitchell
"You'd be Surprised".....Amby" Brennan
"I'm Coming Back to You" ....Leo Delohery
"Jean" ..... Maguire
"I'll See You in Cuba".....Duke"
"Phineas New Gown".....Vize
"That Magic Melody"..Violin Solo, McClernon
"Hold Me".....Kevin Reeves
"Slow and Easy".....Bozzo"
"Treat 'em Rough".Captain Elmer M. Hertzler
"Humoresque" .....Abe Ceravalo
"My Hair is Growing Longer"...Class of 1924
"East Side, West Side".....Frank Pickett
"How do They Know I'm Irish"....Courtney
"Ireland Must be Heaven, For My Mother Came From There" .....Lapus
"There's a Long Long Trail a Winding"
Duetto—by Tony Lynch and Hussey
"Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"
Voice by Pat Ceravalo, chorus by Student Body.

Prof. in Algebra—"Gentlemen, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves; afraid of radicals?"

Scola, alias Ponzi—"Why—Prof.—all the European nations are afraid of them."

Soph.—"That fellow surely deserves credit."

Fresh—"Meaning?"

Soph—"Well you see—he works his way through college by writing to his old man for money."

Prof. (2.25 P. M.)—"Mr. Paradine, you are 25 minutes late for class."

Paradine—"Excuse me prof.—I couldn't afford to miss my beauty sleep."

Fresh—"Do you use water to keep your hair in shape?"

Soph—"Sure! I have a wave in it."

Ponzi—"Whenever I see a police dog, I know the Duke is coming."

Adele—"Do you know, Larry, I think I'd make a wonderful toe dancer."

Larry—"Yes, but why practice on mine?"

Mrs. A.—"I understand your son is very much inclined towards study.'

Mrs. B.—"Yes, he is inclined so far that he slid to the bottom of his class."

Duke, '23, (?)—"Father Dricoll, he say me, 'Larry not here yet, but he here, when he get here'."

Did You Ever Notice

Freshmen painting the field?
Paradine's hair?
McManus' girls?
Larry Brahan up for breakfast?
Thornbury's new overcoat?
Angus' mouth closed?
Mitchell's shoes (skis)?
Mc. Namara's woolen scarf ?
Healthy sweeps?
A tackless wall?
A sharp knife in the dining room?

Famous Sayings By Famous Men

"Fore,"—Kevin Reeves.

"Don't let studies interfere with your college education."—Bill Cronin.

"Never took a lesson."—J. Maguire.

"I'll show you some new steps."—Dancing Teacher Thornbury.

"Lay down, Juno."—Duke.

"Lend me a buck."—Paradine.

"I gotta swell jane."—Poppert.

"I'll knock your ears back."—Tony Lynch.

"Is breakfast over?"—de la Barra.

"Squifusso la Malucca."—Stinziano.

"Gotta Butt."—Student body.

Prof. in Trig—"The next thing will be to prove an identity."

Clever Fresh—"He must think we are detectives."

Fagan—"What made you leave the last position you had?"

Kenny—"Oh, just a remark my employer made to me."

Fagan—"What was it?"

Kenny—"He said, 'your fired'!"

Heard at The College Dancing Academy.

Frankie—"How is Deddy coming along?"

Prof. Thornbury—"Why—all right—he's a little stiff; you see he has water on both knees and the cold weather froze them."

1st Lieutenant—"Have you dug that hole yet?"

Private—"No."

1st Lieutenant—"No what."

Private—"No shovel."

Clerk—"I think I'll quit this job, Boss."

Boss—"Where are you going now?"

Clerk—"I got a good job on a street car."

Boss—"But—"

Clerk—"You see I think the change will do me good—and—I'll only take what's fair. 'It's only fare'."

Pat Ceravalo—"When did you shave last?"

Duke—"YESTERDAY NIGHT."

Monk—"When she wasn't looking I kissed her."

Larry—"What did she do?"

Monk—"Refused to look at me for the rest of the evening."

Reds McClernon—"Have you got 'fore fathers' in Philipines?"

Lapus—"No—just-a one-a Pader and one-a Moder."

Clever (?) girl—"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

Clever boy—"Am I the first boy you ever asked that of?"

Conway T. O'Leary—"I dropped my watch on the floor this morning."

Stinzy—"Did it stop?"

Conway T.—"Sure thing. You don't think it went through the floor, do you?"

Co-ed—"Do you speak French, Mr. McManus?"

Mac—"Oh,—flippantly."

Because he didn't help her out of the car, she complained that he was not as gallant as when he was a boy; and the "brute" replied that she was not "as bouyant as when she was a gal."

Fresh—"I wonder why they call it 'freehand drawing.' Can you imagine doing it with any other kind of a hand?"

First academy youngster—"Where were you from arithmetic this morning, Teddy?"

Teddy—"Oh, the lesson was all about improper fractions, and I'm too modest to do anything so improper."

Prof.—"What is a Zebra?"

"Deedy" Quinn — "Why—a Zebra is a horse—with his ribs on the outside."

Everyday Movies—Feature Picture

Kevin Reeves in "The Right to Leave."

Tom Rogers in "The Littlest Rebel" (comedy)

Also a stirring cereal entitled "Mush."

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Chemistry

WELL educated and intelligent people frequently ask, "What is chemistry?" or, "What has chemistry done for the civilized world?"

As we push the inquiry we shall be carried back to the very beginnings of civilization; back to the cradle of science—Ancient Eygpt. These brilliant minds developed the science to such an extent that after the Roman conquest, Diocletian caused all the books on chemistry to

be destroyed; thus preventing them from acquiring a wealth which would give them a power of resistance.

In 640 the Arabians over-ran Egypt, assimilated the science and prefixed the letter "a." From that period alchemy was the name of the science, and its chief object the finding of the "Philosopher's Stone;" in other words, the transmutation of metals or the process of converting the baser elements to gold and silver.

Alchemy was carried by the Arabians into Spain and from thence through the universities to all parts of Western Europe; so that in the Thirteenth Century, alchemists of the Arabian School flourished in goodly numbers.

In the Fourteenth Century, the era of medical chemistry, patent medicine and valuable drugs were discovered.

It is true that chemistry passed through many stages of delusion and superstition and it was not until the Eighteenth Century that it was able to venture forth as a useful science. But since then its utility and importance have attracted the attention of the world and it has drawn into its vortex some of the greatest and most active men of every nationality.

Its present field is vast and imposing. Its paramount utility is universally acknowledged. It has contributed as much to the progress of society by augmenting the conveniences and pleasures of life and increasing the power and resources of mankind as any other science.

It is the basis of ourselves, of the food we eat, the air we breathe, the water we drink, the clothes we wear. In fact, no single thing relating to man fails to come under its category.

For this reason, then, it should receive thoughtful attention and careful study.

The course of chemical engineering offered at Villanova answers the strictest requirements. Well planned and developed it responds to every need calculated to bring the earnest student to success. Any information on the subject will be gladly given upon application.

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What Is Air?

BEFORE 1894 every chemist thought he knew what air is. "A mechanical mixture of moisture, nitrogen and oxygen, with traces of hydrogen and carbon dioxide," he would explain. There was so much oxygen and nitrogen in a given sample that he simply determined the amount of oxygen present and assumed the rest to be nitrogen.

One great English chemist, Lord Rayleigh, found that the nitrogen obtained from the air was never so pure as that obtained from some compound like ammonia. What was the "impurity"? In co-operation with another prominent chemist, Sir William Ramsay, it was discovered in an entirely new gas—"argon." Later came the discovery of other rare gases in the atmosphere. The air we breathe contains about a dozen gases and gaseous compounds.

This study of the air is an example of research in pure science. Rayleigh and Ramsay had no practical end in view—merely the discovery of new facts.

A few years ago the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company began to study the destruction of filaments in exhausted lamps in order to ascertain how this happened. It was a purely scientific undertaking. It was found that the filament evaporated —boiled away, like so much water.

Pressure will check boiling or evaporation. If the pressure within a boiler is very high, it will take more heat than ordinarily to boil the water. Would a gas under pressure prevent filaments from boiling away? If so, what gas? It must be a gas that will not combine chemically with the filament. The filament would burn in oxygen; hydrogen would conduct the heat away too rapidly. Nitrogen is a useful gas in this case. It does form a few compounds, however. Better still is *argon*. It forms no compounds at all.

Thus the modern, efficient, gas-filled lamp appeared, and so argon, which seemed the most useless gas in the world, found a practical application.

Discover new facts, and their practical application will take care of itself.

And the discovery of new facts is the primary purpose of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

Sometimes years must elapse before the practical application of a discovery becomes apparent, as in the case of argon; sometimes a practical application follows from the mere answering of a "theoretical"question, as in the case of a gas-filled lamp. But no substantial progress can be made unless research is conducted for the purpose of discovering new facts

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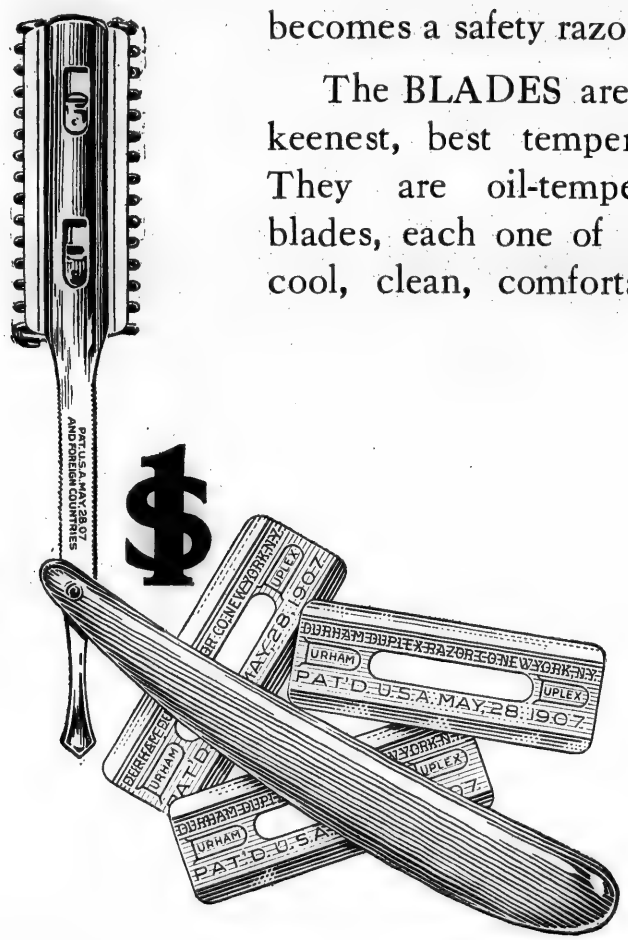
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The Villanovan

FEBRUARY, 1921

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Published Bi-Monthly at Villanova, Pa., by the Students of Villanova College.
Subscription, One Year, $1.50 Single Copies 35 cents
All communications to be addressed to THE VILLANOVAN, Villanova, Pa.
Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1920, at the Post Office, at Villanova, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879.

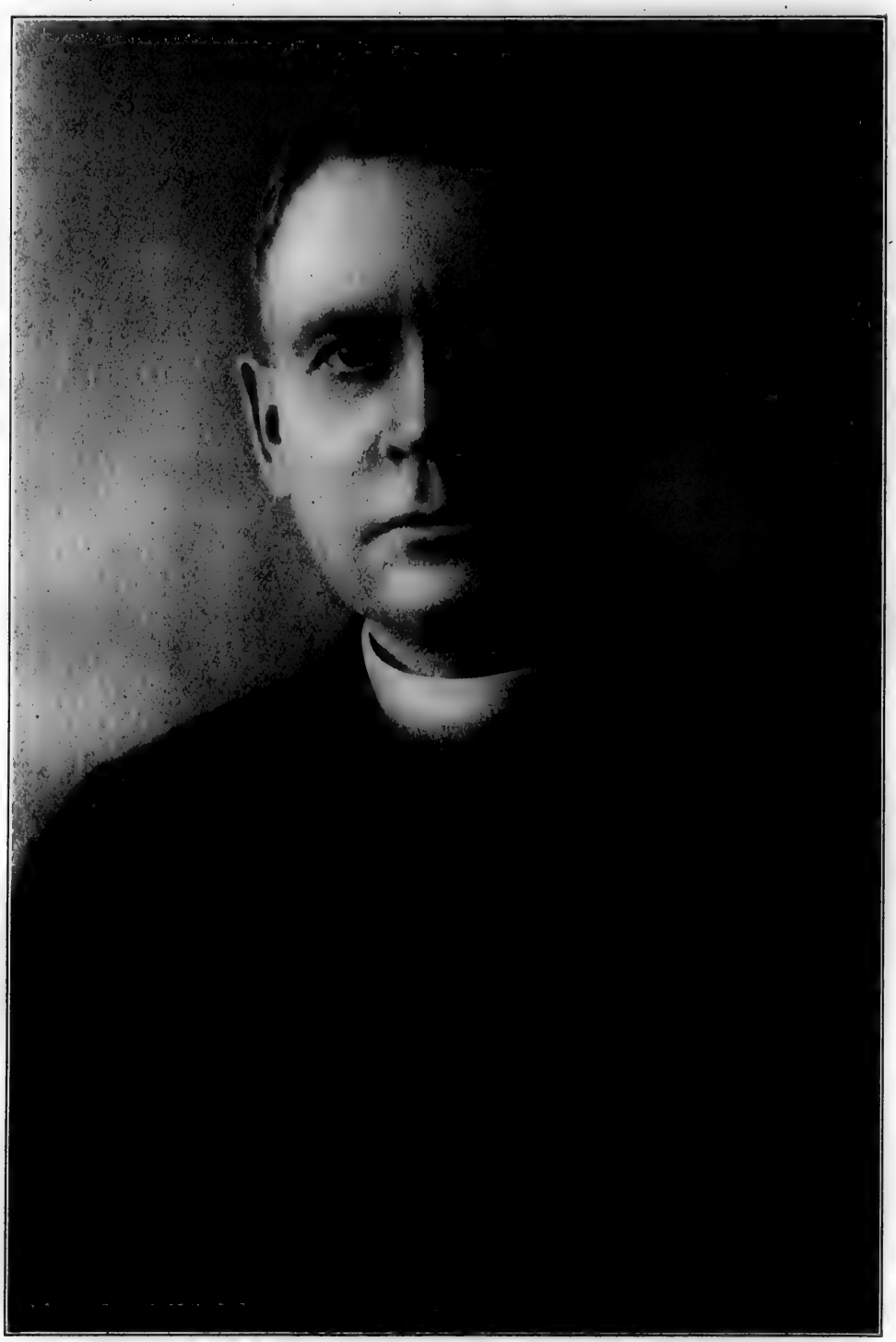
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Vol. V FEBRUARY, 1921 No. 3

TIME: A SONNET

By Charles A. Shine

I am a witness, young yet old,
Of nations, men, and different places,
Of wars and strifes 'midst many races;
And all poor mortals know I'm bold.
Yea! many hold my heart most cold;
For in my wake I leave not spaces
But fill my day—of loss no traces.
And you may now indeed behold
Both who I am and what I do:
Eternity is free of me;
For man I live—for each of you—
A giant who conquers, yet to be
The one to fall when life is due:
Poor Time!—I lack Eternity.



Rt. Rev. Bishop Wm. A. Jones
Died—Feb. 17, 1921

"Farewell! Bishop Jones"

IN the history of our institution there have been few scenes more impressive and solemn than that which many dignitaries of Church and State witnessed on February 23, 1921, when the late Rt. Rev. William A. Jones, O.S.A., D.D., reposed in death on an exalted catafalque in the parish church at Villanova.

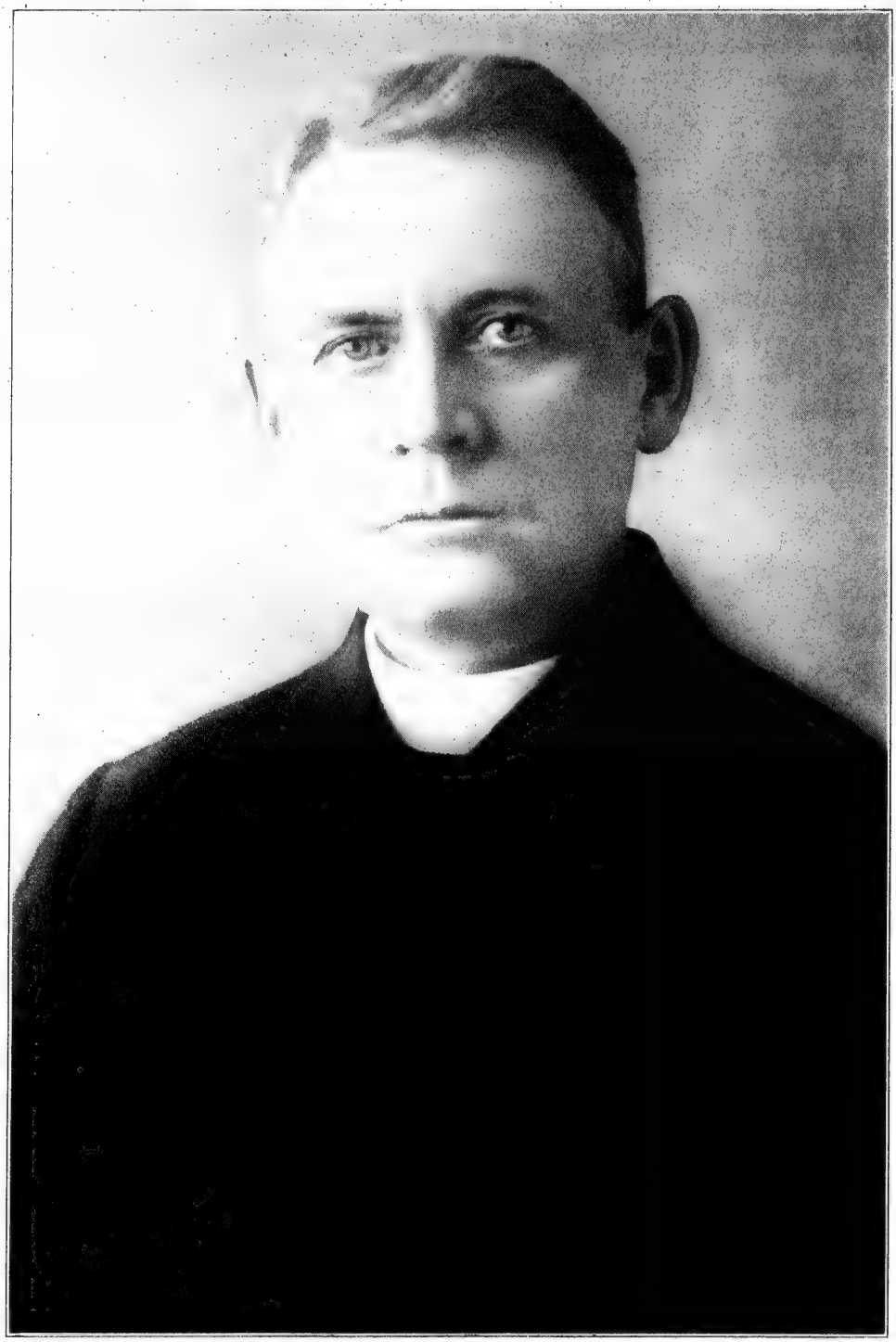
The late Bishop came north last November, and shortly after Christmas was ordered to St. Joseph's Hospital by his physician, where, on February 17, he died. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul by His Excellency, the Most Reverend John Bonzano, D.D., Apostolic Delegate; and the final absolution at the grave was given by His Grace, Bishop McDevitt, of Harrisburg. Very Rev. N. J. Vasey, O.S.A., Provincial of the Order, was Assistant Priest. Rev. John B. Leonard, O.S.A., Prior of Villanova, acted as Deacon of the Mass, and Rev. E. G. Dohan, LL.D., S.T.L., O.S.O., former President of Villanova now Prior at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, acted as Sub-deacons of the Mass. The Deacons of Honor were: Rev. W. F. Green, O. S. A., Rector of St. Rita's, Chicago, Ill., and Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, O. S. A., Rev. P. H. Kehoe, O. S. A., Master of Novices, acted as first Master of Ceremonies and Rev. C. J. Melchior, P. A., was Second Master. The minor ministers were selected from the Professed of the order.

The Gregorian Requiem was rendered by the choir of Professed and Novices under the direction of Rev. Joseph E. Hyson, O. S. A. with Rev. W. M. Sheedy, O. S. A. at the organ.

Nearly 150 priests, Secular and Regular, attended from widely spread regions. From Porto Rico to Montreal and from Boston to Chicago, many gathered to honor the distinguished prelate.

The Eulogy was delivered by the Rev. John A. Nugent, O. S. A., a classmate of the dead Bishop. The preacher in solemn terms traced the life of Bishop Jones from their earliest acquaintance, and frequently paused in his narrative to point out salient features that adorned the character of Porto Rico's dear Prelate,—features that singled him out as a chosen Apostle of God, that endeared him to his people, and that made him the boast of his brother religious. He enumerated the various tasks that Providence had put upon Bishop Jones in his young levite days, and how under the influence of each trial the gold of his real worth was brought to light. He recalled the burning zeal of the youthful Father Jones as he went forth with God's Benediction upon his every work—over eager to enhance the Glory of his God, ever ready to encounter danger, to suffer any sacrifice—never pausing before difficulties, never omitting any labor—but always striving to be all things to all men, that all might know Christ and Him Crucified.

Aside from any human testimony of praise for Bishop Jones' character, we may judge the noble virtues of our dear Bishop from the fruits of his labors. The many flourishing institutions of learning and religion that have bloomed in Porto Rico under the wise and generous hand of the late Prelate; the numberless souls that mourn for the departure of one whom they trusted, loved, and revered; the many religious Orders that have found in Bishop Jones a friend, a father, and a good shepherd; the broken hearts of his own clergy who shall feel his loss more and more as time proceeds—but most of all his brothers in the Order of St. Augustine—all with one swelling heart of grief—see in his tombstone the memory of one who fled this vale of sorrow purified and perfected by the trials of life and leaving the world a better place for his existence. Even though the half concealed sob breaks forth in spite of uncontrolled nature, even though a warm tear of affection falls on the holy grave that receives his sacred remains, even though a solemn silence of devotion reminds each of death and the Great To-morrow, yet there still remains one comfort—he was a man of God— an honor to the Priesthood, a glory to his Holy Order, and a credit to the Episcopacy.



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Our Debt to English Catholicism

Robert M. Evans, '24

AT a time when the great contest between the English Government and the Irish people is raging, perhaps, more fiercely than ever; when the attention of the thinking world is, one might say, centered upon this perennial struggle between a tyrannical Government and a great Christian people; when the friendly relations of these two great Christian races are endangered, nay—almost destroyed by the cruel and senseless policy of the individuals who are temporarily at the helm of the British ship of state, it may not be amiss for us American Catholics to consider, nay to reflect upon some of the elements of the British culture which to us, as Catholics may seem especially worth while. We have all read and admired or at least heard of Father Lockington's masterly statement of the case for the Irish culture. We have all seen in it a brilliant apologia for that national genius, the seeds of which, sown in America, upon the occasion of many a bitter persecution, are only beginning to come to an abundant fruition in the shape of the great American Church which Ireland's sons have built up. But where is the eulogy of those great Englishmen, scholars, saints, and martyrs, who have left us a priceless heritage in the form of a great Catholic literature in the English language? What of those great men, who, using the same English which became almost the very language of Protestantism at its worst, of narrow, bigoted, Evangelical Protestantism, gave us an "Ode to the Setting Sun,"—a "Hymn to S. Teresa?" Do we owe nothing to the Mores, the Fishers, the Campions, the Southwells, martyrs all, members of the same church as ourselves, fellow-participants in the Communion of Saints, who moreover, have contributed magnificently to the great Christian literature of England? Shall we ignore entirely the good work of the English scholars who gave us our Douay Bible? Shall we forget completely the profound influence upon all English-speaking Catholics of such eminent, such saintly doctors and divines as, for instance, Challoner, who has left his own monument in the form of our notes to the English Catholic Bible, our most commonly used version of the Imitation,—his great Meditations and his Garden of the Soul? Shall we acknowledge no debt of gratitude to a Newman, a Faber, a Benson, simply because they happened to differ more or less from the political opinion of many of their Irish brethren,—because they belonged to a nation over which, through no fault of their own, a stupid and tyrannical government has sometimes presided?

Since our American culture is destined to be, at least to a certain degree, a more or less electic one, assimulating and adapting to American needs and American conditions much of what is best in the cultures of both England and Ireland (not to mention the other nations of the world), since, moreover, we should, as Catholics, make use of the good things of a spiritual nature, prepared for us by our English fellow Catholics, let us proceed to recall, in a necessarily brief manner, some of the many gems of English Catholic literature. We shall pass over, for our present purposes, the other ways in which Catholic England has favorably influenced American Catholicism, and confine ourselves, more especially to a consideration of some of the more notable treasures of the Catholic Literature of England.

In the first place, let it be understood that whatever there is of English literature, from Caedmon to More, is to be considered, with very few exceptions, as Catholic literature, produced by Catholics, in an England more or less completely under the benign influence of the Church. Except for the paltry productions of Wycliffe and others of his ilk, we may safely say that the literature of England from the introduction of Christianity, down to the unhappy period of the Protestant Revolution, was the literature of a thoroughly Catholic land, written by men who were, literally, from the bap-

tismal font to the grave, under the influence of Holy Mother Church.

The glorious Roll of Honor starts, perhaps, with the great name of the Venerable Bede, who has left us as his greatest work, the famous Ecclesiastical History of England, from which we derive practically all the history of England that we have, for the eight centuries from the coming of Caesar down to Bede's own day. Next in the Christian literature of the Anglo-Saxon period comes Caedmon, who was probably the first native English poet. This noble poet, great enough to be called the "Anglo-Saxon Milton," was a monk under the Abbess Hilda at Whitby. He has left us some of the finest Catholic verse that we have. He is followed by Cynewulf whose three great poems, "The Christ," "Andreas" and "Elene," breathe the very spirit of the Ages of Faith. Next we find that it was a monk, Geoffrey, of Monmouth, who wrote the History upon which were founded such great pieces of English literature as Shakespeare's King Lear, Malory's Morte d' Arthur and Tennyson's Idylls. Again, the cycles of romances upon which, also, were based this last named work formed a part of English Catholic Literature. However, there is no need of enumerating all the productions of English Catholic Literature during these Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman periods. Suffice it to say that since the ugly head of heresy had not yet shown itself to any great degree in England, all our English Literature of these ages is a part of the great heritage left to us by Catholic England.

And Chaucer,—who shall say how much this great English Catholic poet has influenced not only our literature, but our very language. Writing in an age when the French brought in by the Normans was just giving away to the native English, he was able by accepting or rejecting words of French origin so to mold the language that it has become what it is today. Then, again, it was he, who, together with that other great English Catholic poet, John Gower, fixed upon the East Midland dialect in which they wrote, as the literary language of England. What author has ever given us a truer, brighter, more pleasing picture of the age in which he wrote than has this justly famous co-religionist of ours?

Then we come to that apostle of true reform, social and religious—William Langland. In his Piers Plowman, we have a wonderful picture of life in Catholic England of the Fourteenth Century, but also an earnest protest against certain abuses which characterized that age. This is a piece of allegory which compares very favorably with the Pilgrim's Progress; and its effect on the England of his day was fully as great as was that of the last named work at a later day. Langland is the true reformer of that interesting century, in contradistinction to that false prophet Wycliffe. His passionate desire for social justice, his breadth of vision, his greatness of soul did not lead him out of the Church of his fathers, but rather caused him to realize that the remedy for the evils of his day lay in the application of the principles preached by the Church of Christ.

Next we come upon Sir Thomas Malory whose wonderful Morte d'Arthur, with its child-like and clear, yet masterly style has influenced so many writers of subsequent ages. The great Shakespeare himself borrowed from this fine old Catholic English writer as did Tennyson and Arnold and Morris and Swinburne. In this wonderful work we have a perfect reproduction of the life of mediaeval England, of Catholic England in the days when it was "Our Lady's Dowry." Of Malory himself, we are told by his publisher, William Caxton, (another English Catholic, who exercised the greatest possible influence on our language and literature) that in the quaint language of the day, "he was the servant of Jesus both by day and by night."

When the Renaissance first began to affect the cultural life of England, it was a trio of Catholic scholars, More, Colet and the cosmopolitan Erasmus, who brought the new learning to Oxford, and therefore, to the attention of their fellow countrymen. The first named of these three must always remain a great inspiration to Catholics of every nation and every age. By his steadfast loyalty to Holy Church,

by his constant adherence to the great principles of his faith, he has given us a noble example of conduct which may well be followed by those American Catholics whose field of duty lies on a similar plane to that of the great English Catholic who kept his honor untarnished amidst all the vicissitudes of an active life in the service of his King and Country. As regards his literary productions we need only mention his Utopia and his dialogue of Comfort against Tribulations. Colet, also, and Erasmus, the latter by his praise of folly, especially, have not failed to affect, profoundly, the neutral life of England and of us American Catholics.

Of the troubled times immediately preceding and following the so-called reformation in England, and of that unhappy period itself, we need only say that there was not lacking a Fisher, a Southwell, a Campion to pay for their faith with their blood and to leave us a great memorial in their valuable writings. Which of us is not better for the reading of Fisher on the Penitential Psalms, of Southwell's exquisite verse, of Campions Ten Reasons? In the secular literature of this age we have also among others, the works of Massinger, the celebrated Elizabethan dramatist.

These Catholic authors were followed in the next century by the great Crashaw. Who can ever get more religious poetry, into one line than did this saintly convert from Puritanism, in such lines as the following?

> "But thou givest leave (dread Lord) that we
> Take shelter from thyself in thee;
> And with the wings of thine own dove
> Fly to the sceptre of soft love."
> (Translation of seventh stanza of the Dies Irae)
> "Love thou art absolute sole Lord
> Of life and death!" (Hymn to S. Teresa.)

It would be but commonplace to say that this is the very essence of religious poetry.

Now, for want of space, we must pass over many years, during which was produced much great literature by English Catholics, pausing only to mention such leading influences as Habington, Pope, Dryden and the half-Catholic Dr. Johnson, Challoner, Milner and Alban Butler. If space permitted, we might point out some aspects of the greatness of "The Hind and Panther," Challoner's Meditations, Garden of the Soul, Imitation, the "End of Controversy" and the hagiographical works of the great Butler, but such isn't the case.

So we must pass on to the glorious harvest of English Catholic literature, the seeds of which have been planted under the favorable conditions of the Second Spring. Here again out of a long list of celebrated authors who are included in the scope of our present study, out of which stand the names of Oakeley, Wilberforce, Ward, Wiseman, Ullathorne, Manning, Vaughn, Francis Thompson, Coventry, Patmore, Lionel Johnson, Bowden, Ryder, Wilfred and Alice Meynell, Bishop Hedley, Father Caswall and a host of others, we can only dwell at any length on the life, works and influences of three: Newman, Faber and Benson. Whether we are delighted with the exquisite beauty of Gerontius, whether we seek to give a reason for the faith that is in us, whether we admire Callista, or Loss and Gain, or whether we are chiefly attracted by the historical works of this noble genius, we must agree that this great Englishman has indeed had a very great influence upon our American Catholic literature and life. How many conversions in England and America are we to trace, directly or indirectly to the influence of this wonderful English Catholic? How can we express our gratitude for the shelf full of books bequeathed us by this great English fellow-Catholic?

And Father Faber. Who shall speak the praises of the author of Creator and Creature, the Easiness of Salvation, the Blessed Scarament, all for Jesus, Bethlehem, his exquisite hymns, his lovely poems? Again, who shall define the limit of the effect on our spirituality of this gentle master of the spiritual life. How many souls have been attracted to their Loving Saviour, through the mild, beneficent influence of this great English Catholic mystic, preacher, poet?

Finally we come to the Catholic literature genius, who has perhaps more than all others, except possibly Canon Sheehan, adorned the period in which he lived. In the historical and modern novels, the ascetical and other theological works, the plays and poems of this illus-

trious scion of a noble family, we have some of the very best Catholic literature ever produced. As versatile as he was brilliant, Benson has left on all his work some trace of the spiritual beauty which was his. And so he well deserves to be numbered with the other English Catholic writers whom we have been considering, who are the donors of the priceless treasure that is ours,—English Catholic Literature.

At the present day, the cultural life of Catholic England shows that our English fellow-Catholics are worthy successors of the noble ones who have gone before them. From their half-dozen or more Catholic publishing houses, there comes forth a steady stream of true Catholic literature. Many excellent weeklies, including the venerable TABLET, the Universe, and others, several monthlies of sound, cultural Catholic value and of course the historic "Dublin Review," give expression to the opinions of the leading thinkers of Catholic England.

From the presses of Washbourne, Burns and Oates, Longmans, the Catholic Truth Society, Kegan Paul, French and Trübner, and Messrs. Lands and Company, there is furnished a constant supply of good, solid, valuable Catholic literature, so that "he who runs may read" of the glories of Christ and His Church. In the life of the church today, who is taking a more important part or doing greater work than the bishops, priests, laymen and laywomen, or the great religious orders of England? What nation within the church can display a galaxy of brighter stars in its literary firmament than Catholic England, with its Thurston, Hull, Rickaby, Plater, Vaughn, Martindale, Gerard, Harper, Keating, Sydney Smith, and Coleridge among the sons of Benedict, with its Father Cabrol, Chapman, Hudleston and Webster among the sons of S. eBnedict, with its Father Hugh Pope, O. P.; Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.; its Vassall, Phillips and Stebbing of the Redemptorist order? What Catholic thinkers of any nation are more distinguished in their own class than Dr. Fortescue, Dr. Burton, Mgr. Barnes, Bishop Ward, and finally, the great Cardinal Gasquet?

Now, then, if by our little study of some few of the beauties of Catholic England's great literature we have come to realize that after all, we are under somewhat of an obligation to our English brethren in the Faith, let us remember also, that literature is not the only medium through which American Catholic life has been influenced by Catholic England. It will be enough, perhaps, if we call to mind, the fact that our country before the revolution, was directly under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Vicar-Apostolic of the London district and that our first Bishop, Dr. John Carroll, was educated in England (at Stonyhurst) and consecrated in England by an English bishop. This consecration, we will remember took place in Lulworth Castle Chapel, London, on August 15, 1790, the officiating prelate being Right Reverend Dr. Walmesley. Moreover—if we examine the history of the beginnings of Catholicity in,—for instance, Philadelphia, we find that it was a group of English Jesuits who built the first permanent church, St. Joseph's, in 1734—that Father Thomas Harvey, (1690-1693), Joseph Greaton (1722), Henry Neale (1741) and later, Robert Harding, then we must not forget the noble work of Father White and his devoted brethren in Maryland, beginning as far back as 1634. So we see, that even more directly than by their literary productions, even more directly has our national Catholic life been favorably influenced by Catholic England.

In conclusion, let us show our appreciation of our heritage from Catholic England by distinguishing, in the present unhappy controversy, between the English government and the English people. Let us moderate our statements as to the relative merits of both sides of this prominent question, and let us temper our ardent desire to see Ireland free by a realization of the good qualities of those who think differently on this political question, so that in accordance with the wishes of Him, whom both English and Irish, and also American Catholics acknowledge as their spiritual Lord, Ireland may attain her just aspirations, without in any way, falling short of her duty.

The Man

J. A. Mahoney

IN one of the ideal suburbs of Philadelphia my father owns a beautiful summer home. The house, built in old colonial style, stands on a rise of ground well back from the main thoroughfare and is surrounded by many trees. On the east, a small, silvery brook glides lazily over its pebbly bed, emptying into a broad lake covered with water lilies.

I had just finished my last year at college, and, with my "A. B." all done up in blue and white ribbons, and my heart set on the conquest of the world, my father and I rode out to our summer home. Conversation did not lag, for I was so full of ethics, economics and sociology that I simply had to talk about them. I proposed ways of eliminating all the evils of society,—of establishing socialism, capitalism, and misery,—of bringing the poor to better conditions, of eliminating strikes, riots and wars. My father was a good listener. I knew I was a good talker. As we entered the gates of our own property I was telling him that he must get me a position immediately. His eyes twinkled just a little and the corners of his mouth turned up slightly as he answered:

"No, son; not right away. Spend a few weeks out here and take a rest which, I am sure, you need."

Wait! with so much to be done and the world getting worse every day, while I might be doing so much for its betterment! But father's word was law, even my college education would not let me forget this fact. So wait I must.

The time passed slowly. I rose at nine o'clock ,and, after a light breakfast and a glance at the sporting page, I strolled out among the trees to smoke a "couple of butts." In the afternoon I took in a ball game, then, after dinner with dad, I went to the park to dance. Slow life, when I might be doing so much! At dinner dad would tell me of the happenings in his factory. Some very interesting problems arose. Of course I had solutions aplenty, and begged dad for a chance to try them. He still insisted that I take my well-earned rest.

One morning, after I had been home about a week, while taking my usual morning smoke, I walked down along the bank of the stream. The sun was rather high and the day oppressively warm. A gentle breeze blowing from the lake barely stirred the leaves on the trees, allowing little beams of sunlight to fall on the stream, and wafting odors of the water lily through the grove. On the bank of the lake sat an old man, his hat in his hands, and beside him a rake. He did not move at my approach, so that I got a good look at him. He was, I judged, almost six feet tall, a little stooped at the shoulders; his thin gray hair was well brushed back from his high forehead; deep-set, blue, dreamy eyes seemd to look into space through his silver-rimmed spectacles set high on his shapely nose; a faint smile played about the corners of his thin lips; his clothes, though old, were well-kept.

Here, thought I, is a chance to expound one of my theories. Quickly reviewing all that I had learned about an honest day's work for an honest day's pay, I drew nearer. But, on closer inspection, I saw that my efforts would be fruitless. The man never moved. The vacant stare, the tilt of his head, as if drinking in the music from the brook, convinced me that he was half-witted.

"Good morning," I said blandly, "isn't this exhilarating?"

The man stirred a little as if wakened from a pleasant dream.

"Exhilarating? O, Yes! Very pleasant indeed." Again he returned to his reverie.

I walked off a short distance, and in a few minutes I saw the man rise and set to work with a vim.

That night at dinner I mentioned this man to dad.

"He's a character. Study him!" and with that he dismissed the subject.

The next day, out of curiosity I took the same stroll. The man was seated in the same place; he had the same preoccupied look, the same pose. I greeted him with a "Good morning." He answered absently.

"Where do you reside?" I asked.

"Reside? O, yes. In the middle cottage across the way."

I spoke to him about the different trees, and plants, and of the natural beauties of the place. To my surprise he talked fluently with excellent diction and as one who was master of his subject.

"Would you mind if I came over to your cottage this evening?"

"My cottage? O, yes! Certainly not. Glad to have you. Glad to have company."

That night I did not "dress up." After a few minutes with dad in his "den," I took a handful of his cigars, an old brand which he had been smoking for years, and, slipping on a sweater, made my way to the cottage across the way.

The other cottages were all lit up; merry laughter and playful shouts of children came from all sides;—but in the one in the middle there burned a solitary lamp and all was as still as death. I approached breezily, threw my cigarette away and knocked on the door. No response. I knocked again, then noisily pushed open the door and entered.

The man was seated by the table, an old corncob pipe held listlessly between his lips. He had the same preoccupied look, the same pose, as when I had first seen him.

"Good evening," said I.

"Good evening? O, Yes! So it's you. I was waiting for you."

"Is this the way you spend all your evenings?"

"Most of them—yes. I usually go to bed early."

"Have a cigar?" said I, offering him one of my dad's old favorites.

He took the cigar and thanked me. Then gazing at the band a faint smile, as if recognition lit up his face.

"Good brand," he said as he offered me a light, and then lit the one I had given him.

In a moment my eyes took in the whole room. In one corner there was a cot; a clothes-tree with few leaves on its branches stood at the foot of the cot. A small wash-stand stood against the opposite wall and the table and chairs, which we occupied, made up the furniture of the room. The walls were adorned with many pictures, of, what seemed at first, views of our place. But on closer inspection I found, that, while there was a striking resemblance, there were also many minor differences from the scenes of "Briar Hill," our place.

"Do you ever read?" I asked.

"Read? O, yes, when I get the books. I like reading.'

"Perhaps I can help you out. Father has quite an extensive library. What would you like?""

"O! anything will do."

"Dickens? O! yes! I have read all his works and I like them very much. He was certainly a man who knew London life, wasn't he? Poor Little Nell, and Oliver Twist! I felt sorry for those youngsters. I heard Dickens lecture when he was in this country. He wasn't really much of a lecturer, but he drew a crowd because he was Dickens. Have you read his 'American Notes?' Yes? Don't you know I thought he was broader-minded than he shows himself to be in those."

"You have read Thackeray, too, I suppose?"

"Thackeray? O! yes. I like him. His little breaks in the story I did not like at first, but when I began to see the moral lessons he had I apreciated him very much. He's good; he can certainly portray the feelings and emotions. You remember that scene in Pendennis, where they are waiting for the doctor; wasn't that true to life. It is a long while since I read that book but I can recall that scene vividly."

He had me,—his old dreamy-eyed workman. I was in a quandary as to whom to mention next. But I thought I'd risk the poets.

"We have Shakespeare in the library; would you like to try him?"

"Shakespeare? O! yes. Excellent isn't he? His dramas are the best in the language. Best ever written, I guess."

"Best in the language? Best ever written!" It was my turn now to ask myself in the man's style. How does he know this; he must have read the rest.

"You seem to have read considerably," I said aloud.

"Considerable? O! yes; I have read all the old authors. I thought perhaps you had some of these new fangled books. Something light, which please and at the same time do not make you think much to get their meaning, for I am very tired after the day's work."

His cigar was smoked out. I gave him another.

"Well, I think we have just what you want. Dad gave me a set of O. Henry for a present last Christmas, and I will be delighted to bring a few over."

"O. Henry? O! yes. I read one of his. Very good. Full of jokes and pleasing points. Just the thing. I shall be delighted to get them."

"It is getting rather late and I know you want to go to bed. Good night. May I bring these books over to-morrow night?"

"To-morrow night? O! yes, glad to have you come over. Good night, my lad."

I walked home slowly,—thinking of the man. Then—I recalled dad's words, "He is a character; study him." A low light was still burning in the den, but I avoided meeting dad again that night, for I knew that he would ask questions, and I did not wish to be disturbed in my study of "Him."

The next morning instead of taking my usual walk I went to the library and selected, what I thought to be, four of O. Henry's best books: "The Four Million," "Trimmed Lamps," "Cabbages and Kings" and "Sixes and Sevens." I placed these on a rack outside the door of the den and casually threw my sweater over them. That night I again left the den early, with a handful of cigars. Picking up my package and sweater, I again went to the cottage over the way. All was as on the previous evening. I knocked and entered. The man was in the same position.

"I brought the books over," said I.

"O! yes, the books. O. Henry. Sit down."

We talked of various subjects for a short while. At last I worked around to the pictures on the wall.

"They look so much like scenes if 'Briar Hill'," I said, "yet, on close inspection, I find they are not just the same."

"The pictures? O! yes. 'Briar Hill'? Good cigar."

But I was not to be put off. I had been thinking of this man all day; the more I thought of him the more I felt that he had a strange story and I wanted to—I must hear it.

"Where were they taken?"

A thin mist came over his eyes. His face twitched nervously.

"Boy, I have a strange story, but if you will indulge me I'll tell you."

Without answering, I lit a fresh cigar and prepared to listen.

"My father was a country doctor of moderate means. My mother died when I was very young and I was constantly in the company of my father. He was well educated and it was his one desire to see me a college graduate and well settled before he died. I completed the high school course in my native town, and in 18— entered Yale. Four years later I graduated with honors. When I got my 'A. B.' I felt that I was fully equipped to go out and conquer the world. I secured a position in a large brokerage firm in New York and by hard work and constant application I was soon promoted to assitant manager of the company.

"About the time I received this promotion I fell in love with a beautiful young society girl from Baltimore. She was a very beautiful and charming woman, well educated, but a little frivolous. I thought this due to her desire to be sociable and to her excessively lively spirit. Well, I married her. We built a house in one of the suburbs of New York,—a house almost exactly like yours in every detail. The gardens, too, were much the same, even to the stream and lily pond.

"We were very happy for a while, but I soon discovered that my wife was a regular butterfly—if you will pardon me. She fluttered here and there attending all the functions of the best set in New York. She spent lavishly and my savings soon dwindled to naught. I worked doubly hard and soon earned another promotion. But my increase in salary was, for her, a signal to fly higher.

"I soon became bankrupt. I kept this from my wife and appropriated some of the firm's money to invest in stock. At that time there were many gold mines in Alaska producing very well, so I put the money in the best one. Stocks went up and I got more money. But the more I made the more my wife spent. The prospectors of the gold company discovered a new and tremendously rich vein and stocks soared to such a price that I was just about to sell out and live on 'Easy Street' for the rest of my life when an earthquake destroyed the entire property. I was ruined. My wife pressed for money,—the company discovered the deficit, and I confessed all."

"The owner of the company for which I worked was the father of an old college chum, so he did not prosecute me; but my wife—unfaithful to the last—left me. My property was sold and I was a pauper.

"I drifted from bad to worse, and in three years I was old, broken, dejected. A year later I was in the poor house. They say it is written on the gates of hell, 'All who enter here leave hope behind.' Lad, the poor house is hell!

"I stayed there for about five years, and then I felt as though I could start out in the world again. I went from job to job, but I was always fired for dreaming. Just a year ago, while walking along the highway, I saw 'Briar Hill.' It reminded me so much of what I used to be that I came in and applied for a job. The gardener took me on. I worked faithfully for a while, but some invisible force seems to drag me to the edge of that lily pond and there I sit and—dream. No doubt you found me dreaming here these last two nights—well—these pictures! That's my story. Good night, lad. Leave me to my dreams; they are all I have."

I rose and left; so affected was I that I would not even say good night.

As I neared home I saw the dim light in the study. A man entered the door just as I mounted the steps. When I entered dad was waiting in the hall.

"James told me that you were over to the middle cottage. I want to see you in the den."

I followed. He took a seat well back from the table and motioned me to one in the full rays of the lamp. For a few moments neither of us spoke and although I could not see his eyes I knew he was studying my face.

"You have been over to see the man in the cottage?" he said at last.

"Yes, dad."

"You may come into the factory with me in the morning."

THE STOIC

(A Rondeau)

By A. G. Yenoham

I sit and smoke when things go wrong—
More soothing than the sweetest song
To take my pipe and easy chair,
And then, while snugly settled there,
I blow my troubles right along.
I read in faces—hope—despair—
I see the men depressed with care.
I listen to the children's song—
I sit and smoke!

Another's trial I'll not share,
E'en though to man it doth belong;
Of suffering toil I'll not think long:
Let each one his own burden bear—
I sit and smoke!

The Triumph of Faith

By John F. O'Brien

PROLOGUE

When merry hearts are gathered round the board
And luscious viands favor every eye,
The merriment and mirth of joy unstrained
Holds high dominion over every heart:
And, thus, contented, nature seems to gloat
Upon the goods of bestial appetite,
And gorge the passions with supreme delight.
The slave that labors 'neath Self's cruel yoke
Has no law other than his own proud heart.
In such an hour fair virtue has no voice,
Nor any gracious gift of God revered.
The truly noble joys of human life
Are scorned, and pleasure's imitations sought.
'Tis strange! how true the ancient fates foretold!
That man—the image of his God—should seek
The fleeting baubles—in a mortal life—
That period of test when he should strive
For fitness worthy of eternal praise!
Man's nature—soul and body—both must give
In just proportion their full worship due:
Each one the other's mate in joy and woe
So each must offer homage to their God.
The fruits of earth the body's rightful food,
But joys of grace and virtue feed the soul.

Part I.

The mighty chieftain's well attended hall
Rang echoes of festivities and joy,
While all the charms that beauty lends to grace
Enshrine the chamber, and sweet rhapsody
Its own celestial majesty declares.
There at the foremost of the board, serene,
The daring Aldermalt, with eminence enclad,
Had ta'en his place. His fawning sycophants
Close to him sat and loudly cheered his words.
The golden goblet's brimming edge had bowed
Its tempting lustre to his gracious smile.
E'en woman's charms had vied his love to share—
Yea! every heart sought Aldermalt the proud.
The fiery unset cast its glowing shade
Against the purity of Heaven's blue,
And loudly forth yon monastery bell
Proclaims in clarion notes the twilight hour.
The simple peasant, who with labor's hands
Works out his simple livelihood in peace,
Hears Heaven's accents in the sound supreme,
And bends a suppliant knee to God in prayer.
The holy monks with unity of heart
In holy chorus raise their voice in praise
To him whose name is first among all men.
E'en gorgeous nature now adores its God,
And stands in awful silence deep and long.
Anon the feathered minister of song
To the strange stillness of the forest calls,
But hears no answer save its own faint voice
Re-echoed in the solemn, silent awe.
Now, far and wide the holy notes advance,
And cheer each heart and breast with thoughts of God,
Far into silent distance pierced the sound
More faint, but sweeter as it floats around.
The lull of banquet fascinates the proud,
When silence once again resumes its reign,
When each would feign some novel jest to make
And bow, applauded, by a lustful group.
'Twas such a gap in Aldermalt's great feast
That heard the notes of yonder holy bell,
As sweetly through the gorgeous hall of joy
It echoed forth the rustic's pious prayer.
The chief with bloated face—from pleasures weak,
Peered into faces—each like his own.
No word he spoke until the last faint note
Had melted into air—and broke the spell.
"What arrogance!", exclaimed the host with rage,
"To halt the joy of Aldermalt's delight,
To send those sombre sounds of gloom and fear
Into the happiness of banquet halls!"
"We be revenged," a noble loudly cried.
"Let Aldermalt his signal give, that we
His subjects may with fiery brand and sword
Devour all that dwell within yon wall."
The board with ribald voices are accord,
And meretricious warriors grasp their blades,
And each with seeming effervesence plights
His fealty to Aldermalt, the proud.
But as the mighty cliffs remain unmoved
When angry winds assail their rocky breasts,
So did the leader of these nobles stand—
With weaponed hand extended o'er the feast.
"Peace! Hold ye back! My gallant brother peers,—
Force ruins and lays waste—what joy might use,
While thoughtful action saves—and yet destroys."
At this the mawkish adulating hand,
With maelstrom force they cheer the wise reply,
And fulminating oaths against the monks
Were hurled, and threats of torture freely cast.
"Within those cloistered precincts can be found
Full many a jeweled article of prayer—
Those treasures, gifts of faith and hope, are ours
And we must have them," Aldermalt declared.
"Yea, that we must," asseverates a thane,
"But, brother lords, our profit lies in skill.
Let Aldermalt's wise counsel be our guide,
And to his prudence offer we our swords."
To this the flattered chieftain, smiled his thanks,
"Then hear me! Masters!" Aldermalt replied,
"I'll gain admittance there, and once within
The jewelled wealth is ours and else what's found.
Thereto in penitence well feigned—I go,
And beg the quiet of lonely cell,
My solemn mein, and meditative step
Will them convince—and thus my plans succeed;

Tomorrow's sun shall find you all arrayed—
And e're he smiles full faced upon the earth
All shall I greet outside those cloistered walls,
And lead you to the treasured house of prayer.
But be ye armed—and steeled—each his best
Lest superstitious rustics—us pursue
And if discovered—in disgrace we die."
The chieftain rose, and every sword unsheathed
Spoke loyalty across the festive board—
And each his solemn promise did proclaim
To greet tomorrow's sun 'neath cloistered walls,
Or die in the attempt to keep his oath.
Then each unto his several castle went,
The minstrelsy now ceased its merry notes—
The flambeaux cooled and twilight gathered round
The silent chamber of supreme delight.

Part II.

Before the thick of night obscured the land
The monks their simple vesper hymn had sung,
And as they slowly leave the holy place
Each eye falls on the bent form of a man
A stranger garbed in solemn black and plain.
His head in reverence bowed and face cast down,
His step was slow, and garments marked by age,
A wooden figure of the Christ he holds
And as the holy hermits pass him by
They see him kiss with pressing lips again
The sacred wounds of God's eternal Son.
At last the gray haired prior meanly clad
Receives the stranger with unfeigned respect.
"What seek ye here, good Brother?", then he asked,
"Wouldst thou thy sinful life in sorrow purge
Until thy soul is cleansed of every stain?
Whence came thee, and what seek thee here to find?"
To this the black garbed visitor replied.
"Thou holy man of God, I crave your leave,
To spend the finish of my sinful life
Within these cloistered walls with God and thee
Where I may learn salvation's worth in peace.
Yes, sinner blacker than the worst in name
I've been, and now my fleeting days are few,
These would I give to God in prayer and love
And give my wealth and liberty to you.
If thou hast ever loved the wandering sheep
Be thou a shepherd to this erring heart
Into this happy flock receive this soul
And call it back from Satan to its God."
"Not all thy wealth, if 'twas in measure twice
The value of the earth," the monk replied
"Could buy for thee a monastery cell,
For only those whom God hast sent can live
At peace, within these consecrated walls.
For know thy humble mein and suppliant voice
Ca nbetter buy thee entrance than thy Gold.
Go thou into this house of God and speak
Thy aching heart to Him who sees thy griefs.
Behind that holy door resides in truth
The sacramental presence of thy God.
The flesh that bled on Calvary's gory mount,
That tread the dusty roads of Galilee—
Within that sacred tabernacle lies
And begs to pour His grace upon thy heart.
Here, e're the beads thrice told by thee, I'll come
And if this holy yearning still persists
I'll grant thee entrance to this holy place.
Then canst thou give thy suffering soul to God."
No word spoke Aldermalt, nor raised his face
But grasped convulsively the prior's hand,
And pressed its fingers to his guilty lips.
Then slowly turning, slowly wends his way
Into the awful presence of his God.
As one whose erring step in forest wild
Delivers into groves where serpents sleep,
The cursed reptile will by lustful gaze
Attract the careless eye with mighty hold,
And bound in frightful dread the victim stands
A breathing statue, but devoid of thought.
So did that proud and fawning Aldermalt
With peering eye, and palpitating heart,
Within that sacred solemn silence pause.
A tremor thrilled his frame, his very soul
Bore accusation strong against his hopes,
As one that sculptor's blade had carved—he stood
In posture permanent until the glare
Of the impending sanctuary light
Allures his eye and wakes him from the trance.
"Alone," he whispered as he viewed the flame
That flickered high above the holy place,
And then in accents trembling murmured low,
"What fools are they who enter here to speak
With God, where only silent darkness reigns
And hope to hold in his abundent house
Sweet converse with the Saviour of the world.
Delusion's slaves, their lives and treasured gold
Surrendered up to manifest their trust
In Him, whose sceptor rules the universe.
This generous hypocrisy be cursed!
Think they that Heaven's joys are bought with gold.
Aye! such is blasphemy to tempt the Lord
To seek for bliss exchanged for earthly wealth.
I do remember well but when a child,
My saintly mother oft did bid me come
Into the precincts of this holy place
And to my sacramental king proclaim
My love and proud allegiance to His throne.
But 'twas her strange simplicity that wrought
Those stupid fantasies of faith in her,
Behold! I stand and see no golden throne
Where from a thorn crowned Saviour rules the world.
Could He who fills the sun and moon with light
Reside in darkness unattended here?
Why 'tis a sin against the truth of God
To thus impose upon the mind of man."
He paused for thought, the silence seemed to halt
The thoughts of his perverted intellect.
The darkness and the hush of death that stilled
The echo of all sound of mortal man
Declared its dreadfulness in awful terms.
The ruby lamp light flickered o'er his head,
And prayerful shadows round him freely cast
As if the heart blood of the Christ was shed,

To free his soul from Satan's bounds at last.
And now, the moments fled in constant pace
And each succeeding second bore its thought—
Of days that were, when faith had blessed his soul
With peaceful joys and hopes of other days.
A reverie of fear and faith, in twain
Divides the struggling of his worried mind
Fear of his God, lest Justice claim His rights,
Faith, of a fear conceived, with dreadful shame,
A step, but scarcely audible, is heard,
And as it slowly, softly treads its way
Into the darkened silence of the place
The proud and trembling Aldermalt knelt down
To greet the simple visitor's approach,
And thus deceive the humble man of God.
The holy prior aged with years of love
Had labored loyally his tasks to do,
With weakened step and candle light he comes,
And lays with care his consecrated hand
Upon the shoulder of the kneeling form.
"Come, now, my son," the holy monk enjoined,
"Arise, and follow me, thy guide and friend,
Into our holy monastery come
And ever keep in mind thy Savior's love."
"I come, grave Father," Aldermalt replied,
Then quickly rose and from the holy place
Retreats in silence with the simple monk—
Into the sacred house of peace and prayer
Where charity and joy in union reign.
The shepherd kindly led the sheep-clad wolf
To whisper words of comfort in his ear,
They pass through silent many chambered halls
Until before a barren cell they pause.
The fawning Aldermalt there stands composed.
"Here shalt thou rest in slumber's holy sleep."
The prior said in kind, parental tones.
"Thy weary frame shall find a calm repose,
Thy soul a peaceful freedom from thy sins.
Here free from worldly heraldry and pomp.
Thy thoughts may dwell on Him who rules the world.
My blessing on thee, then, my son, in Christ,
Let not temptation thwart thee from thy end.
Know every crown is worthy of its cross
And may the holy angels thee defend."
The monk withdrew and softly closed the door
And left the half bewildered man alone,
Who in confusion anxiously attends
To the faint echoes of retreating steps.
Now silence comes again, but not with peace
For Conscience calls to Justice to decide
The depths of wickedness that did conceive
This woeful project 'neath devotion's cloak.
The wand'ring eyes of Aldermalt reviewed
The sombre vision of his lonely cell,
And as he stood in contemplation's hold,
The strangness of his chamber rests his thoughts,
And awakens in his mind reflection's train.
All teeming luxuries had been replaced
With poverty's and hardship's keenest fare.
No gorgeous hall invested with designs
Of famous human handiwork was there;
No merry gathering round festive board,
Or charming smile of gracious damsel fair;
No minstrelsy or comfort tempting couch
No luscious fragrance to delight the sense,
But only an undecorated place,
Enclosed in barren walls—though full of grace.
"What, rest me here?" proud Aldermalt exclaims.
"Rest here, where comfort cannot yield to sleep.
To lay a weary frame on naked boards
And strive to calm a mind on sleepless rest.
Can they who dwell within these envied walls
Find vigor in a darkened house of prayer,
Sufficient to sustain exhausted limbs?
Can they stout labor's heavy task embrace
And have no other resting place but this?
If such is true, then wisdom has been false
And magic deviltry of hell supreme.
Traditions wildest dreams could not portray
A rashness more devoid of truth and right,
Than to impose on weakened minds of men
These bold conceptions of fanatic fools.
There never breathed a mortal mind on earth
That could deceive great Aldermalt's keen eye,
This chamber is the prison of their hate,
Where simple visitors are kept in stealth
Lest anxious faith encourage further stay.
Have not the masters of the canvas told
With perfect truth the affluence of monks?
Have not the greatest swords of war been drawn
To win dominion over hermits cells?
'Twas not the silent darkness that they sought
But wealth extorted from believeing men.
Yes, holy monk, thy hated wisdom finds
No calm, responsive, humble heart in me.
Your seeming love and charity of words
Cannot conceal your bold hypocrisy.
Yes, here I'll rest, until the dawn of day
And e're another choir note is sung
Your jeweled house of prayer I will divest
Of every worthy movable I find.
Perhaps, e're mid day has attained its height
Thy stupid heart shall rest in death's repose
Then shall thy chanting servants know in truth
That faith is naught but foolishness of mind.
Yes, I shall rest, but not until I know
Your superstitious power is dispelled."
He turned, and quenched the candle's flick'ring light,
And darkness fell with sudden magic haste.
The frightened Aldermalt at once approached
His barren couch and laid him down to sleep.
The weary tasks on mind and body's strength
Had called to nature for a calm relax.
Determination's will can not repel
The force of sleep, when tired shoulders yield.
The gifts of God to Nature's voice obey;
And sleep must ever its allegience pay.
The silent darkness joined the weary breast
To fold the eyes of Aldermalt in rest
And soon a still and silent slumber held
Dominion over Aldermalt the proud.

Part III

Proud Aldermalt with morpheus is at peace,
And fancy paints with sombre shades the scenes
That guilty conscience views in full array
Before the vision of the sleeping eye.
Imagina ion bids his heart recall
The joys of other days that were unloved
His heart sustained by Mem'ry's sacred trust
Now feels the impulse of its sweet delight.
'Tis true that mortal man can not divine
The thoughts that guility bosoms oft conceal,
But nature by design has so composed
The human of a spirit and the flesh,
That e'en while slumber holds its calm domain
The mind may picture scenes of dreadful awe.
What though the darkness folds its curtain round
What though the silence whispers not a sound,
What though the quiet of holy cell
Hears not the anguish that a tongue could tell?
Yet must the flesh its lowliness confess
To every mandate of the spirit's voice
The dictates of a conscience bound in sin
Can pierce its mighty message through the heart
And terrify the mind that sees it face,
E'en though its dreaded visage comes in sleep.
And so it was with Aldermalt, the proud.
Why does that moan of anguish—so profound,
That deep convulsive whisper of despair
That poor confession of a sin bound mind,
Now break the solemn silence of the cell?
Why sighs that bold dissembling penitent
As if the burthen of a calvary's cross,
Its cruelty had pressed upon his strength,
As if to crush the spirit in the flesh,
And torture every member of the frame?
Ah! Ye whose faith by sorrow has been tried,
Whose love has heard the sad response of grief,
Whose sweet devotion all in vain was spent,
For thankless hearts whose throbbings scorned your sighs—
Ah! Ye who trust the won'drous ways of God,
Whose mercy and whose justice might contend
For high supremacy o'er heaven's Lord—
Know well and oft consider in your heart
That mercy crowns Compunction's fervent brow
With jewels brighter than the beams of day—
While justice has a rigour all its own
That gives to each the sanction of his deeds.
That heavy respiration of the breast,
Those moans that even horror dreads to paint,
Confess the presence of a seeming thing
That mankind cannot witness unconcerned.
It is the visage of a guilty mind
That haunts his conscience with its peering eye—
And brooks no poor deception of the heart
But judges jus ices in each detail.
This messenger of truth had come to seek
Conviction for intended sacrilege—
Within the presence of the Living God.
Yet not alone, come this unerring judge
For love has ever been to justice true,
And thus the God of justice did decree
That truth should come attended by His love.
But with His love and justice God did send
The image of a conscience bound in sin
Together with the breast that gave him life—
To pass eternal sentence on the soul
That spurned the loving justice of its God.
E'en though the darkness bore to sight no face,
Yet did the eye in slumber see with dread
A vision faint—by mem'ry brought to view,
And each detail of sweet maternal smile.
By fancy shaded with celestial hue.
The creature of the dream approached the couch
With step angelic and with smile serene
The precious locks of gray that crown her brow
Seemed radiant with a lustre most sublime.
Her eyes in sparkling brilliancy were turned
With loving tenderness upon her son,
And now her face—like heaven's choicest beams
Resplendent with the peace of joyous faith—
Reflected well the glory of her soul.
And as the wondrous vision nearer drew
The sleeper seems more troubled in his heart,
Fain would he speak, but words had fled his lips
His mind reminded, but could not recall,
The thoughts of childhood days awoke again,
And sins of manhood 'rose in awful train.
The sleeper—sleeping started from his couch
And wrapt in transports of unearthly dread
Thus spake he to the vision of the night.
"Thou sacred soul of heaven—whence to me,
In all thy strange fantastic lovliness
Dost thou revisit thus this wretched place?
Canst thou who once have fled this mortal sphere
And mounted heights of peace and joy sublime,
Return to mock the dwellings of the flesh—
That once rejoiced to hold thy presence dear?
Pray, tell me, spirit if thy outward show
Plays imitator of the holy breast—
That oft in youth did nourish me with love?
If thou hast tidings—evil or divine;
Pray speak that I may do thy holy will.'
He paused, the vision nearer took its stand
Before the trembling Aldermalt—
"My child" the thin lips of the face,—returned,
That beamed in pure tranquility and joy—
"Whence came thee, and what seek'st thou here to find,
Why hast thou turned thy steps from merry halls
To enter cold and silence cells of prayer?"
"To serve my Lord," proud Aldermalt replied
"To serve my king—the father of all truth."
To this, at once the vision answer made,
"Then thou must first be true to thine own self
E'er thou canst be sincere to God or me,
Thy mother and witness of thy sins."
Here boldly spoke the fawning Aldermalt.
"Thou speakest strange indeed,—what dost thou know
Of thing concealed beyond all mortal ken?
What sins of mine have grieved thee to behold—
Thou hast found salvation ne'er to end?
Confess thou not the weakness of thy plan

To test the faith of you h's simplicity,
I feared thee first—but now I fear thee not,
A spirit damned can not escape its den,
If good it wills not to desert its joy.
Hence neither good nor evil canst thou be
But something born of human fantasy,"
He smiled a scornful smile, then strove to rise,
But strength had weakened and in posture bound
He strained in effort to erect his frame—
But vain the effort, and he kneeling paused.
And soon in sweet response this answer came.
"Alas, my child! Thy pride has made thee blind
To beauty and to wisdom unsurpassed,
Each word of thine has pierced my broken heart
That bleeds with love to turn thee from thy ways.
Pray pause, grant me but time to show thy soul—
Thy sinful soul, that mercy is supreme
O'er truth and justice. Love must conquer all.
No! not with treachery nor artful snare
Came I from heaven to tempt your troubled soul,
The love I bore thee here on earth still thrives
With ferver purer and with strength more strong.
I see each thought of sin that stains your soul
I saw the bold intent that led thee here,
Well might thou shield publicity with men
But God foresaw thy sin e'er thou wast born.
Child, Aldermalt, my son, my boy, alas!
What wickedness did tempt thee to despoil
The holy place of God's eternal Son;
To rob the Infinite of earthly wealth,
And bind thyself forever to be doomed
To tortures unrelenting in their grasp?
Thou canst not well deny these words, my child,
For God has opt thy conscience to my view,
Thy wickedness of life and faithless deeds,
Indeed have filled my heart with sadness full
Thou hast been faithless to the sacred trust
Of love thou promised me long years ago
When innocent of every wicked deed
Thou pledged thy word to shed thy blood for God
E'er thou should'st see His temple thus profaned.
Where is the courage and the faith that thrived
Within in thy bosom when thou spoke these words?
Thy faith proclaimed thee blessed with all its joys,
Then lived thou in the presene of thy God
Oh! Wretched child! Oh, miserable son!
Let not that thought of scorn dart at my heart,
Let not the tempter tempt thee desecrate
The holy tabernacle of thy God.
Let not the voice of flattery resound
Its vain applause like trumpets to thy soul.
E'er not long since thou sought for strength to rise
But strength thou hast not—like thy soul—thy frame
Must be subjected to the will of God.
When thou in mockery didst kneel in prayer
Before the sacred presence of thy God
Why didst thy doubting heart reject the truth
And threaten ruination to His shrine?"
A pause,—a sigh—a silence deep and long,
E'er words returned with comfort to her lips,
"Now, thou canst rise, thy fear bound heart shall learn
The wisdom and the power of my words,
Thou shouldst have perished in eternal flames
Had not the Virgin Mother pleadings made
For thee to God that thou mighst know His grace;
And once restored, thou shouldst become more pure.
Arise—and follow whither I proceed."
Speak not, nor disobey less thou be cursed
As one unworthy of eternal love."
A silence—strange, majestic, and serene,
And then the vision moved in solemn sway
To quit the cell of Aldermalt the proud.
The guilty sleeper conscious of his fear,
Moved slowly like a thief in shackles bound,
With trembling step succeeds the spirit's path.
Out! Out! into the darkened halls of prayer,
The vision leads the horror stricken man.
In silence both approach the massive door
That unseen hands of power opens wide.
Out! Out! the vision passed into the night
On! On! the trembling Aldermalt succeeds
And now the spirit pauses on its path
And looks with stern affection toward the spot
Where stood the fawning villain of deceit,
When he had sought admission to a cell.
And soon again advanced in further step.
At last the chapel's pondrous portals ope
To greet the vision followed by its slave,
The darkness echoes not the step that treads
As lightly as the footfall of a bird.
Into the holy place where dwells in peace
The wondrous majesty of heaven's King,
Before whose face the angels fold their wings
In rapture boundless and in joy sublime,
Comes saint and sinner both in equal awe.
"Here shalt thou kneel, my son," the mother said,
Until thy heart has well been taught the truth
That faith is not the shallowness of fools
But wisdom more profound than knowledge knows."
She paused—the silence heard his heart confess
The presence of a panic striken soul
In accents throbbing, like a bleating lamb.
As when the golden gate of Pheobus bright
Ascends the eastern mount of early sky
The brilliant lustre of his gorgeous darts
Convert the land from darkness into light—
And sooner than the tongue of man can tell
The eye again enjoys the power of view
The hills and vales that stretch in distance far;
So did the dark and solemn house of God
Abound in sudden brilliancy of light,
More searching in their strength of magic rays,
More teeming the effulgence of their might
Than lighting flash of unperceived delay,
That flashes in the night from pole to pole.
So solemn was the wondrous speed of light,
That e'en the scultured marble from their base
Were startled into living things with thought,
And images of saint and angel pure,
That smile in holy innocence of heart,
Like magic from their canvas came to life,
And gathered all before the throne of God.

Here, now, great Hippo's pride of lofty thought
Appears with her whose tears were spent to buy
Redemption for her wandering child of sin,
And there the furrowed cheek of Peter's face
Is seen amidst the choirs of the true.
From yonder niche the Gentile's holy prince
Descends as one endowed with power to move
By faith—the sluggard mountain to the sea.
Mark there the face of her whose tears did wash
The sacred feet of God's Annointed Son,
And there the smile so radiant with joy
Of him who died exalted with his God.
Behold, yon chorus of seraphic souls
Present their homage with angelic voice;
And, as the numbers of immortal saints
Advance in concourse from the distant view,
Their Queen, the Virgin Mother of the Christ,
Appears in splendor, brilliant in its grace.
The joy of heaven,—its sweetness was not known
Till she, whose breast had fed the Son of God,
With Glory came attended by the pure.
But now the scene extended far and wide,
And naught of earthly glory held its place.
The barren walls had vanished into air,
For nothing of the human could withstand,
The grand sublimity of Heaven's Queen.
Yet as the mist that rises from the land
Reflects the brightness of the God of Day
Whose beauty sparkles in the dewy fields;
So did the brilliancy of creatures dull
Before the light and lustre of the Face
That now appears exalted on His Throne
In uncreated majesty divine—
The judge of mankind and the Lord of all
The mighty Saviour of a fallen race,
The well beloved Son of God on High,
The Wisdom of Eternal Truth and Love.
He came as one whose scepter could proclaim
Dominion o'er the thoughts and souls of men;
As one whose strength the mountains well might dread;
Whose rigour even devils fear to tempt.
Amidst the splendor of Celestial Court,
Proud Aldermalt of mortals, knelt alone,
No earthly praise could free him from his guilt
Of crime and sacrileges yet undone.
Here in the presence of this Holy Scene,
The culprit must appear for judgment just,
By self accused as worthy of the death
That finds its waking in Eternal flames.
Upon a Golden Throne the Saviour sat,
Surrounded by unnumbered blessed souls;
Close by His side His Holy Mother stood
And looked with tender eyes on Him she loved,
And then on him whose terror sought her care.
But ere one word of sorrow had been told
Or mercy begged for sacrilegious thoughts
The mother of the wretched man appears
And to her Saviour speaks from bended knees;
"Great Lord of Hosts, thy pity we beseech;
Be thou, O Christ, the Saviour of the soul
That thou hast purchased from damnation's grasp,
And teach the heart of this my fallen child
The wisdom worthy of a Christian faith.
Teach him, my Liege, the truth thou hast proclaimed
That not alone in heaven dost thou dwell,
But since the days when Thou didst grant to men
The wondrous power to declare on earth
The sacramental presence of Thy Love,
Thy kingdom has forever been supreme
Within the Holy temples of thy Law.
Thee, Holy Queen, on suppliant knee I beg—
Implore thy Child to pardon mine for me."
To this the Virgin Mother answer made.
"Thou blessed soul! let Justice rather speak.
Though mercy is of God, yet Truth must guide;
The tears and holy prayers shall not be lost.
Full often has the heart atonement made
For deeds of sin—by one of Love Supreme.
Hence I shall call on him for whom thou pray'st
That he may know how worthy is thy love."
Then from her place the Holy Mother moved
And near the kneeling sinner took her stand.
She gently lays her hand upon his head,
And looked with love into his tearful eyes.
"My son," she said, "why dost thou so to us?
Behold, thy mother and my heart have sought thee long,
Why dost thou spend thy days in fleeting joys,
That end in disappointment and despair?
Why wouldst thou seek to desecrate the shrine
Of God, whose presence dwells within i s walls?
Hast not the gory mount of Golgatha
Revealed the depths of love thy God didst sound
That thou migh'st learn salvation's joys in peace,
And render loving homage to His Crown?
Arise, my child, your soul's immortal life
Must not in regions cursed be confined.
Approach the Throne of Mercy and implore
Forgiveness—and be reconciled to God."
Her words no sooner spoken, strength revived
Within the frame of Aldermalt, the proud;
He from the posture rose and slowly moved
Confused and trembling toward the feet of Christ.
Before the sacred figure of the Judge,
The sinner paused—and fain would raise his eyes
To gaze with rapture on the face of Him
Who came to save the wandering sheep of God.
But Grace has ever been compunction's peer;
And sooner than repentence could confess
Its sorrow for offences offered God—
The Saviour spoke forgiveness of them all.
"Thou helpless friend, thy unrevealed lament
For days of faithless duty I accept
As spoken, resolutions to amend.
Well, hast thy holy mother made thee safe
By tears and supplications for her child.
Well, has the Queen of Mercy raised her voice
In thy behalf that faith might bless thy heart
Once shining with the hope and love of God.
Behold! thou art restored once more to Grace;
Preserve thy treasure better than thy life,
For faith is more acceptable than fame.
Henceforth when thou art tempted to deny

My sacramental Presence in this shrine
Remember thou—that God became a Man
That mankind might again return to God;
That once restored, my people could retain
My Flesh and Blood—to fill their souls with Grace.
My blessing on thee child of holy prayer!
Thy holy mother's tears were not in vain,
May thou be worthy to enjoy her love,
When thou hast learned Salvation's way in peace!"
A broken heart can not contain its grief,
When anguish darts affliction through it soul.
Then would the tears of sorrow comfort bear,
Or stir sweet consolation in the breast;
But lamentations can not tell with truth
The secret sufferings of human minds
That learn too late the folly of their ways.
And pierce like daggers hearts that bleed with love.
And thus with Aldermalt; his heart would speak,
But lips that tremble can not pause for thought.
He gazed as one restored from death to life
Upon the face of Him who rules on High;
And then in agitation of the soul,
Prostrate he fell before the feet of Christ,
And kissed with fervency the sacred flesh
That pride had nailed in triumph to the Cross.
There in the ecstacy of blissful awe,
The weeping Aldermalt returns to God.
Repentence has won Mercy to her side,
And Mercy has borne Justice recompence,
And Justice has found favor with the Truth,
And Truth has conquered all—and favored God.
He raised his eyes aloft to greet once more
The Saviour's loving smile that would console
The sore distress of his poor troubled heart.
But gone were all the beauties of the court:
The fair angelic choirs had dispersed,
And martyred saints and virgin vanished all.
No smile of sweet maternal love remained—
No vestige of a glad celestial hall;
But in its stead, a dimly lighted place
Enclosed by dimly shaded walls of stone
Wherefrom great marble images looked down
With smiles complacent on the scene around.
There o'er the Altar, elevated high
Reposed the Bleeding Sacred Heart of Christ
A brilliant flame effusing from its crown,
And all round a brilliant lustre cast
Of strange etherial, effulgent hue.
And now an angel pure, all garbed in white,
Descended and unlocked the Holy Door,
That served protection to the Sacred Host.
Then from its place the bleeding Heart did move
And slowly entered 'neath the Holy Shrine,
That shed a lustre brighter than the sun.
At once—the Heart, by God's almighty hand,
Transformed its likeness into that of Bread
A Wafer round—a brilliancy divine—
That e'en the angels fell down and adored,
And Aldermolt a low prostration made—
Then sudden darkness came—and he awoke.
The dark and solemn silence of the cell
Could not bear comfort to the troubled frame
That knelt in terror on the barren floor.
His chill-clad flesh confessed its broken might;
And frantic glances of unseeing eyes
Brought horror keener than the smile of death.
He peered into the blackness of the night,
And naught was seen but images of wrath—
The grim creations of a guilty mind.
A moan profound—he fell upon his face
And prostrate lay, as if the strength of life
Had failed beneath the burden of his mind.
Unconscious, in the holy cell of prayer,
The form of Aldermalt exhausted paused
Till native gathered courage should restore
The faint and stricken victim of his pride.

Part IV

At early morn the holy monks arise,
And sacred chant to Heaven forth they pour;
And as they raise in choir their voice to God,
A sudden rush of hoofs is clearly heard.
Lo! sounds of raspy breathings fill the air
With sacred worship offered to the Pure.
Now closer comes the cavalcade of thieves,
Who soon dismount and tread with stealthy step
Beneath the shadow of the holy walls.
They come prepared for murder and for loot,
With weapons drawn and hoards for booty's trust,
With stern determined lips of cowards brave
That tempt the danger when it is no more!
At last the leader of the loyal band,
Attended close by armed conspirators,
Has reached the holy monastery door;
When suddenly, as if by magic wrought,
The band is greeted by their royal lord—
A happy victim of His Saviour's Love.
"Ah! well thy wisdom now deserves success,
My Lord," leered one with understanding smile;
"Let Aldermalt declare his wise designs
With haste, that fate may suffer no delay."
"Nay, tarry all!" exclaimed the regal chief,
"My wise designs have faltered in their plans.
Success indeed has come though undeserved
And by a law I never thought to know;
For faith has taught what folly would despise.
That which I mocked, I now revere and love;
That which I scorned, I now respect and dread.
Depart ye all unto your happy hearths!
My days of pomp and splendor are no more—
No more my days of crime and violence!
Take that which royal blood has left—my fame!
But leave me to my sorrow and to God."
A sneer of faint grimaces greet his eye—
A smile of doubt—lest truth be here confessed
And frustrate hopes, defeated at their goal—
Reflected in the faces of the knights.
"My Royal Prince, thy meditative step
And words of penitence might well convince
The unsuspecting—of an honest mind.
But come! the dawn of day more brilliant turns;
Let our intents be satisfied at once—

And we, the subjects, richer by the deed!"
So spake the weaponed chieftain; and his words
Were sanctioned by a flash of greedy swords.
But Aldermolt, with native courage bold,
Composed his statue firmly at the door
And firmly swore conviction of the truth:
"'Nay, stay ye back! nor dare approach this place!
My word of honor proudly have I spoke
That, ere one deed of shame should mar your names,
My blood shall stain the brightness of your swords,
Whose keenness I defy to pierce my flesh.
The evil I have sought you to perform
Has that within its heart which death deplores
This house of God shall never be despoiled
While Aldermalt can strike against the deed
Do ye not call me—'faithless! coward! dog!'
My hand can not be traitor to my heart.
Go! go in peace! and ponder in your souls
The sudden change of life in one who sinned.
Know well that love is richer in its faith
When hope of future glory lights the path.
Destroy my walls—my castle raze to earth;
My knightly board by fire turn ye to smoke;
Take all that's mine—but leave me undisturbed
To pass my days in sorrow and with God."
He bowed his head and gazed with tearful eyes
Into the angry faces of his friends;
He turned and moved in silence from the place
And left the disappointed band alone.
With cursing from the Monastery gate,
The scorning nobles slowly wind their way—
And swear that ruination must attend
The castle and household of the slave
Who tried their honor—but to tempt their wrath.
Meantime the monks—their trust in God prevails
By persevering prayer—remain unharmed;
And as they rise to leave the Shrine of Peace,
The weeping Aldermalt with humbled step
Advanced before their view and meekly kneels
Within the presence of the living God.
"Pray! hear me! Brothers!" sighed the tear-wet lips,
"Pray! harken unto one whose voice must speak
The truth that God has pictured to my mind.
'Ere yester's sun had left the sky tonight.
Thy saintly prior did I, kneeling, beg
To grant me leave my sinful life to purge
In flames of self abasement—here to dwell
As one unworthy of eternal love.
Yet was my words unloyal to my heart
I came with thoughts deceptive and accursed,
And God has shown their evil to my soul.
For while thy peaceful slumbers did prevail,
My night a troubled silence did afford
To teach my soul the errors of its ways.
Here in the presence of the living God,
Whose jeweled throne I sought to desecrate,
Was I adjudged a culprit for my pride
And worthy of my Saviour's lasting hate.
I stood where death conducts the soul of man
When flesh no longer proud domain holds.
Around me gathered were the saints of God;
Within their midst my mother dwelt in joy.
Mark! there the face of her whose words did cheer
My soul-disturbed by thoughts of utter woe,
And there the smile of Him that bade me arise—
To love in sorrow, and to sin no more!
Here, Holy Father do I speak my heart—
My sinful days, with sorrow I confess.
Take thou this worthless frame unto thyself
And teach it how to know the Will of God.
Do thou receive me not as one of thine,
But as the servant of thy lowest son.
If faith sincere and love has e'er conceived
A yearning more complacent in the heart,
Teach Aldermalt the way to make his pure."
He paused the tears of grief like flood waves swell
Within the breast that faith had purified.
A heart more contrite never did implore
Forgiveness from a minister of God.
The aged prior's years of long retreat
Had not found peniten tso deeply sad.
The tears of sorrow moved him to accept
The humbled sinner as an erring child.
"My son, arise! Thy sins are not too great
For God to pardon," said the holy monk,
"Take courage! Faith and love can conquer all;
Lo! Mercy has a power all supreme.
Thou hast within this temple found thy peace.
Within this temple—peace thou must preserve;
Within thy heart let naught but love have place,
And love will bear thee fruits of joy and grace.
From hence thy stall shall be reserved for chant;
Thy garb shall mark thee as a chosen son—
As one whose days were offered up to God—
A living holocaust of love and prayer.
Thus when the Saviour calls thee to Himself
Then thou canst give a worthy soul to God."

Epilogue

No more the chieftain's well attended hall
Rings echoes of festivities and joy;
No more the golden goblet's brimming edge
With gracious lustre tempts the fervent lips;
No more the charms of beauty strive to share
The painted smile of Aldermalt, the proud.
The georgeous shrine where pleasure was supreme—
And massive turrets—speak a sorry tale:
The twilight hovers o'er a ruined scene
That pride and evil hearts have since replaced;
The simple peasant still with labor's hand
Works out his humble livelihood in peace,
The holy bell still offers prayer to God;
But now its sacred echoes are more sweet,
For bent in pure communion with his Lord
The monk of Penitence serenely kneels,
And thanks his Maker with a contrite heart
For love that sprang from faith in sorrow's breast
And each succeeding twilight hears his voice
As Heaven's blessing—in the sound supreme.

FINIS

The Villanovan

Published Bi-monthly by the Students of Villanova College

Vol. V FEBRUARY, 1921 No. 3

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Editorial

CARDINAL DOUGHERTY

IN the name of Villanova College, its Faculty and students, "The Villanovan" deems it an honor to offer congratulations to Philadelphia's first Cardinal, His Eminence, D. J. Dougherty, D.D.

This pre-eminent dignity, truly merited and well-deserved, marks a signal recognition on the part of The Holy Father for our distinguished prelate, and brings with it special honor to the Archdiocese.

It is "The Villanovan's" earnest hope and expectation that the progress of the Archdiocese, which was evident in the regime of Archbishop Dougherty, will see further advancement under the zealous administration of His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty.

"Going, Teach All Nations!"

Whatever the Catholic Church, the visible living witness of Truth, strives to do for men, she meets invariably with opposition. In carrying out the commission of Jesus Christ, her every way has been strewn by the enemy with the thorns of malice; particularly in her endeavors to lead men from ignorance to truth; from the way of darkness to the way of light; from the narrow and morbid shackles of error to the "Truth which would make them free."

The Catholic Church has ever been the only infallible teacher of religious truth. Her right to this distinction is a consequence of the divine commission given her by Christ Himself. He not only established her to teach the nations of the world whatsoever He had commanded, He not only promised to abide with her until the fulfillment of that commission, but He emphatically assured her that the Powers of Darkness could not prevail against her word.

In her loyal adherence to the conviction that she is the mistress of truth the Church of God has allowed the martydom of her most devoted children, permitted whole nations to fall into the most deplorable errors of the mind, and she has even experienced the destruction of Christian unity—the effects of which—even to this day, keep so many misguided souls out of the true fold of Christ. Every age has seen its heresy. Every century has afforded novel interpretations of Christian dogmas and morals—and with their days the novelty perished—while the Church remained unaltered and supreme.

Even though the proud infidel mocked her simplicity and faith; even though the rebellious apostate seeks to overturn her shrines; even though mighty kings have sent armies to subjugate her; even though the prejudiced historian points to her as the only obstacle to the progress of civilization; even though the misinformed scholar brands her as the enemy of learning in order to promote her own mysterious doctrine—yet time has proved the wisdom and powers of her founder who preserved her firm and immovable amid the storms that beset her on every side.

Among all the charges brought against the Church there is none more false or insidious than accusations asserted by modern students of instruction.

To brand the Church of Christ as the enemy of learning is an outrage against Truth itself; for the contradiction involved in the statement bears its own refutation. The mission of the Church to teach the Word of God, the records of her widespread propagation, the innumerable and eminent scholars that have dwelt in her sanctuary, and the prodigious and awe inspiring monuments of wisdom that remain as evidence of their talents—all bring overwheming proof that the Church of God has ever been the patroness of true learning and the protectress of its dissemination.

It is true that she has been, and still remains the opponent of false doctrine. She has condemned heretical teaching and excommunicated their obstinate authors.

She has forbidden her children to peruse the writings of anti-Christian teachers, she has warned them against the false philosophy of misguided zeal,—the Church, indeed, has been the protectress of truth and the determined enemy of error—no matter where that error exists.

If it is the duty of the Church to teach the truth—it is likewise her right to correct falsehood and prevent its diffusion. If it is her duty to bring before all men the true principles of life and religion, it is likewise her right to impose the severest sanction on those who strive to frustrate her endeavors.

It can not be denied that this duty and right are logical consequences of the divine commission which she holds from Christ—"Going, teach!"

It is the boasted glory of the twentieth century that we have emerged from the dark ages of Christian superstition and now flourish in an

enlightened era of progress. We take great pride in pointing to our advances in scientific and social professions. Men have become so convinced of their own efficiency, so engrossed in the materialistic and atheistic tendencies of modernism—that they are ready to lay aside the assistance of God and the protection of His Church. They question every tenet of revealed religion, and seek to explain the dogmas of faith and morals on purely rationalistic basis. They strive to explain the miracles of Christ and His Apostles as deceptions of over-credulous minds. They prefer the opinions of prejudiced and misguided critics—on questions of faith and morals—to the testimony of God's infallible witness and legislator. They are willing to retain the old traditions of Catholicism and to respect her time-honored ceremonies as remnnants of a religious captivity; but they insist that no authority—not even the Church of Rome—may halt the progress of that influence which they are pleased to call "Modern Culture."

When we view the ungodly propaganda of blasphemous instructors—the sinful writings of rebellious creatures—we, indeed, have just reason to fear the wrath of the Creator. When we observe the universal spread of such pernicious doctrine, we tremble to think of its consequences. Observe for instance, the end and purpose of the scandalous pen—the ruination of God's Kingdom on earth—in

OUR MODERN LITERATURE

The daily periodicals are teeming with crimes against the individual, the family, the state, and even God Himself; heresy, revolution, divorce, and vicious habits of life are recorded as incidents of daily interest.

Since the days of Christian supremacy the world has suffered a radical change in its moral, intellectual, and social conditions. How can the facts of present day life be explained? Has the Church of Christ failed in her mission? Have the Powers of Darkness triumphed over the Spouse of God? No! In the words of Our Saviour—"the enemy has done this"—and by no other means than by the materialistic, atheistic, and immoral teachings of modern literature. The pen, indeed, has become mightier than the sword. Where persecution failed, false doctrine flourished; where cruelty and barbarism accomplished nothing the seeds of poisoned error bloomed and cast their infection over the face of God's earth; the human race has not only turned from its God, but has actually opposed Him.

The average reader of to-day prefers the rationalistic and scientific teaching of modern culture to the simple truths of faith and holiness. He prefers to follow the fashionable attitudes of social life even though its philosophy is absurd, its application to human life impossible and its consequences disastrous.

Enter the public library of leading cities and glance over the catalog of books that are at the disposal of the public. Examine the up-to-date novel or romance, and you will be astounded at the audacity that prompted its publication. The ordinary theme of the best selling magazines is not only salacious and suggestive in its ideas and diction, but very often positively and brazenly scandalous and indecent.

They are lauded for their polished style, their elegance of language, and their masterly descriptions—while at the same time—the main source of delight for many of the reading public is the accurate details of immorality, the gorgeous delineations of lewd characters, the positive defence of anti-Christian principles, and bold opposition to the divine and natural laws. Vice in all its vividness and pleasant appearances is portrayed in glowing and charming features. Sin is embellished with all the beautiful figures of speech and thought that corrupt minds can conceive. Crime is described with all the charitable exonerations of deceptive logic—while immorality, divorce, and atheism are positivley sanctioned as the "whim of the public mind which must be satisfied."

But it is God who must be satisfied, not the insignificant creatures He fashioned out of clay. And God, the purest of beings could not sanction the modern literature of today as worthy of His approbation. Men may strive to hide behind the social influence of ambiguous maxims;

but the truth which is of God must assert its dignity.

"The pen is mightier than the sword" and a stab of a poisoned principle conceals a wound that may result in spiritual death. But death defeated death—and so the pen must defeat the pen. Catholic thought and doctrine have no superior in the realm of truth. The writings of Christian teachers stand as imperishable monuments of wisdom and charity.

It is the duty of Catholics to coöperate with the influence of Catholic publications, by loyally sustaining the traditions of Christian dogmas and morality, and by striving to develop to its greatest efficiency every organ of Christian edification and social betterment.

It is the duty of every Christian man and woman to denounce the immoral literature of the day as the enemy of social progress. Social peace follows the peace of the individual conscience—and there can be no peace in the human heart while man supports, in any manner, the sinful teachings of modern literature.

Opposition to the further spread of scandalous literature will test and prove a Christian character. The harvest is great; the laborers few. But you are laboring with God Almighty and under the banner of Truth. Therefore right and morality must prevail.

National Catholic Press Month

THE VILLANOVAN exhorts its readers to use their influence in making March, the National Catholic Press Month, one of overwhelming success.

Let us endeavor to correct some of the prevalent opinions regarding our Modern Literature and thus "do our bit" towards the spread of a more wholesome press.

The New Administration

The Inaugration of Warren Gamaliel Harding as the twenty-ninth President of the United States is an event of more than passing significance. The decisive repudiation of the policies of Woodrow Wilson by the American electorate and the election of the Republican candidate clearly and emphatically reveal the determination of the American people to preserve inviolate the Constitutional principles upon which the Republic is founded. The two administrations of Woodrow Wilson have been characterized by a spirit of executive autocracy which disregards the constitutional powers of the legistative branch of the government, and by the abuse of the extraordinary prerogative which were conferred on the President during this country's participation in the late war. The Republican party, therefore, has been placed in control of the National Government for the purpose of restoring the constitutional powers of the three Branches of Government, to formulate a foreign policy that will be in keeping with the traditions and best interests of the Republic, and to find a solution for the many problems that threaten our domestic peace and happiness.

It will be the duty of President Harding to provide immediately for the restoration of the normal functions of Constitutional Government. As a means to this end he must summon Congress for the purpose of acting upon the Knox Resolution; which legislates for the making of peace with Germany. Technically we are still at war with the Teutons. Moreover the general character and executive ability of the new cabinet clearly indicate Harding's determination to surround himself with the best minds of the country—men who are well qualified to carry on the work of the various departments, and will be able to advise him in regard to questions of National interest. Much of the weakness of the late administration was due to Wilson's failure to surround himself with big men. He choose men of medicore ability

who were in no wise capable of advising him in regard to the grave problems that arose out of our participation in the late war, and were merely figureheads to whom was entrusted only the routine work of the departments. Furthermore, the President's long service in the U. S. Senate will enable him to realize the necessity and wisdom of cooperating with and depending upon the legislative branch of the Government. His record in Congress was that of a strict party man, and it may be safely presumed that there will be very little executive interference with the powers of Congress during the next four years.

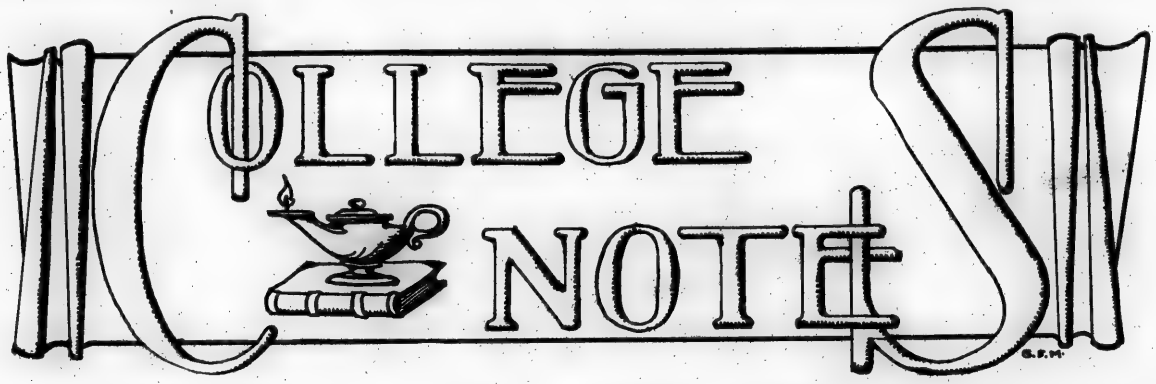
The real test of Harding's administration will be the adoption of a foreign policy that will meet the demands of the radical and conservative elements of the party. The Republician platform commits him to the policy of the "Irreconciliables," Borah, Johnson, etc. If the tremendous vote that the Republician ticket received at the last election means anything at all, it is that the sentiment of the American people is against the League of Nations as it is now constituted. Nevertheless there is a popular demand for an association of nations and enable them to work out their National salvation according to the wishes of the majority and in keeping with the fundamental principles of international law. A secondary purpose will be the elimination of all warlike agencies and instruments.

This can only be realized by the adoption of a general policy of disarmament. The U. S. must enter into an agreement with England, France, and Japan to reduce all standing armies to the limitations of the National defense—to abolish conscription—to put an end to all military and naval construction. If this be impossible then the U. S. must build a Navy superior to that of England, and must increase her armies to such proportions as to be ready to conquer the world. There can be no peace between Nations until the laws of God—Charity and justice are made the basis of all arbitration.

No less difficult will be the many problems that will afford protection to the smaller nations The relation of Labor and Capitol must be so adjusted as to render it possible for the working man to receive a just wage, and for the capitalist to derive a proportionate profit from his investments. The only way to this happy condition of labor is the reduction of the High Cost of Living. When cost of living comes down to pre-war figures, and wages become normal—then we may look for industrial peace and prosperity. The Immigration laws must be so changed as to prevent the flooding of the country with hordes of undesirable aliens without closing the gates to those who might come to our shores to seek happiness in performance of an honest labor and under the protection of American citizenship. Some dispensations will have to be made in regard to the Prohibition Amendment. At the present time the enforcement of the law is impossible. An attempt will be made to put through Congress a Bill legalizing the sale of beer and light wines.

The Executive approval will be sought by an army of lobbyists for a multitude of reform measures—such as Blue Laws—Maternity Laws, Anti-Smoking Laws.

President Harding enters the Presidency with a great deal of popularity which results more from the universal disapproval of Wilson's autocratic regime than any great merit of his own. All classes irrespective of political creed assure him their loyality, confidence, and obedience. That he will leave office with the same degree of popularity as he enters will depend on how he makes use of the golden opportunities that are before him, and his wisdom in avoiding the mistakes of his great predecessor, W. W.



The mid-year examinations were begun on the twenty-third of January and continued throughout the week. The results of the term's work were announced in the Study Hall at 9 A. M. Tuesday morning, February 1, and the second term began with classes at 10 A. M.

LECTURE

On Friday evening, January 7th, an interesting and instructing lecture was delivered in the Auditorium by Colonel H. C. Boyden, representing the Portland Cement Association.

The lecture was under the auspices of the Engineering Faculty, and the speaker dealt mainly with the relative importance of the various ingredients in concrete.

Col. Boyden's paper brought out many interesting and enlightening facts in the recent development of the art of making concrete.

Investigations and experiments carried on at the Lewis Institute in Chicago by Professor Duff A. Abrams and his staff formed the basis for the conclusions now being exploited by the Portland Cement Association which is working hand and hand with Engineering institutions in a country wide effort to perfect the art of concrete making.

The interest of the audience was greatly increased by the fact that motion pictures were used as an aid in bringing out many of the speaker's points. Many new sidelights in this connection were touched upon, and it was apparent that modern methods of research are gradually working toward a common end,—the enlightenment of engineers and those interested in construction to a limit consistent with highest safety of the public in general and the maximum utility of construction materials.

PRISON REFORM

On Monday evening, Feburary 14th, Mr. Edward Morrell, President of Twentieth Century Prison Reform League, delivered a thoroughly cinvincing lecture to the student body on the necessity of prison reform.

Mr. Morrell was formerly a member of a band of outlaws who harassed the Sante Fe Railroad in the West for a number of years. While still a young man, he was sentenced to life imprisonment, but after serving sixteen years of his term, the last five of which were spent in solitary confinement in the San Quentin Penitentiary in California he was released on parole, and subsequently received a complete pardon.

The lecturer related many experiences he had undergone while in prison, and some of the cruel and inhuman tortures he himself had withstood sounded all but incredulous, yet Mr. Morrell has related these same experiences before Congress in behalf of the Prison League.

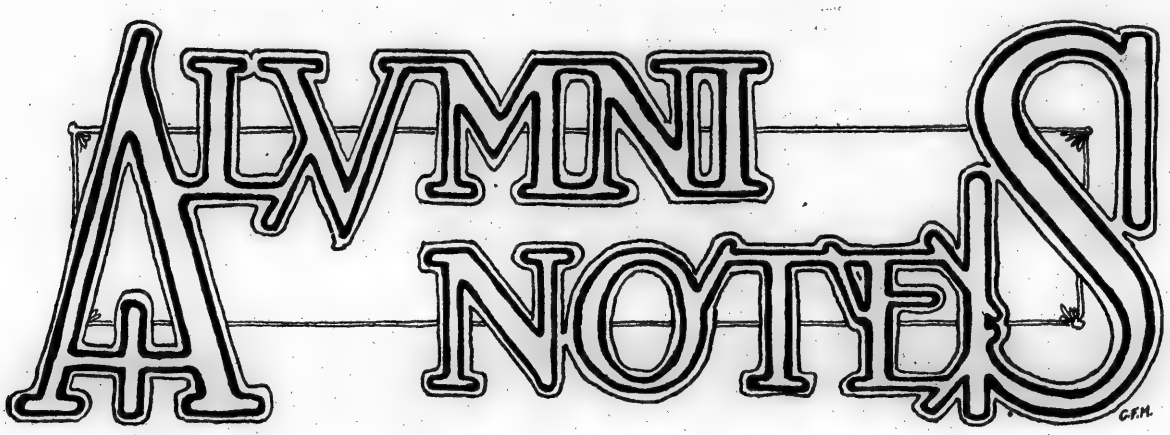
It was Mr. Morrell who first suggested the idea of using prison labor in the building of highways in the West, and although scoffed at in the beginning, this idea has been tried and found to be very effective.

Mr. Morrell was associated with Warden Thomas Mott Osborne for four years in his efforts to establish a saner basis of prison regulations at Sing Sing.

Mr. Morrell's personal reminiscenses made up an interesting lecture and his appreciative audience plied him with question after question at the conclusion of the lecture.

PHI KAPPA PI

A special meeting of the Phi Kappa Pi fraternity was held early in January to consider a proposed merger with the Villanova Chapter of the American Association of Engineers. The members decided to materialize the merger provided it can be done without violating in any way the existing constitutions of both organizations.



Villanova, 25; Alumni, 19

While this article might more properly have been placed in the athletic columns, the inability of the scorer to record successfully the complete list of substitutions for both quintets made it questionable to do so. However, we may vouch for the correctness of the score; Varsity 25, Alumni 19.

When the Alumni, captained by Marty McLaughlin, tripped out on the court they were greeted by a volume of applause from the Alumni Cheering Section which was under the able leadership of "Tom Reap."

The "Grads" lined up with Johnnie Dougherty and "Wishy" Conway, forwards, Chick McLaughlin center and Joe Scanlon and Marty McLaughlin, guards, but before the first half had ended, Frank Feeny, Charley McGuckin and Leo Lynch found their way into the lineup.

The play was fast and furious, much "line plunging" and "end runs" being interspersed with some streaks of real basketball.

The first half ended with the Alumni on the short end of a 12-9 score.

The second half saw a different lineup on the floor for the Varsity, and McGuckin, Feeny, Doughetry, Lynch and "Butch" Thornton proved a speedy combination for the Alumni.

A better brand of basketball was seen in this half, although much mirth was provoked on one occasion when Leo Lynch thought he had an open field and started to run with the ball tucked under one arm. But Jimmy Mitchell was on the job and made a beautiful flying tackle which sent Leo headlong into the stands.

Davey Ward, Jim Monahan and Marty Connors also helped out in this period, but the varsity was out for a victory and they were leading 25-19 when the game ended.

Johnny Dougherty "starred" for the Alumni with four field goals, beside playing a good floor game. Feeney and McGuckin also managed to toss a few in and Charley proved efficient in foul shooting.

Mitchell, with six field goals and one foul point, was the mainstay of the college quintet. Teddy Hammond and "Phin" Vize also made the "old timers" sit up and take notice.

Judging by the success of the evening, it is highly probable that the Alumni game will be made an annual affair.

John Jones, David Farley and Joseph Waugh, '21, employed by the Thos. E. Murray Co., of New York, spent Lincoln's birthday at the college.

Thos. J. McCormick, '20, is now a member of the faculty here. His fitness for the work is beyond question. We wish Professor McCormick complete success in his new position.

DR. NOLAN

Dr. Edward I. Nolan died on Friday, Jan. 7th, at his home in Philadelphia.

For fifty-eight years Dr. Nolan was recording librarian of the Academy of Natural Sciences.

Born in Albany, N. Y., he came to Philadelphia as a boy and attended Central High School. Later he matriculated at the University of Pennsylvania, receiving a degree from the Medical School.

In recognition of eminently deserved merit Villanova bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Science.

It was quite a pleasant surprise to have Edward "Cap" Hennessay visit us a few days ago. For the past few years "Cap" has been residing in (Sunny France?); after serving with the A. E. F. for two years, he was honorably discharged, and thereupon accepted a position with an American Engineering firm doing reconstruction work in Northern France, remaining with them until his return to this country, which was about three weeks ago.

WEDDING BELLS

Lieut. "Ted" Voight, U. S. Cavalry, and a former student here was married in Kansas City Christmas day to Miss Isla Rose Farrell of Little Rock, Ark. The couple will reside at Fort Riley where Lieut. Voight is on duty.

Lieut. Voight went overseas from Camp Devens with a machine gun battery, but upon return secured a transfer back to the branch of the service in which he was originally assigned and received a permanent commission. We extend our heartiest felicitations to the new couple.

Among our recent visitors were; Rev. Urban Barrett of Braddock, Pa.; Hon. Thos. Darby, State Senator of Flordia for eight years and one of the oldest of our Alumni; James Murray, who is now located in Syracuse, N. Y.; Jas. (Staten Island) Kelly and wife; Raymond Larkin and wife; Alfred Marlowe, York, Pa.; Jas. J. Egan, Niagara University, N. Y.; Jno. P. Grandfield, Phila., Pa.; Jack Cronin and Walter O'Connor.

Eugene Dowd and his bride visited here while on their honeymoon. To the young couple we extend our best wishes for a career of marital happiness.

A Personal Essay

By Emmett A. Flynn

I HAVE often wondered what it would be like to write a personal essay, and one day while pondering this question seriously I suddenly realized that a very good way to find out what it was like, was to sit down, take up my pen, and write one. Well, whenever a mighty conclusion like the above dawns upon me, I generally act upon it; so I have carried out the first two points to the letter, for I am actually sitting down, and you can see that I have taken up my pen, but as to writing a personal essay—well, I am stuck. What shall I write about? I pause in order to think (oh, yes, I do "think" now and then) what this personal essay is going to be about.

I have decided to write a personal essay, on

"Writing a Personal Essay." Now I think that ought to be interesting, to me, at least, anyhow. I can have the satisfaction of causing my aforestated wonderment to cease, and at the same time I may turn out to be a personal essayist;!x?! Newman turned out to be the greatest master of prose in the nineteenth century and here I am perfectly satisfied to become the greatest master of "sitting down, taking up my pen and writing something" in the month of January. I have often wondered (this seems to be an essay on what I have often wondered) whether Miss Bronte didn't really start to write a "camouflaged" personal essay when she wrote Jane Eyre and just imagine her personal feelings when her manuscript turned out to be a wonderful novel; or, again how really like a series of Personal Essays is that delightful book by Jean Webster, "Daddy Longlegs," and how pleased and surprised Miss Webster must have been when she saw her book dramatized and its title emblazoned on Broadway. Of course, I don't expect to see the title of this emblazoned anywhere, but, at least, I'll have started to write "Did Mr. Shakespeare expect to become a "Shakespeare" when he first sat down, took up his pen, and—paused to think what he should write about? As a matter of fact, does any celebrity decide to be a celebrity the first time he tries on his first pair of shoes? I am sure that the Fat Lady of circus fame never dreamed she could attract so much attention until she made an effort and applied for the job. I once read a book of personal essays. (Don't get excited; I have not decided to write a book of them. I'll be perfectly satisfied if I get this finished. I'm getting wobbly already). and I thought they were really the most delightful kind of reading I had ever indulged in.

The book was something on the style of a diary, but it was not merely a record of events, "Arose at 8; hurried to class; missed breakfast," etc.; but rather it was a record of daily impressions; or little chats in which the author seemed to philosophize with himself.

Now I don't want to start everybody philosophizing with everybody else. The best place to practice that is in the Philosophy Class, but I would like to read another, or a few more books of good personal essays and if his starts anybody writing them, I'll be one of their first devotees. Of late I have been feeling very much like philosophizing. Recently a professor assigned me a paper on the "Fakirs of India," and, really, I was tempted to write on, "Why Go to India for Fakirs?" but I was afraid the said profesesor would "call my bluff." I wrote the paper as it was assigned to me, and, to appease my appetite for philosophizing, I am writing this. I have been rambling along quite glibly and whether the trail I leave behind me is a personal essay or not remains to be seen. In case any of my readers might have their doubts as regards my sanity, I had better inform them what my idea of a personal essay is. To write, or rather to start, a personal essay, all one has to do is to jot down an account of impressions received daily or otherwise, be they made on a journey, in the class room, in one's den or elsewhere.

I seem to have gotten this one started all right, but how to get it stopped is now my main difficulty. When one goes up in a balloon and one wishes to stop going up, all one has to do is to step out of it, and one will stop going up all right.

Now I seem to have been sailing quite high on my airy hope-plane of being able to write a personal essay so I guess I better just get out of it as easily as possible and the bump when I land on earth will bring me back to my senses.



Villanova, 43; Catholic U., 40

Villanova opened her first season with basketball as a major sport, by defeating the fast Catholic University team 43-40.

The game was nip and tuck throughout and furnished a real treat for the basketball enthusiasts who filled every available space in the gymnasium.

Largely through the superior shooting of Dunn, the Washingtonians' star forward, C. U. came out on the big end of a 21-20 score in the first half.

The second half was an exciting one as one team and then the other took the lead by a few points.

Dunn was closely watched this half and managed to cage but two baskets. Laughlin, Ryan and Sid Sweeny came through with three two pointers each in this half.

Sid's two long shots near the close of the game gave Villanova a three point lead, and proved the deciding factor in the Villanova's victory.

VILLANOVA

	Field Goals.	Fouls.	Points.
Sweeney, forward	3	0	6
Ryan, forward	4	7	15
Pickett, center	2	0	4
Laughlin, guard	4	4	12
Jones, guard	3	0	6
Totals	16	11	43

CATHOLIC UNIV.

	Field Goals.	Fouls.	Points.
Dunn, forward	7	3	17
Kelley, forward	4	0	8
Taylor, center	0	0	0
Ebberts, center	2	0	4
Lynch, guard	3	0	6
Gleason, guard	0	5	5
Totals	16	8	40

Referee—Lewis. Timer—McDonald. Time—20 minute halves.

Villanova, 31; St. Joseph's, 22

Villanova won its third straight game by defeating the St. Josephs' College five at Villanova, Saturday, January 15, the score being 31-32.

St. Joseph's showed unexpected strength but were unable to check the Blue and White scoring combination. The first half ended with Villanova on the leading end of an 18-13 score.

Sensational long shots from mid-floor by Ryan, Sweeney and Jones at the outset of the second half decided the issue in favor of Villanova. St. Joe's scored but five field goals in all, only two being caged in the second half. Devine, however, managed to cage 12 out of 18 of his foul tries, while Ryan caged eight.

After Villanova had taken a good lead, Coach Saxe sent in his second team and his charges acquitted themselves creditably.

Temple did well for St. Joe's.

VILLANOVA

	Field Goals.	Fouls.	Points.
Ryan, forward	3	8	14
Sweeney, forward	4	0	8
Pickett, center	0	0	0
Jones, guard	2	0	4
Laughlin, guard	2	1	5
Totals	11	9	31

ST. JOSEPH'S

	Field Goals.	Fouls.	Points.
McDermott, forward	2	0	4
Deady, forward	1	0	2
Temple, center	1	0	2
Devine, guard	1	12	14
Treacy, guard	0	0	0
Totals	5	12	22

Substitutions—McDonald for Jones, Conway for Pickett, Hammond for Conway, Connelly for Sweeney, Mitchell for Ryan. Referee—Gieges, Temple.

Villanova, 31; Temple, 28

Villanova outclassed the strong Temple University quintet at the Armory, in Philadelphia, on Saturday, January 8, scoring a 31-28 victory.

The playing was close throughout, with Villanova leading 18-15 at half time.

Despite the fact that each team scored 13 points in the second half, Coach Saxe's charges had the Temple players at their mercy in this half allowing them only 2 field goals. O'Brien's foul shooting accounted for the other 9 points.

Sweeney and Ryan stood out for Villanova, while Griffin, Temple's ebony-hued forward was the mainstay for the Philadelphia aggregation.

Navy, 46; Villanova, 20

After winning three straight, Villanova received a 46-20 setback at the hands of the Navy five at Annapolis.

The Navy team, composed of five rangy athletes as it was, strung out a three man defense which the Blue and White passers could not fathom.

Time and time again Villanova sent five men down the hall with the ball only to lose it under the basket. Whereupon the Navy tossers would then attack Villanova's goal, now unguarded and score with comparative ease.

Navy led at half time, the score being 32-8. Both teams sent fresh men in for the second half and the playing was more even, Navy scoring 14 points while Villanova made 12.

P. M. C., 31; Villanova, 27

Largely through the effective foul shooting of Riley, the Blue and White passers went down to defeat at the hands if the Pennsylvania Military College at Chester. The final score was 31-27.

P. M. C. took the first half handily, the score being 20-11. In the second half, however, the Villanova quintet roused themselves and made it a nip and tuck game until the last minute.

Each team scored nine field goals, but Riley counted 13 times on fouls. Ryan was weak on foul shooting and gave way to Laughlin who caged eight foul goals in eleven tries.

Ryan and Niblow each had 4 field goals and Jones had three.

Villanova, 42; Lebanon Valley, 35

Villanova broke into the winning column again by defeating the strong Lebanon Valley outfit 42-35, in the most exciting game of the season on the Villanova court.

The game was hard fought from start to finish, and it was the splendid team work of the Blue and White aggregation which accounted for the victory.

Lebanon Valley, unable to penetrate Villanova's defense, began shooting from mid-floor with amazing success. Moore was especially proficient at this, and caged six baskets, most of them being long shots.

The game was remarkably clean for such a fast game and good shooting was prevalent.

Frankie Pickett starred for Villanova with six field goals, and also displayed a fine brand of floorwork.

VILLANOVA

	Field Goals.	Fouls.	Points.
Sweeney, forward	4	0	8
Ryan, forward	4	8	16
Pickett, center	6	0	12
Jones, guard	2	0	4
Laughlin, guard	1	0	2
Totals	17	8	42

LEBANON VALLEY

	Field Goals.	Fouls.	Points.
Wolfe, forward	4	0	8
Stauffer, forward	0	0	0
Wolf, center	2	0	4
Cohen, guard	3	0	6
Moore, guard	6	5	17
Totals	15	5	35

Referee—Lewis, Haverford. Timer—Quinn. Time—Two 20-minute periods.

Fordham, 31; Villanova, 22

After playing a nip and tuck game in the first half, Villanova lost to Fordham University 31-22 through poor shooting in the final period.

The Bronx Collegians took the lead at the start, but Ryan caged several pretty shots and kept Villanova in the running, the first half ending 16-15 in Fordham's favor.

Fallon broke loose and scored four field goals in the second half and Gordon and Kelly contributed one apiece.

Villanova was able to cage but two field goals in this period, Sweeney and Ryan getting one each.

Jack Ryan was high scorer with fifteen points —five field goals and five points of free tries.

Fallon and Gordon each made ten points for Fordham.

Villanova, 44; Rahway, 17

As Villanova was the only team to defeat the Rahway Y. M.C. A. five last season, Rahway clamored for another contest this season.

Villanova scored a decisive 44-17 victory over the New Jersey aggregation and duplicated last year's feat of being the only team to defeat them.

Ryan, Sweeney and Pickett scored almost at will in the first half, the score at half time being 23-12.

Rahway scored but five points in the second half although Villanova's second team was placed on the floor for the final ten minutes.

Miller, with four field goals, was Rahway's only redeeming feature.

Ryan was higher scorer with 7 field goals and 4 fouls for a total of eighteen points.

West Point, 47; Villanova, 17

Villanova received its worse setback of the season when it went down to defeat before the fast Army team at West Point to the tune of 47-17.

The first half was hard fought, Army taking the honors by a 14-9 score.

In the second half, however, the Army bombardment was too much for the Blue and White defense, and chiefly through the clever shooting of Bonnett, French and Dabezies, the cadet five overwhelmed the Villanova aggregation, taking this half by a 33-8. score.

The characteristic courtesy and good treatment of the Cadets and players alike, toward Villanova teams was in evidence as usual, and in passing, THE VILLANOVAN takes this opportunity of thanking West Point for its many acts of good sportsmanship.

Seton Hall, 28; Villanova, 14

Still suffering from the effects of the severe drubbing administered by West Point the night before, Villanova succumbed to the fast Seton Hall quintet at South Orange, the score being 28-14.

Both teams played a slow game in the first half, Villanova registering but three points on foul tries. Seton Hall did little better having only two field goals and four foul goals, giving them an 8-3 lead.

Flynn caged seven field goals for Seton Hall in the final period, while Ryan, Sweeney and Pickett managed to cage one each for Villanova.

Crescent A. C., 40; Villanova, 21

For the third game of the New York trip, Coach Saxe started his second team against the undefeated Crescent A. C. team at Brooklyn, and threw a scare into the Halfmooners when Vize, Mitchell and Conway scored in rapid succession, putting Villanova in the lead at the outset.

The former collegiate stars, however, were too fast for the Blue and White passers, and soon took the lead, finishing the first period with a 21-9 lead.

The first string men were sent into the game in the second half, but could not check the Brooklynites, who again took the honors scoring 19 points to Villanova's 12.

Parmele was the individual star of the game with 8 field goals and 6 points on fouls for a total of 22 points.

Fordham, 24; Villanova, 17

Four games in succession proved too great a strain on the Villanova quintet and after leading for three quarters of the game, they went down to defeat at Fordham by the score of 24-17.

The huge crowd which filled the 69th Regiment Armory in New York City was given a real basketball treat for it was one of the hardest fought games of the season.

Much unavoidable roughness was in evidence due to the fastness of the game.

Villanova took the lead at the start and was leading Fordham by the score of 12-10 at the completion of the first half.

For five minutes after the opening of the second half, neither team scored. Fallon, finally broke the ice with a long shot which tied the score for Fordham.

Then Ryan counted again for Villanova. Gordon contributed another field goal and a free try and Ryan kept Villanova in the lead by following suit.

But the pace began to tell on the Blue and White aggregation and with six minutes to play, Fallon caged three in succession while Gordon contributed another field goal and 3 points on fouls.

Except for two more successful foul tries by Ryan, Villanova could not seem to locate the basket, although they fought hard until the final whistle.

Fallon and Gordon scored all of Fordham's points, each player making 12 points.

VILLANOVA

	Field Goals.	Fouls.	Points.
Mitchell, forward	2	0	4
Ryan, forward	1	5	7
Pickett, center	2	0	4
Laughlin, guard	1	0	2
McDonald, guard	0	0	0
Totals	6	5	17

FORDHAM

	Field Goals.	Fouls.	Points.
Healey, forward	0	0	0
Fallon, forward	6	0	12
Gordon, center	4	4	12
Culloton, guard	0	0	0
Kelley, guard	0	0	0
Totals	10	4	24

Substitutions—Hammond for Mitchell, Sweeney for Ryan, Conway for Pickett, Stocker for Healy. Refcree—Parmale.

Villanova, 36; Temple, 24

After the disastrous New York trip, Villanoved staged a strong "comeback" by defeating Temple University for the second time this season, the score being 36-24.

Ryan, Sweeney and Pickett did the bulk of the scoring in the first half and gave Villanova a 20-15 lead at half time.

Temple scored but three field goals in this period, nine of their points being accounted for by O'Brien's foul shooting.

Temple opened the second half in a speedy fashion, field goals by McPeck and Gross and two points in free tries giving them a 21-20 lead on Villanova, before the Blue and White quintet were properly in action.

Villanova soon took the lead again, however, and McDonald, Pickett and Sweeney sent them further ahead with neatly executed shots.

Laughlin's work in the guard position showed itself at this section of the game, and Temple could add only three more points on free tries.

Villanova succeeded in landing thirteen field goals, while Temple caged only five in this manner.

Ryan was high scorer with four field goals and ten foul goals for a total of eighteen points. Sweeney and Pickett each had four field goals also.

O'Brien of Temple, made fourteen points on free tries, and two more on a field goal, thus scoring 16 of his team's 24 points.

Villanova, 24; St. Joseph's, 14

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 16, Villanova outplayed the St. Joseph's College five for the second time this season. The game was played on St. Joseph's court and the final score was 24-14.

Earl Gray made his first appearance with Villanova this season and played a remarkable floor game, keeping his teammates going every minute.

Ryan, with three field goals and eight successful foul tries equaled St. Joseph's total of 14 points.

St. Joe's was able to score only three field goals during the entire game, while Villanova counted eight times from the floor.

The game was fast and rough at times, but the Philadelphia Collegians at no time threatened the Blue and White quintet, who were inclined to take things easy.

The first half was closely contested, Villanova taking the margin of the 11-10 score at half time. The second half was all Villanova.

VILLANOVA	Field Goals.	Fouls.	Points.
Sweeney, forward	1	0	2
Gray, forward	3	0	6
Pickett, center	1	0	2
Laughlin, guard	0	0	0
Ryan, guard	3	8	14
Jones, guard	0	0	0
Hammond, center	0	0	0
Conway, forward	0	0	0
Totals	8	8	24

ST. JOSEPH'S	Field Goals.	Fouls.	Points.
McDermott, forward	1	0	2
Deady, forward	0	0	0
Crean, center	1	8	10
Devine, guard	1	0	2
Temple, guard	0	0	0
Vizard, forward	0	0	0
Totals	3	8	14

Referee—Lewis. Timer—Quinn.

Exchanges

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following Exchanges.

Georgetown College Journal;
Boston College Stylus.
The Fordham Monthly.
The Gonzaza, Gonzaga University.
The Mountaineer, Mt. St. Mary's College.
The Morning Star, Conception College.
The Laurel, St. Bonaventures College.
The Prospector, Mt. St. Charles College.
The Alvernia, St. Francis College.
The Villa Marian.
Maywood College Bay Leaf.
The De Paul Minewal.
Orange and Black, Latrobe High School, Pa.
St. Vincent College Journal.
Catholic Standard and Times.
The National Catholic War Council Bulletin.
"Onas" Wm. Penn High School, Phila.
"Inas" Philadelphia High School.
St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle.
The Western, West Phila. High School.
The Triad, St. Peter's High School, New Brunswick, N. J.
The Messenger, St. Ritas Hall, Manila.
The Radnorite, Radnor, High School.
The Victorian, St. Viator College, Bourbonais, Ill.
The Vincentian, St. Vincent's Academy, Newark, N. J.



Of all the words
Of tongue or pen,
The sadest are these,
"I've flunked again."

Thirst-Ade for the Inured

Have you a little Thirst-Ade Kit in your home? No household should be without one. It consists of Lemonade, Concordade, some dry stuff by George Ade, and last but not least a goodly quantity of "Home-made."

Raising a family is not as important to-day as in the days gone by. The important thing today is the "raisin" of the family brew.

Not so long ago we looked with great concern upon the gathering of a crowd and nodded our collective heads wisely and said, "There's trouble brewing. Someone's been celebrating."

To-day we see the crowd and say, "There's something" brewing. Someone's been cellarbrating."

The "spirit" of the Times is indeed a "grave" matter.

Thornbury—Loan me a dollar.
Dooley—I can't.
Thornbury—Why not.
Dooley—It's Lent.

He—Girls are more beautiful than fellows.
She—Naturally.
He—No, artificially.

Waiting

The hour grows late
And hungrily I wait
To hear her say
Three words—three little words,
Yet great
Enough to bring completeness to the day.

At last she comes,
Cassandra tall and dark—
Yes! Very dark! A careless tune she hums,
And pauses shamelessly to mark
How her delay has angered or unnerved
The weak among us. Then she snuffles—
Hark!
"Dinnah am served."

Si—My ancesters were all people of brains.

Mickey—Too bad you were disinherited old bean.

Salesman—What size hat sir?

Freddie—I don't know, what size do you wear.

Salesman—6⅞.

Freddie— Gimme 9, 10, 11.

Matt—When Hennie moved out the only thing he left was his writing paper and he could not take that.

Demps—How come?

Matt—It was stationery.

A little incense now and then
Is relished by the Chinamen.

Dooley—Say, Howard, "Y" is the Fourth of July.?

Thornbury—Why is the Fourth of July?

Dooley—It certainly is.

Gerahty (in Drug Store)—Do you sell mirrors?

Clerk—Hand mirrors?

Gerahty—No, face mirrors.

Larry—They tell me Kenny learned to play the piano in no time.

Amby—Yes, I've heard him play it that way.

MacNamara (looking at his broken drum)—Can you beat that?

Mitchell—Not very well.

Nothing ever "stumps" Joe Callaghan. He was determining the percentage of silver in a dime,—and not having a dime, he used two nickels instead.

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And metres of tone,
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Prof. in Religion—What is faith?

Piggy— A man what'll buy hair tonic from a bald-headed barber.

Winker—Do you know that Peggy is an artist's model.

C. R. R.—No! but I notice she is often painted.

Sign in front of a florist's shop in Paris, France:

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Backman—Where is the plot in that story of the grave yard.

O'Brien—Never saw a grave yard without a plot.

Reeves—What team plays here next Sat.

Dawg—Pending.

Reeves—Where does Pending hail from.

McKenna—Do you know that Carnegie and Rockefeller made three millions dishonestly?

Happy—How!

McKenna—Well Carnegie made his in Steel'n Iron and the Rockefellow dug deep for oil shows that it was'nt on the level.

Peirce—What's the matter with your foot?

Jim—Oh! the calf on my leg came down and ate the corn on my toes.

Gates—Does the moon affect the tide.

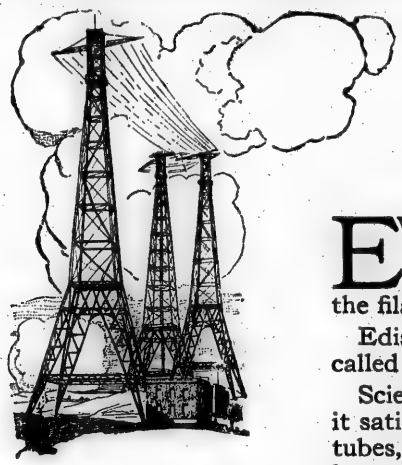
Fleming—Sure.

Gates—No, only the untied.

Peirce—Why are you like a key hole?

Charlotte—I really don't know.

Peir—Why you are something to adore.



How is a Wireless Message Received?

EVERY incandescent lamp has a filament. Mount a metal plate on a wire in the lamp near the filament. A current leaps the space between the filament and the plate when the filament glows.

Edison first observed this phenomenon in 1883. Hence it was called the "Edison effect."

Scientists long studied the "effect" but they could not explain it satisfactorily. Now, after years of experimenting with Crookes tubes, X-ray tubes and radium, it is known that the current that leaps across is a stream of "electrons"— exceedingly minute particles negatively charged with electricity.

These electrons play an important part in wireless communication. When a wire grid is interposed between the filament and the plate and charged positively, the plate is aided in drawing electrons across; but when the grid is charged negatively it drives back the electrons. A very small charge applied to the grid, as small as that received from a feeble wireless wave, is enough to vary the electron stream.

So the grid in the tube enables a faint wireless impulse to control the very much greater amount of energy in the flow of electrons, and so radio signals too weak to be perceived by other means become perceptible by the effects that they produce. Just as the movement of a throttle controls a great locomotive in motion, so a wireless wave, by means of the grid, affects the powerful electron stream.

All this followed from studying the mysterious "Edison effect"— a purely scientific discovery.

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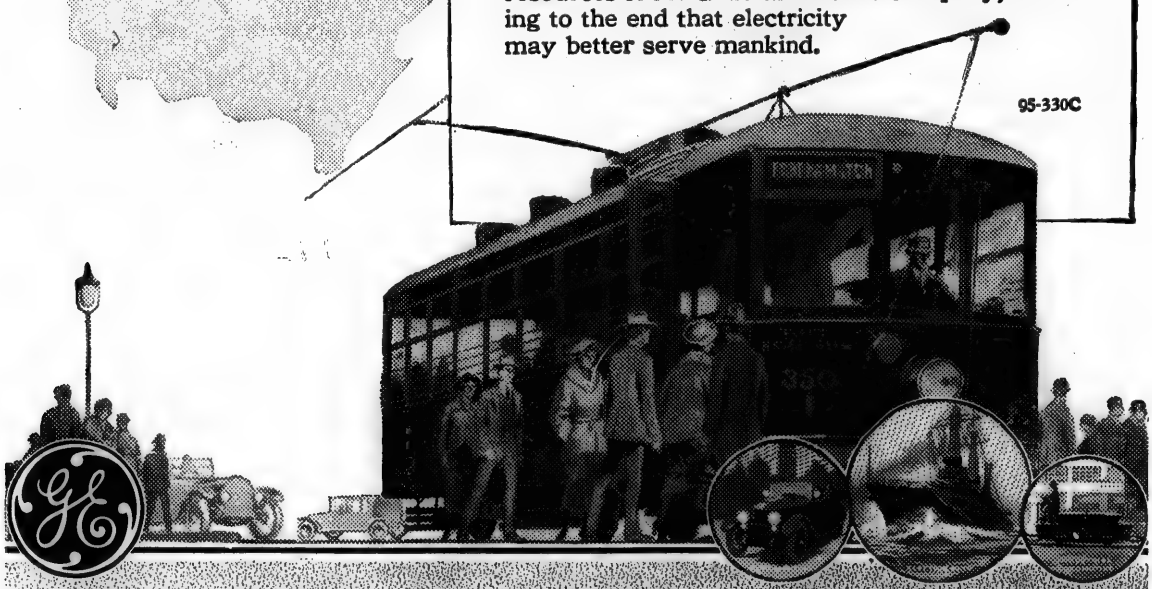
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The Villanovan

APRIL, 1921

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Published Bi-Monthly at Villanova, Pa., by the Students of Villanova College.
Subscription, One Year, $1.50 Single Copies 35 cents
All communications to be addressed to THE VILLANOVAN, Villanova, Pa.
Entered as second class matter October 11, 1920, at the Post Office, at Villanova, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879.

The Villanovan

Vol. V APRIL, 1921 No. 4

ODE TO LIFE

Charles Hart

Tell me, what's this, that we call Life,
With puzzling contraries so rife,
At once so cold, so warm, so full of joy and strife.

What force, what power in thee doth lie!
What might in earth and sea and sky!
Ever working wonders round,
Never making any sound;
Moving meteors in the air,
Filling earth with all things fair,
Creating marvels everywhere!

Thee, finite, man cannot define,
For Logic's light thou dost outshine.
All view thy sacred mysteries with awe,
All pay due homage to thy sovereign law;
Thy praises by all men are sung,
Thy changes through all times are rung;
Mighty, indeed, art thou, O Life!
So full of splendor, joy, so full of pain and strife!

In Memoriam Episcopi

In Memory of Rt. Rev. William Ambrose Jones, D.D., O.S.A.

Fourteen Years Bishop of San Juan, Porto Rico

Died February 17, 1921

The funeral bell tolls out a passing soul,
The funeral dirge arises—sad slow, soft;
While funeral hues our Convent Church enroll,
The Requiem's funeral strains now swell aloft.

Lo! to our view the holy altar rears,
See, twinkling lights a sacred radiance throw;
The solemn catafalque its burden bears—
Ah! precious burden, as our hearts well know!

A Bishop Shepherd, faithful to his vow—
All onerous duties paid his flock to guard—
Dies 'mid his toil, Heaven's seal upon his brow,
A life of sacrifice, a crown for his reward!

Novice and priest and prelate mingle there,
The mighty come and those of low degree.
Departed saint! thy brethren breathe a prayer,
All anxious to proclaim their love for thee.

As shepherd of His flock in foreign clime,
The Lord did have thee go to distant land;
Thou heard'st the call and said: "Thy will, not mine!"
Miter on brow and crozier in thy hand.

Of angels and of men thine was the tongue!
Fair Porto Rico called thee to her field.
Thine was the faith to endure all toils among,
Thy talent's increase to thy Lord to yield.

Thy great soul, in thy feeble body's spite,
Endured the fierce demands of torrid clime;
That thou mighst show thy flock the Way of Right,
Thou fell a martyred sacrifice sublime.

Broken in health thou camest home to die;
Thy people mourn, because they know thy toil—
Thy mighty toil to serve thy God on High,
While saving them within that Tropic Isle.

Before thy weary eyes were closed in rest,
Simply thou wished to lie beneath the green
That covers yonder hillside loveliest,
Amidst thy brethren there to rest unseen.

No stately crypt in grand cathedral shrine,
No stately cortege to a foreign shore,
Yet all due rites of pomp and splendor thine—
Due honors to thy name in fullest store.

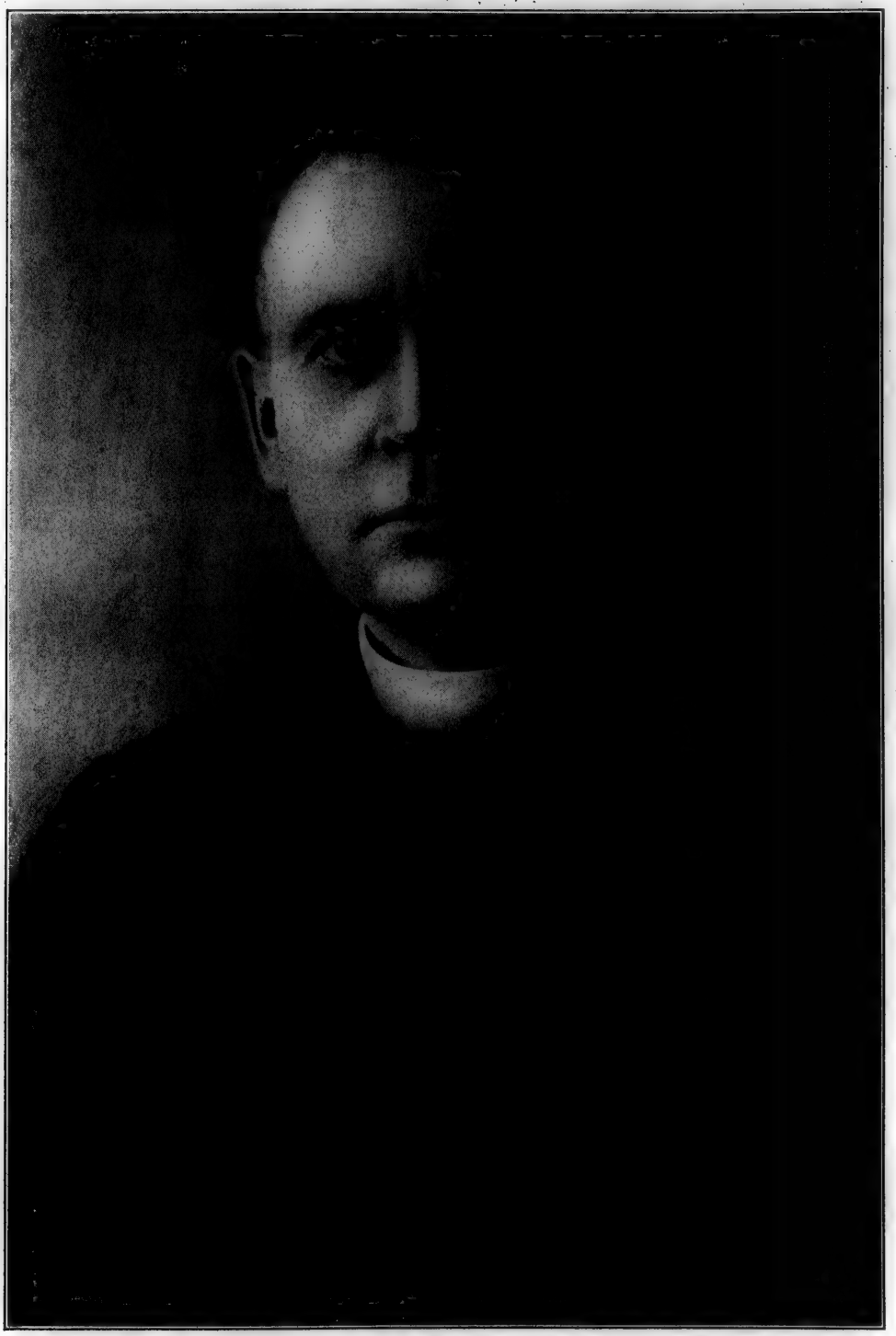
Our humble verse recites thy homage due—
Recounts the tribute that thy friends would pay;
In tribute to thy simple soul so true,
Thy brethren on thy bier this garland lay.

Simplicity the keynote of thy life,
This lesson hast thou taught us young and old:
Be simple of desire, yet strong 'mid strife—
This message taught thy death to orphaned fold.

To show thy love for him in this dire need,
O children of his flock! could you refrain?
Let prayers arise from all your hearts that bleed—
Hearts that by death were well-nigh rent in twain.

Oh! may we through our prayers for him, dear Lord!
Learn to be meek and low of heart like Thee.
His life our guiding star, his earnest word
Leads us through earthly strife at last to Thee.

—Emmet A. Flynn



Rt. Rev. Wm. A. Jones

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Amidst thy brethren there to rest unseen.

No stately crypt in grand cathedral shrine,
No stately cortege to a foreign shore,
Yet all due rites of pomp and splendor thine—
Due honors to thy name in fullest store.

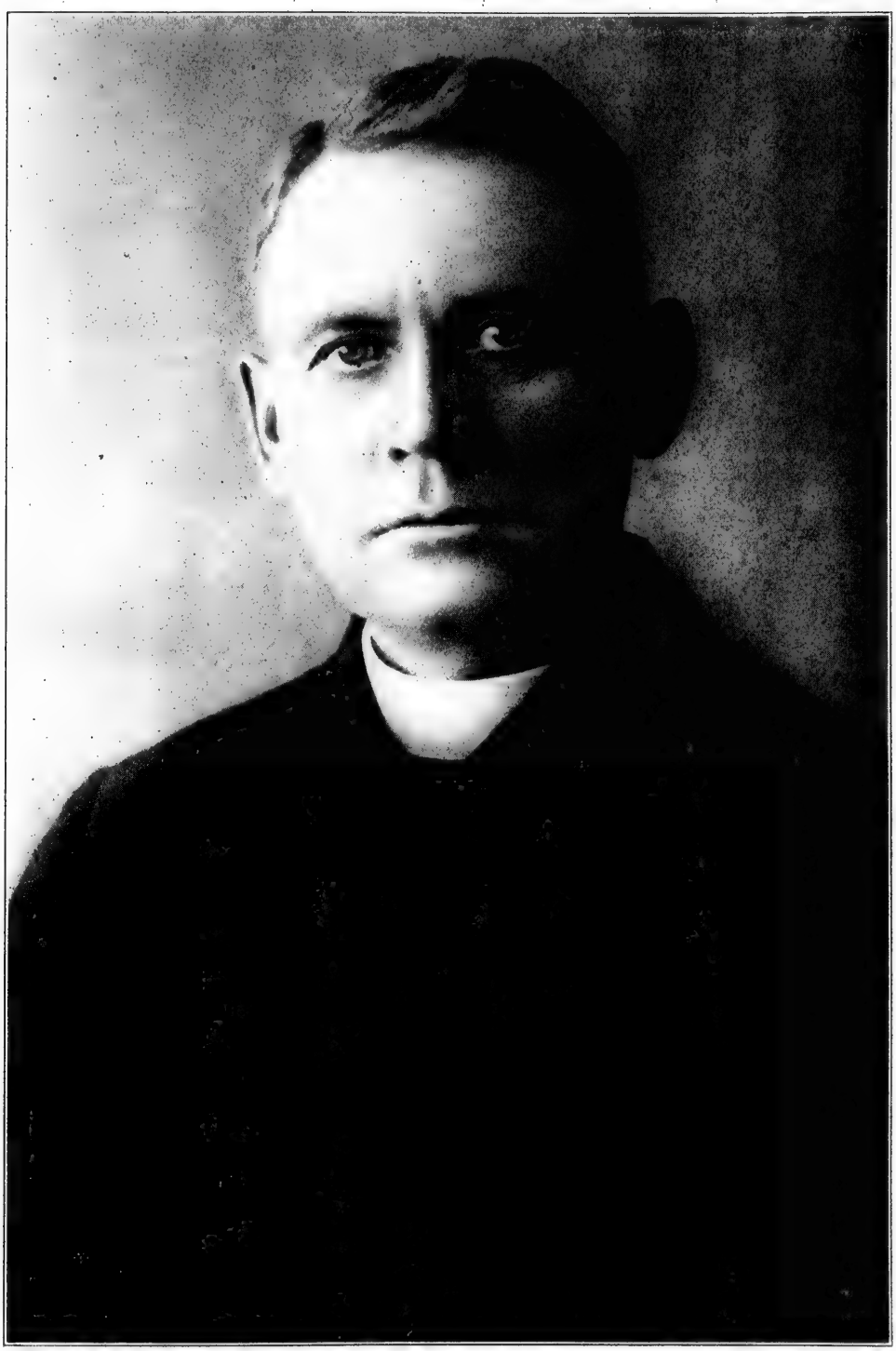
Our humble verse recites thy homage due—
Recounts the tribute that thy friends would pay;
In tribute to thy simple soul so true,
Thy brethren on thy bier this garland lay.

Simplicity the keynote of thy life,
This lesson hast thou taught us young and old:
Be simple of desire, yet strong 'mid strife—
This message taught thy death to orphaned fold.

To show thy love for him in this dire need,
O children of his flock! could you refrain?
Let prayers arise from all your hearts that bleed—
Hearts that by death were well-nigh rent in twain.

Oh! may we through our prayers for him, dear Lord!
Learn to be meek and low of heart like Thee.
His life our guiding star, his earnest word
Leads us through earthly strife at last to Thee.

—Emmet A. Flynn



Rt. Rev. Wm. A. Jones

TO VISIT THEE

E. P. Dickenson

Dear Jesus, art thou lonely
Upon thy altar there,
When no men linger near Thee—
When no men ever care
To visit Thee?

They're thoughtless, dearest Jesus;
They know not what they do.
Did they but realize Thee,
They'd hasten here anew
To visit Thee.

Sweet Jesus, when I'm lonely
And wander on alone,
Oh! call me, lead me ever
Nigh to Thy altar throne
To visit Thee.



Essay On Books

By Thomas Delaney

WHENEVER I visit a private home or a public institution, my first impulse is to look around for books. Boswell, the chief of biographers relates an anecdote illustrative of the dominant interest in reading universally remarked in the habits of his hero. Dr. Johnson, on visiting a house, always ran eagerly first to the library intent on poring over the books. The illustrious example of the great lexicographer—of one who was pronounced "fit to grapple with whole libraries" and who, single-handed, performed in his dictionary the work of a whole academy of savants in other countries—may be allowed to stimulate and confirm my own personal bent in this matter of reading. Not to mention the splendid array of voluminous authors in large public libraries and in the mansions of the great, what a pleasant impression to find books in the humble peasant's dwelling!

In the very manifestation a library gives, we become satisfied that the owners, or those in charge of the humblest cot or the lordly palace, are real living thinkers. Coleridge, himself a poet of exquisite genius and transcendent fame, on seeing a shabby, soiled copy of Thomson, the nature poet, lying on the window-seat of an obscure country house—a copy dog-eared and bethumbed by a multitude of absorbed readers, cried out: "That is true fame!"

Let us consider man, whose mind, in the beginning, consists of so many empty spaces or vacuums—a tabula rasa. But this mind was not content to remain in such a state of emptiness—rather it had a tendency to wish for and seek after things unknown to it. Now, thought-matter takes the place of the vaccums. Thus, that empty space is now filled with thought or material for thought, which, of course, may be beneficial or injurious to ourselves.

If we rely entirely on our own ideas, we soon lack food for thought. The most direct, though far from the best, way is that of atteneive listening to the conversation of others whom we meet in everyday life. Sometimes those conversations are beneficial, sometimes not; that depends on the class, grade, and character of the people with whom we associate.

Let us, then, turn our attention to books—the indirect method. We term it indirect, because one must first study the author and thus make his thought one's own thought. Dr. Johnson, the sage of Litchfield and leader in his day of the London Literary Coterie took frequent occasion, as Boswell informs us, to enlarge on the advantages of reading and to combat the idle, superficial notion that knowledge enough may be acquired in conversation. "The foundation," declared the great dictator, "must be laid by reading. General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life. In conversation you never get a system. What is said upon a subject is to be gathered from a hundred people. The parts of a truth, which a man gets thus, are at such a distance from each other that he never attains to a full view."

How profitable would it be, should we imbibe the ideas, the sentiments, the principles of Johnson, Goldsmith and Burke, of Addison and Steele, of Shakespeare and Milton, and of countless others who cannot give us their thoughts directly now, but have left us their respective written testimonies, in the form of books, of their mental state!

The sooner we make good authors our daily companions, the sooner shall we make the inspirations of great souls our own. The more we do this, the greater will be our influence and usefulness to the community in which we live, and our significance in circles through which we move.

Parody on "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud"

(Wordsworth)

Clement G. Dwyer.

I traveled smoothly in my boat
That glides on air and rubber tires,
When on a sudden I did note,
A stream of bright and shining cars;
In front of mine, to right and left,
Moving and whizzing in the cleft.

Numerous like the miles that tend
To make a lengenthed chalk-white mark,
They seemed to have not any end
Amid the shadows of the park:
"Two hundred," said I at a guess,
Pushing their hoods in stately dress.

The woods beside them glanced, but they
Outran the glancing woods in joys:
A man could not but be a slave
To such gigantic lively toys.
I talked—and talked—but little thought
What health the ride to me had brought.

But now at home and in suspense
'Mid void and silent reverie,
They still impress that inward sense
Which is the balm of wintry day;
And then my mind with rapture swells,
And travels with past motor thrills.

Tom's Meed

By Wilbert R. Kirk

TOM Balfe had spent the three years since his graduation, in the employ of "The Miller Instrument Sales Company." He had started on the bottom rung of the ladder and climbed to the top, and was now earning the highest salary on the sales' roll. He felt secure, and thought success was at his door.

Near the end of February, however, a blow came. He was given notice by the manager on the Monday of the fourth week that, unless he cleared a quota of $150,000 for the month, his name would be dropped from connection with the "M. I. S. Co."

Tom had his struggle with selling lately. It was the "out-of-season" time. It had always been said of him that he was not a crack salesman, but a red-blooded plugger—one who in the end never fails. All these three years' worry, endeavor, and interest lost!

If he was to be branded "N. G.," he would accept it with a smiling spirit. But you understand the fears that beset the youth, and the reason why he would never, never again wish to face his dad, his sisters, and his sweetheart.

With heavy heart, morning after morning, he placed the "Courier" and his Stetson on the mahogany desk, and sank into the large armchair—here to be alone with his thoughts and to ponder over the means that would carry him up to the demands of his manager.

His countenance depicted fierce determination when he started out to make a round of prospective buyers. But when evening shades settled over the city, his will power seemed all but defeated. His efforts were somewhat defeated, at any rate.

Saturday would be the inevitable day. Up to date—Wednesday—he had perhaps enough sales to buy salt, but that was about all. His mood was anything but cheerful. He was nearly done out, but not wholly discouraged; his vertebrae had been stiffened at college, and it would take something strong as death to break, or even bend it.

Even though mid-winter is hanging heavy, and the dullest season in the foundry instrument game yet it is possible to do business when one really must. He has yet three days in which to make or break himself.

The agreeable scent of a steaming supper assailed his nostrils when he entered his own home. At the table his dad, two sisters, and five younger brothers were in their accustomed humor. The girls were talking over the little odds and ends that they would need for the dance, or ball. They had always depended on Tom for pin-money. The younger school brothers, too, counted on Tom's dollar or two for the "movies" each week. A true brother was he. But he could not be the same as always amid all the laughter and anticipation. His thoughts were foretasting the few evenings hence when he should break the fateful news.

How their esteem of him as a hustler and a letter "A" man would deteriorate, the value of his character lower, what a multitude of questions! All this to make things worse!

Never before had he realized so fully how much their contentment rested on his success. The thought weighed on his mind so much that his countenance betfayed his melancholy. The "little" circled table was not slow in discovering this, and little Billie popped the question: "What is the matter Tom? Ain't you still a salesman?"

The interrogation struck home so violently and yet so cunningly that in spite of himself he had to simply smile, and from the slip of the tongue came the giggling reply: "Yes, still a salesman, Bill, but not selling anything."

Tom retired early that night. He felt a nameless sadness. Musing on his pillow, his pensiveness depressed his soul the more. He had a sweetheart, to be his bride in June, too. We might remark in passing that she was the most cultivated and most esthetic of young womanhood in Willistown. He often felt wholly unworthy of her. But his "future" was invariably used as his least encouragement, and now! Now! What will she think? or do?

He had worked hard and honestly, in fact, given the three best years of his life to the interests of his concern. Had his manager forgotten all he had done? was he unmindful? was he losing appreciation? or did he have a friend to

fill Tom's place? Have all his endeavors come to naught? Steeped in this chaos of ponderings, Tom felt as if he could stand it no longer. Relief came only when his eyes were fast and his wearied mind buried in restful sleep.

The night hours sped and quickly passed to give birth to new determination. He would raise the quota, and those at home shall know nothing of the pending misfortune.

Thursday was Mr. Balfe's day to attend the Company's store business. As the square-shouldered lad paced the floor on the lookout for any appoaching purchaser, a repairman, a kindly young mechanic, came up to Tom and in confidential tones asked: "What's the matter Tom? Is business kind of dull?—Don't let that bother you; this is no month for business, anyway."

"Not a bit of it," he replied with a forced smile. "I'm all right; was just wishing I could be on the road today,—that's all."

"Does everybody discern my thoughts?" he wondered in his mind, as he again walked to and fro. "The whole trouble with me is that I'm trying too hard to attain success, and that is just why I'm failing. But I can't pull myself together; and what is the use?—fate is against me."

Before evening, a great encouragement and happiness came to him. The day had netted him a bright prospect, which would mature. A man turned up who for some time had been contemplating a modern equipment for his shop, and who had often spoken to Tom about terms. He agreed to allow the immediate shipment of trial machinery.

If Tom could land this deal, it would come close to $100,000 and would make his total more than a grand hundred and fifty thousand. Over the top to success!

Immediately Tom cited orders "rush." Everything was prepared under his personal direction; loads of machinery were set to delivery to be set up for demonstration to-morrow at the latest. If everything continued to go as it had so far, the rest would be but a matter of salesmanship.

Before retiring for the night, Tom made an itemized list of previous sales which amounted to $65,000. This with the pending deal brought a more favorable project before his eyes.

First thing Friday morning Mr. Tom, with stout heart, started out to follow up that approval. After a ringing of a bell, entrance was given to the Abelowitz Co.'s offices. Both executives were there, the machinery had been delivered, but there was a cool reception for Mr. Balfe. Mr. Abelowitz senior, from all appearances was to do the talking. Bluntly he addressed the salesman. "It is of no use to even attempt to close this deal, we have decided not to invest in the equipment. Further I might add that we care not to do business with the Miller Instrument Sales Co." The voiced irony on those last words filled the large private office.

"Well," asked Mr. Balfe, modestly, "have I given any displeasure, or have I been lacking in any courtesy?"

The customer's frowned brow returned to its natural smoothness. "No, No, my dear man, you are all right. I can find no fault with you, personally."

"Then, why this untimely change of mind? May I ask?" appealingly.

"It is like this: your company needs to learn a lesson or rather they should teach their shipping clerks a thing or two. You see Abelowitz, Jr., waited all yesterday afternoon for the instruments. They did not come. He retired as evening came on. This morning our night watchman reported that he had found the instruments placed in the middle of our receiving department, and that they were put there at a late hour, and with out any notice.

"The fact is this, your truck drivers intruded into this building. Even though the doors were left wide open they had no right to put foot inside our premises. Instead of taking the drastic measures we should, we are letting the matter drop by not accepting your proposition."

Following a few moments of silence, Mr. Balfe spoke, uttering explanation of the "rush," but to no avail. Then he spoke apologetic in behalf of of the men who had lost the deal for him, and took leave.

He wended his way back to the "M. I. S." offices. An untold sadness seized him. Tomorrow —Saturday it would be all over. He would not wait till then—he could not.

When about to approach the manager, he remembered that on Monday no authority, nor any information as to the source of that unjust threat was given him.

Accordingly,, he started for the president's office. To him alone would he hand his resignation.

Thinking over what to say, he spent a few moments in meditation outside the office door. His hands were restless; perspiration drenched

the palms, while unconsciously he dug his very finger nails into his flesh. All was over now; he was finished with the company, with home, with sweetheart.

He knocked and walked into the richly furnished office. Steeped in work the man at the desk turned and coldly offered his hand. In his sagacious manner he asked: "What for you?"

The young man nervously wrung his hands behind his back; his knees tottered; in hollow voice he spoke and said: "Mr. Yeager, I am sorry to say that I have not made my quota, and that it is my wish to cut off connection with the "M. I. S." today, instead of tomorrow, as the concern would have it."

The President leaned back in his chair in deep thought." A—A—what—a—quota is that?"

Mr. Balfe's eyes expressed his astonishment. "What, don't you know?"

"Sit down, my young man, and tell me what is going on here. I don't quite understand."

Tom composed himself, and briefly told about the unfair notice he was given by the manager.

"That is news to me," smiled the president; "the manager is a little mixed up. We divulged this much, though, that unless he himself saw to it that the department at large cleared a certain amount of business this month, he would have to fair better elsewhere. He has failed to produce, not for the first time either, and I tell you this confidentially—not intending to make it known to you till Monday, toforrow he will be given two weeks' pay along with a release.

"I might add that personally I have given ear to praises from the public in your favor and to prove our appreciation of your loyalty and endeavor, you are the man to fill the vacancy in the managerial chair on Monday."

A lump in his throat choked Mr. Balfe's words as he stood eagerly grasping the president's hand, and realized the dawn of the need of his life.

"You need worry little about success, if you do but as good as you have in the past. I might add that the last man who made good in the managership is now gripping your hand."

—Wilbert R. Kirk

The Waverley Novels

(*Essay*)

By Matthew F. McDonald

IT is singular to note that when the career of Scott as poet came to an end, his career as novelist began. His vein of poetry worked out, and his popularity as poet falling off due to the rise of Byron, Scott turned his endeavors to a new field—that of prose fiction. He left the province of verse romance, where he had enjoyed considerable success, to enter the larger domain of prose romance, where his conquests were marked by the highest triumphs and where he yet reigns as sovereign master. In the following discussion, we shall consider the results if his labors in the second and greater stage of his literary production—The Waverley Novels—in their twofold division of historical romances and novels of national manners.

Much has been written of the life of this man; but, in order to renew our acquaintance of his life, a short sketch of the same will not be amiss.

Scott was born at Edinburgh, August 15,1771. Though his boyhood was marred by lameness, yet this did not prevent him from engaging in outdoor sport and the other activities of youth. His best pastime, however, was walking about the country in search of tales of folklore. Upon completing the high school and the college at Edinburgh, he studied law, and in 1792 became an advocate. Shortly after entering upon his chosen profession, he began to write, and in 1799 his translation of Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen" appeared. In 1804, as Sheriff of Shelberkshire, he went to live at Ashestiel and there produced some of his poems, notably among which were "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "The Lady of the Lake." From his new home at Abbotsfort, he wrote "The Lord of the Isles" and "Harold the Dauntless." However, before these were published, Waverley appeared. This was the first of a series of twenty-nine historical novels. In 1820, a Baronetry was conferred, but the pleasure from this honor was short-lived; for six years later he met with financial disaster in the bankruptcy of the firm of James and John Ballantyne, of which he was a silent partner. From this period till the end of his days, he worked heroically, plv-

ing his pen vigorously and doggedly in an effort to defray the debt. When death came, September 21, 1832, half the debt had been paid off. Thus he ended his days in sorrow and in the gigantic task to repay for the faults of others.

The Waverley novels are a series of historical works. Scott wrote on the things he cherished in medieval life,—the adventure, the chivalry, the character, the sentiment, the military picturesqueness, all of which appealel to him, and he embellished and enriched them in a manner verging on the comic. In its higher grades he was a painter of action, rather than character. His heroes and heroines are insipid and they attract and interest us more by their circumstances than their characters. The pageantry at times is so fantastically drawn that one imagines that he is at a circus, and often there is a strain of the melodramatic. The Middle Ages, most likely, were better known by Scott than any man of his time; but he did not see them in the same light as they are understood at the present time. A lover of history may perhaps be offended by the way the author altered some of the facts and introduced supposed characters and circumstances. While reading them, however, we should bear in mind that romantic fiction includes the power of invention which is one of the requirements of the art. Yet the real variety and sweep of his genius are found in these works. No author has ever surpassed him in quantity and quality. In one or the other, he may have been excelled; but for a combination of both, he stands supreme.

The true value of these works is found in the fact that they have withstood the ravages of time and are still read extensively. Scott, although a Scotchman at heart, found his interest, culture and connections among all the British, and it was for the English people that he wrote. His novels are not purely love stories but pictures of human life (a little too fanciful perhaps), enlivened by well moderated and correct sentiments. They manifest history in a very clear and effective light without falsifying and degrading facts beyond the stretch of romantic fiction.

Though times and customs have changed, yet one can always find a keen delight in their perusal. Personally, many happy moments have been spent reading them, and always completed with the satisfaction of having read something worth while.

ODE TO SOLITUDE

By Leo A. Hart

O Solitude! with thee doth dwell
The calm, the peace we love so well!
When by our heavy toils opprest,
In thy enchantments we find rest.
Comfort and peace on all you shower
Who wisely seek your sacred bower.

By thy skilled hands our troubles fade,
By thy great power new men are made;
In thee doth dwell the livelong day
The means to help us in the fray;
And blest is he who shall repair
To dwell a humble student there.

"Finders Keepers"

John J. Maguire, '21

THE patient in cot No. 3 of the Men's Ward stirred uneasily and slowly opened his eyes. He stared blankly at the spotlessly attired nurse who bent eagerly over his cot, and then closing his eyes knitted his brows as if in thought.

The trim little nurse brightened a bit and beckoned silently to the young Interne who was close at hand. "He coming to," she whispered, "Please take down his name and address." "As you say, Miss Crosby," returned the Interne.

The patient opened his eyes again and attempted to rise. Miss Crosby laid a gentle restraining hand on his shoulder and smiled pleasantly as she said softly, "Be quiet now, don't try to exert yourself too much." Take a sip of this. It will strengthen you," she continued applying a glass of light colored liquid to his lips.

The patient did as he was directed and let his head fall back gently upon the pilow beneath it. But his gaze continued to wander from the nurse to the Interne, taking in his surroundings, and then back to the nurse again. Then he spoke.

"I—I—where—what—who—" the words came slowly and stopped abrutly. The patient passed his hand across his deep furrowed brow, and then let it drop to his side in a final gesture of helplessness.

Then his eyes caught sight of the Interne again, standing expectantly by, with notebook and pencil in hand.

"Speak, man!" he said in rising tones, "For Heavens' sake, say something."

"Ah, yes" said the Interne. Then to Miss Crosby, "Please bring Doctor Scanlon here."

Turning to the man in the cot he said, "Your blow seems to have dazed you a bit. Tell me how it happened. First, however, let me have your name, please."

"My name"—his voice trailed off, and he began again, "My name," he faltered, then suddenly he sobbed hysterically and sat upright in his cot, a look of utter despair coming into his eyes.

His voice came again, a low choking toneless voice it was this time, "I don't know," he sobbed, "I don't know,—I don't know,—I don't know my own name."

Then he sank limply back on his couch again, and lay there, breathing heavily and irregularly.

Miss Crosby came noiselessly through the ward, followed by Dr. Scanlon.

"What is it, Hartley?" asked the Doctor, as he took in the scene before him.

Hartley shook his head pittyingly and whispered tersely, "Lost memory, sir, I'm afraid."

Dr. Scanlon directed that a mild opiate be administered and the patient be removed to a private ward for observation.

"And Miss Crosby," he said, "You are assigned to the unfortunate patient for the time being. I'll confer with the Board of Directors and find out what I can of the case."

"You say he was picked up unconscious, and there's no marks of identification on his personal belongings," he mused. "Thats' a nasty gash there on his head, but there doesn't appear to be any fracture.

"Oh, he'll come around, all right, and I think his memory will come back with good care and rest."

"Lets' hope so," murmured the nurse, and the kind old medical man thought he detected a note of something other than pity in Miss Crosby's tone.

Several weeks passed and Miss Crosby's patient grew stronger and brighter. Yet every detail of his past was a blank to him. He was able to walk about and his head had healed up wonderfully.

Though handicapped by his loss of memory, he was usually bright and cheery, except at times when he pondered over his circumstances and tried hard to recall something of his past. But not a single incident occured to him.

He was allowed to saunter through the different Wards of the small Hospital, and he made friends rapidly. His contagious good nature in his periods of cheerfulness gained for him the nickname of Happy, and as "Happy" he was carried on the roster of the Institution.

One bright day, as he sat in the Sun Room listening for perhaps the twentieth time to the meagre details Miss Crosby had to tell him of how he was seen to stagger up the main street of Fairfield and then suddenly crumple and fall, and be sent to the one Hospital this little Western town boosted of, for treatment, "Happy"

suddenly inquired, "Have my clothes been kept?"

"Yes, indeed," the nurse replied, "And carefully searched, but there's absolutely no mark of identification on them."

"Would you mind bringing them to me, there may be a possible chance—"

"I'll do it, Happy," said the nurse, "But I'm afraid we can learn nothing from them," she flung back over her shoulder as she made her way to the offices to locate her patient's clothing.

"Say!" inquired Happy when she returned with a suit, the coat of which was ragged and frayed, but whose trousers were excellent material although showing signs of rough usage—"What kind of a rig is that?"

"I knew you'd be disappointed," Miss Crosby said slowly, "But this is the suit you were wearing when you were brought here. Somehow, I don't—"

"You're joking," interrupted the patient rudely. Let me try that coat on."

"There, I knew that it wasn't mine. My arms stick out like broomsticks. I don't believe—say, do you suppose somebody sandbagged me and stole my coat?"

"It's possible, and more than likely," was the nurse's reply, as she brightened a bit.

Then she frowned, and added, "But that doesn't help matters at all. Who did it— and why—and—and where—and a whole lot of other things. The newspapers, the police, no one, in fact, within a hundred miles of this place report any one missing. No one saw you come—and its' just possible you were tumbled off a freight train during the night and didn't regain consciousness until morning. Oh, I do wish I could help you,—and I've been trying to,—but I'm pretty nearly stumped."

Happy listened disconsolately during this recital, and sat for a long time in silence after its completion.

Miss Crosby hesitated about going on, but finally she continued, "Doctor Scanlon says you will be able to get out of the hospital in about a week. What are your plans?

"Plans? I haven't made any, not lately anyway," came from the unfortunate patient with a chuckle.

Miss Crosby looked up as the chuckle ceased abruptly.

"Plans?" repeated Happy, "Plans, yes that's it— I'm beginning to find myself," he almost shouted. "Plans?" he began again, "Yes, and specifications."

"What is it?" asked the nurse. "Have you—"

"Yes, I think I have. I think I am—I think I've had something to do with plans at sometime or other."

There was a note of triumph in the patient's voice as he begged Miss Crosby to procure some suitable clothing for him and then to make arrangements for a visit to the new Hospital Annex then in the process of construction.

His wishes were readily granted, and upon arriving at the "job," 'Happy' made immediately for the wooden shack which served as the office of the Contractor.

"Happy's" case was known to the foreman, and he was quick to see the brightening light in the man's eyes as he unrolled the blueprints and then feasted his eyes on them.

"Boys," he said, turning to the foreman and the timekeeper, "My hunch was right. This contracting game is my line."

In the days that followed, "Happy" proved conclusively that this statement was correct. He showed a great apitude for the business, and was given a position on the foreman's staff.

He offered many suggestions which were helpful to his employer, and in a few weeks time, he was firmly established on the payroll of the Construction Company.

He seemed quite contented while at his work, although during some of his leisure moments, he brooded over the circumstances which left his memory a blank in so far as his past life was concerned.

Though he had been discharged from the hospital some three weeks now, he was none-the-less interested in it, and paid many visits to Doctor Scanlon and incidently, to comely Miss Crosby.

During a Sunday afternoon visit to the Hospital, Miss Crosby told him she had been granted a month's vacation and was going East to visit some relatives.

"By East, I presume you mean New York."

"Well, yes,—and New England. I'm going to New Haven."

"Oh, I see, look me up when you get there, Marian—" Happy broke off here with a blush. he had meant to say this in a bantering way, but somehow there may be something more than that in the way he pronounced Miss Crosby's first name.

Marian Crosby blushed also, and neither could explain why they both laughed when she responded promptly with an "All right, Happy."

* * * * * *

Several days later, Marian Crosby was aboard a Pullman bearing her swiftly towards New York where she was to change trains for New Haven.

In the chair opposite, a well dressed gentleman about thirty-five years of age was perusing a magazine.

As the journey progressed, the man took a cigar from his pocket, and clipping the end with a cutter which was suspended from his watch chain, arose to go to the smoking department.

As he did so, the magazine slipped to the floor, and Miss Crosby instinctively reached over to replace it on the chair.

The stranger turned, and noting the action, said, "Thank you, kindly"—then with a queer but wholesome smile, he continued, "You may read it, if you think you can find anything of interest in it."

"Thank you,—perhaps I shall," returned Miss Crosby and the gentleman went on his way to the smoker.

The nurse smiled in understanding, as she glanced over the pages and found the periodical to be a copy of an Engineering News Service. Yet there were pictures of Engineering feats which were of general interest, and she did not put the book aside.

Turning the pages, she found a Personal Column, and her eye was attracted by the heading;

This Engineer Kept His Word

Out of curiosity she read on.

James W. Lawton, of the firm of Hastings and Lawton, Consulting Engineers, New Haven, Conn., was informed by his physician that he should take a complete rest and get far away from all engineering work for a period of several weeks. Mr. Lawton followed the doctor's advice to the letter. On the date of his departure he would tell no one of his destination or his plans. He said to Charles S. Hastings, his partner, "I'm not going to think of anything but fiishing and hunting for a month. I don't want you to trouble me with telegrams, so I'll not tell anyone where I'm going."

That was four weeks ago, and Lawton didn't send as much as the usual picture post card to anyone since his departure.

"Well, you did find something to interest you, didn't you?"

Miss Crosby looked up, and saw the friendly countenance of the owner of the magazine.

"Why not exactly," but that article struck me as being unusual," she replied pointing to the paragraph she had been reading.

The gentleman simply glanced at the page and said, "Yes, but it is becoming more serious."

"I'm Mr. Hastings," he went on, as Miss Crosby looked up with questioning eyes, "And I'm afraid something out of the ordinary has happened to Jim."

You'll pardon me for burdening you with my troubles, won't you? You see, we have a good size deal on hand which must be closed within two weeks, and Jim knows he must be here in person for that transaction. He might at least wire me that he will be on hand. He must be out of his senses to do— I beg your pardon—I didn't mean to let go of myself like that. I—I—"

There was a startled gasp from Miss Crosby.

Mr. Hastings checked his flow of words and looked at her in alarm.

She was staring dumfoundedly at the magazine before her.

She had turned the page, and there before her amazed eyes was a picture of none other than "Happy," her erstwhile patient.

Underneath was the legend.

James W. Lawton,
of the firm of Hastings and Lawton

"Its' 'Happy.' " was all she could say.

Then, noting the look of concern which had come over Mr. Hastings countenance, she became calm, and as the Pullman sped on she recited the story of "Happy's" loss of memory to the awe-stricken Engineer.

As soon as they arrived in New York, the excited pair kept the wires between New York and Fairfield busy for over an hour and then proceeded to New Haven.

Things began to happen quickly. In response to Miss Crosbys' urgent request, "Happy" came East in two days time, and was met in New York by the nurse and Mr. Hastings.

The sight of his partner was enough to awaken the dormant memory in "Happy," or Jim Lawton as he now knew himself to be.

I. As to the accident itself, Lawton could only remember crossing through the freight yard in order to elude possible spying eyes of those seeking to discover his destination.

He remembered, also, he was struck from behind Beyond that he could say nothing. A robbery, an exchange of coats, and the bundling of Lawton into an empty freight train headed West, and the

consequent arrival in Fairfield, hungry, weak and with shattered memory is the only plausible explanation of what happened after the blow.

Suffice it to say, the two partners were overjoyed to be united again and the "big deal" which had hung in the balance went through successfully.

But in the course of a few weeks there was another "big deal" consummated.

Jim Lawton, of course, was remaining in New Haven, and the time was drawing rapidly near when Marian Crosby's visit in that city would come to an end.

The staff at the little Hospital in the West were awaiting her return when they could hear the details of Mr. James "Happy" Lawton's recovery.

One morning, Dr. Scanlon came into the office with a telegram in his hand, and read from it to staff, "Please accept my resignation. Jim and I are coming to Fairfield on our wedding trip in about three months."

Marian Crosby

* * * * * *

When Jim Lawton came into the office one morning, and was greeted by his partner with, "How about this, Jim?"

Lawton flushed as he looked at the morning paper and read of the announcement of the engagement of Miss Crosby and himself.

"Well, I guess it's true, Charlie," he said. "You know Marian found my name for me, and I've always been a firm believer in the "kid days" saying, "Finders Keepers." Miss Crosby has consented to keep it and in about three month's time she will be Mrs. James W. Lawton.

—John J. Maguire, '21



ALUMNI HALL

The Villanovan

Published Bi-monthly by the Students of Villanova College

Vol. V APRIL, 1921 No. 4

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Editorial

CARDINAL GIBBONS

WHILE Catholic America was awaiting the commemoration of Golgathas' tragedy, death sounded its sorrowful note in the heart of every American when the news of James Cardinal Gibbons' passing to his eternal reward was published. In the history of the last century, there has not flourished in our country, a more eminent character, a more practical Christian, or more loyal American than the late Archbishop of Baltimore.

His years in the service of the Lord far outran the days of Peter, his indefatigable sincerity to preach Christ—and Him Crucified—echoed the burning zeal of the Gentile's Prince, and his undaunted spirit of self-sacrifice to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of his brethren endeared him to every heart. Among the leaders of Catholic thought in America his name has no peer. Among the advocates of social advance in science and religion his authority was universally respected. His character combined all that is noble in Americanism and all that is beautiful in Catholicity. The sweetness of his influence has not departed with his soul, the power of his words remain, the glory of his deeds is with us, and the dignity of his character has left the impress of its features on the Christian civilization of America. His life passed as a flower, but its lasting perfume shall lead men to glorious deeds and America to a glorious destiny.

AMERICAN COLLEGE SPIRIT

THE old maxim in "Unity there is strength" contains an emphatic message for many college students of America. One often hears the complaint—"There's no cooperation of loyalty" in the institution. This fact, though lamentable, nevertheless expreses a truth that is fundamentally un-American and un-Catholic. The foundation stone of every government—whether civil, educational, or ecclesiastical—must be unity of spirit expressed in terms of heart-felt loyalty and earnest cooperation with every item of progression and interest that arises for support.

It is not sufficient for college students to attend their respective "shrines of learning"—and thrive there as mere passive onlookers who are content to witness the efforts of a sincere minority striving to uphold and advance the glory and dignity of their Alma Mater and of education. It is not sufficient for college men to attend the their Alma Mater for the purpose of again meeting the pals of former days and pass a few idle hours in personal conversation. It is not sufficient for the student to play only that part in college activities and interest which shall exonerate him from the aprobrium of "Slacker." But the devotion must be manifested in terms of sacrifice and labor—sacrifice that will exact an exertion of labor to fulfill.

If it is true that unity begets strength then the college morale of many American institutions is not flourishing at its highest efficiency. College students who attend their respective class—even though their talents solicit the applause of their classmates are not functioning their highest individual portion to the common weal unless they are united in spirit to every event pretaining to college interest. The idle smoker that passes the many "free hours" away in frivolous gossip is not only positively wrecking his own mental acumen but bringing an umbrage of dissatisfaction on his superiors and the institution.

It has been said that a thankless child carrys a thrust that cuts deeper than the sting of a serpent. This is certainly applicable to the unloyal and indifferent college student.

We do not insinuate that the college students of America are not equal mentally to the standard of comparative Universities but we do believe that many names are to be found on the registers of our "Houses of Education" whose only motive is to "attain the most with the rendering of the least." Although the "Majority rules" is the law of self governing peoples yet it often happens that the "Minority earns while the majority burns." This is too evident in the support and furtherance of college periodical interest. Many of the students pass the burden to the proverbial "George." Others are waiting to "let the stars shine" and they glisen in the glare," while others still darken the light by unwarranted criticisms and indifferences. Likewise, college athletics even though many loyal prepentines of confidence in our "Alma Mater's" team break forth with spirit and "pep" yet just what is each individual doing to further that confidence and prove the conviction to which he lays claim.

College associations are frequently a "nominal feature" that adorns the catalogue to allure and disappoint the sanguine Freshmen. College loyalty to oratical and dramatic societies in many instances is a "nonentity" and presence at these meetings is the result of regulation and not earnest devotion.

It is to be hoped that each student of America will awaken to the fact that unity finds its strength in co-operation. The government of the United States would be a mockery if each individual state offered the indifferent and often heartless service to President Harding that many college men render to their respective Alma Mater. It is to be hoped that every leader of college interest will strive to inculcate in the hearts of his companions the spirit of devotion to the instiution that "bred" them in the "ways of learning." It is to be hoped that every American college man will be enough to apply the principles of Americanism regarding his conduct towards his Alma Mater and prove his loyalty not in the attendance of entertainments, whence pleasure is derived, but in terms of sacrifice that entails the foregoing of personal pleasure, and requires labor in the athletic, dramatic or editorial service of his college.

THE ORDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE

In response to the numerous communications addressed to this department, relative to the foundation of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine, its establishment in the United States and the activities of its members we hereby endeavor to briefly outline the aforesaid topics.

The Augustinians

The Augustinians were founded by the greatest of the Latin Fathers and Doctors of the Church, St. Augustine of Hippo. After his conversion in April, 387, Augustine resolved to consecrate the remainder of his life to the service of God, and with this intent he returned to his native Tagaste, where, in a small villa inherited from his father, he settled down with some companions to lead the life of a recluse. In his humble home of prayer and penance, Augustine was soon joined by many more pious men who desired to abandon the world and to follow more closely in the footsteps of their Divine Master. Within a few years so numerous did this holy company become, that a second estaablishment was founded with the assistance and approval of Valerius, the Bishop of Hippo.

To Augustine's first hermit home at Tagaste, which in the course of time became the mother house of many noble monasteries in Northern Africa, the Augustinians trace back their origin. It was a home of prayer and penance and study, and so great was the reputation for learning and sancity gained by the members of this Augustinian community that many of them, including their great leader, were called from their retirement to rule as Bishops in the Church of God. Possidius tell that nine of those Bishops were honored in the Church of Saints.

The invasion by the Vandals during the early part of the fifth century brought ruin to the Church and its religious institutions. These Augustinian hermits, dispersed and disorganized at that time, sought shelter on the European coast and in the islands of the Mediterranean, where they founded new monasteries and lived according to the rule of life drawn up for them by their holy founder. After the death of St. Augustine, who was their common father, and after the dispersion, the Augustinians did not select any General Superior, and down to the middle of the thirteenth century each hermit institution existed in complete independence, the only bond between them being their rule and mode of life. Each community sought its own special field of endeavor, and was ruled only by its local Superior. Chronicles gathered by Augustinian historians furnish numerous and intresting data relative to the spread of the Order during these centuries, the foundation of important houses and the extensive patronage given them in different lands. Towards the end of the Middle Ages many of these houses were grouped into provinces as a means of acquring that strength and influence necessary for the educational and missionary enterprises of the times.

At the Lateran Council in 125 a movement was begun for a general reunion of the Augustinian Hermits into one common brotherhood under a Superior General. In the first year of the Pontificate of Alexander IV., delegates representing all the European houses of the Order assembled for a General Chapter at Rome. It was held under the presidency of Cardinal Richard de St. Angelo. At this Chapter, Frane of Milan was elected Superior General, and the rules and constitution for the future government of the Order were drawn up and conformed by the Pope, who commended the work of the hermits and admitted them to the privileges of the Mendicant Orders. In his letter to Cardinal Richard de St. Angelo, Pope Alexander refers to the Order as "the tree planted by Augustine in the vineyard of the church which has produced throughout the centuries a great abundance of the fruits of life and the flowers of sanctity." After this union the Order spread rapidly throughout Europe and sent its missionaries to the far East, where many of them won a martyr's crown.

The Augustinians in the United States

During the last part of the eighteenth century the Augustinians came to the United States, where they have since founded many houses and have engaged themselves in numerous Apostolic and scholary activities. It was in 1796 that the pioneers of the Order in the new land, Fathers Mathew Carr and John Rosseter, established their first house in Philadelphia. Dr. Carr immediately began the building of St. Augustine's church, which was the fourth place of Catholic

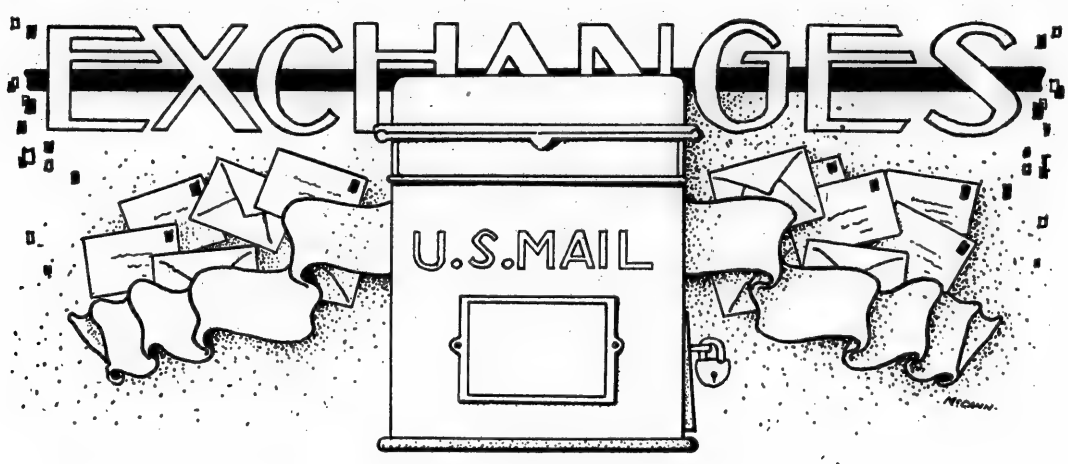
worship in the City of Brotherly Love. From this historic church the early Augustinians went forth preaching missions, establishing new parishes and bearing the comforts of religion to the many sparsely populated regions of our country. In 1812 at Philadelphia they instituted the first Sodality in the United States for Catholics of either sex, the Confraternity of Our Mother of

Always solicitous for the salvation of souls and the advancement of Holy Mother Church, the Augustinians soon saw the great need for institutions of learning; institutions that would not only teach but educate in the true sense of the word, that would build up the character of the future citizen in the true knowledge of his dignity, in the recognition of his rights, and his duties to his God and his fellow-men, and so in the year 1841 the Fathers erected at Villanova a Mother House for the Order in America, a seat of learning reared on the deep foundations of true Christian erudition. Villanova College, ideally situated about twelve miles west of Philadelphia and fully equipped for classical and scientific work, is today one of the leading educational centers of the country.

Villanova is also the headquarters of the Augustinian Mission Band. This band is composed of the Order's most eloquent preachers whose chief duties consist in helping the secular clergy in their care of souls. They conduct Missions, Novenas, and Spiritual Retreats in the different states of the union.

Besides this education and missionary work, which we have mentioned, the Augustinians are also engaged in parochial work and many parishes throughout the country have been entrusted to their care.

Thus today the Augustinian Order by its many activities in the service of the Lord fully realizes the truth of Alexander the Fourth's saying; "The tree planted by Augustine in the vineyard of the church, which has produced throughout the centuries a great abundance of the fruits of life and flowers of sanctity.



"IN the West the latchstring is on the outside of the door." That is where it ought to be everywhere. We take it that "the Gonzaga," an ever welcome visitor from Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington, does not restrict her hospitality to "sports" alone. We have read the January issue with much pleasure. We are not loath to grant the West a place of prominence in the field of college journalism, as well as in the field of sports.

The arrangement and "get up" of the "Gonzaga" is very fine; nor is the matter inferior to the manner in which it is presented. There are a goodly number of short stories and essays well done. We noted the book review column with interest. The poems of the Western sunset are fine descriptions. We would like to see the cadences run smoother.

"Tit for Tat," as its title suggests, is a humorous exposition of dramatic irony and poetic justice.

"Just a Minute," a personal essay on the value and significance of time. The author of "The War of the Worlds," exhibits a vein of imaginative vision of what might happen when the super men of Mars take it into their heads to subjugate the earth. "Korea and Japan," is a very timely article just now on the rights of small nations. The author points out the miserable condition of Korea under the insiduous and autocratic rule of Japan. The history of Great Powers too often is a conspiracy politically and commercially against the weak. This is manifest in the case of Ireland. This seems to be verified also in permitting the "sick man of Europe" to re-establish himself there. As Neuman has pointed out in his university lectures, wherever the Turk has gained a foothold, there has he been a menace and a curse to religion and Christianity and civilization. These were the reasons also upon which the Congress of Paris excluded him from Europe, and yet it seems that tht powers are permitting him to return. Greece, rich in her own resources and commercial wealth, objects, and well she might as the experience of the past has taught her. What is the scheme behind this move? Is there any method in its madness? We are inclined to think there is.

In the case of Korea, as the author shows, the government is under military control, Japanese has been made the official language in business and in school, their literautre destroyed and their educational facilities restricted. In fine, their national and individual life is being systematically blotted out; not even their religion is being spared.

To quote from the conclusion, "Korea is certainly deserving of our sympathy and support in her death struggle with the ruthless invader, for far above the consideration of nationality and race are those common bonds which unite all mankind—justice and humanity."

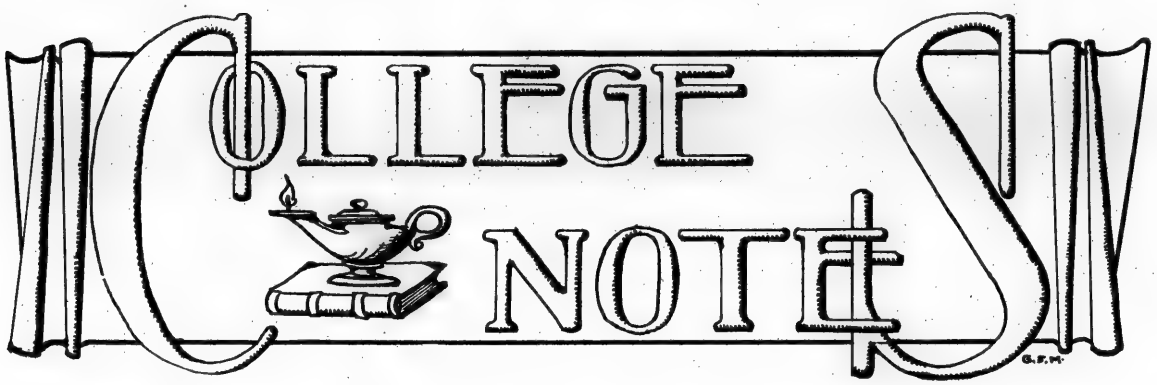
We feel constrained to make a few observations on "The Super-Football of the East," although we are a little in advance of the football season. We believe the author's point to be very well taken and his complaint not without some foundation. We have had this same busy bee buzzing in our bonnet for some time. Personally, we are of the opinion that the "football teams annually formed by the eastern experts, notably Walter Camp," are neither all-American nor all-Atlantic. "Perhaps, it may be interesting to these critics (of whom the author mentions several) to know that their word is not taken on this side of the Rocky Mountains, unless accompanied by a due allowance of salt." To our mind, the "Minor" colleges of the East may rightly make the same allowance. It seems that a man is ineligible for Camp's team unless among the "bon ton" of the college world. Of course, there are exceptions, as when all the papers are boosting an exceptionally good player. To cite an instance, take the case of Centre College. Princeton was beaten by West Virginia, 25-0, and then along comes Centre, hitherto unknown and hidden away in the mountains of Kentucky, and defeats the conquerors of Princeton, 14-6. Nor was this a question of luck, as Centre's record will show. She scored the highest number of points during the season, 485, against 23, and not a defeat to her record. This year Centre has two stars, McMillin and Weaver, on Camp's All-American. It is only something spectacular as Centre's record that the "minor" colleges are even heard of.

The article further states that, "after selecting his 'All-American' team, Mr. Camp proceeds to name one hundred players throughout the country as fit for honorable mention, but of the hundred the West has but twenty-one, and these twenty-one far from representative. California has eight players on the list, and Washington State, the next in strength, has two; yet Stanford, an inferior team, is given five places, and Washington, the weakest conference team on the Pacific Coast, has three. We confess our inability to understand it." This, my friends, is only a little oversight on the part of Mr. Camp, like one we remember a few years ago, when he put one of your Western stars on his "eleven," who as a matter of fact was coaching another college team.

However, the East is not over enthusiastic with the annual choice of the "big eleven," but has that little habit of taking it "cuon sacco salis," as its leading sporting editors prove. Maxwell, the Philadelphia Ledger's sporting editor made a very wise observation last fall, when he said it was practically impossible to select a real All-American team, that the best that could be expected were all-sectional teams.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following Exchanges.

Georgetown College Journal
Boston College Stylus
The Fordham Monthly
The Gonzaza, Gonzaga University
The Mountaineer, Mt. St. Mary's College
The Morning Star, Conception College
The Laurel, St. Bonaventures College
The Prospector, Mt. St. Charles College
The Alvernia, St. Francis College
The Villa Marian
Maywood College Bay Leaf
The De Paul Minewal
Orange and Black, Latrobe High School, Pa.
St. Vincent College Journal
Catholic Standard and Times
The National Catholic War Council Bulletin
Onas, Wm. Penn High School, Phila.
Inas, Philadelphia High School
St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle
The Western, West Phila. High School
The Triad, St. Peter's High School New Brunswick, N. J.
The Messenger, St. Ritas Hall, Manila
The Radnorite, Radnor, High School
The Victorian, St. Viator College, Bourbonais, Illinois
The Vincentian, St. Vincent's Academy, Newark, New Jersey



BASKETBALL PLAYERS TENDERED BANQUET

As a testimonial of the appreciation for the success of Villanova's first Varsity Basketball Team, a banquet was tendered the players Thursday evening, March 31.

Charles A. McGeehan, graduate manager of Athletics, was toastmaster. Gold basketball watch fob emblems and "V's" were presented to those who had earned the letter during the season. Sweaters were presented to each of the men on the squad.

The letter men were as follows:

Frank Pickett
Earl Gray
John Ryan
Charles Laughlin
Norman Jones
Francis Braham, Manager

Coach Saxe was presented with a watch fob, upon which a gold basketball containing the Villanova seal was suspended. Manager Braham, in presenting the tribute to the coach, on behalf of the members of the team, attributed the bulk of the season's success to the untiring efforts of Mr. Saxe.

Rev. Francis A. Driscoll, O.S.A., President of the college, congratulated the team on the good work it had displayed in its first season, and expressed confidence of still greater successes in the future.

Rev. George A. O'Meara, O.S.A., Vice President of the college, and chairman of the Athletic Council, made the presentation of the miniature basketballs to the "letter" men, and spoke on loyalty to Alma Mater.

Frank Pickett, '24, was elected captain of the 1921-22 basketball team, and Howard M. Thornbury, '22, was chosen manager.

The details of the banquet were admirably arranged by Rev. Daniel Driscoll, O.S.A., Procurator.

RECREATION ROOM OPENED

During the past month, the new recreation room was opened in the college building. Equipped with a pool table, piano, phonograph, and other popular attractions, it has already found numerous devotees.

The appearance of the room is being enhanced continually by the addition of new furnishings, and a generous supply of the current literature for the reading department.

The popularity of the innovation is being evidenced daily by the attendance, especially when the college orchestra, under Jimmy Mitchell's direction, holds sway.

GREEN AND WHITE MARKS SOPHOMORE SOIRÉE

A profusion of Green and White, the adopted colors of the class of 1923, was in evidence at the Sophomore Soiree held in the college gymnasium, Friday evening, April 15. The dance was an unqualified success and much credit is due President Lynch and his social committee for the pleasing manner in which the affair was conducted.

Herzberg's Orchestra, of Philadelphia, was secured for the occasion, and rendered excellent dance music. The capacity gathering of dancers demanding encore after encore.

The committee in charge consisted of Thomas Laughlin, chairman; Pierce R. Russell, Charles J. McClernan and Edward Burke.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION DANCE

The first dance of the Post-Lenten Season was held in the gymnasium on Saturday evening, April 9th, under the auspices of the Athletic Association. The affair was unusually successful and well attended. Music was furnished by Jimmy Mitchell's Augmented Orchestra.

LECTURE

Various phases of engineering in the telephone system and the accomplishments in its various branches throughout the country were described by Francis J. Chesterman, chief engineer of the Bell Telephone Company here Thursday evening, March 10. The lecture was well attended not only by engineering students, under whose auspices it was given, but by those of other departments also.

The value of cultural studies and extensive outside reading were emphasized by Mr. Chesterman as an aid to broadening the student's outlook.

Naturally the company is striving towards the acme of efficiency and service, he asserted. In this strife, the problem of the traffic engineer is intricate, and often is clarified by use of charts, which Mr. Chesterman explained. The negligence of patrons and their delay in answering calls was blamed for much of the dissatisfaction over the service.

MUSICAL COMEDY FOR APRIL 26th

"The Belle of the Campus," a bright musical comedy with many tuneful meldoies is to be given in the auditorium on Tuesday evening, April 25th.

Such a production is a new departure for the Glee Club, but a capable cast and chorus has been assembled and rapid strides have been made under Director Fink's able tutelage.

Those who are to take the leading parts are Howard M. Thornbury, William P. Cronin, John J. Maguire, Richard J. O'Brien, Pierpont Kaufman, Earl Kaufman, T. Kevin Reeves, Charles J. McClernan, Franklin Pickett, George A. Crawley, and Joseph R. Dooley.

CONDOLENCES

THE VILLANVOAN extends sincere sympathy to the following:

Charles Mueller, on the death of his father in Philadelphia.

Dennis E. Burns, on the death of his brother, William Burns, of Mauch Chunk, Pa.

Harold Green, on the death of his father in Fulton, New York.

Joseph Lehman, on the death of his mother in Philadelphia.

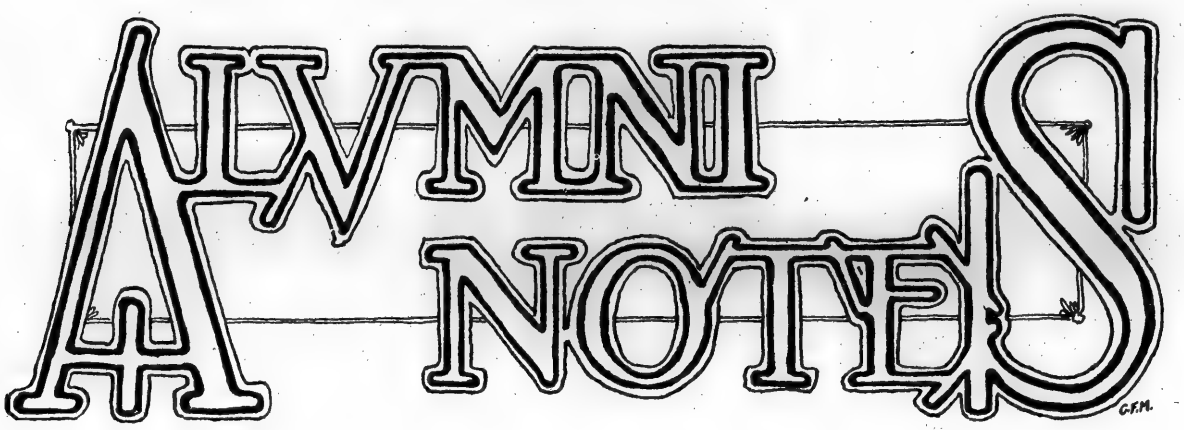
TRIP TO MIDVALE STEEL PLANT

The students and faculty of the Engineering Department were the guests of the Amreican Society of Mechanical Engineers, on Friday, April 1st. It has been an especial feature of the program of that body to provide inspection trips to local industrial plants for sutdents of the technical schools in this vicinity. On the day mentioned, men from about twenty-one colleges and universities assembled at the Engineer's Club in Philadelphia and under the guidance of representatives of the A. S. M. E., proceeded to the Midvale Steel Plant at Nicetown. It was very

satisfactory to notice that no school was better represented than Villanova.

The trip through the shops with competent guides was unusually interesting and educational. The personnel of the plant has been greatly reduced, and many units in each building were idle. Perhaps the inactivity was more advaantageous than not, because with many more cranes, trucks, machines, etc., running, the excursion might have become somewhat dangerous.

The inspection of the plant was followed by a banquet at the Engineer's Club. After the banquet there was a meeting of the A. S. M. E., at which the students were guests. Men, who by their prominence in the engineering world, are well qualified to advise the neophytes in the engineering profession, freely spoke of the things to be contended with, the obstacles which they met upon emerging from the section room, how they treated and how they should have treated some of them.



Alumni Association of Villanova College
Villanova, Penna.

April 1, 1921

Dear Brother Alumnus:—

The Board of Governors of the Alumni Association is endeavoring to make the organization a body worthy of its name. In order to succeed, it must have your combined moral and financial aid.

You realize that everything in the past, any request for information and aid, has been laid aside with the thought that it would be attended to some other time. That time never came and the result was you always passed the buck to some lone soul, acting as secretary, who was trying to do your part and his own without any asisstance from you.

A letter was forwarded to all Alumni, sometime ago, stating that at the last annual meeting it was voted to make the yearly dues five dollars, this amount to include a subscription to the VILLANOVAN. No doubt many of us never saw the VILLANOVAN. If you have not paid these dues do so at once.

We are enclosing a blank card for you to fill out, and bear in mind we did not get these printed to give the printers something to do or to help your janitor to earn his money. Get busy, fill it out, not tomorrow, right now.

We are going to tell you a little secret, and as your chemical professor said, after he told it to everybody, "We want you to keep it under your hat;" the present management of the Alumni Association intend to make it a live outfit, we want your asistance and we are going to get it. So get on the band wagon now or as the flour advertisement reads "Eventually, why not now?"

You will hear from us next month and sooner if we don't hear from you. Let us know if you are receiving the VLILANOVAN and any other comment or criticism.

Fraternally yours,

E. J. Dougherty,

Secretary

Rev. Fr. F. A. Driscoll,
President Villanova University,
Villanova, Pennsylvania.
My Dear Fr. Driscoll:—

I have been very anxious to write to you again, my dear Fr., but just couldn't work up the courage until the February VILLANOVAN came. A great number. So, here I am with my letter; holding the hope that you will read on to the end and not be bored.

Your letter to me was a genuine heart throb; and don't you know when it came I felt as though I had made a General Confession and been absolved from "everything." A glad treat indeed.

I believe it would be very nice if the students of any term would write to somebody at Villanova once in awhile; write in a reminiscent way. What good things such letters might recall; Villanova would be a continuous headliner and I am sure the students would be the better for brushing up their memories. A few lines to the VILLANOVAN might be the means of keeping in touch with many boyhood companions. Take myself for example: In the time since I bade the boys good bye at Villanova at the end of that wonderful Commencement Day in June, '78, I have not seen one boy more than once in all that time. That is to say, I talked with one boy more than once, a half dozen boys just once (at the Commencement graced by the presence of Cardinal Satolli and Archbishop Ryan) and of all the others whom I knew intimately and lived with for months and months I have never seen; nor do I know how ninety per cent. of them fared in their battle with the world. I have always felt that this was a tragedy, but there did not seem at any time to be a way out.

And, now, 43 years afterward, finds your humble servant at 62 doing very well indeed; have had wordly experiences galore, all of which in my opinion being worth while. As a starter; when I left Villanova, the first employment I took was digging coal in my home town (I had worked in the mines before going to Villanova, too); and I wouldn't give that experience for all that followed. It was a great teacher; it tuned or rather toned me up for the heavy tasks of life which followed. I rather anticipated the "back to the mines" as the spring time came along. In the late afternoons I often walked to the west edge of the outer circle (just in bounds) to watch the setting sun; a beautiful picture always, but in the spring time of '78 the ending of the days were times of sadness to me, because I knew when the sun disappeared and twilight and night came on, I was one day nearer the end of my time at dear Villanova; and I would again be called upon to carry on life's struggle without perhaps being sufficiently prepared. The end came all too soon. However, after awhile I "jacked" the coal digging job and started for Pittsburgh, arriving at midnight, September 16, 1880, and was at work on the Pan Handle Railway at seven o'clock the next morning. I have not been idle a single day since that time; that is I have never been "out of a job." I have been in the Catholic Total Abstinence Movement and twenty-five years ago toured the Pittsburgh Diocese with Fr. J. F. Regis Canevan, our beloved Bishop for a long time, and talked from the same platform night after night, everywhere.

Anybody can be for prohibition now, but at that time, 25 years ago, much courage was necessary; also a stout heart and you had to have a "speech" that would hold the crowd.

I never quit athletics and have been with the Pittsburgh baseball club more than twenty years. I don't know just how we will work the out of town trips this year, but my dear Fr. Driscoll, if I get a chance to go along at any time I will surely go to Villanova to say "How do you do." I will be able to tell more sure about this later.

I have been National President of the I. C. B. U. for four years. This is one of the oldest fraternities of Catholic men and women in the United States, and was the first to admit women to full membership. We have a number of societies along the Main Line, including the Father J. J. O'Brien, O.S.A., of Bryn Mawr; the Father Sheeran, O.S.A., of Rosemont; St. Denis, of Ardmore, and so on. Father O'Brien was pastor of St. Denis when I was at Villanova. He often took me with him to serve Mass. Fr. Sheeran in my time was not teaching; I believe he was emeritus. My life experiences have been varied (a wondrous tale) and for years I have longed for the opportunity to speak to the boys of Villanova on Commencement Day as did Mr. Megargee forty-three years ago. After I had been on the Pan Handle a little while I took up the study of shorthand, practiced diligently, took advantage of every minute and when not setting brakes or making couplings

I was making pot-hooks and circles. I advanced in this art until I readily found plenty of work in the courts here as well as in the general offices of the Pennsylvania Lines west of Pittsburgh, where for several years I was private secretary to the General Passenger Agent.

Today I will mail you a copy of our Convention Proceedings, I. C. B. U., 1919. If you should find time, please look it over and read my report to the delegates.

Now, my dear Fr. Driscoll, don't wonder where I got all this; I just couldn't help rambling along. These memories are precious and I thank God for keeping me well and strong, with my mind clear.

With kindest regards, and the hope that I may meet you soon, I am

Very respectfully, yours for Villanova,

—Harry F. McAteer

Pertinent to the above letter, the VILLANOVAN believes that many of the Alumni could contribute articles which would prove of interest to the students. In that way the sometimes apparent gap between the Alumnus and the student body would be filled.

BEAUTIFUL VILLANOVA

"Beautiful Villanova" was the subject of an illustrated lecture given recently by Rev. P. L. Colgan, O.S.A., in St. Mary's Hall, Lawrence, Mass. The natural beauty of Villanova's location was vidvidly limned and the colored stereopticon pictures of the beautiful buildings excited much favorable comment.

Father Colgan was a professor here before his recent assignment to Lawrence.

LEST WE FORGET

Jim Thorpe was recently asked if the game between the Army and Carlisle was not the toughest ever played.

"Not by a long shot," replied the great Indian athlete. "The hardest game I ever played with the Carlisle Indians was against Villanova. I never in all my football career struck a team that played the game as they did.

"No doubt the above account will bring back many memories to some of the 'Boys'."

PERSONALS

Pat Regan visited here recently. Pat coached the Steelton High School basketball team the past season and its success on the court reflects much credit upon Pat's ability as a tutor.

The Prep baseball team is fortunate in having Charlie McGuckin, '18, as its coach this season. We have a firm idea that the Preps will again be "Champs" of the Catholic League.

Al McCauley, a former student, spent a few days here while en route to Governor's Island, where he is to receive a commission in the Army Air Service.

Timothy J. Spillane and Joseph Rafter were recent visitors here.

Rev. Frs. John F. Burns, O.S.A. and A. C. O'Loughlin, O.S.A., of Catholic University, spent Easter at Villanova.

Rev. Dr. Joseph A. Hickey, O.S.A. and Rev. John A. Nugent, O.S.A., have returned from Porto Rico, after having conveyed the condolences of the Augustinian Order of America to the people of San Juan diocese upon the death of His Grace, Bishop William A. Jones, O.S.A.

Rev. C. J. Baker, O.S.A., of Chestnut Hill, is convalescing after a severe illness.

Rev. Fr. Francis J. McShane, O.S.A., of Washington, D. C., one of the oldest priests of the Augustinian Order, who was injured by an automobile while crossing a street, is rapidly recovering.

FATHER LIDDY

Rev. Francis J. Liddy, of St. John's Pro-Cathedral, Altoona, Pa., died April 5, in the St. Vincent's Hospital, Cleveland, where he had been a patient for ten weeks.

Father Liddy was graduated from Villanova in 1911. He studied theology at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg, Md., and was ordained a priest June 15, 1915.

To his mother, sisters and brothers, the VILLANOVAN extends its sincere condolences.

FUNERAL OF SERGEANT O'MEARA

Veterans of three wars saw Rev. George A. O'Meara, O.S.A., Vice President of Villanova College officiate at the funeral services for his brother, Sergeant John W. O'Meara, a member of Co. I, 105th Infantry, in the Church of Our Lady, Help of Christians, Rossville, S. I., on Easter Sunday, after the warrior's body had been brought back from France, where he was killed

in action October 1, 1918. The dead soldier was the son of John W. O'Meara, of Rossville, S. I.

Father O'Meara dwelt on the valorous deeds of the American soldiers in the World War and paid a glowing tribute to all who took part in that struggle.

Veterans of the World War, Spanish-American War and the Grand Army of the Republic accompanied the body to St. John's Cemetery, Rossville, S. I., where a firing squad from the 71st Regiment, of which Mr. O'Meara, the father, is a veteran, fired the volleys and the boy's band of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin of Mt. Loretto, softly and sweetly played the National Anthem as the body was lowered into the grave.

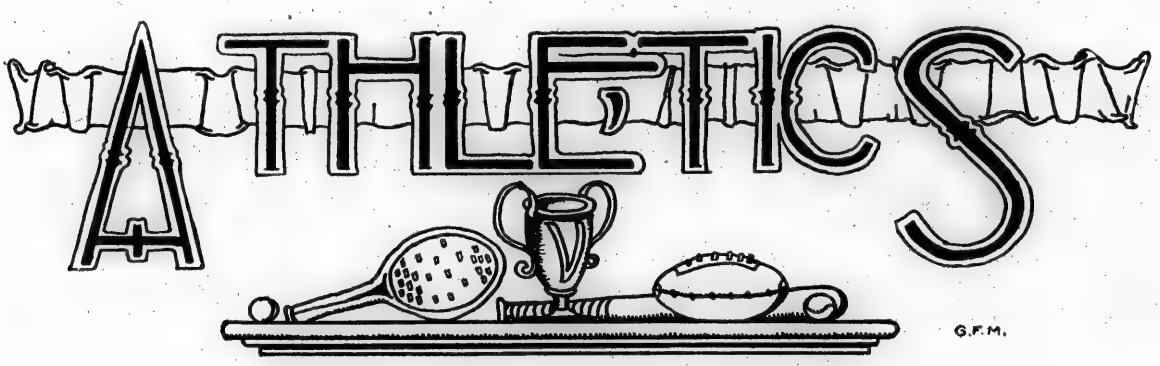
CONDOLENCES

THE VILLANVOAN wishes to extend the sincere sympathy of the faculty and students to the following:

Robert Alsop, ex-'22, on the death of his father in Philadelphia.

Joseph Gillespie, '20, on the death of his father at Hazelton, Pa.

Thomas R. Hanley, '19, on the death of his mother in Wilmington, Del.



Lehigh, 7; Villanova, 6

For the opening game of the '21 baseball season the varsity journeyed to South Bethlehem, Pa., on April 6 to cross bats with the Lehigh nine. Though outhitting their opponents 10 to 8 and playing an equally brilliant defensive game the Blue and White nine came out on the short end of the 7 to 6 score. Meader, who was coach McGeehan's choice for the slab in this contest was in mid-season form, and but for one disastrous inning, the second, he had the Lehigh sluggers at his mercy. In this second eventful inning, Meader was unable to locate the plate for Savaria, and passed him; Thompson singled, putting Savaria on second; Woikwitz sacrificed, placing men on second and third. Meader seemed to tighten up and fanned Rogers, but Schring connected with a fast one and sent the pellet to deep left centre for three bases, sending Savaria and Thompson across the platter. The Blue and White pitcher then permitted Conray to connect for a single scoring Schring; Rote then went out, Meader to O'Donnell. Although chalked up with a defeat Meader has great prospects of making good on the mound for Villanova, and with a little more experience and confidence, Meader is sure to become a winning twirler in college baseball.

In the third inning the varsity came back strong and with four hits including home runs by Capt. Brennan and Robinson, a two bagger by Meader and a single by McDonald, netted the varsity four runs and drove Canray from the mound. The eighth inning started with the sore tied at 5 to 5. Simpson went out, Garnez to O'Donald and Savaria struck out, Thompson singled and Moikwitz who had failed to connect with Meader's curves up to this time, drove the ball over the right field wall for a home run crossing the plate behind Thompson, with what proved to be the winning run. The varsity made a game fight to tie the score in the ninth but fell short by one run. O'Brien walked, Meader sacrificed; Robinson on his third hit in the game, singled to right, scoring O'Brien. With the tieing run on the bases, Ryan and McDonald both anxious to come through flied out to Thompson and Donovan respectively.

Brennan, Robinson and McDonald, three veterans where the chief offenders at bat, this trio accounting for seven of the ten hits made. Though Ryan and O'Brien are both charged with one error, the varsity produced a winning brand of baseball. The entire infield is composed of new comers who are playing their first year in college baseball. O'Donnell, at first base, is a sure fielder and seems to be able to hit as well; Gomez, a star of last season's prep nine is showing up well at second, while Ryan, well known on the basketball quintet, looks like one of the best shortstops seen at Villanova in some time; he handles the spheriod neatly and has a speedy and accurate arm. Third base is still an open proposition; Green, O'Brien and Gray, who are the candidates for this position, all seem on a parr and a final decision will be difficult. McDonald and Hertzler will do the bulk of the catching, while Sweeney, a veteran of last year's nine, and Meader, will be called upon to uphold the twirling end. O'Brien will probably get his turn in the box after the season has been under way. The outfield remains intact, with Capt. Brennan, Robinson and Connolly. This trio of sure fielders is a heavy hitting combination and much is expected from these men during the coming season.

Villanova	ab	r	h	o	a	e
Robinson, cf	4	1	3	0	0	0
Ryan, ss	5	0	1	2	3	1
McDonald, c	5	1	2	6	0	0
Brennan, lf	4	1	2	3	0	0
Gomez, 2b	3	0	0	3	2	0
Connelly, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
O'Donnell, 1b	4	0	0	9	0	0
O'Brien, 3b	3	1	0	0	0	1
Meader, p	4	2	1	0	4	0
Totals	36	6	9	24	9	2

Lehigh	ab	r	h	o	a	e
Rote, 2b	4	0	0	0	2	0
Donovan, ss	4	0	0	3	2	1
Simpson, 3b	4	0	0	4	1	0
Savaria, cf	3	1	0	2	0	1
Thompson, rf	4	2	2	3	0	0
Woikwitz, lf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Rogers, 1b	4	1	2	10	2	0
Schring, c	4	2	1	4	0	0
Conray, p	1	0	1	0	0	0
Lees, p	2	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	34	7	8	27	7	2

Villanova	0	0	4	0	0	0	1	0	1—6
Lehigh	0	3	0	2	0	0	0	2	x—7

Two base hits, Meader, Lees; three base hit, Schring; home runs, Brennan, Robinson, Woikwitz. Struck out by Meader, 5; by Lees, 2. Bases on balls off Meader, 1; off Lees, 3.



Villanova, 4; Ursinus, 1

The home season was opened on April 9, when the Ursinus nine from Collegeville, Pa., invaded the Blue and White camp and was defeated 4-1. Sid Sweeney, true to form, had things much his own way and was never in danger. Frequently, loose playing by his team mates put him in tight places but he quickly tightened up and pulled through scathless. Connelly starred at the bat with two triples.

Villanova	ab	r	h	o	a	e
Robinson, cf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Ryan, ss	4	1	2	2	1	1
McDonald, c	4	0	1	7	2	0
Brennan, lf	3	0	1	2	0	0
Gomez, 2b	4	1	1	0	1	1
Connelly, rf	4	1	2	0	0	0
O'Donnell, 1b	4	0	0	11	0	0
Green, 3b	1	0	0	1	1	2
O'Brien, 3b	1	0	0	0	0	0
Sweeney, p	3	1	1	1	6	0
*Hertzler, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	31	4	8	24	11	4

*Batted for Green in 6th.

Ursinus	ab	r	h	o	a	e
Faye, ss	5	0	1	1	3	0
Moser, cf	5	0	1	4	0	0
Keng'le, 2b	4	1	0	0	2	0
Canan, 3b	3	0	1	0	2	1
Swartz, lf	2	0	0	1	0	0
Baker, lf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Gregory, rf	4	0	2	3	0	0
Rahn, 1b	4	0	1	11	0	0
Helfrick, c	2	0	0	7	0	0
Shellberger, p	4	0	1	0	2	0
Totals	35	1	7	27	9	1

Villanova	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	x—4
Ursinus	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1

Two base hits, Ryan, McDonald; three base hits, Connelly, 2; sacrifice hits, Hertzler, Canan. Struck out by Sweeney, 6; by Shellberger, 6. Double play, Ryan to McDonald.



Princeton, 3; Villanova, 1

For the third game of the season the Varsity travelled to Princeton and although putting up a remarkable game, were outclassed 3-1.

The game was a pitcher's battle between Margetts, Princeton's best hurler and Chick Meader, with the former having the edge.

Villanova drew first blood in the third, when Robinson walked, went to second on Ryan's sacrifice and stole third, scoring on Amby Brennan's single, the first hit of the game.

Princeton scored one in the fifth, sixth and eighth innings. Ryan's fumble in the fifth put Fisher on first. MacNamara sacrificed and Fisher came home on Weiser's bingle.

Botting tripled in the sixth and McPhee brought him in on a neat single.

Beig scored the final run for Princeton, scoring off of Botting's and Margetts' sacrifices and a passed ball.

McDonald received great applause in the fourth when he recovered Ryan's poor throw behind first base and threw to Gomez who caught Gilroy loping towards second.

Villanova	r	h	o	a	e
Robinson, cf	1	0	2	0	0
Ryan, ss	0	1	1	1	2
McDonald, c	0	0	6	1	0
Brennan, lf	0	1	2	0	0
Gomez, 2b	0	0	3	3	0
Connelly, rf	0	0	1	0	0
O'Donnell, 1b	0	0	8	0	0
O'Brien, 3b	0	0	1	2	0
Meader, p	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	1	2	24	8	2

Princeton	r	h	o	a	e
Botting, cf	1	2	2	0	0
McPhee, 2b	0	1	3	2	1
Gilroy, 3b	0	0	0	3	0
McIlvaine, lf	0	0	2	0	0
Fisher, c	1	0	6	0	0
McNamara, rf	0	0	2	0	0
Weiser, 1b	0	1	8	0	0
Beig, ss	1	1	3	2	0
Margetts, p	0	0	1	3	1
Totals	3	5	27	10	2

Villanova	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Princeton	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	x—3

Three base hit, Botting; struck out by Meader, 5; by Margetts, 4; bases on balls off Meader, 5; double play, Ryan to Gomez.

Villanova, 4; Ctaholic U., 1

The Strong Catholic University nine fell a victim to the Blue and White combination here Saturday, April 16. The score was 4-1. Sid Sweeney was in rare form on the mound for Villanova and allowed but two hits, striking out four of the opposing batsmen and walking none.

Big Bill Dollard, hailed as the "no hit, no run" pitcher of the Southern aggregation was found for a total of nine hits, four of these coming in the sixth inning when Villanova scored three runs.

McDonald, Gomez and Brennan singled in rapid succession, filling the bases. Johnny Connelly slammed out a clean three bagger and drove in the three runs. Connely was forced out at home on Neville's grounder.

Neville's screaming line drive over second base was instrumental in scoring Gomez in the eighth.

Marty McDonald duplicated the feat he staged at Princeton by anticipating O'Brien's poor heave on Denault's grounder in the third. Denault, thinking the throw had gone wild, pranced gleefully down to second base to find Gomez waiting for him with ball in hand.

Catholic U. had a man on third base in the fifth but Sweeney retired the side handily by striking out the next two men up.

Villanova	r	h	o	a	e
Robinson, cf	0	0	1	0	0
Ryan, ss	0	1	3	4	0
McDonald, c	1	1	3	2	0
Brennan, lf	1	2	1	0	0
Connelly, rf	0	1	3	0	0
Gomez, 2b	2	1	3	4	0
O'Donnell, 1b	0	0	10	0	0
Neville, 1b	0	1	2	0	0
O'Brien, 3b	0	2	1	1	2
Sweeney, p	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	4	9	27	15	2

Catholic University	r	h	o	a	e
Denault, ss	0	0	2	0	0
Driscoll, 1b	0	0	11	2	0
Vail, lf	0	0	1	0	0
Cowin, c	0	0	6	0	0
Mack, 3b	0	1	0	1	0
Dunn, cf	0	0	0	0	1
Lynch, rf	0	0	2	0	0
Dollard, p	0	0	2	4	0
Curran, 2b	0	1	0	3	0
Totals	0	2	24	10	1

Villanova	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	1	x—4
Catholic University	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Three base hit, Connelly; sacrifice hits, McDonald, Sweeney, Ryan, Dunn; strike outs by Sweeney, 4; by Dollard, 5; bases on balls off Dollard, 3; umpire, McDermott, Haverford.

The remaining games to be played according to the revised schedule are as follows:

Princeton at Princeton—April 13
Catholic University at Villanova—April 16
Temple University at Villanova—April 20
Fordham at Fordham—April 23
Catholic University at Washington—April 27
Mt. St. Mary's at Emmitssburg—April 29
Gettysburg at Gettysburg—April 30
Gettysburg at Villanova—May 4
Penna. Military Academy at Chester—May 11
Lebanon Valley at Villanova—May 13
Lafayette at Easton—May 14
Ursinus at Collegeville—May 21
Haverford at Villanova—May 25
Lebanon Valley at Annville—May 28
Seton Hall at South Orange—June 1
St. Joseph's at Villanova—June 4



TO THE OLD-TIMER

Things We Miss

Mr. Banks—How he could shuffle.
Pop Duffey—The tailor.
Miss Hallohan—The matron.
Pop Kelley—Reared at Villanova.
"The Outlaws"—The boss's gang.
The Nut and Bolt Club—S'matter Pop's Babies.
The Federal Class—Between the acts.
The Ham and Cookies—Sunday night.
Logans' Ukelele.
Chucks' Southern drawl.

Things We Don't Miss

Breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Gump—"There is only one thing I know of that's worse than raining cats and dogs."
Gum—"And that is—?"
Gump—"Hailing taxicabs."

Prof.—"What is a plebiscite?"
Stud.—"Oh, that's an animal that lives on somebody else."
Prof.—"Is that so? Well, what is a parasite?"
Stud.—"That's some one who comes from Paris.

VILLANOVA VAUDEVILLE

A—"Checkers."
Featuring BILL and HANK.
"Every move a scream."

B—Lea and Perrin.
That saucy act.

C—Señor Class.
The Spanish tenor.

D—Delohery, McClernan and Reeves.
One act tragedy entitled
"Behind Barred Doors."

E—Tom Kenny.
The inimitable warbler.

F—"Cy" Jennings
in
"Bed."
Every evening at 8.30.



Cronin—"Were you very sick during the flu, Rastus?"

Rastus—"Sick? say man I was so sick mos' ebery night ah look in dat er casaulity list for mah name."

Beef—"Say fellow, gimme a drink."

Clerk—"The only way you can get a drink in this town is to be bitten by a snake."

Beef—"Quick. Si bite me."

V. P.—"You are to be suspended for two weeks."

Fresh.—"I'll be dead if I hang that long."



Jack—"What did Geraldine do after you proposed?"

Jim—"Oh, she sighed and then I sighed."

Jack—"Gee, you must have had a circus."

Jim—"Oh, no, only a sighed show."

Mickey—"Why do you call your girl postscript?"

Buck—"For short. Her name is Adeline Moore."

Those wishing to make trips to baseball games, kindly make arrangements with George Harris or Gerald Fagan.

Truck will leave Villanova one week in advance of game. Fee—One inner tube.

Robby—"Are you a song writer?"

Kelly—"Sure thing."

Robby—"What did you ever write?"

Kelly—"I wrote Dardenella, but she didn't answer my letter."

A PSALM OF BASEBALL

Tell me not in idle jingle
Baseball is an empty game,
For the lad that makes a bingle
Wins a place in sporting fame.

On the baseball field of battle,
In the diamond's dusty fray,
We can show some grit and mettle
Which will always save the day.

Life is real! Play is earnest!
Though the raving rooters roar,
Sad they'll be when thou returnest
Homeward with the winning score.

Lives of baseball stars remind us
We can make a 'rep' as well
And, departing, leave behinds us
Such a record as will tell.

Records that perhaps another
Emulating Sisler's fame
A forlorn and bush-league brother,
Reading—shall take heart again.

Let us, then be up and doing.
Be a Tyrus in the strife!
Fame achieving, flies pursuing,
Get your face in "Sporting Life."

Soap-posing?

"May I read your Palm, Olive?"
"Not on your Life, Buoy!"

Perhaps, as Darwin says, our ancestors were apes,—but, all of them were educated in the higher branches.

Villanova Koledge
Vilinova,
Pensilvana

deer sal,

you aint got know idear how i mis ya, espicily on sondy nites. i dont no know 1 hear eggsept brother tom, u no he aint my reel brother we jest kal him that but he is an nice man an i lik him.

Ya aint rot 2 me yet i hope ya aint got know gi in my place have ya? don't belive i am gelious cuz i aint ya no i lik ya sal remembur the box of kandi i brung to Ur hous 1 nite well i aint forgot that and i hope u ain. Ur ma hadnt ot never freget it nether, she sot by the stov on cronched till she culdnt mov.

how is Ur pop he ot to be hear and see thees guyes play kie ball their aint no use explainen its 2 teknicul fer ya. do u know tis the werds i us now the teacher lerned me them u want to here sum o the werds he sez o boy u wuldnt understan them no weigh.

well sal i muss clothes now and say gud nite dont ferget an rite me a gud long letir lik this I am Ur's till podunk becums a metra police

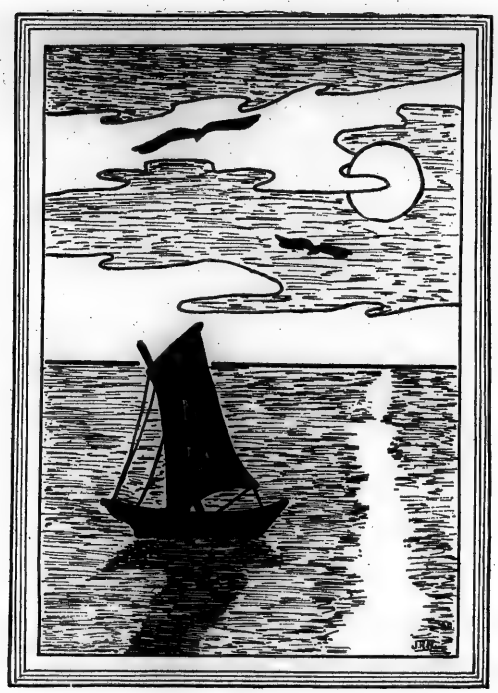
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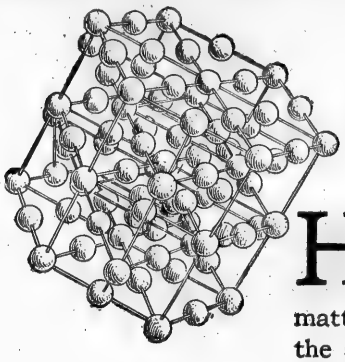
hiram.

p. s. ya had beter put mi midel name on the envilop fer distinkshun their mite b othir Duzenbries here.

Get in early after this, Al, or else bring a protector with you. It's a good thing you have a stout heart and a good pair of legs.

Those wishing to make trips to baseball games arrange with George Harris. Truck will leave a week ahead of time. Please bring spare tubes.





Who Was Moseley?

HE was a young Oxford man, only twenty-seven when he was killed at Callipoli. Up to his time, man had never seen the inside of an atom. He turned the X-rays on matter—not figuratively but literally—and made them disclose the skeleton of an atom just as certainly as a surgeon makes them reveal the positions of the bones of the body. Moseley proved that all atoms are built up of the same kind of matter. He saw, too, just why an atom of copper is different from an atom of gold.

Atoms are built up of electrons. Each atom consists of a nucleus, a kind of sun, with a certain number of electrons grouped about it, like planets. Moseley actually counted the number of electrons of all the metals from aluminum to gold.

When you discover what gold is made of or a new fact about electricity, you open up new possibilities for the use of gold or electricity. For that reason the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are as much concerned with the "how" of things—atoms and electrons, for instance—as they are with mere applications of the electric current.

Hence Moseley's work has been continued in the Research Laboratories, with the result that more has been learned about matter. How does water freeze? What is lead? Why are lead, iron, gold and tungsten malleable? Such questions can be answered more definitely now than ten years ago. And because they can be answered it is possible to make more rapid progress in illumination, in X-ray photography, in wireless telegraphy, and in electrical engineering as a whole.

There would have been no coal-tar industry without the vast amount of research conducted in organic chemistry, and no electro-chemical industry without such work as Sir Humphrey Davey's purely scientific study of an electric current's effect on caustic potash and caustic soda. Sooner or later research in pure science always enriches the world with discoveries that can be practically applied. For these reasons the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company devote so much time to the study of purely scientific problems.

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The Villanovan

APRIL, 1921

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Published Bi-Monthly at Villanova, Pa., by the Students of Villanova College.
Subscription, One Year, $1.50 Single Copies 35 cents
All communications to be addressed to THE VILLANOVAN, Villanova, Pa.
Entered as second-class matter October 11, 1920, at the Post Office, at Villanova, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879.

The Villanovan

Vol. V JUNE, 1921 No. 5

OUR PLEDGE TO ALMA MATER

Nineteen twenty-one glad dost thou greet,
Intertwining, Mater! laurels gay;
Now we in turn as garlands at thy feet—
Each from his heart this pledge is pleased to lay:
To love thee and to serve thee pledge we ever,
Each one of us, the Class of Twenty-one,
Each one shall prove his love by his endeavor,
Nor cause thee grief nor be a wayward son.

Truthfully we own we owe thee all—
Warm the love thou gavest; in return
Ever lean on us. We'll hear thy call.
Nothing shalt thou want; our hearts will yearn
To aid thee. Now we pledge allegiance true,
Your joys our joys, your griefs our griefs. In care
Our souls responsible shall be one with you.
Now we pledge again in earnest prayer
Each man of "Twenty-one" will do his promised share.

—Emmet A. Flynn, '21.

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1921

We, the Class of 1921, being lovers of classical literature, in making this, our last will and testament, naturally turn to classic sources to express our feelings; Dickens, in "The Curiosity Shop," seems to express to the letter our sentiments: "Each and all of us, for the time being out of our wits, do jointly and generallly commit all manner of follies;" so we hereby dispose of the following, to all those to whom we are indebted, and we declare that whether we are in legal possession of them or not, our heirs are hereby required, under pain of our displeasure, to accept them and pass them on to posterity, so that we may retire from college life with a free and easy conscience.

To the faculty we leave *"peace of mind,"* something they have not had for four years.

Also to the said faculty we leave the obligation of overlooking our many mistakes and the duty of remembering only the good that we have accomplished.

To the Class of 1922, we bequeath the dignity of being seniors, of course, and also the advice that they had better show some *"pep"* or they will never attain the distinction which is ours. Also the task of obtaining an Editor-in-chief for the Villanovan, who can compare with the one whom we supplied.

To the class in Ethics, we leave a proper understanding of the expression: *"as such;"* also the *"background of creation."*

To the class in Religion and Church History we leave the warning to keep out of the Professor's range of vision when he is distracted.

To the class in English, we leave the advice to remember that the *"Duck-bill"* or *"Ornithorhyncus,"* has a bill like a duck.

To the class in Sociology, we bequeath a volume entitled: *"Seven Short Sagacious Solutions for Socialistic Sophisms."*

To the class in History of Philosophy and Natural Theology we leave the hope that they succeed in having the class conducted on the "Peripatetic" plan.

We also leave the classes in Electric Railways lots of "current jokes," and "shocking expressions."

Dynamic Lab. and Power Plant, the same old pile of assorted wires and *whatever motors* and *generators* we have not *dismantled* or *rendered useless.*

The Electrical Engineers joyfully leave the Lab.

The Civil Engineers leave the *record* for having been the "most unfortunate class" to have had the honor of graduating from Villanova.

Johnnie Crawford leaves his sunny disposition and an enviable record in the Department of Mathematics. He takes his rotundity with him, however.

"Doc" Touey leaves a well-worn seat in the bleachers, and a tall silk hat which served to transform him on several occasions.

"Whip" Kenney leaves the golf links and a list of dumfounding questions for Ethical students; also a *"line"* baited for professors who *unexpectedly* call on him.

"Mike" Flynn leaves the well earned distinction of being the class poet; also a much despised seat in the front row of Dr. Tourscher's class.

"Frankie" McManus leaves us still in a state of wonderment as to just where this Locust Gap place is anyhow.

Leo Delohery leaves a set of kitchen utensils, a toaster, and a bread box for the use of those who are in the habit of sleeping "over;" also a marvelous collection of neckties.

"Robby" leaves the buildings as usual, a carpet badly worn from pacing back and forth, and a much-used set of *"back-numbers"* of Roofs and Bridges exams.

"Larry" Braham leaves the telephone operators in a happier frame of mind, and a bevy of pretty girls. He leaves the advice, "Treat them nice," they like to be "treated." Also someone lonely at Villa Maria.

"Amby" Brennan leaves a gap in the batting order, a record for conscientious work, and many happy memories.

"Al" Kane leaves the Villanovan without an Athletic Editor and a none-too effective alarm clock.

"Fe" Maguire, product of the town of Villanova, leaves us with a good impression of local talent.

"Johnnie" Maguire leaves the Glee Club without an Al Jolson, and one white enameled mirror, badly cracked. This mirror is donated to the occupants of the second corridor, who have regarded it as common property anyway.

And we all leave a royal bunch of good fellows, a zealous faculty and our best wishes to future Villanova.

Having disposed of all these things which we cannot carry into our future life, we also desire

to leave in a lump sum our faults and failings to be forgotton generously by all.

We hereby constitute and appoint Mr. Carl T. Humphrey, Dean of the School of Technology, as executor of this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us made and confirming this and no other to be our last will and testament.

Given this day, June 9, 1921, at Villanova, Pa.

(Signed) THE CLASS OF 1921.

WORDS

How many hearts are broken!
How many lives made sad
Just by a few words spoken—
Just by the jest of a cad!

How many hearts are grateful!
How many men rejoice
And pain is made forgetful
At the sound of a friendly voice!

Then, let your words be always free
From any strain of jealousy—
Always good, enheartening, fair,
Hope, Joy, Peace abiding there.

With Hope that cheers a toiling race
Let Joy as partner step apace;
Let Peace both Hope and Joy enthrall,
And Charity reign queen of all.

DEEDS

Remember man must die,
He cannot live forever;
Beneath the sod you'll lie—
These earthly ties must sever.

Today is yours to use,
Tomorrow ne'er may come;
This day do not abuse—
You're judged as you have done.

Lead upright lives of purest ray;
Scatter, like seed, good deeds abroad,
That thus upon your latest day
You may with courage face the Lord;
Knowing that fruit of your good deeds—
Rich growth of seeds sown o'er the grounds—
Suppresses all the worthless weeds
And with celestial bliss redounds.

—Leo A. Hart.

Class Prophecy

THE INTERNATIONAL ELECTRICAL SYNDICATE
Alfred F. Kane, President
121 Wall St.
NEW YORK CITY

May 22, 1946.

Very Rev. Dr. John H. Crawford, M. S. O. S. A.
Dean of the School of Technology,
Villanova University.

Rev. and dear Father:—In reply to your recent letter, it is with great pleasure that I accept your cordial invitation to address the class of 1946 at the coming commencement exercises on June 9. This date, dear father, perhaps unforeseen by you, will be exactly twenty-five years since the day that you and I and the other members of our class received their laurel from dear old Alma Mater. Although I have frequently met members of our class on the annual alumni day, yet owing to the fact that we have scattered over the globe we were never able to reunite "en masse," as I would like to have us do. It was with a view to this that I communicated with all the members of our class and I have received encouraging replies from all except Doctor Touey, who, as you know, is now Assistant General of your order in Rome.

Frank McManus, the president of the Philadelphia National Bank, is so enthused over the coming reunion that he declares he will announce his gift of a new library building to the Law School. This will be good news to you, I know, but keep it under your biretta.

Father Kenny answered my letter in person, having accepted an invitation to dinner at my home last evening. Do you know, father, he has aged considerably? I suppose that is due to his onerous duties connected with the erection of his beautiful new church in the Bronx. Outside of an occasional game of golf, Father Kenny's only diversion seems to be visiting the Polo grounds to see Manager Frank Robinson pilot the champion White Sox to another pennant.

U. S. Senator John Maguire is very enthusiastic over the proposed reunion. I suppose you have been reading up with interest his recent bill for the construction of a new bridge from Newfoundland to Ireland. The plans of this gigantic thoroughfare have been drawn up in detail by "Ambie" Brennan, and he himself appeared in Congress to urge the project.

One of our members from whom neither of us has had communication for some time recently dropped in at my office shortly after returning from his tour of the Far East.

Do you know, father, Leo Delohery has probably been the most fortunate of us all? As you know, he amassed a fortune shortly after graduation by his discovery of "Deloherium," an inexpensive and effective substitute for radium. Since that time he has traveled to the far-famed places of interest which you and I still hope to see.

Felix Maguire, although laboring in the interior of China on the erection of the Empire Electric Railway, will nevertheless be with us on June 9. Felix intends to aviate here in his new "Locomozip."

You cannot imagine the surprise I received on Sunday last! Mrs. Kane and I were enjoying a week-end at Atlantic City. We were staying at the "New Victoria," of which Mr. Larry Brahan is consulting engineer and architect, and as luck would have it, Larry was arranging with the owner for extensive improvements. Larry and I strolled over to St. Nicholas rectory to pay a visit to Father Flynn, who had to interrupt his afternoon nap (but he didn't mind that). He presented both of us with copies of his latest book of poems, "Practical Problems Poetically Propounded."

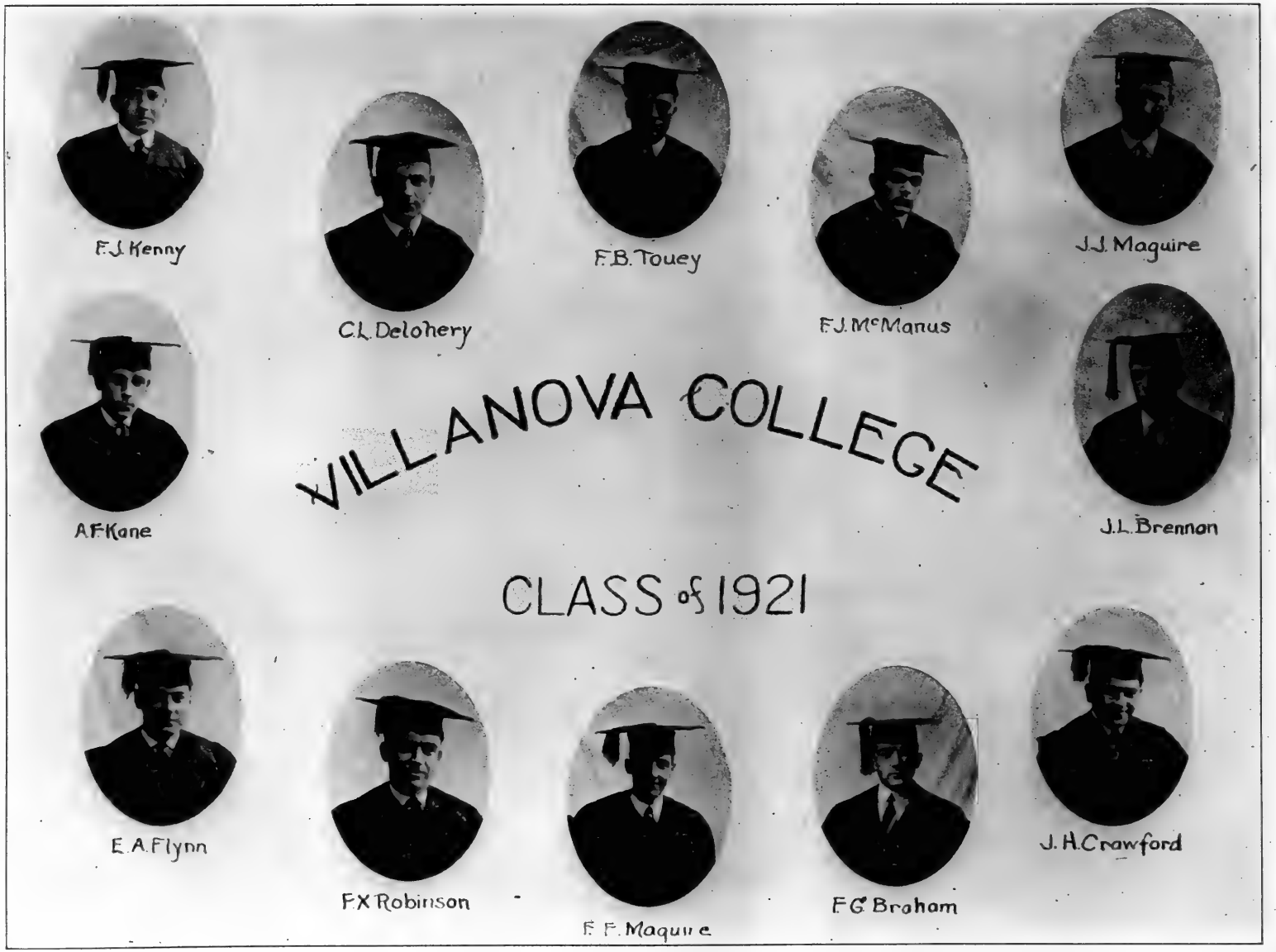
Well, father, this letter seems to be like a review of our class, but nevertheless its main purpose is to ask your kind permission to hold our reunion at Alma Mater on Commencement Day.

I wish you would appoint yourself the "committee of one" in charge and forward all expense to me.

Hoping to see you and all the members of '21 on that day, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

ALFRED F. KANE.


F.J. Kenny
C.L. Delohery
F.B. Touey
F.J. McManus
J.J. Maguire
A.F. Kane
VILLANOVA COLLEGE
J.L. Brennan
CLASS of 1921
E.A. Flynn
F.X. Robinson
E.F. Maguire
F.G. Braham
J.H. Crawford

Class Prophecy

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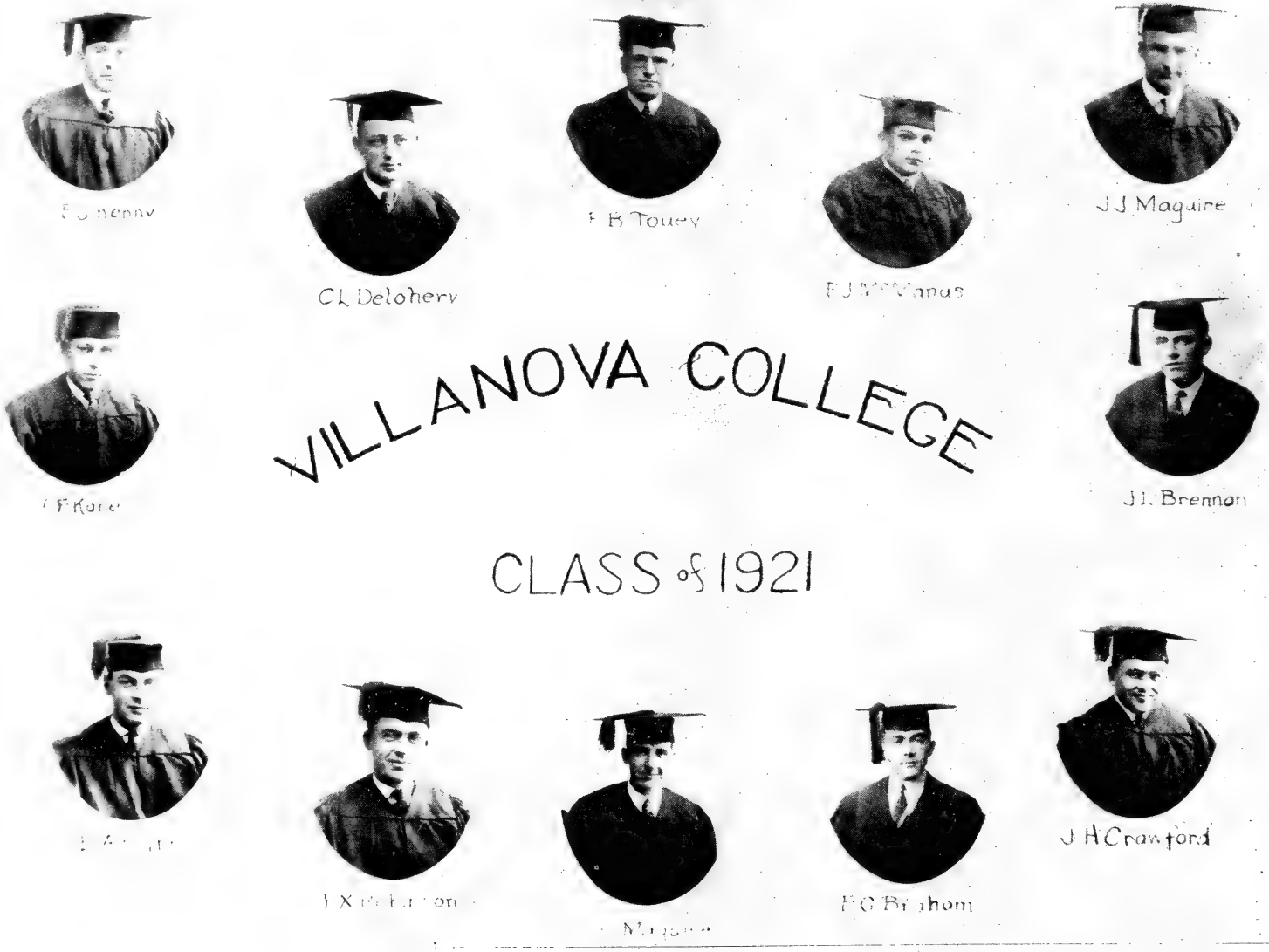
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Sincerely yours,

ALFRED F. KANE.


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C.L. Delohery
F.B. Touey
J.J. Maguire
F.P. Kane
VILLANOVA COLLEGE
J.L. Brennan
CLASS of 1921
J.H. Crawford
F.C. Brahom

Class Histories

Francis George Braham—B. S. in C. E.

"Larry."

"Oh, sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!"

And Larry is not the least of these lovers of gentle sleep, the soother of all worries. When things went wrong with Larry (and Larry took a lot of bumps during his career), it was his wont to toss himself upon his downy couch, as the poets might say, and dream sweet dreams of home and things like that. There is no denying it may be possible to dream about your home town, even when that means Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

But Hoosic Falls is far away from Villanova, and with this objection removed or blurred over, we find Larry's name carried prominently in the various Blue Books and Social Registers of Main Line towns and neighboring institutions.

Larry is an earnest believer in the saying, "Work when you work, and play when you play," and whether he be treading with light steps and ill-concealed enjoyment upon the waxed floor at the throne of Terpsichore, attending The Dansant, using political influences for someone or other, or managing a basketball team, Larry was "heart and soul" in his endeavors.

Himself a protege of a fellow-townsman in his Freshman year, Larry had many proteges of his own and was always a good "booster."

As manager of the first Varsity Basketball team to represent Villanova in college circles, he did wonders in the managerial line and contributed greatly toward the continuance of basketball as a major sport here.

And, oh, yes—he was also a capable student, but he claimed no ability as a singer. We refrain from mentioning his army career. Suffice it to say that we expect him to write a book some day, entitled "My Fourteen Hours in the Army."

We have little doubt, however, that Larry will run a good race in the world's broad field of strife, now that he is to step from dear old Villanova and go forth into the field of Engineering accomplishments.

Good luck to you, Larry, is our truest wish, and may the memories of our days together at Villanova be always pleasant and inspiring.

Francis Bernard Touey, A. B.

"Doc."

"For he would fain have all things glad,
All lives happy, all things right."
—Ryan.

One sunny afternoon during the latter part of our Freshman year a young man strolled into Villanova from St. Joseph's College and introduced himself as Frank Touey. Being of a genial disposition, he was anxious to greet his fellow-students as cheerfully as he could, but since he was unfamiliar with our names during his early days here, he adopted the name "Doc" for all whose true cognomen he did not know. But this name, instead of sticking to any of the rest of the class, returned whence it came, and Frank has always been called "Doc." I have said that "Doc" is of a genial disposition; and there is another quality which often accompanies geniality, and "Doc" possesses that, too. I mean corpulency. Yes, "Doc" is fat, and, strange to say, he admits it—something most fat men refuse to do.

"Doc" arrived in the spring, and at his first opportunity he betook himself to the campus to witness the 'Varsity perform. He is an enthusiastic fan and likes nothing better than a good baseball game. So fond is he of our national sport that he has developed a language, all his own, in which he expresses many a clever thought. When someone "cracks a bum joke" it is no rare thing to hear "Doc" say: "Take your base."

While "Doc" likes baseball immensely, there are some things he does not like, chief among which is a rainy day. When "Doc" jumps (?) out of bed in the morning and sees that the sky is cloudy, he feels like returning to the blankets until the sun comes out. But even when it rains "Doc" does his best to cheer us.

We rejoice with Frank at the completion of four years of studious endeavor, but we cannot keep down a feeling of regret at parting with a chum whose smile is sunshine. Frank is a true friend and a real man, and we know that the coming years will bring good tidings of his success, wherever his labors may take him.

Joseph Leo Brennan—B. S. in C. E.

"Amby."

—"He had the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world: 'This was a man.'"

Born and reared at Pleasant Mount, Wayne County, Pa., Amby came to Villanova a happy, carefree youth, with a propensity for mathematics and athletics. Amby finished fourth Prep at Villanova and waded into Engineering undaunted. The trials and tribulations of Freshman Mechanics and the "unknowns" in the Chemical Lab, were but little things in his life, and the end of his Sophomore year found him still "smiling through." During these years he had been having great success at football, basketball and baseball. Tennis was also one of his diversions.

Then came a break, occasioned by the late war. "Pop" went to Plattsburg and won the coveted commission. But his career as Lieutenant Brennan was brief and marked by a three months' siege in a hospital in New York, where he fought a grim battle for life against the dreaded pneumonia. He won the battle, but before he could return to active service the war was "called off."

After a lapse of a year, Amby returned to Villanova, still shaken in health, but able to continue his pursuits in Engineering work, and able also to "carry on" as Captain of the baseball team.

If there be a misogynist in the Class of 1921, then Amby is "it." But, why dwell on that?

He never shirked a duty, he never missed a formation and he was a "shining example" of a loyal Villanova man.

It was not his heavy slugging on the baseball team, but rather a combination of strong moral character, studiousness at the proper time and general all-around good-fellowship, that made Amby Brennan the logical choice of his fellow-students in the vote for the honor of being the "best man in the College."

John Joseph Maguire—M. S. in C. E.

"Johnnie"

"Is there any new business?"

It is John's unfortunate fate to be looked down upon by many of his fellowmen—but he has received also from fate, the enviable gift of being able to compel those who look down upon him, to look up at him. No, he isn't a pug. Tho' "Johnnie" is only shoulder high, he is one man who is succeeding in his main ambition. Since coming to Villanova, John has been president of every major student organization of the school, the Athletic Association, the Phi Kappa Pi, the American Association of Engineers—everything except the college itself. In any assembly of students, it is his inherent trait to gravitate toward the chair, and if a new club or somethin' is organized, he is nominated, seconded and elected president as a matter of course. Besides these various presidencies, he has been manager of the varsity baseball for a season, Editor-in-Chief of the Villanovan, first instructor to the Informal Dancing Class that convenes on the second floor—"College Side;" has many times during Lent, led the choir, and I think was once elected Honorary Mayor of Conshohocken (his ticket was free telephone service).

"Johnny" resides on a corridor of *night*ingales, which alone would make him a vocalist. Despite the close competition, he will admit that he has the sweetest note of all. As Verdant Green in our recent Musical Comedy, he has demonstrated his ability as a comedian to everyone. It would be awakening a corpse, perhaps, to say that Johnny was in the awkward squad during the military regime here—as a matter of fact, I can't say that he was—or wasn't.

The greatest compliments of all come unbidden. Said a certain young lady to J. M. (this was overheard)—"Oh, Mr. Maguire, how do you find it possible to participate in so many college activities, when I am sure that Mr. Leyendecker must demand much of your time in posing for his Arrow Collar ads?"

"Eh—who, what—"

"Oh, excuse me for mentioning it, Mr. Bride asked me not to tell."

"Oh, that's all right."

The freshman must feel something like Alexander, who wept over his father's victories, for no matter where one goes to impress on someone the fact that one comes from Villanova, the first thing to her is, "Oh, are you from Villanova? Do you know Johnny Maguire?"

Tell us, John, did you leave any fields for us to conquor?

We almost forgot to say that Johnnie hails from Newport, Rhode Island, but he probably would have reminded us of that anyway.

May the loyalty you have shown to Villanova, John, be manifested in your future career and may it carry you on to well-earned success is the earnest wish of the Class of Twenty-one.

John Haldane Crawford, A. B.

"Johnny." "Jack."

"He wears the rose of youth upon his cheek."
—Shakespeare.

Villanova College has always striven to render her graduates a credit to Catholic Education. During her glorious history there have been few instances more worthy of her endeavors than the satisfaction obtained in graduating John Crawford. Johnny hails from Lawrence, the land of the Spicket Valley—where there can be found many wonderful attractions, and even curiosities. Of course, the birthplace of a great man does not add honor to his name, but rather brightens the reflection of nobility of his character. But, regardless of this affliction, there are several charming features about Johnny that merit our admiration.

Since first his bright, ruddy face smiled in the classroom we have found him a jovial, loyal, honest companion and a sincere student. There seems to be no end to the variety of his talents, although mathematics has been his "hobby"—with the result that he has figured us all out and knows every man's number—to the fortieth decimal place. It would be no exaggeration to say that Johnny has been light of the class in all questions pertaining to the classics. Many a time when the "horse thiefs" had done their worst—we were supported by the loyalty of Johnny, who always bothered with such trifles as parsing and sentence construction and minute particulars, as dates, localities and middle names.

A sound body and a sound mind make the whole man solid. If this is true, Johnny should be an "iron man." Athletics have been an attraction for him. To be sure, he is not the last to arrive on the ball field and never the first to leave it. To sum up the character of John, it seems his golden rule of life is, "Virtue *stands* in the middle," but he carries the point a step farther, and, with him, virtue *runs* in the middle, because he is continually expanding mentally and corporeally.

The time has come when the classmates of '21 must depart from the scenes and companions of many happy days. The members of the graduating class feel proud of their "Johnny," not merely because of his excellent talents and upright character, but especially because his years of manhood in the future shall reflect the successful issue of Villanova's hopes and triumphs.

Alfred Ferdinand Kane—B. S. in E. E.

"Al"

"Would I were steadfast as thou art."

In the Bronx of New York City, where the Broadway subway comes up for air and becomes the "L," Al Kane was born. He still claims New York as his home, although he has done some extensive traveling during his young career. Al was at Niagara University for a while, but the Classics didn't give him a chance to expand, so he drifted into Engineering and Villanova. Alf also "did time" at Plattsburg for a while, and not so long ago he took Horace Greeley's advice and went West for a spell.

Al is well versed in Athletics and did a creditable job as Athletic Editor on the staff of the Villanovan for the last three years.

He performed one season in the outfield for the Varsity baseball team, and also pitched an occasional game for Pickett's Fifth Warders.

As a student Al was "there." Things just seemed to come his way, and he found little difficulty wading through the A. C.'s and D. C.'s and none at all wading through the E. C.'s at breakfast, when his alarm clock did manage to stir him up once or twice a week. Not that we mean to say that Al slept all morning. No! Sometimes he slept in the afternoons and occasionally at night. Besides his long distance traveling, Al also did some local touring and he never seemed to be at loss for a partner in the various social events.

To Al was given the honor of being selected President of the Class of '21, a well deserved distinction, and he served one term as president of the Athletic Association.

Now that we are about to sever our college ties, we extend to genial, keen-witted Al our heartiest congratulations for his unusual success at Engineering and we wish him health, happiness and prosperity and cherish the hope that success may crown his every venture in the great big world outside the classrooms of dear old Villanova.

Cornelius Leo Delohery—Ph. B.

"Del." "Leo."

"He better plans, who things, not words, attends,
And turns his studious hours to active ends."

This debonair youth with rosy cheeks and curly hair is a product of Danbury, Connecticut, where "most of our hats" are made. Leo came to Villanova from Fordham Prep and made good from the start as a "moist ball" artist with the 'Varsity baseball team. An injury to his arm, however, prevented him from taking part in the game for the last year or so.

We look to "Del" to protect the Class of 1921 in the manly art of self-defense, his prowess at boxing being of no mean ability.

In fact, his knowedge of boxing and the development and treatment of muscles may lead our classmate into the field of Osteopathy instead of Medicine, which was his original intention.

Leo is naturally of a quiet nature, but somehow or other we never fail to see a glimpse of the mischievous in those smiling blue eyes of his. Then, again, he is serious at times, especially in his attempts to master the popular pastime of treading the waxed or "cornmealed" floors at the urge of the modern jazz tunes.

Leo was always a good student. He seemed to enjoy the classes in Sociology, especially when he could get a chance to try out the Binet tests on friend Frankie.

I doubt if anyone will challenge the statement that Del was considered the best dresser in the Class of 1921.

In taking leave of our loyal classmate, we have no fears that Leo will not be a worthy Villanova man, and that his career will be every bit as successful as his career at Villanova foreshadowed.

Francis X. Robinson—B. S. in C. E.
"Robby."

"Prithee, why so pale, young student?"

Philadelphia's contribution to the Class of 1921 is one Francis X. Robinson, ball player and heartbreaker. It would be unfair to stop there, however, for Robby is a good fellow, an earnest student and a loyal Villanova man.

Ruddy of face and with an abundance of curly hair, Robby came to us from R. C. H. S. and soon made a name for himself as a ball player of hard-hitting ability and with a thorough knowledge of the game. He was lead-off man in the batting list for three seasons and captained the 1920 team, which had a creditable record in College circles.

When the press of work became great in the Senior year, Robby ceased to be a "day drag" and took up his abode at Villanova. At the "Senior Table" he was no slacker and proved himself a source of annoyance to the other members, until Johnny Maguire solved the problem by seeing that Robby was well attended to before the others could start to eat at all.

Even with this precaution, it was not uncommon for Robby to depart for home at all hours of the night in order to get a "bite to eat." At least, that's where he said he went.

As we have said, Robby is a "good fellow," and he will no doubt pardon the personal banterings of ours "because of the source."

Robby's baseball fame is so well known that he received several flattering offers from major league teams, and it is possible that he may accept one.

But, whether it be in baseball circles or in Engineering, Robby, you have our most cordial wishes for success, and it will be with a just pride that we record you as a member of the Class of '21.

Francis Joseph McManus—A. B.
"Frankie"

"No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth."

We have found on good authority that Frankie is no relation to the other McManus—George, of cartoon fame—but we are not so certain as to whether he was the inspiration for "Jiggs" or Dinty Moore in the "Bringing Up Father" editions.

Frankie left his home at Locust Gap (in the hard coal regions) at an early age, and after wandering from institution to institution for a while, he landed at Mt. St. Mary's, where he stayed for several years. Finishing a prep career at that institution, he made his way to Villanova, and finding there were no more trains to Locust Gap for some time, he "hung up his hat and stayed." Since then he has "stayed and stayed." He has "stayed in" and "stayed out" and the "Powers that be" at Villanova somehow did not feel inclined to "call his hand" and here we have smiling Frankie stepping up to receive his well-earned A. B.

Although not musically inclined himself, he could appreciate good music and he could depreciate bad music.

In this unusual year, when singers of various degrees of ability cropped out, and for no reason whatever, burst into song, Frankie was unusually outspoken as to his opinion of such performers. Sad to relate, however, his neighbors sometimes mistook his vigorous poundings on the intervening walls for thunderous applause, and renewed their efforts to please their "enthusiastic" audience.

Even at times deemed most serious, a chance remark was always good for a grin from Frankie, but his big fault was in laughing too much at the wrong time.

Frankie was a nature lover, and this love of nature seemed to influence him to such an extent that he became a great walker. He was a familiear sight along the highways, to the north, south, east and west of Villanova "in search of the beauties of nature." That was his explanation of it, and we would be unkind not to accept his word, no matter how much we suspected that his meanderings at night were for other purposes than admiring the moon and the stars. Pink and violet tinted letters in the morning mail are usually a good index to the extent of a man's love of nature.

But withal and in all fairness, we must say that Frankie was a good student, a conscientious worker and a loyal son of Villanova.

May your choice of a career be one of wisdom, and may success crown your every effort is the earnest wish of every member of the Class of Twenty-one.

Felix Edward Maguire—B. S. in E. E.

"Fe"

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own—my native land—"

To Felix Maguire, Villanova means two things. It is his Alma Mater. It is his birthplace. For it was within the very shadow of the slender spires of the beautiful church of St. Thomas, of Villanova, that our youthful classmate first saw the light of day. It was at Villanova that "Fe" grew up. He grew to the extent of five foot ten or so.

Like his illustrious confrere in Electrical Engineering, Al Kane, Felix also went into training at Plattsburg for one season during the fuss Kaiser Bill stirred up a few years back. And likewise with the same Al, he spent some time at electrical work "way out West" in Ohio last summer.

"Fe" is as good natured as they come and he was frequently in demand as a "go between" when necessity demanded a partner for some social function or other. In fact, "Fe" was a veritable "Who's Who" man for the towns of Villanova, Bryn Mawr and Wayne. Somehow or other, he seemed to know a lot more about Wayne than he did about the other towns along the Main Line.

Now that we are about to take our leave, we shall miss his pet expressions, "Jumping Friday!" (pronounced Jumin' Fridah!) and "Gosh all Christopher." Oh yes, he had other expressions just as effective—but, remember, gentle reader, the freedom of the press is still a limited thing.

We don't remember much about his athletic ability, nor can we pass judgment upon the quality of his vocal talents. He could whistle "right nice" and usually did.

However, we do know he was especially gifted in mechanics and "sich"—although he did go astray in calculus now and then.

To Felix is given credit for that sparkling little ballad entitled, "Watt is Ohm without a motor?" This daring lyric is said to have electrified the most susceptible listeners and many are said to have succumbed to it without much "resistance."

When "Fe" talked of "sparking," we could never quite agree as to whether he meant it in relation to a generator or something more animate even than that.

We know that "Fe" will always be a "close" friend of Villanova, and we all join in wishing him every possible success in the field of Electrical Engineering.

Francis Joseph Kenny—A. B.

"Whip."

"I find thee worthy, do this thing for me."
—Emerson.

First impressions are always lasting, and we are glad to say that when "Whippie" Kenny blew into Villanova some years ago from Lawrence, Mass., he made a decidedly good impression, and to this day it remains and is rather emphasized by the fact that we are soon to part. If we were to enumerate here a list of "Whip's" accomplishments, this history would fill several volumes. He had a reputation for doing things before he came here, having been President of his class in Lawrence High, and he certainly has not dimmed that reputation since he began to do things at Villanova. To prove our contention (as Whip would say), we have only to state a few facts. He has been the chief exponent of golf at Villanova and has cut no mean figure on the diamond. He has taken an active part in student theatricals, and when playing the leading part in the Sophomore Play he "took down the house." Then, again, he took the Elocution class by storm; and was awarded the much-prized epithet, "You'll do," by the professor. We do not hesitate to say that his "line" would soon land him in the Presidency should he decide to enter politics.

Frank's sobriquet, "Whip," was earned by him before he entered our midst. We understand that it has reference to his being a "letter" man on the Lawrence High track team. However, "Whip" still deserves the title, for he certainly "whipped" up things in Senior Ethics and left some of us so far behind that we are still gasping. To hear "Whip" talking about voting for Presidents one would be inclined to believe that he is much older than he looks, but we have it on his own authority that the voting age in his particular village is regulated by ability and not by age.

As regards his former life, we know little, except that a well-known fellow-citizen of his claims that he has a "past." We have investigated and are almost tempted to write something on the order of "Their Story Runneth Thus However, we have to draw the line somewhere, so why not here? "Whip's" favorite expression is: "Now you're talking like a million bucks." Only those who are initiated can understand the depth of meaning in those few words.

"Whip" has ever been a prime favorite at Villanova. A good chum, and a kind friend, he enjoys the esteem of all his classmates, who sincerely hope he will continue to "do things" in the life that is before him.

Emmett Ambrose Flynn, A. B.
"Mike."

"Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm."

Seven years ago a little, bashful boy, hailing from Coatesville, Pa., and anxious to have it known that he wasn't from the country. claiming that "Philly" had the honor of his birth, was enrolled as a student of Villanova.

It never occurred to our youthful minds that seven years could make him the illustrious writer and poet whose works grace the pages of our college magazine. In those years, too, Emmet proved himself a staunch friend of the college and a true companion of every member of the class; besides, "Mike" now stands six feet of "enthusiasm" in his stocking feet, being the largest man in the class in more ways than one, (especially around the waist).

'Midst his favorite friends the "Poets" Emmet passed many of the cold wintry nights. They supplied for him the warmth of summer and the sunshine of the spring. But when even these had failed to satisfy his poetic nature, our young friend took up the pen himself. Doubtless the readers of the "Villanovan" marvel at the charm that his poems and essays exhibit.

Following the maxim that a "busy man has time for everything," Emmet played an important part in two of the best comedies that ever struck Villanova. In one, as the "Rev. I. M. Straight," he well-nigh raised the room; in the other he was quite as successful as a member of the well-known "G. R. E." frat. Besides acting and addressing class meetings, he orates well, hobnobs with the athletes, shoots a fair game of pool and plays a respectable game of golf.

He is also an artist of no mean ability, and his caricatures of different members of his class have often caused no end of mirth. The end is here, and with it the beginning. May it be for our friend the beginning of a bright and prosperous path, leading to true success. We cannot let this happy circle break without the earnest expression of sincere good wishes for him, and the hope of constant union in the bonds of Alma Mater.

Four Aces

By Michael Owen

Among the passengers on the little coastal steamer, *S. S. Tumaco,* northbound from Valparaiso to Panama, none was more eager for the ship to make port than John Hines. Hines was a mining engineer in the employ of the Andes Copper Mining Company and the port of Panama marked the end of the first leg of the journey which was to take him back to the States.

It would be his first visit home after five arduous years in the Chilean Andes and while the time had been long it had been more than beautiful in its reward. In the beginning, just fresh from college, he had been given a minor post in the field. He was not destined to remain in this position long for the hard lessons he had learned there enabled him to grasp his opportunity during the second year of his employment, when he perfected a process which increased the copper recovered from the porphyry ore, nearly 100 per cent.

In consequence he was promoted to the post of consulting engineer and substantially rewarded in a monetary way. The future looked decidedly bright and he began to anticipate a journey back to the United States. Several years passed and he had yet to realize this wish.

Then one day a letter came from his brother which precipitated all his plans into the proverbial cocked hat and made it urgent for him to get home as quickly as possible. His younger brother, a cashier in a bank, had tampered with the accounts. There was a shortage of almost ten thousand dollars and discovery of the theft was only a matter of a short time.

Immediately on receipt of the letter Hines started for Valparaiso, where he procured more than enough to cover the defalcations of the cashier and procured passage on the steamer. He might have sent the money, but he feared that might mean certain discovery and above all he wished to protect his mother and the family name from the disgrace.

* * * * *

Undoubtedly the thought that he might arrive too late was directly responsible for the visible impatience in his swinging stride as he walked the deck of the little vessel.

As he stopped for an instant to watch the ship warp her way into the dock, he was joined by a fellow passenger, one of the several other Americans on board. Hines had made his acquaintance during the course of many games, in which the small party had indulged on the tedious voyage. The play had been only for small stakes and it was impossible to lose much money and it had proved an excellent means of passing the time.

Both men gazed silently at the rusted corrugated-iron covered docks and the white buildings of the city shining in the tropical sun. It was the first time Hines had seen the city of Panama, but he was not interested at all for his thoughts were far away.

His companion turned from the rail with the air of one who had viewed the scene countless times, and said pleasantly, "Well, Hines, I suppose you are tired enough of the voyage by this time and eagerly looking forward to a night ashore."

"Indeed I am, Mr. Parke, but I am more anxious to be on my way home. My only regret is that I must spend a night here before I can get to Colon."

"If you have nothing to do tonight I know where we can spend the evening among sociable friends and enjoy a real dinner. A friend of mine, an Englishman by the name of Gordon, lives in these parts. He will be delighted to see us, and what is more he knows how to play a good game of poker."

"I have some business to transact as soon as I get ashore, but after that I shall be pleased to join you," returned Hines.

A meeting place was selected on and the two men went below to arrange for their departure from the ship.

Once ashore Hines found little difficulty in transacting his business, which consisted of getting his money exchanged into United States bills of large denominations. He could then present the cash to his brother and caution urged him to make the change before he arrived in the States.

Some time remained before the arranged meeting with Parke and he accordingly set out for a stroll about the city. His wanderings brought him to a railroad track where he spied a detail of American soldiers loading a box car with dynamite. They were a good natured group of young men, hardly more than boys. He spent a pleasant hour in their company and then continued on his way with their laughing jests ringing in his ears He had not gone far from the railroad, however, before he discovered that he was close to the meeting place previously arranged with Parke.

His watch indicated that he had but a short time to wait. In fact, he had been there only a minute when Parke came walking in the other

direction and together they set out for the Englishman's home which was only a square away.

The dinner, as promised, proved to be a real one and by the time the after-dinner cigars were in order, Hines felt rather glad that he had accepted the invitation to share Gordon's hospitality. Otherwise he might have spent an unsatisfactory evening in some hotel in the city, which at the best could be classed only as indifferent.

Conversation, which had been general in tone, had begun to drag when the servant admitted another caller. The man was an American, as was evidenced by his greeting. He was somewhere between thirty-five and forty years of age, carefully dressed in white duck and possessed the appearance of one who had spent much time in the tropics. He accepted a cigar from his host and smoked moodily for a time. Tossing the cigar in the tray on the table, he suggested a game of cards. Without waiting for a reply he walked to the corner of the room where a mahogany poker chip tray rested on a small table.

"Oh, never mind the chips," began Parke, "just bring the cards. We'll use money for chips and do away with the necessity of cashing-in after the game. And just for fun let's make it a real game. I am tired of playing for pennies an need something to stimulate my nerves after being down below the equator so long."

"That will be all right, as far as I am concerned," replied Gordon, "but my real guest tonight is Mr. Hines. Did you find the suggestion agreeable, my young friend?"

Not wishing to appear ungrateful after the so-far enjoyable evening, Hines acquiesced though it must be admitted that he had never played in a "real" game. True he had played much during the time spent in the Andes, but never for anything save trivial amounts. Still this small play had taught him something of the game and he could afford to loose a few hundred without any embarrassment.

"Since you gentlemen are my guests, I shall act as a banker. I can cash anyone's check for ten thousand dollars," returned the Englishman with a congenial smile.

"That will not likely be necessary," said Taylor, the recent arrival, "but I sure would like to ee a game like that tonight."

Without further comment the play commenced. Facing Hines was his companion on the ship, Parke. On the right was Taylor and facing him was the host of the evening.

For several hours the game continued, during which time Gordon's servant had supplied the players with plenty of liquid refreshment. Though the drink was very satisfying, Hines drank little, fearing the effect his sudden transition to the tropics might have on him in case he indulged too freely. He felt that the chance of losing even a minute might prove too costly for the brother at home.

Luck seemed to be running in his direction, however, for though he had tired of the game he won nearly three hundred dollars. He wanted to quit and go to the hotel for the night, but he felt that he could not decently quit when he was so far ahead. He would play until he had lost his winnings and then he could ask to be excused. While he was arriving at this decision, Taylor, who had been losing steadily during the game, scowled at his cards and threw them on the table in disgust.

"Come, let's play jack-pots and wind this game up, I am getting tired," he growled. His words had a peculiar effect on Hines. Instantly he felt as though the air had become surcharged with electricity. His lethargy had vanished and it was almost with a show of eagerness that he picked up his cards.

Slowly he arranged them in a neat pile face downwards in his hand. Then carefully he squeezed the corners so as to show what the hand contained without the necessity of spreading the cards out fanwise. The first was the ace of hearts, the second the ace of clubs, the third the ace of diamonds, the fourth the ten of hearts—and the fifth was the big black ace, the ace of spades. Four aces, no wonder he had felt excited.

As he was trying to keep his face from betraying the tumult that was going within his brest, he made a good attempt to glance casually around the table. He glanced at Parke, who was slowly picking up his cards. They were in a somewhat disorder pile and one slipped from his hand and fell face upwards on the table. It was the king of hearts. Hines tried honestly to look in another direction, but he could not help but see the upturned card.

As Taylor was the dealer during that hand, it was Hines' chance to make the first bet. To place a large bet at the opening would display the strength of his cards and might prevent the others from betting. He, therefore, placed fifty dollars in the center of the table with a careless gesture, which did not reveal the excitement he felt.

Parke coolly studied his cards and without uttering a single syllable counted out five thousand dollars to cover Gordon's bet and as silently topped it with five thousand more.

Taylor, laughingly, threw his cards face downwards on the table, thereby indicating that he did not wish to play.

The play was then up to Hines. Ten thousand dollars to pay for the privilege of drawing cards.

Yet there was the pile on the table. He gazed at the money. All told, there was fifteen thousand dollars in bills of one thousand denomination and underneath somewhere was his fifty dollars. It was just equal to the amount he was bringing back to the States.

From the center of the table his glance traveled back to his cards. There had been no mistake. The four aces were still there. What could Parke have? The only combination, he thought, which could beat his hand was a royal flush, that is, the five highest cards in sequence of the same suit. He had seen the king of hearts fall from Parke's hand and in his own had he had the ten of hearts. These two facts would prevent his having a royal.

Feeling confident that the game was his, he drew from his money belt all the money it contained. If he lost his brother would go to the penitentiary. His hand trembled, but his voice was steady, as he laid fifteen thousand dollars on the pile and said, "Up five more."

Everything was silent for an instant. Then Parke turned to their host and as calmly as though asking for a light for his cigar, said, "My note for five thousand?"

"With pleasure," replied Gordon and he counted out ten five hundred dollar bills. Gordon had previously thrown down his cards and was watching the two players closely.

"Cards!" called Taylor with a nervous note in his voice.

It was then Hines' play to signify how many cards he wished to draw, if any. If he threw away one card he knew that his opponent would sense that he had four of a kind. On the other hand, if he held all his cards he might make Parke believe he had something else.

While he was thus deliberating, a terrific explosion was heard in the direction of the railroad tracks. Immediately he associated its cause with the dynamite car he had seen being loaded in the afternoon. So great was the force of it that it rattled the iron shutters on the windows and shook the entire house.

Almost directly behind Parke's chair was a tall narrow mirror in a heavy gilt frame fastened upright against the wall. His glance was attracted to it for the first time. As he watched it slowly swung outward from the wall and the torn plaster indicated that the explosion had jarred it loose from its fastenings.

The instant that it hung there behind Parke was sufficient to reflect the hand of his opponent. He saw the five cards as clearly as though they were in his own hand. They were the king of hearts, and the six, seven, eight and nine of clubs.

Parke had a "bob-tailed royal." In the ordinary game of poker the chance of drawing the right card to complete a royal flush, even though it could be filled at either end, is almost as remote as finding a route to China through the floor of the Atlantic Ocean.

There could be one answer. Parke must know what was coming. In an instant the whole thing became clear to Hines. The two cards on the top of the deck Taylor held in his hand must be the ten and five of clubs. Yet he could not prove it and he did not dare accuse them of crooked work.

If he held his hand as it was, Parke would get one card and that card would complete the royal flush. If Hines drew one card the same result would be obtained. As though about to fold his arms and think on the situation Hines silently slid his right hand under his left arm pit. Quickly it was withdrawn and an ugly blue automatic rested in his hand. He had carried it ever since he first went to Chile. Placing the gun in front of him he drew the ace of clubs and the ten of hearts from his hand and threw them face upwards on the table, at the same time saying, "I'll take two cards—off the *top!*"

Parke looked despairingly at Taylor and his eyes plainly said, "Slip him two from the bottom."

But the resolute attitude of the young engineer was sufficient for Taylor. He did not dare attempt anything so foolish at such a critical moment and he gave Hines two cards from the top of the pack.

They were the ten and five of clubs.

At the same time Parke tossed his cards into the discard without trying to bluff any further.

Sweeping the money into a pile in front of him Hines stuffed it into his side pocket with one hand. The other rested dangerously close to the automatic.

Picking up the gun, he rose and backed toward the door. With just a shadow of a smile, he said, pleasantly, "Gentlemen, for this splendid evening, I thank you. Good night."

Tramp! Tramp!! Tramp!!!

or,

The Battle Hymn of Bolshevia

By Gerald A. Prior

Author of "Bohemian Culture, or The Deep-Red Hobo"; The Anarchist Anna Kissed"; "His Weary Way", and Other "Bum" Stories

It was a hot July day. A scorching sun beat down upon the little town of Wiggleton with a fierceness that could scarcely be withstood. Even in the country around both man and beast found it hard to bear up against the oppressive heat. The air shimmered over the roof of house and barn; the swarthy farmhand dripped with perspiration; cattle sought the shade or stood knee deep in the water where it could be found; the trees and grains in the field drooped beneath the withering scourge, and what was a most significant proof of the power of the sun's rays, the heat-loving lizard refrained from exposing himself in his usual place on some old log or stone in the open.

In the town itself only a few of the more vigorous went about their usual business; the rest dared not brave the midday heats. Down in the lower section, through which the railroad passed, the signs of life were limited to the occasional appearance of trackmen or of a crowd of small boys on their way to the swimming hole.

A heavy freight pulled slowly into the yards and halted. Out from an empty box car jumped the familiar figure of a tramp. He landed lightly on the ground, and, removing his hat, scratched his head so furiously that the "little fellows" must have scampered for their lives. After that was throughly done, he indulged in a long stretch and yawn, and in doing so displayed his beautiful teeth—the both of them.

His clothes were a network of rips and holes, held to his person by a few safety-pins. Nor could an odder assortment have been procured at a rummage sale. The shoes looked as if they came to this country on the feet of a Russian immigrant. Some corpulent country gentleman, no doubt, about ten years ago, had occupied those baggy trousers whose full waist now mocked the thin hips of the tramp. To match with them there was a swallow-tailed coat with one tail missing. His shirt was of the bold pattern that traveling salesmen usually choose. For the little black hat with its ragged holes and one-inch brim, he had probably blackjacked a scarecrow in some cornfield and robbed the senseless body of its headwear.

He raised his head and surveyed the town as if to ascertain if it were a likely place for a gentleman of his calling. "A right cozy little town," he said to himself. "That building over there looks like a brewery. H-m-m. No cops in sight. I guess I'll postpone my call upon the mayor till later in the day."

He strolled off in the direction of the canal, his coat-tail dangling to the leisurely swing of his body. He looked the happy-go-lucky son of the dusty roads that he was. A saloon stood on the corner. The gentle zephyrs pulsating through the swinging doors were laden with the fragrance of freshly-tapped brew. The magic odor arrested him. He looked longingly within, like a sinner gazing into forbidden Paradise. Ah, if he could only rest his foot on that little brass rail and clutch the handle of a mug with his good right hand, yes, he was sure of it, he would actually be willing to do an hour's work. He was as dry as the bricks on which he trod.

But he went on, down to the canal, and there chose a certain spot known to the town boys as "Bums' Delight." It was a fit name, for the bushes growing close to the water's edge afforded a dressing room for chaps like himself. In this seclusion he undressed, which in his case was equivalent to opening three safety-pins, at which everything fell off. One bound, and he was in the water. It was great. He swished about like a fish at play; sank to the bottom and blew up tremendous bubbles; disappeared at one place and bobbed up at another ten yards away; laughed and shouted like a little boy of twelve.

Two hours of this sport satisfied him. He got back into his rags and headed for town, humming to himself this ballad of the road:

"The College Tramp."

Oh, "Willie" Boggs was a roving gent,
Day here, day there, like a circus tent.
No work did he, yet his parts were lean,
For the meals came few and far between.

"What boots it all," said he, "I live
On the stingy crusts that people give.
Once I dreamed to be rich and great,
For I was a college graduate.

"Somehow or other, I do not know,
I sank to the life of a plain hobo.
What care I what made me such?
I'll hang myself on this currant bush."

He took his life in deep despair
And lies in the county lot o'er there.
On the simple stone above his head
His own inscription may be read:

"Hold! Be ye young or old,
I warn you from my graveyard mould;
Education guarantees not bright careers,
Though you go to school for forty years."

"Now to see about some supper. I think I'll try this big house on the right."

He opened the gate, but at the first sound of the moving latch a watchdog sprang from the porch and came tearing out after him. He stood in the gateway until the dog was almost upon him, and then stepped quickly aside. Before it could turn on him again he had entered and shut the gate on the dog. "Hold your temper there, boss," laughed the tramp. "That's my favorite trick, and you're not the only one that's been fooled."

The maid answered his knock. She smiled as the stranger lifted his hat and made an elegant bow.

"Good evening, Miss. Could a hungry man get a bite to eat here?"

"The mistress is not at home," replied the young girl, "and I wouldn't like to give you any supper without her permission."

"I've been to about fifty houses already (not an eyelash blinked) and every one refused me. I'm too weak to go farther."

"Well, in that case, I guess I better take you in."

She motioned the tramp into the house, and after closing the door proceeded to set a meal on the table. He watched her attentively as she brought forward dish after dish of many different foods.

"You'se is a kind lady, making all this fuss over me. I haven't seen the like of this since I attended the latest banquet of the Hobo Perambulators."

"What kind of affair was that?" queried the maiden.

"Something grand! You see, a crowd of us happened to gather together near a watermelon patch. Of course, the brethren just couldn't leave their hands off those luscious melons, so we had a banquet. Since I was the only university man in the society, they all looked to me for a speech."

"Did you speak?"

"Yes; I proposed that we send our regrets to wealthy relatives who did not attend the banquet. And then I begged them to break that habit of dragging a tin can along behind them; to attend more to their appearance, to manicure their hands, brush their teeth and shave once in a while, otherwise their patrons would surely take them for 'missing links.' I stunned them with a few big words I remembered from my school days and closed my speech before they took it into their heads to throwing melon skins around.

"Miss," he continued, taking a generous helping of potatoes and covering them with gravy, "this seems too good to be true. I'm afraid every minute to hear those terrible words, 'Get up! Move on!' and wake up and find a policeman poking me in the spare ribs with his club."

"You're not deceived this time. Help yourself!"

He set to work rather awkwardly on the plate of food before him. The maid was greatly amused with his efforts. Nevertheless, she was becoming interested in him.

"It's a funny thing," she put in, "that a nice-looking man like you isn't married and living the life of a useful citizen."

"Yes, it is funny," he chuckled. "I advertised for a wife one time, and a big colored lady answered my application. I wanted to refuse without hurting her feelings, so I said, 'It's absolutely necessary that you be a good walker, because I have an irresistible desire to wander.' But she replied in a hurry: 'Just you never mind, Honey. Anchor yo'self to me and yuh won't drift fah.'

"I finally convinced her that I hadn't the least idea of going to work, and that broke the negotiations."

They were silent for a while. The tramp finished the first plateful.

"Those potatoes were fine; worthy of the cook. I'll try some of this dish."

"That is pork and beans."

"Pork and beans! But where's the pork!"

"There it is, behind that bean."

He filled his platter again, and devoured the food like a "star" boarder. Salad, corn and macaroni disappeared in turn, the way Dr. Johnson used to do it.

"Try a piece of that custard. My employers like the kind I make."

"Ah! It reminds me of the kind my mother made special for me when I was a boy. You

know, I'd give my Sunday clothes for just one bit of it."

"I guess you have no clothes to spare. You and the 'Prodigal Son' are in about the same catalog."

"I saw much worse times than he. Scripture says that he was once on the verge of eating the husks of swine, but I remember the time when a certain lady put a saucer of milk on the back porch for her cat, and I chased the cat away and drank the milk myself."

"You can't be beat. But if you have had enough to eat, I would like you to do some work for me in the back yard. Will you?"

"Certainly. What is it?"

"Only some cinders to pick. Come on, I will show you."

She led him out to a bucket of cinders in back, and he started in without a word. She returned to the house, but no sooner had the door closed than he leaped up like a flash and was over the fence and gone in a twinkling.

. . . . . .

It was dark. A fast freight thundered through Brownsville. The ragged figure of a tramp ran from out the shadow of a pole, boarded one of the swiftly-moving cars, and as he sped away wafted a farewell kiss to bonny Wiggleton and the pretty little maid who served him supper.

VIA AMICITIAE

Friendship is like a garden-path:
The path's grown o'er and lost in weeds
If traversed not by intercourse
Of mutual aid and kindly deeds.

If friendship's pathway oft we tread,
Rank growth must soon be crushed; each deed
Or word, of help or cheer, will spread
Hope in the heart of the friend in need.

But vain the guest that seeks true bliss
In friendships of mere earthly mold;
Blest souls can find true happiness
Together seeking God's household.

Friendship thus based on kindred taste,
Bliss finds but in the same endeavor;
Like the attraction of two spheres,
It needs a power supreme to sever.

—Joseph Buckley.

A Chapter On Feet

J. A. Yenoham

I have—*fooled* you.

You thought I was about to start the same way as Lamb and the sheep who followed him. I didn't.

Since I first captured the idea of writing a chapter on feet I have been studying the human physiognomy with the purpose of determining which is the higher physically, the ears or the eyes. After a close scrutiny of some thousands of specimens of the human species I frankly confess that I am unable to decide. Now my motive in attempting to solve this problem was not that I wished to announce my discovery as another wonder to the anatomical world, or to have my name heralded as a boy prodigy; it was simply to seek justification for the essayists who have imitated Lamb in their various *"Chapter on—"* and (most especially) to offer some apology for my own attempt.

You see, it's this way.

In prose, poetry or any class of composition that can be conceived, a *scale* is a very desirable thing. Authors strive for it, and, if successful, they have attained something of which they may well be proud. The scale, however, to be a real success must not be merely subjective: it must conform to some objective reality.

I have read "Chapters On" ears, eyes, hands—and have tried to write one on feet. The order here given is, also, the order in which they appeared for publication. Now, if I could only determine whether the ears are higher than the eyes, then would I shout, "Eureka!" You see this would be a three-fold descending scale: (1) The descending scale in their order of appearance in the human anatomy. (2) Their order of appearance as publications. (3) Their order of worth in the world of letters.

But whether the ears or the eyes are higher, I shall leave for one more sophisticated to solve. *Transeat* or *Concedo* or, something like that. The second part of the scale is true. The third part I, at least, will endeaver to make true, and since the feet are the end of man, let us hope that this will mark the end of the "I have no essays."

I shall not say that it follows logically, for I know naught of logic; but I do say that in justice to the patient reading public, it must follow that the next one who attempts an essay of this kind must select for his title, "I have no heart."

On to the end!

On to the FEET!

I have no feet—

Do not misunderstand me, dear reader, or imagine for a moment that I am devoid of those pedal extremities with which nature has provided most of us. I neither envy Mr. Bunks, of happy memory, for his excessive, schuffeling, twelves *stretched* nor the oblique eyed Oriental or, in fact, any women for the torture they go through to retain their No. 1A's: but I do rejoice in a comfortable 8D. When I say I have no feet, I mean for modern dancing; not necessarily *"Shimmying,"* because for shimmying feet do not play such an important part.

When I was much younger, all the girls were in raptures about the way I lead them around to the tune of *"Home, Sweet Home,"* or to *"Merry Widow Waltz;"* in the old four in hand reel I could swing "my puddin" with the best of them; being a "hick" myself, the barn dance was a favorite of mine. Even in the one-step and fox-trot I managed to get along—but these new dances—I simply can't step to them.

Lamb, the first gent who wrote an essay on "I Have No—" said he had no ears, that is for music. Well, I don't mean to brag about having something on Lamb, but I must say that I have ears, but my feet just won't go the way my ears listen.

Sometime ago there appeared in the Villanovan an essay on "I have no Eyes," that is for painting—but I have eyes and whether or not they are painted I can pick a winner out of every crowd. For the girls also, I must say the same thing, because that is what their eyes are for.

Sometime later, in the Villanovan also, there was another "I have no hands, that is, for knitting." Well, if it does not seem to you, indulgent reader, too egotistical of me to say so, I also have something on this wonder, as all the fair ones with whom I have danced will tell you, for when I knit my hands in theirs they simply forget dancing and invariably say, "O John, let's sit this one out—" But then, of course, that may be due to the fact, that I have no feet—that is, for dancing these modern dances.

You remember when they danced the Turkey Trot, Bunny Hug, Grizzly Bear and Fox Trot. I was just beginning to get my feet regulated to these, when suddenly they faded and then along comes the "Shimmy." Ever hear what "Penula Pietro" says about this dance? "You shak'd egg too mucha makeda rotten egg. Shake da dance

too mucha make da rotten dance." What you think? I almost got St. Vitus' dance trying to learn this and I was put in jail at least six times for being inebriated while practicing it when I heard a hand organ along the street. So I finally gave up in despair.

To do the Boston or Washington Johnny, one must live up to the old saying about the "Hub"—"you have to know something." The man who put this form of exercise on as a dance must have seized his idea from a "running drunk." If the dance really originated in Boston, the fellow who discovered it must have had it for a long while before bringing it out in public, because no such idea could possibly have originated since prohibition. I admire and envy the man who can do it.

See the Chicago Shimmy? It's a regular Windy City product—Breezy! Then there is the Scandal Walk, and it's all that the name implies. Even though we brag a little we are not at all inclined to be uncharitable, so the less we say about the dance itself, or the author, the better.

Maybe you don't have to hump to do the Camel Walk. They say the Camel can go eight days without a drink, but for a man to do this Camel Walk he'd have to be drinking eight days. This, also, must be "Pre-Pro" creation for even the poor people dance it.

I am not at all in sympathy with those who are agitating for dance reform. Even though I can not dance them I like to watch.

There is a fascination about these dances that is almost irresistible; all most people have to do is to get on the floor and the music does the rest. As for myself, when the music starts my heart keeps time skipping about one beat every three measures, and my feet just won't behave. I am so enchanted and wrought up—literally, by the music, that when I get a partner my feet never touch the floor, and that is just where I go wrong. At home, when I start the Victrola, I can pick up a chair and go through all the contortions, but in the dance hall I am an utter failure. My dancing master tells me I would be an excellent dancer only for two things—my feet.

Music means nothing to the modern dancers. Why not long ago, as the clock struck twelve, the orchestra actually played "Home, Sweet Home." I though the old days had returned, but when I turned my gaze to the floor, I discovered that the dancers must have been reading between the lines—they were doing the Toddle, another of those modern crazes.

I sought the hat boy. Something within told me that the musicians were addressing themselves to me, personally—"There is no place like home;" and I agree with them if you can't do the Toddle.

VACATION

What fills my heart with sudden cheer?
What glad tidings do I hear?
Ah! vacation's swiftly coming!
On my ears I hear it humming;
Humming bright of days to come—
Hark! how sweet its song doth run!

Good-bye, old books! Good-bye, class-room!
Brother students, all farewell!
We but part to meet right soon
With our many tales to tell.
Good-bye Caesar, Vergil, Shelley,
Napier, Carhart, Farge and Kelley,
Milton, Johnson, Keats, and Sidney!
For two months I must part with ye!

Now, my foolish worries over,
Now I'll rest in fields of clover;
Now I'll live as if alive,
Happy habits I'll revive.
Good-bye sorrow, grief, and sadness!
Welcome joy and welcome gladness!

—Leo A. Hart.

Dean Humphrey Addresses Engineering Students

"Strive to make Villanova the pre-eminent engineering school of the country whose degree will make its possessor a marked man," Professor Carl T. Humphrey, new dean of the engineering school, urged members of the Phi Kappa Pi in an informal talk at the society's first smoker, May 11. "You will attain this end by striving heart and soul to make yours a great and strong society," he added.

Eddie Dougherty, C. E., of '12, in a real, big-brother talk, had little trouble in persuading us that there is only one institution—ours. "Obie" O'Brien, another of the Class of '12, supplemented Dean Humphrey's and Mr. Dougherty's suggestions, and urged the society's guests to hesitate no longer in enrolling.

Dean Humphrey said:

Mr. President:—You have set me perhaps a bigger task than you think in asking me to speak here tonight. I fear the members of this society will feel when I finish, that I have "damned it with faint praise." If so, I shall have failed in my purpose, but I do find it impossible not to address myself quite as much to your present as to your prospective membership.

"The Engineering Society of Villanova College" is commonly known by the initial letters of its Greek motto, Phi Kappa Pi (Phratra kai Prokope), and the objects of the society as stated in its constitution may be condensed to the words of that motto, Fraternity and Progress, if we turn from the Greek to the more familiar Latin terms. Fraternity means brotherhood; and just as there can be no other meaning to physical brotherhood except the binding of sons together by the sympathies and interests arising from common parentage, so there can be no fraternity in the figurative sense unless the "brothers" are made such by the bond of some common interest, which each of them feels to be vitally important. Without such a bond a "society" can exist only in a half-hearted sort of way, and usually it is short lived, like the toy "clubs" we used to get up when we were kiddies. If failure to feel such a common bond in any measure accounts for the struggles of this society in the past, may I not suggest two objects for which every man here should be willing to work "his head off;" namely, to make Villanova a school whose reputation is justly such that a man may make no prouder boast than to claim her for his alma mater, and, what is even closer to our hearts tonight, to make her School of Technology so far the strongest department in the college that you will not have to explain to every stranger you meet that you are not studying for the priesthood, complimentary though the mistake may be to you.

In a vague sort of way, of course, everyone understands that a society of this sort usually sets forth some such purpose as its reason for being: that is not what I mean. Every fellow should without reservation of mind feel that the real reason he joins this body is because he wants a better chance to help make Villanova the best school possible, and because he wants to help make "engineer" the first thought to enter any college man's head when he learns you are from Villanova. From any angle of view, even the purely selfish, every man here must see that the character and reputation of his own school, and of his own department in that school, are matters of vital concern to him. I believe the greatest field of possible usefulness of this society is in fostering a spirit of co-operation between the engineering students and the college, as represented by its officers and faculty, without which the school cannot be great; and in stimulating a spirit of competition between the different departments of the school which will tend to improve not only your own but all the others. You can make no better investment of time and energy than in helping to make your school the best school, and the man who does not want to help in that work is expecting to "reap where he hath not sown."

Any large body of live young men, separated from home influences, is liable, even in an institution under religious control, to lapses from manly, Christian conduct, and even from the common decencies of speech and manners, which any individual in the body would scorn to commit elsewhere. Then there are perfectly natural influences always at work in such a body, conspiring to break down that spirit of hard work which is so necessary for success. These evils arise from association, and only collectively can help you combat them effectively. I believe this society, under the leadership of an earnest body of officers, such as it has chosen, can do worlds of good, not only in getting the members better acquainted and in broadening their interest in their profession, but also in promoting a popular feeling among the student body that one whose conduct is unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman is *not one of the crowd*, that a fellow who tries to avoid the work which is his real reason for being in school is *not one of the crowd*, and that a fellow who does not enter as heartily as he is able into the athletic

and social affairs of the school is *not one of the crowd*. I do not mean by this to discountenance any wholesome fun, or even good, honest, harmless mischief, nor to put a premium on the type of student we used to call a "greasy grind." Take collectively a stand that will knock out of any man in school any disposition he may bring here to be indifferent or half-hearted in anything. Make him feel, before he has had time to unpack his trunk, that he does not "belong" unless he plays with all his might in play time, works with all his strength in work time, and prays with all his heart in prayer time, and keeps each of these things (work included) in its own proper place. I urge you to go into the work of this society, to go into it with that purpose, and I am not limiting this appeal to those who have yet to join.

In the work of the society I hope the faculty members may be assigned their proper place; and be it understood their place is properly a very inconspicuous one. Your instructors, if they are of the right sort, will always be in a very real sense your fellow students. The nature of their responsibility to the college makes it hard, perhaps, for you to appreciate that they are real brothers in this fraternity, interested in the good standing and reputation of the school just as vitally, and no more vitally, than you are. Many of us in the whole four years of your course here will fail to get that intimate acquaintance with the individual students which would make us most helpful, unless we meet the men outside the class-room and class-room conditions. To give us a chance to become better acquainted socially is the main reason for letting us in at all. (For the benefit of the new men, let us remind you that we do not vote.) Above all things, do not count upon our initiative to keep things moving. When we can help, command us, but never make it possible for anyone to feel that the society is a faculty creation, or that the part any student takes in it is in the slightest degree other than voluntary.

One great need for such a society as yours I am exemplifying tonight by speaking to you from notes. One can possess no greater asset than the ability to stand up and address a meeting, and express his exact ideas, with comfort both to himself and his hearers, and without the artificial note that can so seldom be kept out of a prepared talk. This ability must be acquired by practice, and had far better be gotten from arguments and discussions among friends than to wait until you have to address hostile audiences, with your bread and butter depending upon the issue of your words. To some extent you can acquire this power in the class-room. I am forever urging you to recite not to me but to an imaginary auditor who doesn't believe you know a thing in the world, and whom you must *convince* that you are right.

With regard to details of your work, I hesitate to offer many suggestions. I do feel that many members of the society see the various parts of its activities a little out of their proper proportion. Have a memorable initiation ceremony, if you like; it is a fine thing; conduct an annual dance, several, if you like; that is another fine thing, and another chance for healthy competition with the students of the other departments of the school. But do not let the initiation and the dance be the only interests of the society, or so large a part of its work that you will keep out men who would be really valuable members. Have plenty of entertainment and good, honest fun in connection with even your technical meetings; I would be the last to want your meetings to take on the solemn nature of some classes in (say) mechanics. But unless you make entertainment the lesser part of the proceedings of the year, you will never be able to get and to hold the fellows who are best worth while.

I would like to suggest that some provisions of your constitution and by-laws have perhaps made it hard to get in and keep in every fellow who would work for the progress of the society and of the school. Every such fellow should, of course, be included, no matter what his scholastic or financial status. I would suggest that a committee (composed say of the Senior class) be asked to consider this point and recommend changes if they feel such would encourage a stronger membership. Make the applicant satisfy you that he can and will help; make it easily possible to exclude undesirables (by secret ballot on membership, which can easily be arranged); but frame your laws so that every desirable fellow will apply, and do not exclude a single man who would be a help.

Let me leave with you that last thought as perhaps my most urgent message. Go into this society, or stay in it if you are so fortunate as to have survived the initiatory ordeal; it is a grand, good thing. But go into it looking for a chance to help someone else, not just in hopes that perhaps someone may help you. You will get out of it by putting into it, and in no other way. The more you succeed in putting into it, the greater will be your satisfaction. Do your utmost to help the other members. By so doing you will help the Phi Kappa Pi to progress; the Phi Kappa Pi will help to make the Engineering School bigger and stronger; and the Engineering School will help make Villanova a commanding figure, and the possession of her degree a greater credit to you.

Commencement Program

March

Salutatory - - - - - - John Haldane Crawford, A. B.

Orchestra

Conferring of Degrees

Valedictory - - - - - - Alfred Ferdinand Kane, B. S.

Orchestra

Address to Graduates - John A. Kolmer, M. D., D. S.

Orchestra

Benediction - - - - His Eminence Cardinal Dougherty

DEGREES CONFERRED

The Honorary Degree of Doctor of Science

John A. Kolmer, M.D.

The Degree of Doctor of Philosophy (in course)

Sister Mary Eulalia, S.M. (Wilkes-Barre

The Degree of Master of Arts (in course)

Mother Mary Ignatius Carroll, S.H.C.J. (Sharon Hill)

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts

John Haldane Crawford
Emmett Ambrose Flynn
Francis Joseph Kenny
Francis Joseph McManus
Francis Bernard Touey

The Degree of Bachelor of Philosophy

Cornelius Leo Delohery

The Degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering

Francis George Braham
Joseph Leo Brennan
John Joseph Maguire
Francis Xavier Robinson

The Degree of Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering

Alfred Ferdinand Kane
Felix Edward Maguire

Pre-Medical Certificates

Aloysious Joseph Blakely
Dennis Edward Burns
Joseph J. Callaghan
Joseph Hollahan
John Thomas Kielty
Patrick J. McFadden
Alfred J. Purificato
Pierce R. Russell

Certificates from the Preparatory Department

James P. Barrett
George Daniel Casey
James Edward Cassin
Thomas Collins
George Crawley
Francis Carroll Pickett
Thomas T. Fox
Wm. J. Gleason
Edwin Grelis
Philip Holland
Joseph Hughes
Gerald Lyons

AWARDING OF MEDALS

The Gold Medal for Evidences of Religion
Charles August Meuller, '22
Next in Merit, Alfred Kane, '21
Presented by the President and Faculty

The Gold Medal for Philosophy
Francis Joseph McManus, '21
Presented by the Very Reverend Provincial

The Gold Medal for Classics
Paul J. Stokes, '23
Next in Merit, Charles J. McClernan, '23
Founded in memory of Bernard Corr

The Gold Medal for English Literature
John Patrick Donovan, '22
Presented by Dr. Frederick W. Steinbock

The Gold Medal for Mathematics
Norbert Joseph Walker, '23
Next in Merit: Gerald Mumford, John McCormick
Presented by Albert W. Strecker

The Gold Medal for Excellence in Electrical Engineering
Alfred Ferdinand Kane, '21
Presented by Joseph Waugh, '20

The Gold Medal for General Exellence in Engineering
Felix Edward Maguire, '21
Presented by the Engineering Society

The Gold Medal for Organic Chemistry
Alfred Purificato
Next in Merit, John Kielty
Presented to the Pre-Medical Society

A Prize of $100 for General Exellence
Joseph Leo Brennan, '21
Presented by Murther P. Quinn

Gold Medal for Evidences of Religion (Preparatory School)
Joseph A. Devitt

Gold Medal for English Literature (Preparatory School)
George Daniel Casey

Gold Medal for Mathematics (Preparatory School)
Augustine Maloney

Gold Medal for General Exellence (Preparatory School)
Edward M. Dwyer

Gold Medal for English (Preparatory School)
Michael O'Donnell
Presented to the Preparatory Class of '24

The Villanovan

Published Bi-monthly by the Students of Villanova College

Vol. V | JUNE, 1921 | No. 5

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Editorial

Like all college magazines, the Villanovan's struggle for existence is ofttimes bitter. The loyalty and unsparing sacrifice of those who came to the front in these darker moments is most deeply appreciated. We hope that very soon, however, the conflict will develop into a triumphal march. That means co-operation, and the sooner every collegian, graduate and alumnus recognizes the fact the sooner the banners will cease to be stirred by the smoke of battle and enjoy the sunlight and gentle zephyrs of peaceful progress. We have striven earnestly to advance the line. We ask our friends to be sparing in criticism and to give to our successors the same whole-hearted support that they gave to us.

Our advertisers have made it possible for us to remain alive. We thank them and trust that because of their assistance Villanova's friends have increased their patronage.

To the sons of our Alma Mater, the Villanovan is the official organ of your college. Keep in touch with our several activities by subscribing regularly. Keep us informed also of changes in address and failure of copy to reach you.

This year we thank our alumni most especially for the marked increase in interest shown by them. We trust we have given them a magazine worthy of their ideals of what their college's magazine should be.

To all those who have contributed to the fifth volume of the Villanovan, we are grateful.

God prosper *The Villanovan!*

—THE STAFF OF 1920-1921.

THE GREATER VILLANOVA

While there is no distinct advantage in "looking back," it often does aid one in getting bearings for the future course, and sometimes the perspective gives an appearance that is novel.

Looking back on Villanova's activities during the last season, the effect is startlingly novel; the growth day by day was unconscious, but a comprehensive glance in retrospect is truly astounding. It is difficult to state exactly when and where the impetus to Villanova's progress was given. As a first step might be condsidered a new attention given to the Alumni, which, in every school constitute the "field-forces." The work of organizing this body into real, effective units was begun, and a program was adopted to use every ounce of Villanova manpower to make Villanova the greatest center of Catholic education in the east. The alumni hold a particularly advantageous position to make known this fact, and to them is given a very important part to play in reaching this objective.

With the steady expansion of the different departments of the school itself beyond limits that could safely be handled by one administration a new order of things became necessary. The Classical Department, the Department of Technology, and the Pre-Medical Department, were each placed under the jurisdiction of a Dean. By placing a department under one head, and making that minute detail and routine and a development became assurred that otherwise would have taken longer to accomplish. New courses were instituted, and others carefully remodeled. A Department of Business Administration embracing Economics, Accounting, Foreign Trade and Journalism has been formed with the degree of Bachelor of Science in the special branch. Journalism, with its tremendous importance in daily life, has always had a strong appeal for some, and to provide for these, a course of studies was formed leading to a Bachelor of Science in Journalism.

We trust that Villanova ideals and Catholic principles will not be entirely without effect on some of our future leaders of the press..

The Pre-Medical course was expanded from two years to three; a new Biology and Vivisection Laboratory was built in the course of the years, and the subjects of Catholic Philosophy and Histology were introduced into Curriculum.

Two new Engineering Laboratories were built and the Physics Laboratory was increased to double its size. Several new professors and instructors have been secured.

The Arts and Philosophy courses have been remodeled. A new schedule was outlined excluding electives, and a new course leading to Bachelor of Letters introduced.

Not only in the scholastic field, but also in the Athletic field has much reconstruction been going on. For the coming year, the outlook is indeed promising. "Dutch" Somers who coached the memorable 1916 team has been secured for the coming Fall, and a staff of capable assi tants. A large squad has been drilling on the field on preparation for next fall. Many of the old men will be back, and a promising lot of recruits give every assurance of a successful season.

Although the college never before had a Basket ball team, "Mike" Saxe developed a "five" that was lauded by newspapers, as "one of the fastest teams of the East." The squad will represent Villanova next year, with the same coach and a great deal of experience gained during the last season.

Boxing has become one of the popular sports and the organization of a team next winter is expected.

With the construction of Alumni Hall, a new social life has begun at Villanova. During the year, many class and society dances have been given in its gymnasium. Much rivalry has been shown between the various classes in putting on the "biggest hop." The Junior Prom is a thing that will be anticipated as a regular affair in the future.

The Dramatic Society has very sucessfully presented a musical comedy, an dmore are promised during the coming winter. The Glee Club has given a Minstrel and several Entertainments and it also promises a full program to drive away the blues next year.

But however active the students may be within the college, it cannot become widely spread unless those who are "out"—the Alumni—help Villanova is growing bigger and greater every day; we want all the old men to know that, and we want them "to tell the world." We want them, as sons of Villanova, to keep in touch with us, to return often and to help us push her to the

lead. We want each alumnus to show at least one man the way to Villanova every September. Alumni Day is going to become a "big" day in the calendar of holidays here, and be a day of reunion—even in these arid times.

And to the students who are going for the vacation, we remind them not to forget what call spirit and class loyalty mean.—try to bring one Freshman,—one to take particular care of the Gabble-Gobbles.

HAVING EYES AND SEEING NOT

We have once heard how many girl babies are born every hour. We also forget. Amongst the great number we are going to select six. In every natural detail they exactly resemble their great swarm of sisters. Like them, they grew up from little babies to little girls, and from little girls to bigger girls, from long baby dresses to short dresses, to long dresses again, but, unlike our contemporaneous young ladies, did not go back to short dresses again. Somewhere, some how, some time, these six became different from their sisters. They cast aside good times, dances, theatres, parties, vacations, beaus and all the rest, and, as their playmates probably expressed it, "buried themselves in Religion"—they chose instead of the current fashion, the long white habit of the Dominican Nun. Just this one step required a courage and determination that makes our best admiration seem very small and insufficient. But there is still more courage required. Any fanciful illusions hovering about the secluded life of the nun are very soon dispelled from the mind of the young novice. The life of work, of unceasing drudgery, is very clearly shown to her, and she who has not the genuine calling is given every opportunity to withdraw. But these six came, they saw, they knew and realized, and REMAINED. Friends, can you draw any more from your reservoirs of admiration?

And, with *courage,* we find in the Sister another cardinal virtue—*Obedience.* Sister Superior says "Go," and there is only one question, "Where?"—and Sister goes.

Two years ago, Villanova did not know the gentle influence of a woman. By some fortune (the design of Providence, no doubt) the need became known to the Mother of these Dominicans. To six obedient Sisters the word was given, "Go to Villanova." And the Sisters came.

Would it be possible to chronicle only, what work was and is being accomplished here by those Nuns? Can we tell of the long hours, day after day, in a hot kitchen, behind hotter stoves, 'midst pots and pans and caldrons and tubs, any one of which would fill a kitchen at home; of the innumerable cares and worries over the necessary trifles, the little details that always insist on going awry. One boy at home is a source of annoyance, our women folks say; but multiply that by three hundred and add the condition of perpetual hunger. What a tearing of nerves at just one meal. What work to prepare it, and what work to clear away the remains. And for what reward, for what honor, for what consideration, with how much recreation? Tell me, now, what think you of those six who were so like the swarm of others?

We haven't had the good fortune to be sick, but we have seen the wonderful trays of food sent them by Sister Mary Edward, and wished ourselves several broken arms or legs, or worse.

For two years the Sisters have conducted the cuisine of Villanova, and there hasn't been a slip on their part (though perhaps many on ours), and there hasn't been a word of protest from them. The work they are doing must fill libraries of the Recording Angel. All we can do is to stare in open-mouthed wonder at the sacrifices of "our Sisters," look within ourselves and ask, "Well, now, what do you think of *yourself?*"

Have we shown all consideration to these Sisters, as we should have? Have we *seen* them properly?

* * * *

Without mentioning names, these nuns are:
Sr. Mary Edward, O. S. D.
Sr. Leocadia, O. S. D.
Sr. Leonard, O. S. D.
Sr. Louis, O. S. D.
St. Macaria, O. S. D.
Sr. Michael, O. S. D.

SUMMER SCHOOL

The Villanova Summer School will open on July 1st at Villanova, and with the exception of July 4th, Saturdays and Sundays, will continue until August 12th.
until August 12th.

The Villanova Summer School was established in 1918 as a result of repeated requests on the part of many who were unable to attend the regular sessions throughout the scholastic year. The success of the experiment has lead to a permanent establishment of the school.

Students are classified on entrance into three groups according to the subjects presented for admission and degree for which they are candidates, as follows:—

(1) Candidates for A. B.
(2) Candidates for Ph. B.
(3) Candidates for Litt. B.

Beginning in 1916 the Extension Course for teachers was established. The remarkable attendance at the last session and the results obtained are the best means of marking the success of this undertaking.

The Augustinian Fathers, pioneers of Catholic Education in America, have labored with untiring zeal to make the Villanova Summer School and Extension Course the best in America and their effort has not been in vain We judge by results!

Anyone desiring further information regarding Summer School, apply to Rev. Walter G. Rafter, O. S. A., The Dean, Villanova Summer School, Villanova, Pa.

K. OF C. COUNCIL

The first K. of C. College Council ever established in the State of Penn. became a reality on Sunday, June 5th, 1921, when about 60 Villanova students and 40 men from other Councils became Knights of Columbus. The Supreme Knight James Flaherty was present at the institution of the new Council. District Deputy Lenny presided at the degree and many distinguished Knights took part.

The new Gymnasium was used for the exercises. The Banquet was held in the College Dining Hall.

There is no doubt that the new Council will be a live one. Much interest has already been manifested and the members are intent on making neighboring Councils show much energy to keep up to the high standard they have raised. Villanova has a precious acquisition, but the new members feel also that the Knights have achieved another victory in forming the New Council.





Top Row—Left to Right -Matthew Lynch, Alfred Kane, Edward Dignam, Charles McClernan, James Purcell, James Barrett, Bernard Burgess
Sitting—Rev. Jos. E. Hyson, O.S. A.; Edw. McKenna, John J. Maguire, Gerald Lyons, Charles Callanan

COLLEGE NOTES

"THE BELLE OF THE CAMPUS"

On Tuesday evening, April 26, there was staged in the college auditorium, under the auspices of the Villanova Dramatic Club, one of the most successful theatrical productions of recent years. Talent, comedy and music intermingled, formed a pleasing combination and crowned with success the unselfish and untiring efforts of those who composed the cast and chorus. Although the pseudo-feminine characters may have appeared somewhat masculine in their demeanor, still, at least, some innocent observers were totally unaware that "not all is gold that glitters." The lighting effects, scenery and costumes were unique and blended well.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Jack Lawson, Captain of the Football Team
Howard M. Thornbury

Doris Bond, an Heiress .....William Cronin

Jeremiah Bond, Millionaire.CharlesMcClernan

Mrs. J. Bond, a Society Aspirant
T. Kevin Reeves

Lord Woodby Rich, an Heiress-hunting Englishman .....Richard O'Brien

Mrs. Grass, Merry Widow ....Earl Kaufman

Levi S. Lender, "Playing both ends of the game" .....J. P. Kaufman

Verdant Green, a Freshman at College
John Maguire

Bennie MacOwen, Football Coach
Francis C. Pickett

Harding, Halfback .....George Crawley

Mason, Quarterback, ...Joseph Dooley
Sergeant Williamson, U. S. N. ....Ellis Brady

Solos were rendered by Francis C. Pickett and Howard M. Thornbury.

After the performance, dancing was enjoyed in Alumni Hall until midnight.

PRE-MEDICAL DANSANT

The Annual Dansant of the Sts. Luke, Cosmos and Damien Pre-Medical Club was held in Alumni Hall on the evening of Friday, May 6. The hall was excellently decorated with a profusion of red and black in an original and novel manner.

McAuliffe's orchestra furnished the music. During the evening an exhibition dance was given by Mr. Phineas R. Vize. Novelties were distributed and the feature of the evening was a novelty dance.

The committee in charge include: Pierce R. Russel, Michael Dobosh, Richard O'Brien, Gerald Fagan, John Keelty, Frank Ceravelo, Dennis Burns, Alfred Purificato.

JUNIOR HOP

The Class of 1922 held its Junior Hop in Alumni Hall on Friday evening, May 20. Red and white, the adopted colors of the class, were in evidence everywhere throughout the hall, and the general effect was both artistic and original. This affair, though somewhat of an innovation, since the years immediately preceding were rather abnormal, socially and otherwise, was a success and reflects much credit upon the Junior Class. Herzberg's orchestra, under the leadership of Mr Herzberg himself, rendered excellent music.

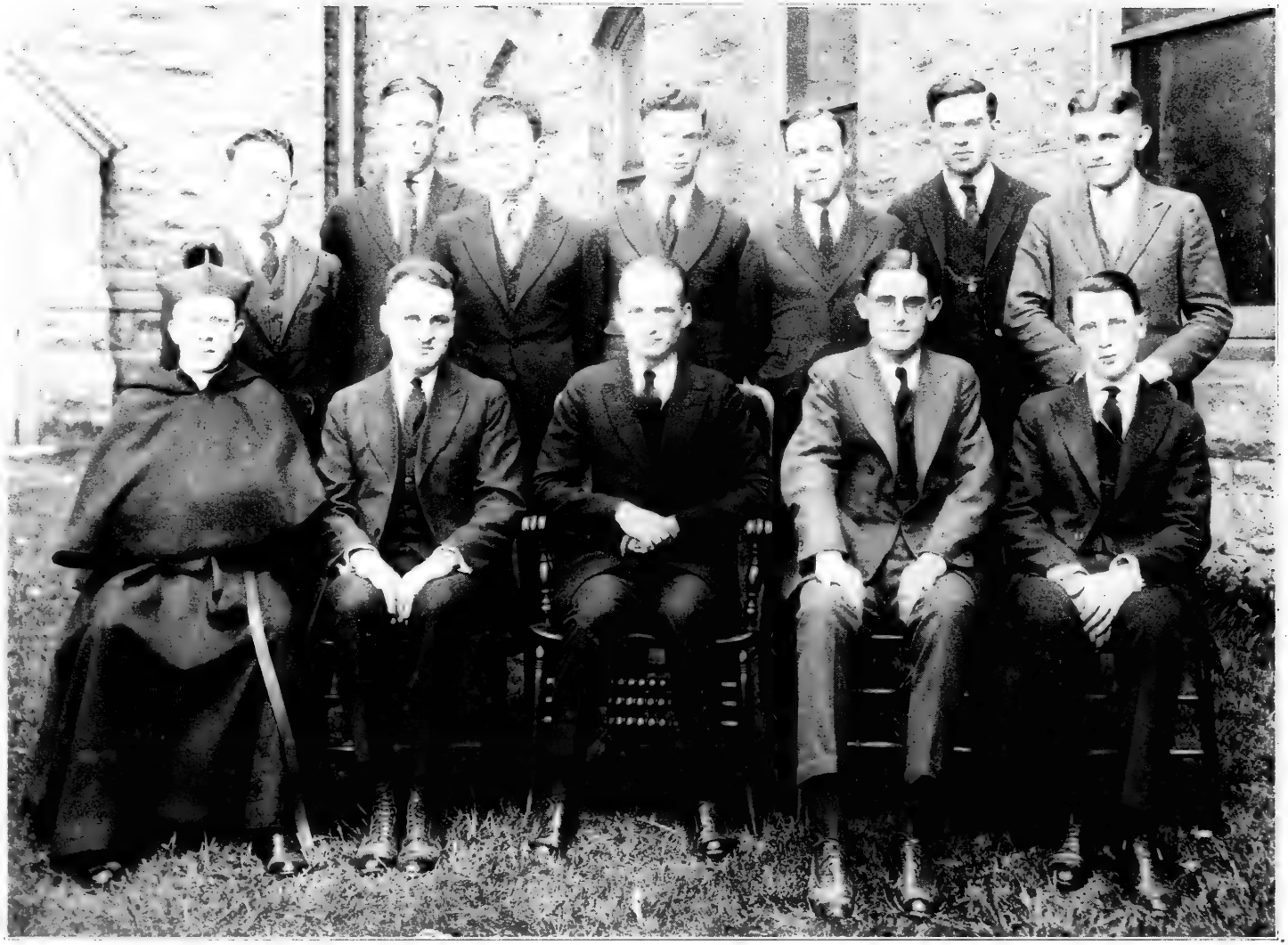
The committees in charge were:

General Committee.

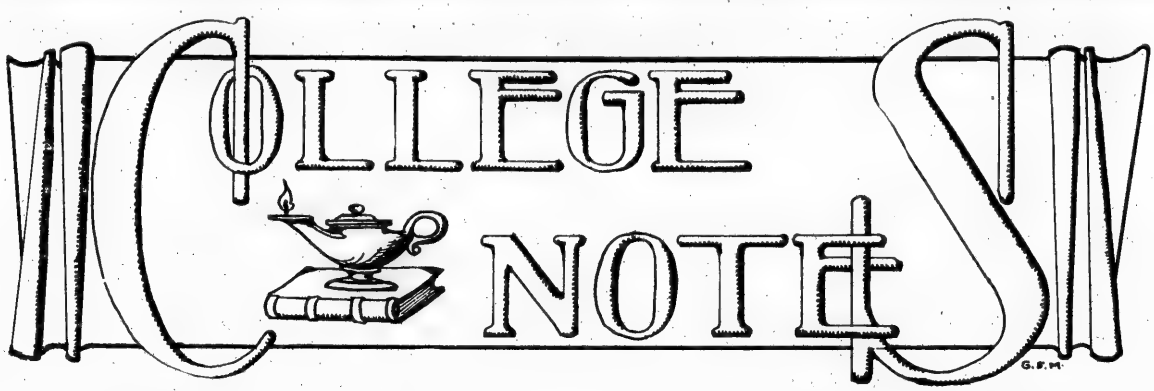
William A. O'Leary, Martin J. McDonald, Arthur S. Eisenman, James Mitchell.

Decorating Committee.

James M. Kennedy, Joseph R. Dooley, Howard M. Thornbury, Fred J. Seitzinger, Henry J. Stinziano.



Top Row—Left to Right - Matthew Lynch Alfred Kane, Edward Dignam, Charles McClernan, James Purcell, James Barrett, Bernard Burgess
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STEVENS MAN JOINS VILLANOVA ENGINEERING FACULTY

Orrin L. Benjamin, of Pennington, New Jersey, has accepted an appointment as Instructor in Mechanical Engineering for the coming year. Mr. Benjamin is a recent graduate of the Stevens Institute of Technology, at Hoboken, who was able to earn his own way through school by service in mechanical engineering lines during his summers, and received the Tau Beta Pi key for high scholarship. At the same time he was a member of an unbeaten Varsity football team and of several class athletic teams, and also took a leading character part in the Varsity show. He gives promise of becoming a popular as well as valuable addition to the staff of the Engineering school.

FRESHMAN SMOKER

The first annual smoker of the Freshman Class took place on Monday evening, May 2, in the auditorium. Special features of the event were an address by Rev. George A. O'Meara, musical selection by the class quartette and boxing bouts. In his address Father O'Meara emphasized the necessity of spirit and loyalty, both to the class and to the college. The quartette, composed of Messrs, Bachman, Pickett, O'Tera and Litz, rendered several classical selections. Songs by Hinchey and Whelan, and "A Dope Fiend Before the Bar of Justice," in the form of Bill Shea, concluded the evening's entertainment.

DR. SEIDENBERG'S LECTURE

Dr. Seidenberg, of Loyola University, won instant favor with the student body by his skillful handling of the lecture on "The New Citizenship." He emphasized the necessity for "group" action.

DR. BRUHL, ON TRADE UNIONISM

The third in a series of lectures under the auspices of the National Catholic Welfare Council was delivered Sunday evening, May 15, by Dr. Bruhl, of Overbrook Seminary

DR. RYAN CONDEMNS THE OPEN SHOP MOVEMENT

In a lecture given in the College Auditorium, Friday evening, April 22, Dr. John Ryan, of Catholic University, branded the Open Shop movement as dishonest and hypocritical.

This statement is rather severe. The open shop is a workplace where union ond non-union men may be employed. Ninety-nine out of every hundred people would say that it is unreasonable to oppose the movement. But the definition is not complete.. It does not express itself on collective bargaining, the most important function of the union. The individual employee, as a rule, is no match for the employer in making contracts.

There are two kinds of open shop; one in which the employer permits collective bargaining, and the other, in which he refuses to permit it. The definition is therefore dishonest as it stands, for no attempt has been made to make clear the stand of those behind the movement in the matter of collective bargaining.

Most of the large corporations, as the Bethlehem Steel and the United States Steel Companies, which claim they maintain an open shop have denied the right of collective bargaining. Such a shop is manifestly unfair to a union worker, for he is stripped of his right of collective bargaining and the purpose of the union has been defeated.

"These men declare for something they are ashamed to define," said Dr. Ryan. "This fact is typical of the whole propaganda."

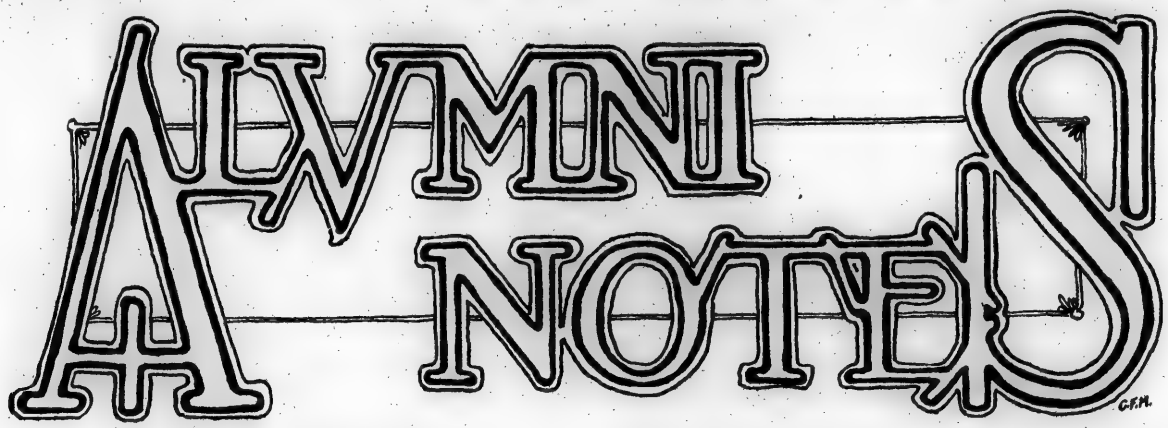
As a general statement, Dr. Ryan said that men should belong to the union. In general, he added, the "closed shop" is not justified except in self-defense, that is, when the employer fills his "open shop" with non-union men, and thus forces the union men out.

PHI KAPPA PI NOTES

After an extended discussion over the question of an affiliation with the college chapter of the American Association of Engineers, the Phi Kappa Pi finally decided to retain its own individuality, and to continue along the way shown by preceding classes of students. There was much to be gained by merging with a national organization such as the A. A. E.; in its field, which is, indeed, the entire engineering world, it is undoubtedly a tremendous agent for good, and its power is steadily growing. The Phi Kappa Pi, however, hasn't such mighty aspirations, it is the society of Villanova's engineers—and only Villanova's—Villanova's ideals dominate it; love for Villanova and a striving to make *Villanova* great, and its influence widespread, is its only objective. And there isn't anything laudable in an attachment to a great organization merely for the parasitical reason of shining by its light. The ideals handed down to us are the ones we mean to maintain—*unchanged.*

On April 20 a special meeting of Phi Kappa Pi men was called to elect a staff of officers for the coming year. The following were chosen without opposition:

President, James M. Kennedy, M. E. '22; Vice President, Chris. J. McNally, C. E. '23; Secretary, Charles A. Belz, C. E. '22; Treasurer, William A. O'Leary, C. E. '22; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Jennings, E. E. '22.



ALUMNI, ATTENTION!

In April the Secretary of the Alumni Association sent cards to all the Alumni for the purpose of obtaining information with which to correct records to date.

Responses have been received from thirty-nine classes, dating from 1867 to 1920, inclusive.

The class of 1912 has the largest number to date—ten. Brother Alumnus, if you have not forwarded your card, do so at once. It is necessary; be no longer indifferent or procrastinating.

Law Offices of
J. STANLEY SMITH,
312 Stephen Girard Building,
21 South Twelfth Street,
Philadelphia.

May 23, 1921.

Mr. E. J. Dougherty, Secretary,
Villanova College Alumni Association,
2218 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Dear Mr. Dougherty:—

Your efforts in seeking to arouse a keener interest on the part of the Alumni in the affairs of Villanova are deserving of commendation and encouragement. It is only by direct and personal appeals, such as you are now making, that we can hope to bring the work of the College home to each member of the Alumni and awaken in him a personal pride and concern in the success which has marked the progress of our beloved Alma Mater. Evidences of that success are everywhere around us. As an educational institution Villanova has established herself among the foremost in the land. The efficiency of her courses, which are being constantly extended, has been recognized by our leading educators, who have numbered her among the standard colleges of the country and who have given unstinted praise to the thoroughness of her courses and the ability and earnestness of her teachers. Nor has the general public been slow to note Villanova's success as an educator of youth. Each year sees a steady increase in the number of her students, so that it has now become a problem to accommodate those who seek entrance to the College.

Evidences of progress are reflected, too, in the activities of the undergraduates. The social functions they present, the dramatic entertainments they offer are all distinctive in character and artistic in every particular. Could the members of the Alumni visit the College occasionally and assist as I do at these affairs I know they would be as profoundly impressed as I have been with their great merit.

While the members of the Alumni expect to see their College prosper and take it as a matter of course that success should come her way, yet they are not always familiar with the details of her success, and hence are unable to participate fully in that laudable pride which has come from a knowledge of her achievements.

I feel I know our Alumni very well. They are men loyal to Villanova and ready to respond to the clarion call for support. The recent decision to admit the Alumni to a measure of control over the athletics of the College will, I feel, be warmly welcomed. It will serve to bring them in closer contact with things Villanovan and will thus furnish them an opportunity to grow more intimate with the present life and spirit of the institution. I am confident that we should soon have a strong and active athletic association, capable of upholding all our best traditions. It is only human to have a pride in the "Home Team," and Villanovans are more than human. We all feel a glow of pleasure when we read of the victories of the College on the football or baseball field. We will feel all the greater pleasure if we can know that our co-operation has helped to make victories possible. In this way we shall nurture the proper College spirit which makes for deeper loyalty to Alma Mater. If the Alumni respond generously to the appeal for support, as I know they will, we shall witness next year winning teams bearing the colors of

Villanova in a representative and worthy array, for the glory of the College and our own greater personal satisfaction.

Congratulating you on your earnest efforts and wishing you every success, I am,

Sincerely yours,

J. STANLEY SMITH,
President of Villanova Alumni Association.

John J. Sweeney, 1912, is very active on the Board of Governors. He is a professor in the Engineering School and tells us he is much annoyed by the seedsmen sending him catalogs and information on how to grow gears when there is none.

Joseph L. Rafter, 1910, is in Philadelphia. After overcoming almost insurmountable obstacles, he is going to take the State bar examination in July.

Joe in days gone by did a whole lot for the Villanova spirit, and we wish him success.

W. A. Strauch, 1915, writes us from Washington that he is a Patent Examiner, and is overworked with applications on bottle stoppers. In addition to this, he is a junior at the Georgetown Law School. Some boy, and good luck.

The Secretary is taking great pleasure in reporting with much glee that the most efficient class in responding to his letter is T H E class of 1912.

Charlie McGuckin, 1918, and Leo Lynch, 1918, are giving considerable of their time to get the Alumni Association on its feet.

Tommy Dalton, 1912, is a hauling contractor, located at Paloi, Pennsylvania. His family numbers three.

J. E. Kirsch, 1910, writes us stating that he will be on hand next fall for Alumni Day. Eddie is Superintendent of Public Parks in Gary, Indiana.

James J. O'Brien, 1913, is President of the O. B. S. Constructor Company. O. B. specializes in bridge construction and has completed some beautiful structures.

We understand that Jimmy Savage, 1910, is up in the woods with the Quinn boys, but we have not heard from him.

Frank W. Schaeffer, Assistant Engineer with the Boston & Albany Railroad at Boston, Mass., writes us as follows:

Mr. E. J. Dougherty,
2218 Chestnut St.,
Philadelphia.

Dear Sir:—I am enclosing a five-dollar bill for my dues in the Villanova Alumni Association.

It seems good to me that the organization is showing signs of life, and I think you are on the right road towards making it up and coming. It will encourage the old members who may have been rather lax in the past, to jump in and help you give it a push.

I wish you success in your connection with the Alumni Association, and when in the neighborhood of Philadelphia again will drop in to see you for a few minutes and boost old Villanova.

Sincerely yours,
FRANK W. SCHAEFFER.

Joseph F. Sweeney, 1912, writes the secretary a very encouraging letter. Joe is with the International Nickel Company, and is a great exponent of monel metal, and tells us rust is baffled by it.

Marty McLaughlin, 1914, better known to Philadelphia engineers as "Big Mac," works hard for Villanova whenever the opportunity offers. Marty has gone into the contracting business for himself, specializing in split block paving.

Armando M. Alvarez, 1918, is located in Havana, Cuba, with the Snare & Triest Company. He is always on the boost for Villanova and has plans underway for the formation of a chapter of Villanova Alumni in Havana.

ENGINEERS, ATTENTION!

Paul O'Brien has expressed the attitude of the Board of Governors in the following letter:

Mr. E. J. Dougherty,
2218 Chestnut St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:—Am very much interested in the cause and mighty glad someone has taken the initiative. Am sick and tired of looking at the corpse of the Alumni Association. Let's bring it to life! Rub elbows every day with engineers from other colleges and believe me, their Alumni has a definite aim and purpose to them. Have often thought, what does our Alumni Association mean to us? Would be willing to do all in my power, and anything within reason will be cheerfully done.

Fraternally,
P. A. O'BRIEN.

Rev. Howard F. Barry, 1912, is located at Ithaca, New York, and is Chaplain of the Catholic Club at Cornell.

Sliver Coar, 1912, has been made a Major in the National Guard of Pennsylvania, and tells us the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania is not in favor of "strawberry blonds."

One of the first to reply to the card sent out by the secretary was the "old war horse," Father Plunkett, 1896.

Paul H. Quinn, 1910, of Olean, New York, is the champion office holder of the Alumni. He is an officer in no less than nineteen different corporations. One of them is the Sizeville Magneto Water Company, and we are wondering if this corporation was formed after the Volstead Act went into effect. It would not surprise us if he would have another office added to his list when the Alumni meets next fall.

OBITUARY

On April 1, 1921, Prof. Denis O'Sullivan, for thirty years a teacher in the Roman Catholic High School at Philadelphia, died of heart disease at his home, 4230 Otter street.

The attack came with great suddenness. When Prof. O'Sullivan complained of illness, Mrs. O'Sullivan and a servant helped him to a couch, and a few minutes later he died.

He was seventy-eight years old.

A teacher of mathematics, Prof. O'Sullivan also was an authority on astronomy. He was the author of several newspaper and magazine articles on the subject. He was a member of the Camden Astronomical Society.

Born on December 11, 1842, in County Kilkenny, Ireland, Prof. O'Sullivan was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. At twenty-two he started to teach mathematics at Villanova.

When the Roman Catholic High School was founded in 1890, Prof. O'Sullivan joined its teaching force. At the time of his retiring from active duties on January 1, 1920, he was dean of the Catholic High School faculty.

While at the high school he lectured at the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg.

Prof. O'Sullivan received the degree of Master of Arts at Villanova. His retirement, forced by advancing years, had little effect on his other work. He was active until his death.

Prof. O'Sullivan married Miss Isabelle Bevans in Cumberland, Maryland, in 1879. Besides Mrs. O'Sullivan, two daughters, five sons and four grandsons survive.

WEDDING BELLS

News has been received of the marriage of Edward J. Diggles, ex-'21, to Miss Edith E. Dring, at Newport, R. I. Eddie is now a superintendent for a structural steel company and will have his home in Boston for the present.

The wedding of Richard (Pomeray) Newlyn and Miss Anna Doyle, of Philadelphia, took place at Atlantic City recently, Rev. H. T. Conway, O. S. A., officiating. Richard Fogarty, of Bryn Mawr, a former classmate at Tolentine Academy under Father Conway, was best man, and Miss Catherine Fogarty, of Philadelphia, was bridesmaid.

To the happy couples, the *Villanovan* extends its felicitations and best wishes.



CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, 6, VILLANOVA, 4.

Catholic University took revenge for their defeat earlier in the season, by defeating the Varsity, 6-4, at Washington. Sweeney was out of form and was replaced by Meader in the second inning. Dollard, who opposed Sweeney, was replaced by Jackson, in the third. Both Meader and Jackson pitched fine baseball, with Jackson getting the better of the argument. For Catholic University the playing of Curran is worthy of mention. For the Varsity the work of McDonald and Ryan stood out.

The box score:

VILLANOVA	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Robinson, cf.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Ryan, ss	4	2	2	2	4	1
McDonald, c	4	0	1	5	1	0
Brennan, lf	4	0	1	2	0	0
Gomez, 2b	4	1	1	2	2	1
Connolly, rf	4	0	1	2	0	0
O'Brien, 3b	4	0	0	0	2	0
O'Donnell, 1b	4	0	1	10	1	0
Sweeney, p	1	0	0	0	2	0
Meader, p	2	0	0	0	0	0
Total	35	4	7	24	12	2

CATHOLIC UNIV.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Denault, ss	4	1	0	1	4	0
Driscoll, 1b	4	0	0	12	0	0
Vail, lf	4	1	1	5	1	0
Corwin, c	4	0	0	6	1	0
Mack, 3b	4	0	1	1	1	0
Dunn, cf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Curran, 2b	4	2	2	1	2	0
Lynch, rf	4	0	0	0	1	0
Dollard, p	1	1	1	0	1	0
Total	35	6	7	27	13	0

Villanova	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—4
Catholic U.	2	2	1	0	0	1	0	0	x	—6

Two-base hit, Jackson. Three-base hits, McDonald, Gomez, Vail, Dollard. Home run, Ryan. Struck out, by Sweeney, 1; by Meader, 3; by Dollard, 3; by Jackson, 3. Bases on balls, off Meader, 1; off Dollard, 2; off Jackson, 1. Sacrifice hits, McDonald. Umpire, Crooks.

VILLANOVA, 8; P. M. C., 2.

Villanova added another gome to her list of victories by defeating Pennsylvania Military College, at Chester.

Walt Vining was on the mound for the Varsity, and, with the exception of the third inning, had an easy day. During this inning a double, a base on balls and two singles gave the cadets their only runs of the game. The Varsity clinched the game in the sixth inning by scoring three runs on four singles and a double. Ryan's four hits in five attempts made him the batting sensation of the afternoon.

The box score:

VILLANOVA	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Robinson, cf.	5	0	0	1	0	0
Ryan, ss.	5	1	4	1	2	1
Connolly, lf.	3	1	1	4	0	0
McDonald, c.	5	1	1	8	2	0
Gomez, 2b	4	1	1	4	1	0
Hertzler, rf.	4	1	2	0	0	0
O'Brien, 3b.	3	1	2	1	1	0
O'Donnell, 1b.	4	1	1	8	1	1
Vining, p.	3	1	2	0	1	0
Totals	36	8	14	27	8	2

P. M. C.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Lawske, 3b.	4	0	2	0	2	1
Campuzano, 2b.	4	0	1	3	2	0
Allen, ss.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Lyster, 1b.	3	1	0	10	0	0
Pool, c.	4	0	0	10	0	0
Wyman, cf.	4	0	1	1	0	1
Reilly, p.	4	0	1	0	4	0
Hayes, lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Claus, rf.	3	0	0	3	0	0
Totals	34	2	6	27	8	2

Villanova	0	0	2	0	0	3	0	3	0	—8
P. M. C.	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	—2

Two-base hits, Gomez, Allen. Stolen bases, O'Brien, Reilly. Struck out, by Vining, 8; by Reilly, 9. Bases on balls, off Vining, 1; off Reilly, 4.

VILLANOVA, 0; ST. MARY'S, O.

For the second game of the southern trip, the Varsity met the strong Mt. Saint Mary's nine at Emmitsburg.

From the first inning the game turned into a pitchers' battle between Heagerty, the southerners' star hurler, and Walt Vining. The two teams struggled for eight innings, but neither could force a counter over the plate. In the middle of the eighth inning a heavy downpour made the field too wet to play, and the game was called.

This battle was Vining's first game of the season. Much credit is due him for the masterly way in which he handled the dangerous sluggers of Mt. Saint Mary's team. Aside from the work of the two slab-men, the fielding of the two teams was excellent.

The box score:

VILLANOVA	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Robinson, cf.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Ryan, ss.	4	0	0	2	3	0
McDonald, c.	3	0	0	8	1	0
Brennan, lf.	1	0	0	2	0	0
Gomez 2b.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Connolly, rf.	2	0	0	2	0	0
O'Brien, 3b.	3	0	0	0	1	0
O'Donnell, 1b.	2	0	0	7	0	0
Vining, p.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	25	0	1	21	8	0

MT. SAINT MARY'S	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Mullen, cf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Heagerty, p.	3	0	0	1	2	0
Chapman, 1b.	3	0	0	7	0	0
Downey, ss.	3	0	0	5	3	0
Royer, c.	3	0	2	7	0	0
Kelley, rf.	2	0	0	1	0	0
R. Ruiz, 3b.	2	0	0	1	0	0
J. Ruiz, lf.	1	0	0	1	0	0
McMorris, 2b.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	22	0	2	24	6	1

Villanova	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	x	—0
Mt. Saint Mary's	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	x	x	—0

Two-base hit, Royer. Sacrifice hit, Connolly. Struck out, by Vining, 6; by Heagerty, 7. Bases on balls, off Heagerty, 3. Hit by pitched ball, J. Ruiz. The box score:

VILLANOVA 5; TEMPLE UNIVERSITY 1

Villanova defeated Temple University in their game, which was played on Villanova Field. The playing of both teams was very ragged. Score by innings:

Temple	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1
Villanova	0	1	0	2	2	0	0	0	x	—5

Batteries: Moore and O'Brien, Vining and Hertzler.

LEBANON VALLEY, 6; VILLANOVA, 5.

After a ten-day lay-off, caused by the poor weather, the Varsity met the Lebanon Valley team, at Villanova and lost 6 to 5. Though the sun shown brightly, the diamond was still soaked and fast fielding was impossible.

The Varsity took the lead in the second inning, when singles by Gomez, Connolly and O'Brien resulted in two runs. Lebanon Valley overcame this lead in the third and fourth innings, by means of a couple timely hits and several errors. The score stood deadlocked until the seventh inning. During this frame two hits and a sacrifice gave the visitors another tally. In the next inning Witmer was hit by a pitched ball; stole second and scored on Matchton's double to left field. Matchton was nipped at third by Brennan's quick return.

The Varsity rallied in the ninth. Robinson singled and scored on McDonald's double. Moore ended the inning when he speared Brennan's scorching drive down the first base line for the third out.

The box score:

VILLANOVA	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Robinson, cf	5	1	1	2	1	0
Ryan, ss	5	0	1	2	2	2
McDonald, c	5	0	3	9	1	0
Brennan, lf	3	1	1	2	1	0
Gomez, 2b	4	2	2	0	3	1
Connolly, rf	3	1	1	1	0	0
O'Brien, 3b	2	0	1	1	2	1
O'Donnell, 1b	1	0	0	5	0	0
Neville, 1b	2	0	0	5	0	0
Sweeney, p	1	0	0	0	3	0
Vining, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
*Hertzler	1	0	0	0	0	0
zFord	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total	34	5	10	27	13	4

*Batted for Sweeney in 4th inning.
zBatted for Vining in 9th inning.

LEBANON VALLEY	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Cohen, ss	5	1	1	2	1	0
Honan, 3b	4	0	0	1	0	0
Matchton, c	5	2	2	4	1	0
Moore, 1b	4	0	1	12	0	0
Uhler, 2b	4	0	0	1	4	1
Nitrauer, cf	5	1	1	1	0	0
Wolfesberger, rf	3	1	2	4	0	0
Smith, lf	4	0	1	2	0	0
Witmer, p	3	1	1	0	4	0
Total	37	6	9	27	10	1

Lebanon Valley	0	0	2	2	0	0	1	1	0	—6
Villanova	0	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	—5

Two-base hits, McDonald, Matchton. Stolen bases, McDonald, Brennan, Matchton, Moore, Witmer. Struck out, by Sweeney, 3; by Vining, 5; by Witmer, 4. Bases on balls, off Sweeney, 1; off Vining, 1; off Witmer, 4. Hit by pitched ball, by Vining, 1; Witmer, 1. Umpire, McDermott.

VILLANOVA, 16; COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY, 0.

In a game played on Villanova Field, the Varsity completely outclassed the College of Osteopathy, 16-0. The Varsity gathered a total of nineteen hits, including home runs by Connolly and Hertzler. Yates, the visitors' pitcher, went well until the fifth inning, when a walk and nine hits resulted in eight runs. Connolly, with four hits in four attempts, led the Varsity's attack, while Yates was a tower of strength to the visitors.

Score by innings:

Osteopathy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0— 0
Villanova	0	1	0	4	8	2	1	x	—16

Batteries: Yates, VanRiper and Sullivan, Meader, Sweeney and McDonald.

LAFAYETTE, 5; VILLANOVA, 0.

On May 14, the Varsity traveled to Easton where they were defeated by the strong Lafayette team. Lafayette drew first blood in the fourth inning, when an error by McDonald and a double by Chillson gave them a counter. In the sixth inning three hits, including a home run by Gazella and a triple by Chillson, gave the Eastonians two more runs. The last scoring of the game was done in the eighth on hits by Gazella and Chillson.

For Villanova, O'Brien played a steady game, while the hitting of Gazella and Chillson was easily the feature of the Lafayette attack.

The box score:

VILLANOVA	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Robinson, cf.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Ryan, ss.	4	0	0	2	2	4
McDonald, c.	4	0	1	6	1	1
Brennan, lf.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Gomez, 2b.	3	0	0	3	2	0
Connolly, rf.	3	0	0	3	1	0
O'Brien, 3b.	3	0	2	1	2	0
O'Donnell, 1b.	3	0	0	7	1	1
Meader, p.	3	0	0	1	3	0
Totals	31	0	4	24	13	6

LAFAYETTE	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Walback, lf.	3	1	0	2	0	0
Welles, 2b.	4	0	0	3	1	0
Gazella, 3b.	4	2	2	1	0	1
Chillson, 1b.	4	2	3	13	0	0
Carney, cf.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Bieber, ss.	3	0	0	1	7	1
Reeves, rf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Sraschaltz, c.	4	0	0	4	1	0
Longaker, p.	3	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	33	5	7	27	13	2

Villanova	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Lafayette	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	2	x	—5

Two-base hits, Chillson, 2; Reeves. Three-base hits, Chillson, Gazella. Home run, Gazella. Sacrifice hit, Gomez. Struck out, by Meader, 3; by Longaker, 4. Bases on balls, off Meader, 2.

BASEBALL AS IT WAS PLAYED

Few at Villanova can recall the early days of the college's varsity baseball squad, and many will be interested to learn that the sport was a success from the first.

John W. McFadden, one of our Alumni, of Holmesburg, Pa., tells about baseball's introduction at Villanova. His letter follows:

Manager of Baseball Club,
Villanova College,
Villanova, Pennsylvania.

Dear Sir:—In looking over a diary I kept while a student at Villanova, I found some items which should be of interest to the present day lovers of baseball at the college. I am moved to write because it wasn't long ago that Villanova marked the semi-centennial of the college baseball club. It was on Wednesday, May 2, 1866, that the college boys played their first match game. Their opponents were Central, of Philadelphia. The score by innings:

						Total
Villanova	9	12	24	14	15	—74
Central	2	2	3	1	1	— 9

Seventy-four to nine in five innings! I have not recorded the names of the players, but the list I give from memory is not far wrong: Joseph Bloomer, Thomas Gill, ss.; Patrick Gallagher, Charles Marsden, Thomas Maloney, 2nd; James Wynne, c.; Joseph Doherty, p.; James Magee and Dennis Magee, 1st.

The game was played at the foot of the hill in a field between the college and the pike. Ball clubs in those days, which could appear in uniforms were a rarity. Villanova had none. Central came upon the field all decked in new uniforms. The sight of such an array almost took away what little hope Villanova had of winning. October 13, 1866, the first nine received shirts, the beginning of uniforms.

A game with an outside club was an event in those days. Two or three such games were all that were played in a season. Baseball was the principal sport, but the boys had clubs among themselves and there was much rivalry. Other scores are as follows:

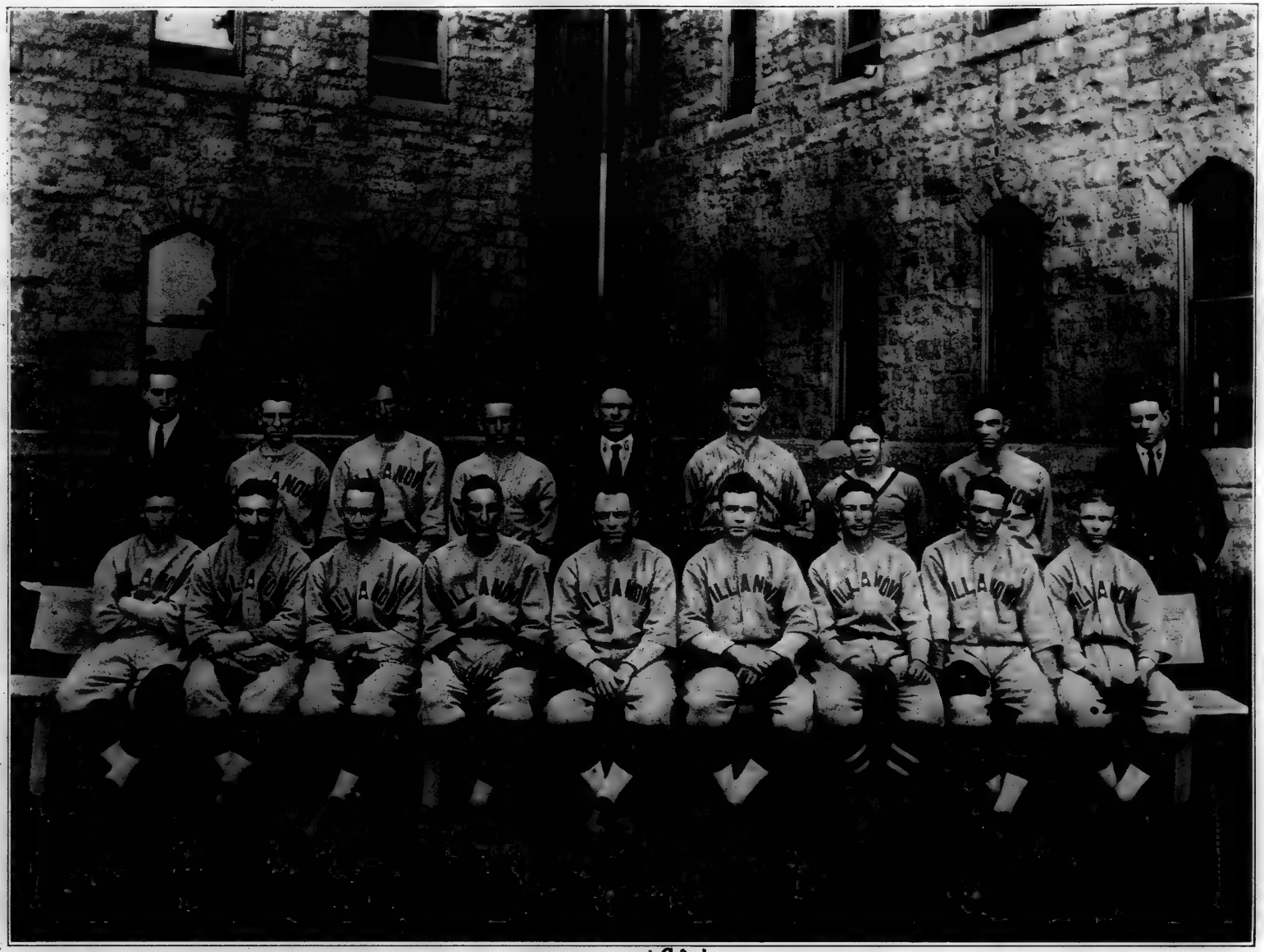
June 13, 1866—Keystone, of Philadelphia, 40; Villanova, 9. Keystone was one of the best clubs in the city.
June 19, 1867—Villanova, 31; Seminary, 21.
November 14, 1867—Villanova, 48; Seminary, 28.
September 26, 1867—Villanova, 30; Seminary, 38.

Some of the baseball clubs in 1866 and 1867 were the Juniors, Excelsiors, Red, White and Blue, Rough and Ready, Independent, Regatta, Keystone and Atlantic.

Can Villanova make as many runs this season as she did in five innings in 1866?

Yours truly,

JOHN W. McFADDEN.



1921

Standing—Left to Right—O'Leary, Asst. Mgr.; McDonald, Ryan, Grey, Prof. McGeehan, Coach; H. McGeehan, Ass't Coach; Ford, Vining, Bride, Manager
Sitting—Sweeney, O'Brien, Connolly, Gomez, Brennan, Captain; Robinson, Hertzler, O'Donnell, Meader]

VILLANOVA, 16; COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY, 0.

In a game played on Villanova Field, the Varsity completely outclassed the College of Osteopathy, 16-0. The Varsity gathered a total of nineteen hits, including home runs by Connolly and Hertzler. Yates, the visitors' pitcher, went well until the fifth inning, when a walk and nine hits resulted in eight runs. Connolly, with four hits in four attempts, led the Varsity's attack, while Yates was a tower of strength to the visitors.

Score by innings:

Osteopathy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	0
Villanova	0	1	0	4	8	2	1	x	—	16

Batteries: Yates, VanRiper and Sullivan, Meader, Sweeney and McDonald.

LAFAYETTE, 5; VILLANOVA, 0.

On May 11, the Varsity traveled to Easton where they were defeated by the strong Lafayette team. Lafayette drew first blood in the fourth inning, when an error by McDonald and a double by Chillson gave them a counter. In the sixth inning three hits, including a home run by Gazella and a triple by Chillson, gave the Eastonians two more runs. The last scoring of the game was done in the eighth on hits by Gazella and Chillson.

For Villanova, O'Brien played a steady game, while the hitting of Gazella and Chillson was easily the feature of the Lafayette attack.

The box score:

VILLANOVA	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Robinson, cf.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Ryan, ss.	1	0	0	2	2	4
McDonald, c.	4	0	1	6	1	1
Brennan, lf.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Gomez, 2b.	3	0	0	3	2	0
Connolly, rf.	3	0	0	3	1	0
O'Brien, 3b.	3	0	2	1	2	0
O'Donnell, 1b.	3	0	0	7	1	1
Meader, p.	3	0	0	1	3	0
Totals	31	0	1	24	13	6

LAFAYETTE	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Wallback, lf.	3	1	0	2	0	0
Welles, 2b.	4	0	0	3	1	0
Gazella, 3b.	4	2	2	1	0	1
Chillson, 1b.	4	2	3	13	0	0
Carney, cf.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Bieber, ss.	3	0	0	1	7	1
Reeves, rf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Straschaltz, c.	4	0	0	4	1	0
Lonsaker, p.	3	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	33	5	7	27	13	2

Villanova	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Lafayette	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	2	x	5

Two base hits, Chillson, 2; Reeves. Three base hits, Chillson, Gazella. Home run, Gazella. Sacrifice hit Gomez. Struck out, by Meader, 3; by Lonsaker, 4. Bases on balls, off Meader, 2.

BASEBALL AS IT WAS PLAYED

Few at Villanova can recall the early days of the college's varsity baseball squad, and many will be interested to learn that the sport was a success from the first.

John W. McFadden, one of our Alumni, of Holmesburg, Pa., tells about baseball's introduction at Villanova. His letter follows:

Manager of Baseball Club,
Villanova College,
Villanova, Pennsylvania.

Dear Sir:—In looking over a diary I kept while a student at Villanova, I found some items which should be of interest to the present day lovers of baseball at the college. I am moved to write because it wasn't long ago that Villanova marked the semi-centennial of the college baseball club. It was on Wednesday, May 2, 1866, that the college boys played their first match game. Their opponents were Central, of Philadelphia. The score by innings:

						Total
Villanova	9	12	24	14	15	—74
Central	2	2	3	1	1	9

Seventy-four to nine in five innings! I have not recorded the names of the players, but the list I give from memory is not far wrong: Joseph Bloomer, Thomas Gill, ss.; Patrick Gallagher, Charles Marsden, Thomas Maloney, 2nd; James Wynne, c.; Joseph Doherty, p.; James Magee and Dennis Magee, 1st.

The game was played at the foot of the hill in a field between the college and the pike. Ball clubs in those days, which could appear in uniforms were a rarity. Villanova had none. Central came upon the field all decked in new uniforms. The sight of such an array almost took away what little hope Villanova had of winning. October 13, 1866, the first nine received shirts, the beginning of uniforms.

A game with an outside club was an event in those days. Two or three such games were all that were played in a season. Baseball was the principal sport, but the boys had clubs among themselves and there was much rivalry. Other scores are as follows:

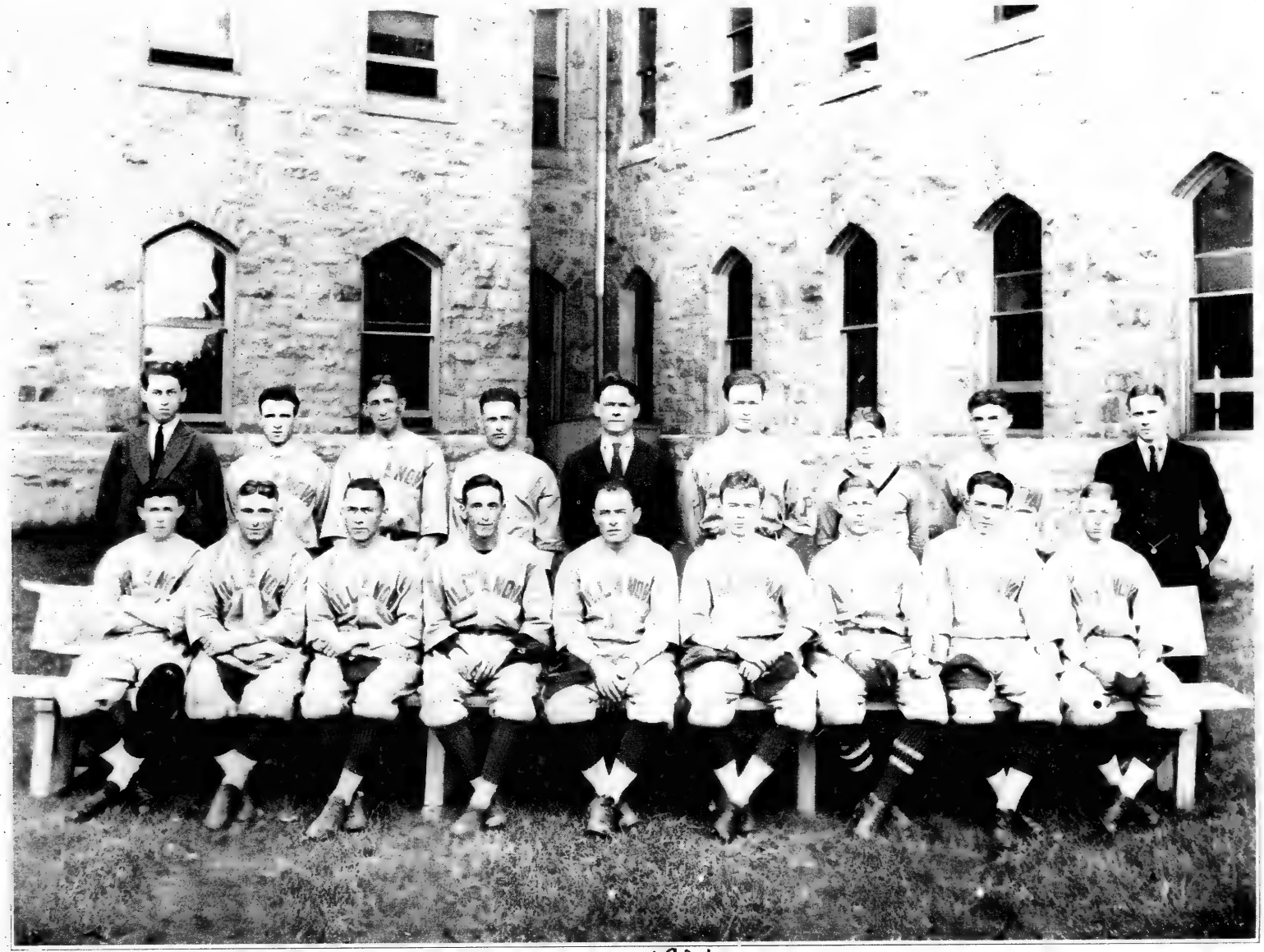
June 13, 1866—Keystone, of Philadelphia, 40; Villanova, 9. Keystone was one of the best clubs in the city.
June 19, 1867—Villanova, 31; Seminary, 21.
November 14, 1867—Villanova, 18; Seminary, 28.
September 26, 1867—Villanova, 30; Seminary, 38.

Some of the baseball clubs in 1866 and 1867 were the Juniors, Excelsiors, Red, White and Blue, Rough and Ready, Independent, Regatta, Keystone and Atlantic.

Can Villanova make as many runs this season as she did in five innings in 1866?

Yours truly,

JOHN W. McFADDEN.



1921

Standing—Left to Right—O'Leary, Asst. Mgr.; McDonald, Ryan, Grey, Prof. McGeehan, Coach; H. McGeehan, Ass't Coach; Ford, Vining, Bride, Manager
Sitting—Sweeney, O'Brien, Connolly, Gomez, Brennan, Captain; Robinson, Hertzler, O'Donnell, Meader



ENGINEERING ANTE-EXAMINATIONS

With Apologies to Tennyson

Work! Work! Work!
O'er my thumb-marked books—how scared!—
For I know that I cannot answer
A question, if unprepared.

O well for the Classical man,
As he smiles at his Latin and Greek!
O well for the "crib" that he has—
There ain't any made for Trig!

And the precious hours roll on
To the day when "exams" are cast;
But oh! for the aid of a "crib" or two
And the sound of a voice that I've passed!

Work! Work! Work!
On my "Light and Heat"—oh, boy!
But the day that I take "Roofs" and "Bridges"
Will never be filled with joy.

—John H. Crawford, '21

POPULAR SONGS

"The End of a Perfect Day."
Amby Brennan: Three hits out of three times up.
"When the Boys Come Marching Home."
Connolly knocks a triple.
"I'll See You in Cuba"—Gomez.
Swan Song—Duet, Robbie and Ambie.
"I Can Hold 'Em All"—McDonald.

Purie—"Say Jim, did you see where Edison says that all college men are 'amazingly ignorant.'"

Jim—"Edison? Why say, when that guy wants to do anything he has to sit up all night to work it out."

Sweet Thing—"Hello Paul!"
Cranston—"Hello May! Out for your afternoon siesta."

Brady—"You had better see a tonsorial doctor."
Miles—"Why? There's nothing the matter with my throat."

Jack—"What's your highest ambition in life?"
Jim—"To have an Emmie (M. E.) after my name."

It's a question nowadays whether son goes through college before college goes through father or not.

Mother—"I heard you kissing that young man last evening."
Daughter—"Oh, no, mother, that was father eating soup."

Doc—"What's the matter—over seas."
Mutilated Patient—"No married."

Wifey (4 A. M.)—"Drunk again!"
Hubby—"At's all right, shom I."

It really is marvelous that the boys of today are worse than those when father was a boy. And still there are just as many angels going to heaven.

Oleary—"Curves make girls Angelic."
Stingy—"Yes! They also make speeders angels."

Prof.—"It is always better to begin at the bottom of the ladder, my boy."
Student—"But suppose the fire is on the fourth floor?"

The doctor said that I am beyond hope of medical attention.
Why! You don't look as though you were dying."
No! But I'm broke.

Gee, it's hard to be broke.
It's harder to be flush.

He—"How did you like that joke, quite original, eh?"
She—"It was wonderful. I always did like that joke."

He—"If I would kiss you, how would you take it?"
She—"Well, how do you generally give them?"

"Say, 'Amby,' did you slide home on purpose?"
"Maybe, but that ain't where it burns."

He—"The fellows bet me a quarter I didn't dare speak to you. Don't mind, do you?"
She—"Not at all. Run along now and get your quarter."

"Did you get much of an allowance last night?"
"No! She only allowed me to hold her hand."

Stella (piously)—"I can see good in anything."
Jack (anxiously)—"Can you see good in the dark?"

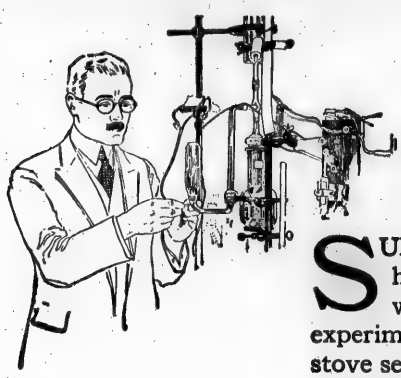
"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep—"
"If," prompted mother.
"If he hollers, let him go, eeny, meeny, miny, mo!"

Mart—"See, your girl has pullman teeth."
Bill—"How come?"
Mart—"One upper and one lower."

"I kissed her last night."
"Is that right?"
"No, but it's so."

McGeehan—"He's wandering in his mind."
Piggy—"That's all right. He won't go far."

Gaomosa—"What's your idea of clean sport?"
Bro. E.—"Swimming."



What Is Research?

SUPPOSE that a stove burns too much coal for the amount of heat that it radiates. The manufacturer hires a man familiar with the principles of combustion and heat radiation to make experiments which will indicate desirable changes in design. The stove selected as the most efficient is the result of research.

Suppose that you want to make a ruby in a factory—not a mere imitation, but a real ruby, indistinguishable by any chemical or physical test from the natural stone. You begin by analyzing rubies chemically and physically. Then you try to make rubies just as nature did, with the same chemicals and under similar conditions. Your rubies are the result of research—research of a different type from that required to improve the stove.

Suppose, as you melted up your chemicals to produce rubies and experimented with high temperatures, you began to wonder how hot the earth must have been millions of years ago when rubies were first crystallized, and what were the forces at play that made this planet what it is. You begin an investigation that leads you far from rubies and causes you to formulate theories to explain how the earth, and, for that matter, how the whole solar system was created. That would be research of a still different type—pioneering into the unknown to satisfy an insatiable curiosity.

Research of all three types is conducted in the Laboratories of the General Electric Company. But it is the third type of research—pioneering into the unknown—that means most, in the long run, even though it is undertaken with no practical benefit in view.

VILLANOVA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
VILLANOVA, PA.

At the present time, for example, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are exploring matter with X-rays in order to discover not only how the atoms in different substances are arranged but how the atoms themselves are built up. The more you know about a substance, the more you can do with it. Some day this X-ray work will enable scientists to answer more definitely than they can now the question: Why is iron magnetic? And then the electrical industry will take a great step forward, and more real progress will be made in five years than can be made in a century of experimenting with existing electrical apparatus.

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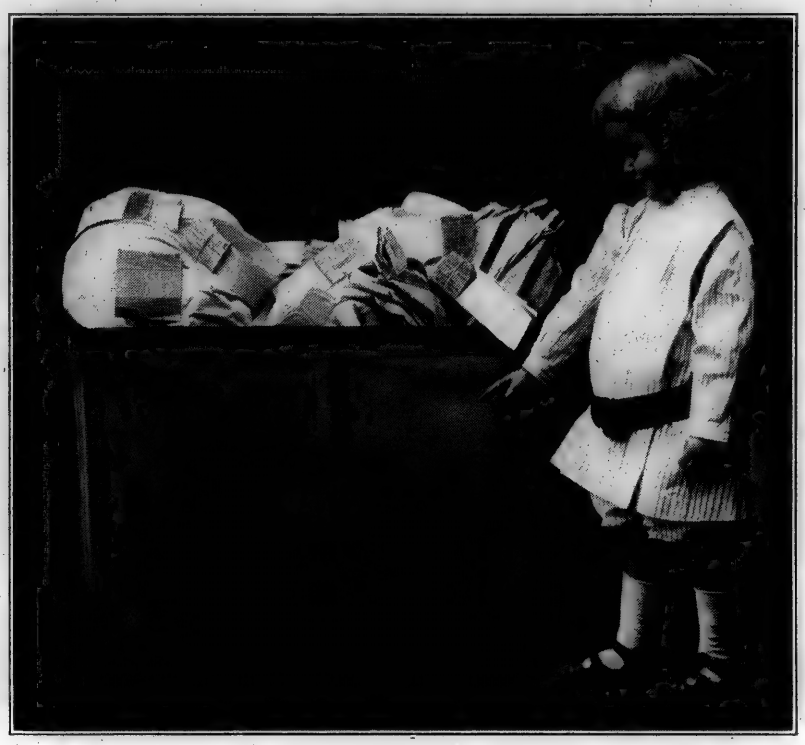
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